

Glass Ceiling (Male Exec to Businesswoman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Charles Porter is a wealthy Manhattan pharmaceutical exec who has it all, except good health. Succumbing to a rare terminal illness, he takes a highly experimental drug to cure his condition. Unfortunately, it painfully transforms him into a gorgeously attractive young woman, and that is only the start of her troubles.

Glass Ceiling

Charles Porter furrowed his brow. "Surely, something can be done? Chemo? Transplants? A vaccine or something?"

His personal doctor shook his head. "I'm afraid not. This is not cancer, which while deadly can be potentially treated with chemotherapy. And a transplant is impossible given that it is not located to one part of your body. This is a degenerative disease, and quite a rare one. Keogman's Disease results in the breaking down of basic functions of the body over time because the cells themselves are decaying. Not mutating or clustering like with cancer, but simply . . . dying. It's why you've been feeling so fatigued lately, Mr Porter, and why your strength is leaving you as well."

Charles grit his teeth. "Surely . . . surely something can be done?"

The doctor shook his head. "I'm afraid not. There is no known cure for such a condition. I'm told some potential genetic and chemical treatments are being tested - at your company, no less - but that will be a long way off from FDA approval, I'm afraid."

"But - but if I could get on the testing list? I mean, for God's sake, I'm the CEO of the damn company, after all!"

The doctor considered this. "That might help you. Yes. I can't claim to understand the intricacies of pharmaceutical company workings or backroom corporate politics, but there could be a chance, yes. But I don't want to offer you false hope. Again, these chemical treatments are just what has been reported, and I know companies such as yours, meaning no offence, like to advertise successes more than failures, and put forward each development as the 'next big thing' when they might just be a small step.

But Charles was not to be dissuaded. There was a path to victory. He knew that now. A way he could succeed. Or at least have a hope of success. He was forty five years old and already the successful multi-millionaire (going on billionaire in the future) CEO of *Hyradyne*, a massive pharmaceutical company based in Manhattan. He'd spent his whole life climbing the ladder, schmoozing all the right people and donors, and working hard into the night to

make his success. There was a reason he'd been married twice and divorced just as many times: he was too busy to make a proper commitment and worked too long hours to even consider kids, even in his mid-forties. He always promised himself that could come later, even as his handsome features gained a few more wrinkles, and his black hair gained some grey and silver hair, particularly around the temples. Still, he cut an imposing figure, standing at an impressive 6'1 in height and with the broad-shouldered look of a man who knew the value of a gym.

But then it had all been snatched away. Just a couple of weeks ago he'd noticed he'd been feeling more fatigued than usual. Tired, exhausted, and damn angry. He was so irritable in fact that the board he answered to had to inquire about his health, particularly since his eyes were becoming oddly jaundiced, and his skin was starting to look a bit flaky and veiny. Charles may not have put much stock into what his secretary was saying, but he *a/ways* listened to the board. They were the capital B Board really. The ones he had to answer to, and to please in order to keep his coveted position.

So he'd gone to the doctor, and they'd done some tests. Then some bloodwork. Some questions. More tests. Other samples. Stool sample. Urine sample. Liver sample please - sorry about the biopsy! More and more they took from him, little bite-sized chunks to see what was going on. It had boggled them all, despite the sheer expense of the many doctors and services his enormous check account could cycle through. In the end, the answer had come back in the form of a condition he'd never heard of: Keogman's Disease. A genetic condition that was going to kill him in just a month.

To say it shattered his self-image would be an understatement. Charles had always been the alpha-male, the uberman, the superman, the overman, however you want to put it. The one who had strived for success, who had come from an ordinary working class family but managed to crest the hill of success to become a Manhattan exec of one of its largest and most powerful and wealthy companies. He had sacrificed free time, hobbies - hell, he used to love playing basketball and making model aeroplanes - and all manner of opportunities. He had torpedoed two marriages and more than a few flings and relationships with his late night calls and irregular hours and emergency business meetings.

And now all that effort was looking to be wasted. All that titanic struggle was starting to seem like it was merely a mockery of his existence, an ironic joke aimed at his entire being.

"No way," he said to himself as he left the medical centre, hands shaking subtly. "No way am I dying, not after all this. I'm taking that drug. I'm the fucking CEO, I can pull a few strings. I'm sure the Board will play ball. They know exactly how good I am for them. They'll want me around."

"I'm sorry, Charles, but there's just no way we can allow that," Chester Harkins said.

Charles was thrown for a loop. The Board was assembled in the ritzy top floor of the *Hyradyne* executive building, overlooking the glorious sight of Central Park. The day was perfect, and he was in high spirits, confident. He'd had his secretary Marta find some supplements and skincare products to help him not look so flat, in order to present a good image. And now Chester *fucking* Harkins was throwing a spanner in the works. The decrepit old skeleton looked halfway to death himself, and Charles had a momentary desire to kick him the rest of the way. Instead, he kept his face calm.

"Might I inquire as to why, Chester? After all, testing on human subjects is only a year or two away at most, and we've been able to speed these things along before. More importantly, I'd be willing to sign a legally binding waiver that absolves the company of any issue that would-"

"That's just the problem," Chester interrupted. "*If* there is an issue, our being absolved matters little. Don't be daft, Charles. You know as well as I do that our competition is constantly sniffing out any mistake to publish through their hired press. If anything were to go wrong with the pill's effects, and *CureAll* or *Halix* were to find out, then it could tank the entire treatment before it has even been properly readied. Let alone what the FDA would think! Hundreds of millions of dollars of vital aid for a variety of degenerative conditions down the waste chute, all for one man."

Charles narrowed his eyes. "It's my life, Chester."

"I'm sorry, Charles, but we have to think of the company line. You should know this. It's *your* job, after all. I really am sorry."

It was impossible to tell if the sentiment was genuine. After all, Chester had wanted to be CEO for a long time, and always missed his shot. He was likely jealous of the younger man.

"Well, I thank you for your time," Charles said. "I'll continue in my duties, but I hope the board reconsiders. We'll table it for now, but I'll keep bringing it up. I would like to remind everyone that under my direction our quarterly growth has continued to soar beyond all expectations."

And with that, he turned and left the room, shaking furiously.

He snapped at Marta. The poor woman stood up as he approached his office. She was a young thing of Spanish heritage, and had gorgeous olive skin and a bright, if naive, smile.

He'd hired her partly because of her prettiness - what powerful man doesn't like the sight of a gorgeous gal, after all? - but she truly was a good secretary. Which was why he felt bad when his response to her simply asking "how did it go, sir?" was a rude "how do you think, you stupid woman? Clear my damn schedule for the day. I need to think!"

She mumbled a quiet, "sorry sir, yes sir."

Normally, he would have apologised or at least made it up to her, but he was in too foul a mood to want to be kind. Instead, he left her to her work, instructed her to allow no visitors, and closed the door so he could lie down on the couch.

"God, I feel so fucking awful," he said, rubbing his face. The flakiness in his skin was returning. It had taken all his effort just to steel himself in the meeting. He was certain that the closer board members had been able to see how increasingly bloodshot his eyes were. He was goddamn terminal, and wouldn't last until the end of the month - the disease spread exponentially, apparently - and they were bickering about company ethics. As if the company had ethics! But he couldn't deny he would have made the same arguments as Chester. That's what irritated him.

He decided to do the rounds instead. Go see some of the underlings on the lower floors. Be seen. Be visible. Try to maintain a strong presence, if only for his own mental state. He left the office, simply waving at Marta to not even acknowledge him, and travelled down the floors.

It was an ordinary day for everyone but him, it seemed. Charles saw to the finance department, checked in with the marketing director, and talked to the human resources manager to ensure that a particular case was not proceeding anymore: it wasn't, thankfully. He tried to keep his emotions in check, but Chester's face was there in the back of his mind, mocking him. Dismissing him. Reducing him down to a dollar cost, just like they all cared about. It played on his mind more and more, and before Charles even knew it, he was suddenly in the testing department, an area he rarely went to. Despite his excellent memory, it took him some time to remember the name of the underling in charge there.

"Mr . . . Bradshaw, right?"

"Good memory, sir!" the young man said. He couldn't have even been in his thirties yet, but he had a brightness in his brown eyes that Charles recognised. A drive. "Pete Bradshaw, acting head of pharmaceutical testing."

"Acting?"

"Jill Habbard just had her baby. She'll be on maternity leave for eight months."

“Ah, I must send my congratulations then. You’ve got an opportunity to prove yourself, then?”

The younger man blushed. He was shorter than Charles, perhaps around 5’8, and he adjusted his glasses as he spoke. He wore a simply labcoat over a button shirt and slacks, but seemed to have a fitness and vitality to him. One to watch for promotion in this department, if Jill ever left. Evidently, Pete was well aware of this, as he was standing at attention like an army recruit.

“Well sir, I do hope to do my best for the company.”

“I’m sure you do. Yes, I’m sure you do,” Charles thought idly. “I need something from you, Charles. A particular pill, or chemical - I forget which - being tested by the company. It would be used for something like Keogman’s Disease and other degenerative diseases. Can you get me a sample?”

Pete stopped, and it was clear he was figuring out what to say next. Well, um, sir-”

“Go on, spit it out! I haven’t got forever.”

“Well, it’s just . . . that would be a violation of protocol. I know you’re the CEO, but I can’t just provide you with an experiment injection without a proper requisition form.”

“No form needed, this is straight from the board.”

“Sir, KS-251 hasn’t even been properly tested on humans yet. In fact, because it relies on hormones produced by the same species as the treatment subject, there are a whole bunch of legal hurdles already that just doesn’t exist for things we can simply test with animals. In fact, we’ve only been able to utilise human female hormones because of a chromosomal breakdown issue that we’re still trying to overco-”

“Just get me the damn needle, young man. Trust me when I say it is for the company good. And trust me even more when I say that your future career path may very well depend upon it. If you can’t do that, then you’ll be lucky to remain *acting* head of anything, let alone the real deal, for the entirety of my future here. Do. You. Understand?”

Pete swallowed, and for a moment Charles thought he had him. And then, surprisingly, a determination came over him as he set his jaw.

“I’m sorry, sir, but it would still be a breach of protocol. I’d be happy to pass a sample along once it is properly requisitioned, or to give you a tour of the testing bay and the fridges that contain the sample, but I wouldn’t be able to open them. It would be a violation of company ethics. I’m sorry.”

Charles frowned. “Well, consider yourself disciplined, Mr Bradshaw. You have a long way to go in understanding office politics. Expect a dock in your pay regarding this matter, and consideration over your future career path.”

