



LISA CHANGE

He Became the
Office Bimbo

It was a cool spring day when Stuart Johnson got turned into a girl.

He was at his desk in London's Canary Wharf, high up in one of the skyscrapers that towered above the city. It was around 11am, and the weak light of early March was casting shimmering curtains of gold between the heavy gray clouds that scudded by outside the window of his open plan office, making the distant city center alternate between looking brilliant white, and a dull, squishy mass.

In exactly 30 minutes, he was due to give a presentation on the firm's latest figures – the token yank, before a room full of Brits – and he was quickly skimming over his opening remarks to make sure he had them down pat, as Richard had requested.

At least, that's what he said he was doing.

In reality, Stuart was up to something *very* different.

Easy, the tall alpha male murmured inside his head as he raised his phone, pretended to frown at something on the screen, *don't make it too obvious...*

All around him, the hubbub of work in a vast multinational bubbled away. Shouting voices, strangled curses, boisterous British banter, loud, obnoxious, and strangely calming.

It was the sort of ruckus in which a small bomb going off might pass undetected, let alone the faint, fake *click* of an electronic camera shutter.

Nonetheless, Stuart wasn't taking any chances.

Almost there... no, wait! Pretend you're reading something.

As his quarry looked up, Stuart quickly let his eyes flick across the phone screen, back and forth, like he was going over something. After a moment, he made himself give a little blink, looked up, smiled genially.

"Alex..." he drawled, "there you are. I was just starting to miss you."

Across the row of open plan desks, Alex narrowed her eyes at him, glancing suspiciously at Stuart's upraised phone. With her retro bob of jet black hair, piercing green eyes and handsome, almost sharp features, she was generally agreed to be one of the hottest girls in the office.

"I've been sat here for two hours." The senior analyst sniffed, "what's the matter? Too busy pissing around on *Candy Crush*?"

Her British accent was like cut glass, her whole demeanor one of endless confrontation. Needless to say, Stuart found her hot as hell.

"Not quite, babe," he grinned at her, waved his phone, "got this *biiiiig* presentation coming up. Real shit hot stuff. Richard's gonna be eating outta my hand."

At the mention of his presentation, Alex's lip twitched. She still hadn't forgotten how Richard had passed her over on this one.

She thinks it's because she's a girl, Stuart trilled in his head. *She doesn't realize it's coz she's a pissy little bitch...*

Outwardly, though, he kept his repartee within at least spitting distance of civil.

“Shame you can’t be there, might learn a thing or two.”

“Thanks,” Alex smiled tightly, “but if I wanted to watch some puffed up ape beating his chest for the other males I could always go to the zoo.”

“Your loss,” Stuart shrugged, playing with his phone again, “I can always WhatsApp you the minutes after. Though since they’re mostly gonna involve Richard telling me what a fucking *genius* I am maybe you won’t need them.”

Alex didn’t respond. Instead, she lowered her head, very forcefully went back to making notes on her iPad. Ignoring him. Not that Stuart minded.

She’d just given him everything he wanted.

Still trying to act like he was reading over his report, he carefully raised his phone ever so slightly. Zoomed in until Alex’s boobs filled the screen, big and ripe and pert, her white work shirt with its top button undone barely containing them.

Trying not to smile *too* much, Stuart held his phone in position. Waiting. Waiting. Waiting for a chance to...

There was a roar over in the sales section. Someone landing a *very* advantageous deal. Perfect.

As the other phone pigs joined in the half-ironic cheering, Stuart hit the little white circle at the bottom of his screen. The electronic shutter closed with a *click*. Alex jerked her head up...

...but Stuart was already back on his MS Word app, reading over his opening remarks with a studiedly bored expression. After a moment, he looked up at Alex again.

“Change your mind? Can’t blame you. Tell you what, huh, I’ll call Richard, and-”

“What was that?” Alex was frowning, unsure of herself. “I thought I heard...”

“What? The pigs?”

“No. More like...”

Her green eyes settled on his phone. Full of suspicion. Wariness. Anger, ready to explode.

But also an uncertainty. A little nagging voice, in her head, telling her that she was imagining it. Being silly. That Stuart was an asshole but he wasn’t the sort of person to do *that*...

