

Going Dom

By FoxFace

An Anonymous Commission

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

Going Dom

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

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

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

That was, until he found the remote.

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

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

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

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

Shift

Dampen

Blend

Revert

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Just a little look over,” he said.

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

DOM

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Agh! What the-!?”

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

“Oh G-God! My d-dick!”

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

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

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

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

“Tits! Those are tits, innit?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He placed it on top of the shelf.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Missing, sir?" Dominic asked.

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

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

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

That was news to Dominic.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The End