In truth, he wanted to strangle the kid right then and there, but that was possibly the Keogman’s Disease thinking for him. He could practically *feel* his body decaying out from

under him, and this young man's damned ethics were stopping him from potentially curing himself. Or at least trying!

"I understand sir. With further respect, I will be talking to human resources about this and making my case, before the Board, if need be."

Charles sneered, stepping closer so that the man almost stepped back. "That is your right," he said. "You my leave to take it up to HR right now. Farewell, Mr Bradshaw."

He left the testing wing and took the elevator up to the HR level. Then, pretending he was continuing an inspection, he waited for Pete to arrive minutes later. Keeping out of view, he saw the young man head to the office to discuss this recent matter. Charles rolled his eyes. The man had no understanding of office politics. He was too principled.

"Almost admirable," he said, smirking. And then he snuck into the elevator and went back down to the testing wing.

This time, he found an underling, and one who looked to have far less scruples and much more to lose. The lowest level employees were always the most desperate. A young tubby man practically sweated bullets when he realised he was talking to the CEO of the damn company, particularly given that Charles was seemingly holding both carrot and rod at once.

"I'd like to access a sample, please," he said. "I believe it's called KS-251."

The employee, who was named Lee or something or rather, practically leapt to get him access.

"Of course sir, right this way, sir!"

Charles smiled. It was better, after all, to ask for forgiveness than permission.

Lee gave clear instructions on the maintenance of the injection and how to ensure it remained viable. That meant it had to be refrigerated until use and stored safely. Of course, Charles had no desire to store it at all. He took it straight from the refrigerator, swore Lee to company secrecy (and with the promise of a transfer of cold, hard cash) and then went up to his office. Marta was still in a flurry trying to sort out his new schedule, and gave him an awkward smile.

"You're doing great," he said, back in good cheer.

She looked relieved to hear it.

"No visitors," he told her, and then entered the office once more. Even if the injection didn't work, he was happy to have at least gone this far. And he had a good feeling about it. He hadn't taken the company this far on good will alone. *Hyradyne* was the best maker of effective pharmaceuticals on the planet.

“This *will* work,” he said, as if the words would enhance the odds. And with that, he removed his suit jacket, unbuttoned his shirt cuff, rolled it up, and found a good spot on his upper arm. “Several hours to a day,” he said to himself, repeating what Lee had told him about the possible efficacy of the treatment and when results would be seen.

And then he injected himself. There was a sharp pain, a sudden soreness, and then his muscle relaxed, and the rest of the clear liquid went into his arm.

And then it was done. All that remained was to see if it would work.

The next day, Charles felt *fantastic*. It didn't matter that Pete had lodged a complaint and been heard, or that the matter had been referred up to the Board given that said complaint involved the CEO. It didn't even matter that Charles had been summoned up for a meeting to explain himself, or that, once he'd arrived at the meeting, Charles could see that Chester Hawkins' was glaring like he was about to spear the man like a fish. None of that mattered, because for the first time in weeks, Charles felt perfectly fine. His skin was normal again, his eyes were no longer bloodshot, and he didn't need to use anything but his standard moisturiser on his face. His energy was returned to him, and he almost felt several years younger. Hell, perhaps he was mistaken, but his hair even looked more lush and dark than it had in some time, the grey and silver at his temples barely present.

The injection had *worked*, and even if he got a tongue lashing from the board, it wouldn't matter, because he'd damn well succeeded, and they'd just have to play along now, since he was a success story. Not that Chester Hawkins cared at that moment.

“Explain yourself,” he said.

Charles affected a confident, borderline smug grin. He'd chosen his best power suit for the meeting. “There's nothing to explain. I requisitioned a miracle drug to test on myself, and it worked.”

“Requisitioned? Do you think we're idiots, Charles?”

Charles simply grinned. “Not at all, Chester, but as you can see, I'm looking a lot firmer and fitter than yesterday already. The treatment worked. Of course, we still have the FDA and so forth, and multiple rounds of testing, but you cannot deny the results. And can you imagine the great PR that'll come out when the CEO of this company steps forth and says, ‘yes, I have had this treatment. It saved my life. And now it can save yours too.’?”

Chester ground his molars. It wasn't a good look. But the deed was done, and provided Charles could patch things up with that Pete Bradshaw fellow, then -

“Ngh!”

Charles clenched his gut with one hand, for just a moment.

“Something the matter, Charles?” Chester asked.

Charles wheezed for a moment, concentrating on his breathing. He could feel an intense bubbling in his gut, and it was damn painful. Like lots of little knives were scissoring him up and stitching new formations in his lower intestine.

“J-just fine,” he managed to stammer, though his limbs were starting to ache. The muscles in his arms stiffened, pulling tightly, like a bad cramp. He kept them ramrod straight by his side, nearly crumbling his teeth from gritting his jaw tight.

“Really?” Janson, one of the other board members asked. “Charles, you’re sweating.”

“You look in pain,” another said, and in the delirious headache he was suddenly experiencing, Charles didn’t even know who was talking.

“I’m f-fine. I’ve just - ughn!!”

He nearly doubled over again. He gasped: the pain had spread to his hips. Beneath his professional blue suit he could feel . . . changes. It didn’t make sense, but his skin was pulling and threatening to rip apart. His genitals felt like they were on fire, and it took every ounce of willpower not to scream. It felt like they were *receding*. Pulling back into himself. His thighs burned, and when he scratched his left one it felt as if the muscle was actively *boiling* into fat. His leg was *warm*, damn it! It didn’t make any sense, but the very flesh was softening.

“Charles.”

“Mr Porter!”

“CEO!”

“Charles,” Chester said, looking quite alarmed instead of his usual curmudgeonly self, “what’s happening with your face?”

“N-nothing,” he said. The pain was passing, or at least crossing over the crest of its power, so that it was slowly receding to a discomforting background ebb. “Nothing at all.”

“Your eyebrows . . . they’re thinner. And your lips - you look like you’ve been stung by a bee!”

Charles bit his lip. To his shock, it really did feel fuller, especially the lower one. He felt his eyebrow, but couldn’t make out a great difference. Less bushy, perhaps? His much greater concern was whatever the hell had happened between his legs and at his shoulders, where the pain still came in fresh stings. The suit certainly felt a little ill-fitting.

But he had to rally. He was in good health. This had to be just a side effect. He couldn’t lose face in front of the board.

“Don’t worry,” he said casually, “I was told of this. Perfectly normal, it happened last night. I was simply - ahh!”

His spine seemed to click, and he paused for a moment, terrified. It was almost like he had just *lost height*, even if just by a half-inch. He swallowed, rallied again.

“Sorry, side effect of the chemical. Again, I was told of this. It’s simply part of the healing process. My nerves were degenerated. The process of growing new ones is not always fun, but is literally healing me.”

“He does look younger,” someone whispered.

But Chester didn’t look totally convinced. He raised a white eyebrow, staring deep into Charles. But the healed man just wanted to get out of the room as soon as possible: the pain was returning in his hip, and it was getting worse.

“Well, I need to go. Rest up. I’ll keep you informed of my, aha, progress. It - ngh! - is experimental, after all!”

With that he turned and left, making sure to swallow every few seconds: there was an awful pressure on his Adam’s apple, as if someone was pressing down on it with their finger. It was making it hard to talk without his voice spiking like that of a pubescent teenage boy.

He strode straight for his office. Marta looked up at him with her pretty smile. It was always good to appreciate it, but between his concern over the pain and whatever else was going on, it didn’t have the same attractive quality he usually coveted.

“Hello Marta,” he said, the last syllable rising up in pitch accidentally. He coughed, trying to cover the faux pas.

“Hello sir, you seem in much greater spirits today!”

“I feel it, but I still need some space. Cancel my next couple of appointments and tell them I’m sick. I’m - nggh! - recovering from something.”

Marta’s eyes went wide.

“Something the matter?”

“Sorry sir, it’s just - your nose! It looked like . . . sorry, I must be imagining things. But your makeover looks excellent sir. You look ten years younger!”

“Makeover?”

She smiled further. God, he loved latina women. They had such a look, even if it wasn’t doing it for him now, despite the fact that she was wearing that pink dress of hers that was his favourite. It clung to her well, something he normally appreciated.

“Your eyebrows, sir. You’ve had them teased! A woman can always tell. And your face is so much smoother. You must recommend the place you used so I can pass it on to my husband.”

He hated being reminded of her husband, but he was hating this moment even more. Did he really look that different? He was about to form a reply when a sharp pain down his side and across his waist made him reconsider. He muttered a quick, “uh, thanks Marta,” and then proceeded into his office, clutching his side and trying not to limp. His temples throbbed, and lances of pain dug into his waist. He quickly made sure he had total privacy and then found a mirror. It was a full-size office suite, after all; he had all the perks.

“Dear God, what the world of fuck!?”

Charles stared at the reflection, unable to form words for a moment. He was sweating again, and the lances of pain were stabbing ever deepening, forcing him to breath heavily. He nearly choked as that pressure on his Adam’s apple renewed itself, and his next words were spoken almost in a falsetto.

“What is h-happening to m-me!?”

His face had indeed changed. It was younger, with less wrinkles, but it was also softer and had fuller lips and feminine eyebrows. His nose, which normally had fairly obvious pores, was noticeably smaller and had clear skin. His Adam’s apple was tiny, barely present. Worse than that, he had somehow lost height. Charles could barely believe it, but somehow his entire body had shrunk, and it must have been over an inch in height already. He quickly took off his suit jacket and unbuttoned his shirt, moving to the personal restroom he had as part of his office. He lost the pants while in there, and could only gape in the brief respite between the pangs of pain.

“Shit! Aghhh! NGH! Shit shit shit SHIT!!!”

He was indeed shrinking, and not entirely in ways that made sense. His waist was pulling in visibly, with each wire of torment around it causing it to become ever tinier, daintier. He scratched at his stomach and chest feverishly, overwhelmed by the horrible itch as the hair on his body began to literally push out of the skin and fall to the ground.

“NNGHH!! AGhhhh!!”

He grunted in agony as he scraped his nipples at the same time. He tensed, nearly smashing against the sink in response to the anguish. They were swollen up like little pink cherries, and expanding to look almost feminine. No, definitely feminine. They were visibly throbbing, as if still in a state of expansion, and they were so damn swollen already that he was hit by a horrific, nauseous agony when touching them, and a brief undercurrent of pleasure that made no sense at all.