His expression neutral, Stuart watched in glee as Alex battled with herself, fighting her own doubts.

As he’d thought they would, the doubts soon won.

“Nothing.” Alex shook her head, her sculpted face framed by her fan of dark hair. “Just the phone pigs, I guess.”

Nonetheless, she surreptitiously moved one arm over her cleavage as she bent forward again, blocking Stuart’s view.

Too late, as usual. Dumb bitch...

With a feeling of immense satisfaction, Stuart opened his picture gallery. Drank in the shot he'd just taken of Alex's sweet, DD Cup titties. Added them to the folder of similar shots he'd taken over his months at the office. Of secretaries. Interns. Even some of his seniors.

It was intoxicating, knowing he had these private glimpses of the women around him, knowing they had no idea their breasts were being leered over, pored over, shared around the world.

That's right. Shared. Because these images weren't just for Stuart's enjoyment. Oh no.

As he smirked down at the picture he'd just taken, he hit the share symbol and wrote out a quick message beneath them:

CHECK IT OUT. ALEX BEGGED ME TO TAKE A PICTURE OF HER TITS. SAID SHE WAS DESPERATE FOR ALL THE GUYS TO SEE WHAT A SLUT SHE IS.

Then he sent it to Richard – his boss but also his bro – and slipped the phone away before anyone could glance over his shoulder and see what he was doing.

He grinned back across the row of desks, where Alex was reading a text off her own phone. Whatever it was, it didn't look like good news.

Good. Hope her boyfriend's dick fell off...

"I gotta go, babe," Stuart said, trying to load his voice with clearly fake regret. "The big boys need me."

"Uh-hu." Alex didn't even take her eyes off her phone.

"Can't stay shooting the shit with you, no matter how much you beg me." Stuart sighed, got to his feet. "Wish me luck, sweetheart."

Alex didn't make a noise as he left. Didn't stop staring at that damn phone of hers.

Dumb bitch, Stuart thought idly to himself, *still, she has got a sweet pair of tits all right.*

He smiled. Yep. And now *everyone* on Richard's private group would know that, too.

He was so pleased with himself, he didn't even think to check where that last message had actually gone. Didn't even consider that, in his haste, he might have accidentally typed in the wrong name before he hit send.

Didn't even realize that his messaging app was still showing a proud little tick next to his newest photo. And, beside it, the name of its unintended recipient.

ALEX.

* * *

The head guys arrived in dribs and drabs, filing into the meeting room Stuart had booked weeks ago, the one with the *kickass* view of London's skyline, with eyes that were still bloodshot from the night before.

The first to come was Richard, who slapped Stuart's back with a deliberate forcefulness that would've floored a lesser male.

"Stu, 'sup homes?" The ironic '90s gangsta lingo sounded bizarre in his upper crust British accent. "We ready to give these guys the orgasm of a lifetime?"

"Are we ever. They're gonna be mopping come off the ceiling after I hit them with the last four slides."

"They better be. If they are, I'll wank you off myself at the pub." The 30-something, rake thin Brit leaned over Stuart's shoulder, peered at his files. "I wanna see nothin' but O-faces all round, got that?"

And then he was taking his seat beside Stuart, just as the next bigwigs came sauntering in.

There were 12 in all. All men, all – bar Richard and Stuart – north of 45. All big, swinging dicks in their company.

The only bit of female flesh in that room was the Australian intern (Robin, Stuart thought her name was) who came to take their tea orders.

"Tea, guys? Cuppa for a dozen thirsty blokes?"

"Coffee for me," Richard said, without meeting her eye, "black. Stuart, too."

As Robin made the rounds, chatting with the older men, smiling tolerantly as they tried to flirt with her, Stuart found his eyes drifting down to her cleavage on more than one occasion.

She was short, barely 5ft2, with a skinny body, but impossibly big breasts that she'd barely bothered to cover. Combined with her long blonde hair hanging loose, she looked like everything Stuart thought a woman should be.

"Better than our earlier client, huh?" Stuart whispered at one point, bending down low next to Richard. "Maybe we should get a picture of her next."