“This isn’t h-how it was s-supposed to go. It was meant to fucking *cure me*, not kill me!”

But even as he said that, lost in the pain, he could see that whatever was happening to his body didn’t seem to be fatal. At least, not yet. While the terrible pain almost made him want to jump out of the thirty seventh story window, the suffering seemed to paradoxically occur in places where he was becoming more vital, or at least younger. The wrinkles on his stomach disappeared, and it became slimmer, losing some of the fat that he had been unable to lose at the gym due to his age. The process was not kind, nor was the fact that his waist continued to thin, even as the fat from his stomach seemed to shift impossibly to his hips.

“Eeuughgh!! F-fucking p-painful! God, what did that Bradshaw fellow do? What d-did he say? Something to - ahhh - do with a f-fucking chromosomal error or - NGHH!!”

He doubled over again. His chest was in pain, and it was swelling as if bruised, each of his pectoral muscles softening. His face continued to look younger, and the same went for his hands and legs, but it was no true comfort: the sensation of muscle seemingly melting to become soft reserves of fat was unbearably insufferable. His bones seemed to collapse in on themselves, limbs reducing in length, even as the hairs on his arms and legs likewise pushed out of his skin in an endless morass of skin-piercing agony. The only upshot was that it left the skin looking young and smooth, but even that was *too* smooth.

“I’m I-looking like a f-fucking hermaphrodite! AGH!!”

He pulled at his hair, which was also pushing from his scalp. It was horrendous, and slow: he sat back on the toilet gasping for air and struggling to grab some water from the sink as it extended and extended, longer and longer, over what had to be at least twenty minutes. All Charles could do was take it: even getting out and running to the car was an impossibility, because his feet felt like they were being compressed in a trash compactor, shrinking and warping until they were almost dainty. The same was starting to happen to his smooth, unwrinkled hands. He was almost starting to worry he was aging in reverse, Benjamin Button style, except he’d *never* had long hair, nor so lush.

The pain in his feet let up, and he managed to stand after what had to have been half an hour of agony. He realised he could hear his secretary trying to call for him: his phone had numerous messages from her asking if he was okay. Had he really been that loud? He thought he’d only screamed once.

Charles quickly set to work dressing himself again, as there was a thankful lull in the pain. Unfortunately, something he’d said returned to him as he moved to pull up his trouser pants, which were now too long. He’d made a mocking comment about looking like a hermaphrodite, and he’d had that awful pulling sensation in his genitals before. Slowly, carefully, and with a great deal of dread, Charles Porter lowered his underwear. What he saw made him choke back a high-sounding sob.

“N-no. Fuck no. You can’t be fucking serious!”

His manhood, which was a not unimpressive specimen, had noticeably shrunk. Hell, it looked barely two-thirds its regular size, and his balls were small too, his sack nestled up closer against his skin as if it had been vacuum-sealed.

“FUUUCCK!!!”

He clasped his hands over his mouth, trying to ignore how soft and small his hands were, and how soft and full his lips were. He’d just been very, very loud. He finished dressing himself, working around the pants legs which were now over an inch too long and the cuffs

that went too far over his hands. His clothes looked too baggy, but not at the point of ridiculousness and unprofessionalism. At least, not yet.

“Gotta get out of here while there’s a break. Go see Bradshaw. He’ll know what to do. Fuck, he better be at work right now! That fucking complaint of his! I’ve got a complaint for him!”

It wasn’t Pete’s fault, of course, but it wasn’t like Charles was thinking rationally at that point. His body was warping and changing, and there was still that low simmering heat in his system, like there was more muscle to burn, tendons to shorten, and fat to redistribute. He grabbed a pair of scissors and made a hack job of his hair in a manic rush. It didn’t look good, but he always had hair gel on hand. He slicked it back, making it look as much like a change in style as possible. Hopefully it would fool someone if he was in a rush. Then, when he was done, with those series of terrible pressures slowly making themselves known again, he left the bathroom and flung open the door to head to the elevator.

Only to run into a crowd of interested office onlookers, at the head of which was a terribly nervous Marta.

“Sir! Are you alright? We - we all heard you screaming! It sounded painful. I called an ambulance!”

Charles went red in rage and humiliation at the semicircle of several dozen office workers all rubbernecking on their way to other business.

“Perfectly fine! I just . . . stubbed my toe,” he said, lowering his voice as much as possible.

“Sir, you sound a bit odd. Are you sure you’re al-”

“I’m fine! Cancel the damn ambulance, Marta, I didn’t ask you to get one. I’m heading for an inspection.”

He barrelled past her, even as she gaped at him. Others seemed to notice some of the changes too, because he could hear them start to murmur.

“Is he limping?”

“Looks shorter.”

“What’s up with his hair?”

“Is Mr Porter going through a middle-age crisis or something?”

“Seriously sounds like a woman pretending to be a man. What? I’m just saying out loud what we’re all thinking here!”

He’d almost made it to the elevator across the hallway when suddenly a pain began in his buttocks. He groaned, unable to catch himself in time as that searing heat starting up in his left cheek, then his right.

“Goddamn it!” he cried, voice cracking once more.

Several heads turned his way, and he could only face them for a few moments. "Get back to work, damn you! This is - uugh! - none of your business! Cancel all my shit today, Marta!"

His hair grew a little longer, and someone squeaked in shock, but then the doors to the elevator finally opened and he fell in, almost tripping over thanks to his legs reducing in size once more. His spine snapped again on the descent, making him howl in private. He rubbed his back, screaming every cuss word he could think of and a few new ones, as his height audibly *clicked* downwards, reducing him by another full inch.

"Just g-get me to the floor!" he cried. But the pain reached his head, and it was like his brain was being rewired. Neurons fired off like crackers in his brain, exploding and disconnecting and reforging in different directions all over the place. He clutched his mind, genuinely afraid his skull was going to actually split open.

"AAAARGGGGHH!!!!!"

Instead, he passed out mid scream.

When Charles woke up, he was on the floor of the testing wing surrounded by the various eggheads who made the work possible. He scrambled up onto his feet, unsure of what had happened or how much time had passed.

"Whoa, easy there, mister! Don't worry, help is on the way."

He recognised the voice. He twisted around, ignoring the pain in his neck, and the even worse pressures in his groin and chest. His hair had grown longer, but not too much so. He must have only been out of for a few minutes or so, but long enough for a new crowd to form and try to see to his health. And their leader, evidently, was Pete Bradshaw, who was trying to caution him to sit back down.

"Bradshaw?" he rasped, voice a little dry.

"Easy there," Pete replied, handing him a plastic cup full of water. "Drink."

He gulped the water down greedily. That, at least, did not hurt too bad.

"Can you tell us what happened?" Pete said. "Can you tell us your name? I'm sorry, I don't know many people on the upper floors. Were you sent, uh, by HR?"

Charles blinked. "You don't . . . you don't recognise me?"

There was a pause, and then Pete's eyes went wide. His jaw fell. And he dropped the plastic cup that Charles had passed back.

"Mr Porter? Mr Charles Porter? Sir?"

"The one and - ngh! - only."

"But how . . . my God, you didn't, did you? The serum?"

“I had no f-fucking choice, did I? You wouldn’t give it t-to me, and I had a goddamn terminal illness!”

Pete took a step back. Several of the other members of staff did too, murmuring to themselves. The humiliation of allowing himself to be recognised like this, in front of day-to-day employees, was in the extreme. Pete simply looked astonished. He reached out to take Charles arm as he stumbled, and only just managed to catch the transformed man as an overwhelming searing pain scorched his insides. Charles fell backwards, accidentally pulling Pete Bradshaw with him.

“WOAH!!” the younger man yelled, though there wasn’t as much visible age difference between them anymore, as Charles’ skin was rapidly tightening, losing the last remaining wrinkles of even his early thirties. The clock spun backwards, and he felt the horrid sensation of years reversing in real time: his eyes de-crinkling, the corners of his mouth becoming smooth as a thousand little nerves fired agonising little pulses. He gasped as the wind was knocked out of him, both from colliding with the floor, Pete colliding onto him, and the unbearable pressure in his groin and chest. He couldn’t help but cry out in pain, his voice breaking and lifting yet another octave. He clutched Pete, pulling his head against his chest, unable to let go, clinging to him like Charles was hanging from a tall scaffold and Pete was the one outstretched beam keeping him from falling.

“UGGHH!! M-MY CHEST! IT B-BURNS! IT’S S-SWELLING UP!!”

Pete tried to say something, but he was too busy being pulled against Charles’ chest. It gave him a front row seat to the pair of changes that were occurring: more gym-formed muscle was melting horribly into large fatty deposits, and causing the CEO’s chest to balloon. It was undeniable what was happening by this point, especially since his hair was already writhing from his scalp, causing the most terrible itch he could imagine.

“N-NO! I’M NOT B-BECOMING THAT! NOT BECOMING A W-OHHHH!!!”

Another pulse. Another swell. Left side first, then right side. They were not enormous, but they were noticeable, especially to Pete who was pressed up against them.

Breasts.

Charles Porter, the CEO of *Hyradyne*, was squealing in pain as he was growing *breasts*. To his unmitigated horror, the various scientists and testers and staff of the wing were looking on in shock, and some were even reaching for their phones to make calls or - far worse - to *record the changes*.

“Get a-away from me!” he cried.

It was then that he realised he was still holding the acting head of the department against his chest. Against his *breasts*. He let go of him, and Pete came up for air: literally, he breathed in a lungful, then stared straight into Charles’ eyes. The transforming CEO could feel a defined weight on his own chest - two weights, really - that were not supposed to be

there. They were overheated, and there was still a godawful pressure in them, like they were threatening to painfully expand at any moment. *Grow bigger at any moment.* Just as bad, his buttons had come undone at the top in all the fuss, letting him - and Pete - see a line of slight cleavage formed from his upper arm positions causing the new tits to squeeze together.

“Mr Porter,” Pete said, looking at them for longer than either was obviously comfortable with. “Are you becoming a woman?”

The young man looked straight into Charles’ eyes, and the CEO did not like how his body responded to that. Perhaps it was the painful rewiring in his mind from the elevator, perhaps it was something hormonal, perhaps he was simply going insane, but . . . Pete Bradshaw looked cute. Very cute. To die for, really. His brown hair, tousled over to one side playfully, and his wire frame glasses gave him a guy-next-door vibe that was making his body react very strangely. His shrunken penis began to harden, and his nipples - strangely - began to *stiffen* on his chest.

“No! FUCK NO! NOT THAT!!”

Pete’s eyebrows went up, though whether it was because he could feel an erection beneath him or simply was unsure over what Charles was barking on about was unclear. Instead, the older man wrestled off the younger, batting him aside: it took far more strength than he would usually require.

“You’ve got to fix me!” he whined.

“I - I can’t. It’s an experimental drug. I told you there was a chromosomal problem. But we never expected this! This is fascinating!”

“I’m not your g-goddamn science experiment! FIX ME! UGHH!”

More pain, and his hips cracked, spreading wider. Becoming more *womanly*.

“I can’t! The amount of trials alone - it wasn’t meant to be tested on human subjects for literal *years*, Mr Porter! And even then, only women if we hadn’t cracked the chromosome issue!”

Charles backed away, his brief arousal at the sight of Pete giving way to panic again, though perhaps one had led to the other. He backed all the way into the elevator, shoulders trembling, his new breasts bobbing beneath his far-too larger suit. They had to be B-cups at the least, though he didn’t want to find out.

“Get away from me!” he cried. “I can fix this!”

“Mr Porter! Sir! We need to get you to a -”

But the doors had already shut, and out of instinct he’d already hit the button for his floor. He only realised the mistake when he stumbled out again, utterly misshapen and still in excruciating pain, a crowd of spectators already present from his previous embarrassing display.

“It’s Mr Porter!”

“No way, as if!”

“No, it is. He’s mutating or something.”

“I heard he had some rare disease.”

“Why does he look way too short?”

“I saw him shrink, right before my eyes!”

“Is that why he was screaming in his office? That was a horrible racket.”

“Someone should call the board, he looks seriously weird.”

“He looks like a woman!”

Pete screamed. “I AM NOT A DAMN WOMAN!!!”

His voice betrayed him. He sounded *very* much like a woman, in fact. A number of the spectators gasped hearing that voice coming from him. Marta was back at her desk, but her eyes were glued on him, jaw dropped.

“Marta, get th-these people back to their jobs!”

But her jaw remained dropped. She was frozen in shock, unable to act. In a fit of rage and humiliation, Charles turned to get back in the elevator and get the hell out of the building, hire a cab if need be. But the doors were already shut: someone else had called the elevator from another floor. The CEO practically *drooled* with anger, and instead decided in a split second to run *through* the crowd and into his office. At least that would afford some privacy. Unfortunately, he only made it halfway before the final, and worst, tremors of pain began to ripple through his body.

“No! N-not now! NOT NOWWWWWW!!! AGHH!!!”

But the universe wasn’t giving Charles Porter a break today. Instead, he fell upon the ground and began to writhe. Several hands reached to help him up, only to pull away as his body began to crackle and wrench in unnatural ways, and his form shifted and changed yet further. Charles screamed as his hair sprouted out once more, growing long and dark and thick and lush. It fell down over his shoulders, and as he clenched his eyes shut they too changed, losing their dullness and becoming a piercing, unnatural violet. His hips cracked, expanding wider, and this time it was visible to the astonished crowd, who whispered among themselves, taking in this odd side.

“H-help m-meeee! NGHH!!”

But no one was willing to touch him while he was apparently mutating. His chest burned, and the remaining masculine build upon his shoulders and arms dripped away, the searing, bubbling flesh moving to his tits and making them expand yet further. He rolled onto his back, still writhing. This elicited a cry of astonishment from the crowd, because all of a sudden they were able to see his expanding, and very obvious, chest.

“Stop I-looking!” Charles cried, but this only made them want to look more, especially because his Adam’s apple finally finished its disappearing act, pushing painfully down to

leave his throat smooth and feminine. It also meant that his voice now sounded not just exactly like a woman's, but a very sexy woman's voice at that. It had a seductive edge even as Charles wailed.

"S-stop g-growing!" he whined in that attractive, helpless voice.

But his chest didn't listen. They pumped up and up and up, growing well past B-cups, to a lovely handful of C's, to an impressive crop of D's and then Double-D's, only to expand one final, agonising time to become ripe, melon-like E's that wobbled on his chest. His nipples stung, fully erect and painfully aroused, and he couldn't help but rub them furiously, hating every moment of his suffering and yet unable to stop.

"Holy shit, Charles Porter is growing breasts! Big ones!"

"Jesus, he's got bigger tits than Mary Anne on the third floor."

"Mary Anne is obese as hell, look at him: he's only getting thinner!"

"Jesus, the CEO is looking hot."

"Shh, he'll hear you!"

"Too bad he doesn't have a - never mind, there it is!"

Charles didn't know what the last voice was referring to, until his ass practically *exploded* outwards. Combined with the growth of his hips which had already strained the waist of the slacks, his growing ass took it over the edge. He tried to rip the fabric as it constrained him, but instead it simply gave way, ripping at the back to reveal his male underwear, and a very female derriere. *Very* female, in fact.

"Oh G-God! When will it s-stop! When will it - OHHHH! SSHHHIIITTT!!"

He now had a very good idea when it would stop, because at that moment, there was one last shuddering expansion of his hips, and then the pain retreated entirely. Except, that was, for the most important place of all. Charles clutched his manhood, gasping again and again, sweating all over. His huge E-cup tits flopped in his shirt, the top buttons undone so that his deep cleavage was there for all to see. The Board members were arriving at that very moment, and Chester Harkins led them, shoos members of the crowd aside so that they could see.

They arrived just in time for Charles to howl in pain, despair, and utter shame as his cock pulled back inside his body inch by terrible inch, until it dug a hole right through him, leaving a wet, oddly aroused passage in its wake.

"Nooooooooooooo," he moaned, eyes wide, his mind almost catatonic. He didn't know what he looked like, but if the big tits, wide hips, and itty bitty waist with the slender legs was any indication, he was probably a damn drop dead gorgeous bombshell. He quivered, boobs jostling in his top, and it was obvious he'd shrunk further, because he was practically lost in his own clothing.

“Dear God, Charles,” Chester said, looking over the catastrophe. “What the hell have you done to yourself?”

Charles could only wheeze in and out, still unable to accept that he had just gone from a mid-forties alpha male executive to an early twenties woman with a set of tits he would have had wet dreams about as a teenager. He looked down at them, holding them in his hands, and it made him moan, though not in pain this time. They were ridiculously sensitive, as if his body was erotically charged. It reminded him, briefly, of Pete Bradshaw, though he couldn't say why, and as if his very thoughts had summoned him, the young man was emerging from the elevator and running to the scene, pushing aside the crowd.

“Mr Porter! Mr Porter! Are you okay?”

Charles fell back, lying in front of everyone, covered in loose male clothing but his beauty undeniable to all. Pete put a hand on his arm, checking him over as if he were a medic and Charles the patient. It sent strange tingles up Charles' arm.

“Mr Porter, can you hear me? We need to make sure you're okay, and that you've stabilised.

“P-Pete,” he managed to say, unused to his new voice. “H-help me!”

And then the new woman fainted, right in front of everyone.

Charles' doctor confirmed it: he was free of Keogman's disease, all thanks to the miracle drug that was KS-251. He also confirmed the bad news that Charles had been expecting but still dreading: the drug had overwritten the exec's DNA, eliminating his Y chromosome and leaving him with the female XX pairing. It had biologically changed him down to the deepest level, as well as all the important visual ones. To put it simply, Charles Porter was now a woman, complete with what appeared to be a totally functional reproductive system.

“Goddamn it,” he mumbled again, rubbing his new, softer, younger face in his dainty hands after the latest round of tests. “Are you telling me that I'm stuck like this? There's no hope of turning back at all?”

His doctor frowned. “I'm sorry. This is far beyond anything in the known field of medical science. The only thing that could change you back is the male equivalent of the pill, I suppose, but I'd be wary of that: it could very well revert you to a previous state, Keogman's Disease and all. It would be choosing death.”

Charles nodded, trying to avoid tears pooling in his eyes. He had always been a staunch go-getter, a man who could be powerful thanks to his stoic ability to roll with the punches. Now, just a week after the change, he found that he was much more liable to cry, sometimes over even stupid things. He blamed his damn new female hormones.

“Thank you doctor,” he said, though he didn’t truly mean it. “Keep me apprised of any reports or developments. Any hopes. Any hopes at all.”

“Of course,” the other man said. Well, he wasn’t ‘the other man.’ Just the *only* man in the room, much to Charles’ irritation. “If you wish, I can also recommend a female doctor if the nature of your body makes you feel more comfortable with such tests.”

“What? Oh. No, that’s fine. If I could just have a minute.”

“Of course.”

The doctor left the room, and Charles was once more irritated by how seemingly cloying he could be. As far as he could tell, there were no major personality changes that came with the transformation into a woman, but it had certainly shattered his confidence and male pride enough that he was struggling to be authoritative anyway. The reason was obvious, one that he was reminded of continually as he stepped towards the mirror and sighed.

“I look like a fucking piece of candy.”

He was dressed in a smart shirt and jacket and looser pants than a body like his warranted. He wasn’t wearing any makeup, and his hair was lacking a certain neatness. But none of that mattered. He could be wearing clown makeup and a cardboard box and he’d still look like a total knockout. Even with the jacket, his impressive E-cup jugs made an impression, and his ass and hips made the jeans tight in all the important places. His lips were full, his eyes seductive, and his long dark hair had a smooth, healthy sheen to it even in its current state of wilderness. With each breath, the new woman could feel her - *his*, dammit! He was a *he!* - breasts rise and fall. He’d had to pay Marta a hefty sum to help him get new bras and panties and clothes that would fit his form, and especially to stop his big boobs from wobbling about.

“Goddamn it, everyone saw me change. Everyone. Chester included. How can I even go back when I’m a fucking freak?”

It had been the most humiliating experience of his life. Not only turning into a woman, and very painfully at that, but losing his penis in front of everyone, screaming out as his hips cracked wider and his uterus formed and his breasts ballooned into their ripe fullness. And to have Pete Bradshaw watching it all unfold, and to feel that weird connection to him as it all went down.

“Still can’t stop having dreams about him,” Charles whined.

That was the other thing. While his personality hadn’t changed, Charles was easily twenty years younger, with a dynamite body that had just had its sexuality flipped. Well, more like opened, at least. He still found a gorgeous woman attractive, but on the few occasions he’d gone out as a woman, it had been hard not to stare at the occasional tall, dark, and handsome gentleman, or even more the cute nerdy types with surprisingly fit

bodies. It frustrated him to no end, to the point where he hadn't even told his doctor's about this unwanted new attraction to men. He thought he could manage it, but the fact that he'd had a couple of very vivid sex dreams where men - including Pete, who'd been in charge of the serum that changed him - ravaged his lusty, busty new body, meant that he couldn't entirely escape his new wants and desires. Only suppress them.

There was a knock at the door, and the doctor asked if Charles was okay. He hadn't even realised he'd been contemplating his new form once again for five whole minutes.

"You can come in doc," he said wearily, though his new voice made it sound like an invitation to the bedroom. "I've got to head. It's back to work tomorrow."

He gave one last stare at the raven-haired beauty in the mirror and sighed.

"It's going to be a nightmare."

The board fell silent as Charles entered the room and crossed it to his seat. It was followed by a low murmur as he gave apologies for his lateness.

"S-sorry. Getting ready takes longer these days. I'm still getting used to all of this."

Some of the individuals at the table, like that idiot David, were gawking at him. He was dressed in a woman's power suit and flats, and had done his best to avoid styling himself like a woman at all beyond that necessity. He was shorter now, of course: only 5'6. Still, he did his best to project confident power in his expression, waiting for someone else to speak. Still, his gut boiled with nervousness, particularly beneath the withering glare of Chester Harkins. The old stodge looked furious, and the rest of the board were seemingly waiting for his word.

The silence panned out. Charles' shifted his thighs against one another nervously, but kept his cool above the table, even when Dave whispered something to a compatriot and giggled. Finally, the awkwardness was ended by Chester, who'd had enough.

"Have you no shame?" he said.

"Are you talking to me, Chester?" Charles responded.

The man's eyes narrowed. "I repeat myself. Have. You. No. Shame?"

"Whatever do you mean, Chester?" Charles said.

The other man stood. It was a power move: Chester never stood.

"You know *exactly* what I mean, you little shit. You breached an agreement of the board. You stole the experimental drug KS-251 for your own purposes. You changed loudly and *ridiculously* in front of not one but *two* floors of employees, and thus ensured that the rumour mill would be *very* difficult to clamp down upon. Do you realise the number of NDA's we've had to organise with everyone that was present that day? Do you realise the amount

of 'surprise' bonuses we've had to organise to keep things quiet? Do you realise that the value of this company could have plummeted if your display had been recorded?"

"I hardly see why, Chester," Charles said. "The drug worked. I no longer have Keogman's Disease."

"You also no longer have your penis," Dave said, giggling.

Both Chester and Charles fixed their glares on the man, who fell silent.

"Dave is right, though," Harkin continued. "You're a woman now, Charles. A damned woman with the body of a bimbo-"

"Watch it, sir," the HR head interrupted.

"Whatever!" he bemoaned. "And you walk in here like nothing has changed? Everything has damn well changed, Charles, and not just you."

The former male just shrugged. "Well, I won't lie, the change was unexpected. And I certainly am willing to make major concessions in order to make the company expenses right. But as I said, it did remove my Keogman's Disease. Hell, it made me younger - I'm genetically around twenty three or four years old now. And on top of that, I'm fit as a fiddle. In fact, while I would have preferred to remain male, we have a market opportunity here."

Harkin snorted. "Enlighten me, before I have security remove you."

"The drug needs further testing, as you said. Do I regret taking it? Well, only so far as it caused the company embarrassment. But it saved my life, Chester. Anyone here would have done the same. And I was served a great, terrible embarrassment as punishment for that. And suffice to say with a body like this, the embarrassment hasn't ended: *stop looking at my goddamn tits, Dave, you insufferable ass.*"

Dave looked away.

"See my point?" Charles continued. "But the market opportunity has been exposed. We have a drug that can rejuvenate oneself to a younger age, and change one's sex. It's no longer some fringe medicine. This could revolutionise . . . everything. Just look at me! Not you Dave, you fucking pervert."

Harkin did indeed consider the new woman for a moment. He steepled his aged fingers.

"That is . . . intriguing, I admit. Your genetic code is stable, then?"

"Completely. I can have Marta email the reports straight to you, or leave a hard copy if you prefer. I am, for all intents and purposes, a twenty four year old woman in her prime. And, if I may say so, not bad looking either. Which is not to say I'm happy about that, but tell me you can't see the opportunities this opens up, Harkin? We'd be fools not to take it."

"Well, you know something about foolishness. I am told by Mr Bradshaw that the drug is still years away from completion, and that the pain element is difficult to control. He says

you got lucky, though I'm not sure that's true, Charles." He gave a malicious smirk. "You seem to prove your value once again, even as you slither to safety like a snake."

Charles grinned. "It's what I do best. Can I assume I still have a position on the board?"

"No."

His heart dropped. For a moment, he was deeply aware of what he was again: a sexy young woman among a mostly male group of older men, with a voice that was more seductive than serious. He felt like he was surrounded by sharks.

"E-explain."

Chester smirked. "Oh, you're not fired, Charles, but after such a violation of a board agreement, it only makes sense to demote you. Don't worry, this demotion will be rather appropriate, and perhaps even your path back to power, if you can stomach it. You will be put in charge of the KS-251 project. When the time comes and it is successful - and it better be successful - then you can be the poster boy. Sorry, poster girl. That may grant you a place back at the board. But for now, because you represent too many risks to let go and too many opportunities to stay, I move that you be demoted to manager overseeing the testing program. You can oversee that Bradshaw fellow."

His heart fell, but he managed to brace himself.

"This is ridiculous. You can't-"

"Don't even try this argument with me, Charles. A few more conditions also, and this is something we at the board have already discussed. The company will use its pull to give you a new identity: a new *female* identity. You are now *Charlie* Porter, and as a female employee, you will obey our strict work dress guidelines going forth. That includes getting your secretary to help you put some damn makeup on, for God's sake. If we're really to make waves with this - and because you're stuck like this anyway - then you're going to be 'our girl' from now on, Charlie. That includes in your own personal time. You will act like a woman, dress like a woman, walk and talk like a woman, identify as a woman. You will *be* a woman. Because you are, Charlie."

Charles swallowed, but couldn't find a response. Chester Harkin had him over the barrel. In truth, the deal was better than he could have hoped, except for the female bit. That was far, far worse. Still, though his male pride was continually being shattered, his work pride hadn't yet. He perked up, unintentionally emphasising his chest.

"Well, I'm sure I can deal with that," he said. "For the company. I look forward to rejoining this board in due time."

And with that, he stood and walked out. Despite his every attempt at avoiding it, he couldn't help but sway his new hips and give that fucker Dave a show on the way out.

"Thanks for this, Marta," Charles said. *Charlie* said.

"No problem, boss," she replied. "You're paying me the big bucks, after all. A shame about our smaller office."

"Don't worry, your pay isn't going down. Just mine."

"At least you're no longer dying? Hold still. We do the bottom lip more, then you press them together. Red is a good colour on you. We could do brighter? Ruby red?"

"Understated is better. I don't want to show up looking like a damn secrete - sorry. That was unkind. You're right though, at least I'm alive. Fuck, this is just a lot to take in."

She chuckled. "Welcome to the other side, Mr Porter."

"Miss Porter, now."

She smiled again as she finished adjusting his makeup. She flicked several of his - her - hairs this way and that.

"Done. You look quite captivating, Miss Porter."

Charlie opened *her* eyes and took in her reflection in the mirror. She'd paid Marta extra to come over and help her get ready, being the only woman who could understand her hesitation and lack of experience in such matters. Unfortunately, she'd done exactly what Charlie had paid her for: she'd made the new woman look goddamn *spectacular*.

"I think I look too sexy," she said.

"Miss Porter, if you'll allow me to speak frankly, you *do* look sexy. I'm jealous, in fact!"

"That's not an encouragement, Marta."

She shrugged, still smiling sweetly. "Well, perhaps this will be a lesson in understanding women, Miss Porter! I always felt you could do with a bit more patience when it came to dealing with your secretary and the other girls in the office."

Charlie didn't even have the motivation to fight back on that statement. She'd noticed that Marta had become a lot more willing to say what she wanted and speak more freely now that Charlie had been turned into this embarrassingly busty woman. Just another humiliation, she supposed. Not like she could fire Marta anyway. She was too useful, and very discrete. And more than that, Chester had forbidden it, the damn sly snake.

"First day in the office as a woman," Charlie said. "It's going to be terrible."

"Well, sir - ma'am - you'll have to rip the bandaid off soon. Besides, I think that Mr Bradshaw will be very respectful and kind with you. He's different from the others."

"Yeah," she said, a little dreamily, "he is. Very professional. Stood up to me over an ethics issue, the damned fool. Of course, he has the last laugh now."

"He won't be laughing at you, Miss Porter."

"That will make one person, at least. God, I better not get many stares today."

At that, Marta just burst out laughing.

“What? What is it, Marta?”

“I’m sorry sir!” she said, her giggle echoing through Charlie’s apartment. “It’s just that with your body, I think even the women will be staring!”

Marta was right, and right early. Charlie took her company car - God, it was already feeling more natural to think of herself as female - to the lot and got out, and the first thing she experienced was a wolf whistle from a passing employee. She let the idiot know very quickly that she was a goddamn manager, and that he could expect to be out by the end of the day. That shut him up quickly, but it was only a minor salve. The truth was, before she’d even gotten into the *Hyradyne* building she was receiving looks from men and woman alike. She couldn’t blame them one bit. She was a goddamn smokeshow.

“Stupid goddamn fucking pencil skirt and stockings,” she mumbled to herself. “Christ this is humiliating.”

Indeed, her gorgeous legs were on display, and she was having to walk in high heels as well, given the expectation for the female staff that Chester seemed to be applying only with exact intensity upon her and her alone. The bastard. Bad enough that she’d had to practice the whole weekend walking in them, and they still weren’t totally intuitive. Worse, it made her impressively peachy ass stick out as she walked, and her chest thrust out further too, to compensate for the positioning of her feet. Her dark grey pencil skirt was professional, but it clung to her tightly, revealing her wide hips and hinting at her lovely rear. Her upper half should have been less showy. Should have been. As it was, though, there was no women’s shirt that could fit her well and disguise the large puppies on her chest. They stuck out, tight against the fabric, and her grey jacket could do little to cover them up. Even with all the buttons done up, it was obvious that she was quite the voluptuous woman, and with her done up face courtesy of Marta, she looked astoundingly sexy. The kind of dream secretary you imagined banging against your printer. Except now, Charlie would be the one getting banged against the printer.

And the thought of that was strangely hot, so she stopped thinking about it, and instead scanned her car upon her lanyard at the door. It had her new image as a woman, including the name *Charlie Porter*. She was listed as only twenty two. Chester must have made that small tweak just to make her feel even younger and smaller. It was working.

“Hi Charles! Charlie!” one employee - Jared - called. “How goes being a woman?”

“Shut up Jared,” she snapped. “We didn’t talk before so let’s not go talking now.”

She passed him by, hips still swinging, breasts bouncing in her top.

"Jesus, she was a bastard before, and now she's a bitch," he whispered.

Several others gave awkward hellos, or asked how she was going, or simply stared. Some made lewd comments just within hearing range, mostly about her ass or tits. It made her furious, and by the time she had managed to get past reception and the entrance hall she had to make a run for the bathroom - the goddamn women's bathroom - just to wipe her eyes and stop her makeup leaking.

"Fucking crying already," she whined to her reflection.

"That's okay, honey," a woman's voice carried as a woman exited a stall to wash her hands. Charlie hadn't realised she was there. "We all do that from time to time. First day?"

She was a darker skinned woman, and not too bad looking herself. She looked to be in her mid-thirties or so, and was wearing a similar getup, albeit without the heels.

"Sort of," Charlie admitted. "I've worked here a while, but this is also my first day."

The woman raised an eyebrow. "I don't get it - wait. Oh. OH."

Charlie nodded. "Yep, I'm him. Charles Porter. Charlie now."

"Holy shit! I wasn't there, and people are hush-hush now. But . . . word still gets around."

"I bet it does. Tell me, is it more about my tits or my ass? Because that's what all the fucking men out there were dining their eyes on a moment ago."

"Definitely the tits. Sorry. They look big."

"E-cups," Charlie sighed. "They feel huge."

"I'll bet! Jesus, I'm sorry about this. I work in product recall, so I don't really know you. Office gossip is always cruel, so I won't believe a word of it."

"You should," Charlie admitted. "I was a pretty big hardliner. Well, I hope I still am."

"Well, that doesn't have to be bad, right? Look, I'm Sharon. Sharon Hiedegger."

"Charlie. Charlie Porter."

The two shook hands briefly.

"So, Charlie, how are you coping being a woman?"

"Terribly. I got demoted, and now I'm stuck managing the product that can hopefully save my career. Plus, everyone stares at me, and my confidence is dead, and I can't stop crying over stupid fucking things, and why the hell am I telling you this?"

Sharon laughed, and gestured to the wider space. "Welcome to the magic that is the women's restroom, my friend. We come here in groups to vent and moan and bitch and for the sheer camaraderie of it all. And when we leave, we leave calmer and more confident and more enlightened, because the sisterhood has our backs when the dogs come barking."

"The . . . sisterhood?"

"Honey, you're a woman now, and that makes you a member of the sisterhood. I'm a manager too, by the way. I can call you honey, since we're equals."

Somehow, her comments actually made Charlie laugh. When the pair of them left, she actually did feel calmer and more enlightened, in a way. Sure, her body was still humiliating as hell, and way too hot by half, but she was able to make her way down to the testing section where her new, smaller office was located. Marta wasn't here yet, which left her time to get accustomed to her new position. She took a moment, collected herself, and tried to ignore the weight upon her chest or the still-strange absence between her legs.

"Okay, I can do this. One day. One step in front of the other, even if they have to be in high heels."

And then she got up, opened the door, and exited out to introduce herself to the team. Not that she really needed introducing. They had all seen her change, and Lee in front had been the one to get her the pill.

"Okay, team," she said, hands on her impressive hips. "I'm Charlie Porter - formerly Charles Porter, as you know. Today I'm just going to be learning your names and seeing how things run here. I want good work, and regular updates too, especially on the KS-251 project which is a top priority for the company. I look forward to working with you, and placing my own stamp on this place. For now, just go about your regular assignments, and try to ignore me."

But judging from the way some of them were clearly struggling to keep their eyes on hers, and not on her figure, she imagined that was going to be a tall order.

The first few days were awkward. There was another wolf-whistler, and this one she couldn't get fired straight away due to being a manager, and not wanting to upset the apple cart so quickly. She became more accustomed to heels, of course, and to women's clothing. She was starting to do her own makeup as well, and even going out more often in female dress, though it was more conservative and less sexy when she had the choice (not that much would make her look unsexy). She was getting better at clasping her bra up in the morning, and was even enjoying the sweet relief of unleashing her breasts at night when she could sleep topless in bed, just the way she liked.

Of course, she was also finding other things to enjoy about her body. Namely, how sensitive it felt to touch when her own bodily lust grew too strong for her to ignore. She'd kept her hands off of her form with masterful self-control for much of that first week, touching her vagina and nipples only as matters of scientific curiosity, and recoiling when she was astounded by their sensitivity. But the dreams about gorgeous men and women caressing her had continued, and it seemed her new form had an even healthier libido than her old

one. In the end, she'd just had an extra few glasses of wine one night when she was feeling damn weepy over her change, and then laid back on the couch.

And taken her top off. And stripped down to her panties.

And then began squeezing her big, fat tits and rubbing her sensitive nipples. She bit her lip as she did so, and gave a sharp intake of breath. She'd always loved a good set of tits as a man, but they were marvellously receptive as a woman, and soon she was moaning, uncaring how delightfully sensual her new voice was. A heat built up in her core, and it didn't take long before she was lowering her fingers down and sliding them beneath her dark black panties. There was a need between her thighs, and with her tipsiness and growing arousal, she couldn't have avoided tending to it if she tried.

"Ohhhhhhh, hmm. Ahh. Fuck. That's - that's surprisingly good. Ahhh. Maybe just a l-little more."

A little more turned into a lot more, and soon she was arching her back as she squeezed and groped her breasts with one hand, pinching her nipples especially, and used her other hand to rub her wet, throbbing clit. The arousal grew and grew, and soon her chest was wobbling as she took deeper and deeper breaths, caught on the very edge of pure ecstasy.

"S-soo close! Ohhhh! Yes. Yes. YES!!!"

And then it came. She came. Hard. It wasn't like the male orgasm. There wasn't that sensation of domination and power, but something much calmer and more submissive. Less immediately powerful, but longer lasting. And yet, also more unstable: her toes curled, and she shuddered, whimpering in delight as another orgasm hit her not long after.

"Ahhhhh. That . . . wasn't half bad. Damn. At least I can experience that for the rest of my life. Well, until KS-251 gets fixed."

From then on, she was much more eager to 'take the edge' off, even without the wine. Her thoughts were largely empty, focused on her own soft, curvaceous body and its pleasures, when she was in the midst of the act, but sometimes she would occasionally imagine another woman or man sucking her nipples, or penetrating her body. She came then too, but immediately was filled with shame afterwards.

"I'm not a woman," she would say afterwards to herself, like some mad mantra. "I'm not a woman, goddamnit. Not really. And I'm especially not into fucking men. Or *fucking* men."

Unfortunately, that declaration would be tested the next week. Pete Bradshaw had been away on personal leave - something to do with helping a parent move upstate - and Charlie was happy for him to be away. She certainly hadn't forgotten how weird her body had gotten around him when it was painfully changing. Instead, she could simply play the role of manager, get up to speed on testing, and try to ignore how much the damn geeks

were obviously ogling her every time she looked over their shoulders. She blamed her voice most of the time, especially since it gave that employee Eric such an obvious boner that he literally couldn't stand up to go do an important task until she was out of his presence and he'd had time to deflate.

"Goddamn nerds know I'm a man - a goddamn former board member ten years or more they're senior - and they still can't help but see a raven-haired bombshell. Just ridiculous."

But at least she wasn't dying. And at least Pete wasn't present, since that would be too weird. She could avoid coming face to face with the man who more than any other could say 'I told you so' to her, and that was just fine by her. Especially since his nerdy glasses look was something she occasionally bit her lip thinking about, and that worried her.

Unfortunately it was not to last, because on her ninth day of work as the female oversight manager of the testing department, Pete was suddenly there, back in his role of acting head of pharmaceutical testing. Charlie stepped into the office, still annoyed at the requirement to wear heels which made her ass pop out, when suddenly she turned a corner and literally crashed into him.

"Goddamn it!" she said, spilling her much-needed morning coffee. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Sorry!" the other man said, himself spilled upon as well. "Shit. Let me get you a tissue or a napkin. Uh, here! We use these to wipe down the benches!"

He passed a wipe to her as she removed her jacket, an act that unfortunately made her boobs wobble in her bra (apparently even the most expensive and tough cups couldn't stop them jiggling at that size). It was as she was wiping her shirt, annoyed that her new shirt was already ruined, that she realised who she was talking to.

"Wait - Pete Bradshaw?"

He eyed her up and down, his gaze resting just a little too long on her chest, which to be fair she was engaged in outlining with the wipe.

"Mr Porter? Is that - my God, it *is* you?"

"Of course it's me," she snapped, flinging her hand down after realising what she was doing. "Who did you expect it to be?"

"Um, anyone else, I suppose. I didn't think you'd be back - oh, but of course. You're our new manager. We're partners now, I guess."

She crossed her arms and pouted. "Hardly. I'm manager of testing as a whole, you're acting head of *pharmaceutical* testing. I may not be a board member - currently - but you answer to me, Mr Bradshaw. Still."

He nodded, but there was less deference than Charlie thought there should be, and something more as well. The young man - older now biologically than Charlie - adjusted his glasses in that cute way that forced the new woman to suppress a gentle smirk.

“Something you wish to say, Mr Bradshaw?”

“Um, if I may, Mr Porter -”

“It’s Miss, now,” she corrected in a weary tone.

“Well, that’s the subject of my question. I had to be out of town helping family, but I couldn’t get you out of my mind.” He blushed, and raised his hands in a placating gesture in response to Charlie’s own incredulity. “I didn’t mean it like that! As the acting head of this pharma testing, I advised you not to take the pill. I was very clear on that with management, but I still had to sign some NDA’s and invoke some liabilities. Hence why I was out of town for a bit.”

“Helping family,” she said, arms still crossed.

“That part was true. But it was a good excuse publicly, you know, while the company did it’s best to cover up everything.”

“If this is you telling me ‘I told you so, Miss Porter’ then you can stop right now.”

He closed his eyes for a moment, adjusted his glasses. It gave her time to grab a sneak glimpse at his body. He was taller than her now, and that was strange. More than that, he was surprisingly fit despite his nerdy looks. God, it was doing some weird shit to her system.

“No, I didn’t mean it like that either,” he said. He ruffled his hair. “What I meant was, I didn’t have a chance to check on you, despite my vast interest, both scientifically and in terms of your own health. Obviously, I never wanted this to happen. I guess my question is, how are you coping?”

Charlie sighed. It was, strangely, the first time someone outside of Sharon had asked her that, and while she really liked the woman, maybe even seeing her as a friend, their departments rarely overlapped. This was certainly the first man to actually show interest in her welfare, and not just her pretty looks/legs/ass/tits/hourglass figure/all of the above.

“I’m . . . coping as best as I can, Mr Bradshaw. I certainly didn’t expect to become a woman, especially one that looks like this.” She gestured to herself. “More fool me, I suppose. And I certainly haven’t liked the humiliation that has followed. But I no longer have Keogman’s Disease, at least. I’m not dying, at least of anything other than embarrassment. That’s a start, at least.”

“It would have to be, sir. Ma’am. Well, if there’s anything I can do, please don’t hesitate to ask. I’ll keep you informed on all our projects, and make KS-251 a priority as you wish.”

“Good. Thanks.”

Pete nodded awkwardly and turned to leave, when Charlie suddenly stopped him.

“Wait, Pete. Stop.” She looked left and right, hoping no one was looking or listening. “I just wanted to say thanks for warning me. I came down on you like a fucking hammer because I was deadset on taking the KS. You were . . . right, about the risks I mean. But don’t think that means I regret doing it to live. But I . . . I could have handled it better. I didn’t need to threaten you. I regret that decision.”

Pete cracked a smile. “Miss Porter, is that actually an apology?”

She rolled her eyes. “Don’t get to used to it, cutie. Now get back to work.”

He did so, but he had an amused look in his eyes, a sort of searching quality. It was only later when she returned to her office and placed her face in her hands did she mutter and curse to herself.

“Why the actual hell did I just call that man ‘cutie’!?”

The days passed, and Charlie got more and more used to her form. She was exceedingly grateful that her sex change wasn’t a result of that Lumin’s Syndrome freak show that she saw on the news that one time: that had a habit of turning men into total bimbos and sex-crazed submissive airheads. No, she was as sharp and level-headed and ambitious as ever, and younger to boot! The fact that her body was hot as hell was another matter, and one she continually went up against, of course. Giving reports to the board was like pulling teeth: Dave would leer at her, Chester would stare, and the two older women present - Vivian and Carmita - were constantly pouting their mouths into little crinkled assholes, as if both resentful and jealous of Charlie’s new form.

“You’ve stepped into the role of a young, ambitious woman very well, Charlie,” Chester remarked with a sadistic smile. “No doubt you’ve been getting lots of attention, and little wonder: you’re a natural, darling.”

Charlie just grit her teeth. She was aware that she cut a damn fine figure, and that her white shirt outlined her impressive chest in ways that made the older man practically salivate, and not just at her embarrassment.

Still, she could at least walk in heels properly now, and was even starting to embrace the hip sway and the bob of her breasts in her bra. Not because she liked those features, but it was just part of her natural walk now. She had also fully embraced the bliss of feminine self-pleasure, and indulged in it quite frequently, once even at work until Sharon had walked in and she’d had to stop before her friend realised what was going on.

“Just . . . dealing with the annoyance of this bra,” she’d called from the stall.

“Uh huh,” Sharon had replied. “Well, once you’re done, er, dealing with that, you should come have some drinks with us girls. You’re one of us now, right?”

“Yeah, I guess I am.”

“The tits give it away.”

“I very much realise.”

“Because they’re so big.”

“I am well aware.”

“The hips aren’t bad either.”

“God, is this hazing or something? Is this what the female middle managers do?”

She grinned. “Welcome to the glass ceiling dear. When you struggle to progress further, you turn to vicious in-house corporate gossip. Trust me, you’ll come to love it.”

While Charlie couldn’t say she loved it, particularly since some of the women department heads and deputies she met were obviously happy about her transformation due to his own past history of overlooking them for promotion, it was at least a start at forming new alliances and, perhaps, friendships. Those things would count if she ever wanted to smash this ‘glass ceiling’ again and prove her worth, even to the idiots who couldn’t stop seeing the former high-powered male exec as just a young, hot piece of ass.

Despite this, she continued to oversee her group of nerds. Lee could barely look at her, and so she made it a priority to let him know he was not to blame for what happened, and to stop being so damned nervous. He took it well. Likewise, despite her former reputation for being a hardass boss, she found it a lot easier as a woman to simply make reasonable requests and give adjustments as needed. Her mind had not changed as far as she could tell, but her new hormones made her less aggressive, which opened the door for a bit more compassion. She stopped questioning sick days so frequently, and on Sharon’s advice even hired on a couple of women in the testing department, since apparently she’d had a bias against hiring very equally when she’d been a man. Hell, she even raised group morale by managing the funds to get a small snack area installed, complete with non-shit coffee dispensers and an actually working fridge. Now they didn’t have to cross two flights of stairs or take the elevator, then cross floor four, just to sample the already too-busy cafeteria.

All these changes made Charlie feel good. Productivity was going up, and it was like her earlier days of managing: streamlining success for the company to raise her own status. Except, it wasn’t just her own status she was raising. Be it Lee or the new girls Olivia and Harley, or even stodgy old Harper working away at his analysis bay, they all seemed to feel more supported, and therefore more likely to work harder.

“How did it take me turning into a fucking woman to notice this?” she asked herself from the office. Certainly, Marta was grinning with amusement. Her secretary was nothing if not proud of Charlie’s changes, and more than a little smug over them too.

“You’ll smash the glass ceiling in no time at this rate, honey.”

“Thank you Marta,” she replied, giving a genuine smile.

And yet still, there was one man that her body insisted on remaining attracted to. Pete was back at work, and working hard. The nature of their positions meant that they were often alongside one another, and that gave Charlie more time than she would have wanted to appreciate his work ethic, his easy smile, and his quietly geeky manner. He got along with his own underlings well, something which increasingly appealed to her more and more, but it also meant that she found herself smirking at his interactions with others, casting side glances in his directions, and even checking out his butt when he walked away before realising what she was doing and stopping.

“For fuck’s sake, Charlie, get your head in the game,” she muttered to herself. “You’re meant to be a man in your forties, not some busty Barbie type flirting with men at the office.”

But she was flirting, even if she didn’t realise it. And despite the fact that he’d been the one to warn her, even pull the regulations against her, to prevent her from using the drug in the first place, he seemed to take it not as her failure that it went wrong, but his own. He explained as such when she summoned him to explain his unpaid overtime, since she had her own suspicions that he was trying to vault over her for a promotion or something. Marta flagged him through. The sly secretary had always made one little cutting comment about how much Charlie ‘liked to see him, and now her voice on the intercom went daringly further.

‘That rather cute Bradshaw man is heading this way to see you, Miss Porter.’

“Send him through Marta, and that’s enough of that.”

‘Mum’s the word!’

Charlie just rolled her eyes. “Go home for the night, Marta. I’m sure your husband is missing you.”

‘Thanks, ma’am!’

She terminated the link as Pete came in. He had tired rings around his eyes, and was adjusting his glasses more than usual.

“You asked me to visit?” Pete said.

“Please, take a seat, Pete. Can I call you Pete?”

“Of course. Can I call you Charlie?”

“Miss Porter is fine,” she rebutted, only to soften. “Sure, Charlie is fine too, I guess.”

“How can I help, ma’am?”

A brief thought of him ‘helping’ her like in one of her erotically charged mental scenarios flashed in her mind, and she had to quickly file it away before she blushed anymore. Her nipples stiffened just a little. She put it down to her ridiculous new female hormones.

“You can help by explaining all the overtime you’ve been putting in, Pete.”

“Is that a bad thing?”

“It can be, depending on what it is being used for. I am good at sniffing out ambition, Pete. Mr Bradshaw. I always have been. I intend to get my position on the board back, but I need a loyal staff who keeps me in the loop and aren’t themselves trying to somersault past me. A rising tide lifts all boats, after all.”

Pete cracked a nervous grin.

“Something funny?”

“Sorry, it’s just that I can hear the old Mr Charles Porter in you when you say that.”

His comment actually made her grin happily, which was not the intended effect she’d wanted to have. The fact that even with her chair lifted up she was still looking up at him didn’t help matters either.

“Well, I am still him. Just a female him, thanks to your drug.”

“Look, that’s just it! You needn’t worry. I’d like to rise in the company too, but I’m not stupid, Charlie. I know how the game is played, and I know how to treat your bosses well.”

“You refused my requests last time.”

“Because it was an insane request, and I think you know that.”

She sighed. He was right, and this wasn’t how she wanted this to go.

“We’re getting away from the overtime element.”

“I’ve been trying to fix you.”

“Fix me?”

He nodded eagerly. “Or at least make KS-251 more viable. Its interaction with Keogman’s Disease was uniquely fascinating, but it isn’t really a profit-maker. But if it could help deal with KD *and* work as a hormone booster for individuals wishing to change sexes, even changing sex entirely as with you once all potential errors are out of the system . . .”

“I know, it’ll be our big chance.”

“That’s what I’ve been hard at work on. Have a look at this: I’ve been refiling and reformatting the testing data to work it against hormone testing trials and test its efficacy there.”

He pushed over a lot of charts that were sheer gobbledygook to her, but showed a *lot* of hard work across a number of nights.

“I might not be able to revert your changes, but I will try. And more than that, it could be the big ticket to get you back on the board, and for me to move up as well.”

Charlie was marvelling. Far from being an upstart, Pete had proven himself utterly loyal, and this despite their earlier arguments back when she’d been a man. He was truly trying to make things right, even when both of them knew *she* was at fault. It made the former forties man momentarily stunned, and once more she bit her lip out of habit, trying not

to take in his sincere, adorable features. *He* was looking to help *her*, and while he had his own goals too, there was a genuine goodness-of-the-heart desire to help her too.

“Th-thank you, Pete,” she said, trying not to get damn emotional. “This actually means a lot. I am sorry for doubting you.”

“Well, just don’t make it a third time.”

She laughed, a bit too eagerly, in fact. Like a woman really signalling to a man that she was into him.

“I won’t,” she said. “Scout’s honour. Though I guess these days I’d be a Girl Scout selling cookies.”

“Girls are allowed in the Scouts now, actually.”

“Well, whoop-to-doo for progress. I’ve already been told that if this KS-251 thing takes off, I ‘get’ to be, ugh, the ‘poster girl’ for it all.”

“To be fair, you would look good on a poster.”

Pete’s eyes went wide. Hers went wide. For a moment they stared at each other.

“Sorry I didn’t mean to say that, I just-”

“No, no,” she replied. “You’re right. I would look damn good on a poster. I’d look damn good in a cardboard box, I’d suspect. Wouldn’t you agree?”

“Uh . . .”

She relaxed back in her chair, emphasising her chest a little with her positioning.

“This is my punishment, you see. Knocked down off the board and humiliated with this body. Do you have any idea how frustrating it is to have a set of huge E-cup jugs bouncing on your chest every day? Or an ass you could bounce a quarter to the moon off of?”

“Um, not exactly.”

She stood and circled the desk, placing a hand on her hips. She had no idea why she was doing this. She’d complained about her body to her reflection, to Sharon and her new circle of female friends, but never to another man so openly that wasn’t her doctor. But she *wanted* Pete to understand. To see her.

“See? No one can understand! I mean, look at these hips! At this hourglass figure! This is me trying to hide it too, by the way. When I take off my jacket . . .”

She did so, and it made her chest bounce a little. It also made her look that much more lovely. She swept her hands down her form.

“I actually look like a pinup, right?” she finished.

Pete adjusted his glasses. It was very obvious that he was attracted to her in that moment, just as she was being seized by her attraction to him. This man who had similar ambitions to her but was not a cutthroat. Once she would have laughed at such a mentality, but now her changed self found it admirable. Attractive. Even desirable.

"Miss Porter. Charlie. You don't look like a pinup. I mean, you do look exceptionally beautiful, that I won't deny."

She smirked. "Oh, you think I'm beautiful, do you?"

"I'd be blind not to," he admitted, standing. "Look, obviously this is a tricky situation for both of us. You're now a woman. You took a pill against my advice. Now you're my direct overseer, but you're also changed. Nicer, when you aren't trying to act like some big dick exec again."

"I take offence to that," she said. "I don't even have a dick anymore."

He chuckled in his seat. "Bad wording on my part. I suppose that must be hard to deal with."

"I've yet to get a damned period. Not looking forward to that. It's mostly a pride thing. Fuck, why am I even doing all this with you?"

He gave her a strange look, one that almost withered her. And ensnared her. She sat down on the desk so that for once, she was looking over him. Her hand was so close to his. So very damn close. Her entire body was flushed with arousal, and it made her curse how 'charged' her body was. How needy it was starting to get. She could sense that same lust in him too. It was in his eyes, his posture. And, she knew, likely very evident between his legs at that moment.

"I don't know, Charlie. Why are you doing this? What else has changed?"

"A lot," she admitted, looking away. And then, to hell with it, she grabbed him by his collar and pulled him in for a kiss. He must have been expecting it, or wanting it, because soon he was kissing her back, and they were running their hands over each other in a classically lusty office romance.

"Mhmhm, I've w-wanted this!" she moaned in his mouth as he ran his hands down her sides.

"Me too!" he gasped. "It's - oh God, this isn't weird, right?"

"It's goddamn strange, Pete. Trust me, you have no idea. But fuck it, I want this. I need it. I need you. Just go with it. I can make it a directive if necessary."

"No need," he said, kissing her neck. "I'm okay with it as long as you are."

"More than okay. Just get this goddamn shirt off me. And your clothes as well."

They furiously unbuttoned each other's shirts, letting her gloriously rip tits flop about in her large E-cup bra.

"Holy fuck," Pete said. His glasses were fogging up.

"You're goddamn right, kid. Heavy too. Now get this off too."

He helped her pull off his skirt, while she unbuckled his trousers. His cock was hard in his pants and rather impressive in size. She cursed her own newfound female attraction to men, but then discarded the curse. This was too wonderful and passionate to not embrace.

She positioned herself over him so that she was kneeling on his seat thighs spread either side of him. She was breathing fast and heavy, her heart fluttering in her chest as she continued to ravish him. His fingers on her form were divine, as was the sensation of his hardness rubbing against her panties. They were getting wet, her pussy practically dripping in anticipation for his cock.

“Ohhhh, take the bra off. Get it off.”

Pete did as she instructed, and there was something surprisingly sexy in how easily he removed the clasp. She lowered the cups from her tits slowly. The large breasts drooped only a little, no longer supported, but their suppleness and impressive heft were obvious, as was their round perfection.

“Wow,” he said.

“Stop staring and get to work, Mr Bradshaw,” she said. She grabbed his hands and planted them on her chest. His fingers sank into the flesh, her nipples stiffening between his digits in a way that was utterly divine.

“Ohhhh, yes. F-fuck. Keep going. Mhhmm!”

She moaned, arching her back and pressing her tits right in his face. He adapted perfectly, sucking on one nipple and then the other, drawing her sensitive points out in his mouth, extending them, nibbling on them gently with his teeth in a way that practically made her pussy a river of arousal. She had to have him in her. Her body was too perfect, too womanly, too goddamn erotic. It would be a waste not to use it this way, just as she had enjoyed her trophy girlfriends as a man.

“Wait, no one else is here, right?” she said, pressing her impressive bosom against his chest. Fuck, it felt good to have her big tits squash up against him, rub against him.

“Y-yeah. Your secretary left. It’s just us now.”

“Good. I want you in me, Mr Bradshaw. Consider this your performance review.”

He chuckled, set aside his cute glasses. “I’ll make sure to live up to expectations. You can tick boxes as you go.”

He lowered a hand to rub her vulva, eliciting another high moan from her. Her dark hair spilled over her naked back. Then, he helped pull her panties down her perfectly thick thighs. Grasping her wide hips, he hoisted her up.

“S-slowly, goddamnit, this is all new to me.”

“As you say, ma’am.”

He lowered her gently, she holding his wonderful shoulder muscles, and then suddenly he was in her. She shivered as his penishead parted her wet folds, then squeaked embarrassingly as he entered her yet further. There was a brief pain of her hymen, something which made her realise that this body was technically virginal, but then it was

overridden by pleasure. His hard rod was in her, completing her. She began to rock her hips on him, pressing her breasts in his face as the two gyrated on the chair.

“Ohhhh, yes! I can get used to this!”

“Used to?”

“N-not doing this j-just once. Oh f-fuck, you’re big.”

“I can stop?”

She shook her head, unable to stop grinning. She gasped in a highly erotic way.

“Don’t you d-dare. I want to cum. I want to - Ohhhhhh, yes! YES!!”

Soon, she was bouncing on him, sliding up and down while he cradled her wide hips and fondled her ass. She felt so alive, so fucking sexy, and his mouth upon her nipples only made it all the better.

“You’re so f-fucking hot!” Pete gasped between mouthfuls of her perfect tits. She continued to slide up and down his pole, relishing the way her new vaginal muscles clamped down upon his girth, drawing out every aching nerve-connection of pleasure. She was close. She was damn close.

“I kn-know, Pete!” she managed. She pressed her forehead against his, then kissed him passionately, clinging to him as he fucked her hard. “I’m a goddamn knockout of a boss, and you better - oh! OHHHHHH! AAAIIIEEEE!!!”

She cried out - actually *cried* out - her voice hitting a musical soprano note that she could never have imagined reaching. Pete’s dick throbbed within her, stirring forth yet another orgasm, and then he tensed.

“Aahhhhh! NGHH!!!”

His seed shot up inside her, a warm wet pop of his pearly fluid that left her biting his shoulder, trying to contain her ecstasy. It was easily the best sex she’d ever had, and she wasn’t even practised in the female side yet. A third orgasm, then a weaker but still wonderful fourth, coursed through her body. She milked his cock, sliding up and down just a few more times so that he pumped her full and he was left empty. Finally, she pressed her naked flesh against his, rubbing her big tits against him so that her nipples sent little electric jolts of post-coital bliss through his form.

They stayed like that for several minutes, just breathing. After a time, she withdrew, racing to the bathroom as quickly as she could so that his issue didn’t spill down her thigh. She returned with her clothing on, albeit haphazardly, and her top largely unbuttoned so that her cleavage was well on display in her black cups.

“Well,” she said. “That was more than a little fun.”

Pete was looking a bit sheepish as he finished putting his own shirt back on.

“That was . . . the best sex I’ve ever had. I - should we have done that?”

She strode forth and kissed him. She may have been shorter and weaker and feminine, but she was still the dominant one: she pulled him down by his lapels and made him know who was boss.

“Don’t tell me you have regrets, Mr Bradshaw. You more than passed your performance review.”

“Well, I’m glad to hear I lived up to expectations. Does this mean I can expect a promotion?”

She grinned. “It means we can *both* expect one, once we succeed in getting KS-251 running.”

“And turn you back into a man again?”

She kissed him again. Once more, that feeling of her soft chest against his harder muscle was such a fucking turn on. “Maybe. Maybe not. Probably not, actually.”

He raised an eyebrow, but was clearly not disappointed. “Oh?”

“Well, I’m younger, no risk of Keogman’s Disease, and I just had the best sex of my life. Besides, I think I’m coming into a new management style, one that will help me get a lot more allies, especially from my female co-heads. And possibly one male acting head of pharma testing?”

He encircled his arms around her, lowering them to cup her as.

“I think I can do that,” he said, his excitement obvious.

“Then you can help me smash the glass ceiling. You scratch my back and I’ll scratch yours. I can get you up in the ranks, and you can get me back to the board, and together nothing can stop us, particularly since my new female perspective has me running the show like a goddamn genius these days.”

“You haven’t changed at all, have you?”

She licked her lips, and lowered one hand down to his groin, which stiffened.

“Oh, I’ve changed plenty, Mr Bradshaw. Plenty enough. But I’m still ambitious as hell, and you are too. So what do you say? Make this a partnership? One with benefits? Or . . . even the chance of something more?”

The last part was hard to say. God knows it would be a mess to deal with at HR if it got out, or if they actually became boyfriend and girlfriend. But after that connection, after all her change, it seemed well worth considering anyway. Pete leaned over and kissed her, and they shared a much longer exchange this time, both of them still quite fired up.

“Just show me the dotted line, Miss Porter,” he said. “I’ll sign this deal.”

Charlie chuckled. It felt like she was turning a new corner on life, and it could well be a better one. Perhaps even a more successful one. Chester Harkins wouldn’t know what hit him. She felt his hardness again, and both of them knew they were ready for a second round to ‘seal the deal.’

"You know Pete," she said. "I think this is the beginning of a beautiful partnership."

The End