He'd been going to make a few more jokes, at Alex and Robin's expense, but Richard only gave him a distracted smile in return, as though he didn't understand what Stuart was saying, but was *waaay* too busy to ask him about it. Prudently, Stuart sat back in his chair, away from his partner in crime.

At long, long last, Robin got to him.

"And for *you*, Mister Johnson..."

Stuart glanced over at Richard, who was whispering something in a shareholder liaison's ear. He grinned at Robin.

"I've already been ordered for. Coffee, black."

To his surprise, Robin giggled.

"I'm not taking your order, sir. Here. Miss Alex asked me to give you this."

Stuart blinked as a folded piece of paper was pressed into his hands. He opened his mouth to ask what it was, but Richard was already getting to his feet, clearing his throat,

and Robin was slipping out the door as quietly as she could.

“Gents.” Richard nodded around the table. “Welcome back. I hear some of you had to come three whole floors to get here.”

There was a murmur that wasn’t quite laughter, but wasn’t quite not. Stuart joined in, letting his boss defuse the tension you always got in meetings like this.

“Right, to business. As I’m sure you all remember from Q3, things were getting a little bit hairy with the regulators. Luckily, we managed to lean on some friendly shoulders to help see us through *that* unfortunate business...”

As Richard went on, Stuart carefully glanced down at the little square of paper in his hand. Weighing it.

Why would Alex send me a message like that...?

He knew he should put it away, or even just chuck it in the trash. It was probably just a passive aggressive memo about desk space or something dumb.

But Richard was still talking and, try as he might, Stuart couldn’t make himself ditch the tiny piece of paper.

There was something... *mysterious* about the way Alex had had it delivered to him. Sexy. Almost like they were kids at school again, and she was sending little love hearts his way.

Maybe she really does want to show me her boobs. Maybe she saw me looking, and...

One of his fingernails was playing with the corner of the folded paper. Stuart casually glanced up around the meeting room, saw everyone was still looking at Richard, bar a couple of older gents who were whispering to one another. No-one was looking at him yet.

He opened the note.

Whatever he’d been expecting to find, it wasn’t what was actually written there.

HEY DICKFACE, the note began, IF YOU’RE READING THIS THEN BAD LUCK FOR YOU. I GOT YOUR PHOTO AND DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO TAKE ACTION.

Stuart felt his stomach drop out. A sensation of vertigo swept over him, even as he struggled to maintain a neutral, listening expression.

Oh my fucking God...

He’d sent the text to the wrong number. To *Alex’s* damn number!

He could lose his job, be sued for sexual harassment. Hell, he could get in trouble with the police. The Brits were even harder on this shit than they were at home!

Feeling like he was going to vomit, he quickly read on, expecting words to jump out at him like COURTS and SUE YOU FOR EVERY PENNY YOU’VE GOT and TAKE MY CASE TO A TRIBUNAL.

Instead, he found himself reading something much, much stranger.

I’VE DECIDED, the note continued, TO USE MY POWERS FOR THE FIRST TIME

SINCE I WAS A TEENAGER. FROM THIS MOMENT ON, YOU ARE FORBIDDEN TO SAY ANYTHING BAD ABOUT WOMEN, DO ANYTHING THAT MIGHT DEGRADE THEM, OR EVEN THINK BAD THOUGHTS ABOUT THEM. I MEAN IT. A SINGLE, CARELESS THOUGHT THAT IS EVEN A FRACTION LESS THAN RESPECTFUL AND YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BEGIN.

Punishment?! Stuart's mind was spinning, what does she mean?

He didn't have to wait long to find out.

FROM NOW ON, ANY ATTEMPT TO BREAK THESE NEW RULES WILL RESULT IN ONE PART OF YOU *CHANGING* INTO SOMETHING MORE FITTING. ONCE THAT PART IS CHANGED, THERE WILL BE NO GOING BACK, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU BEG ME. EVERYTHING IS PERMANENT.

GOT THAT, DICKFACE? GOOD. THEN I ADVISE YOU TO BE VERY CAREFUL WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT WOMEN IN THE FUTURE. UNLESS YOU WANT TO SEE HOW IT FEELS.

And, at the end, scrawled in loopy handwriting, the name ALEX.

Stuart crumpled the note up in his big hands the moment he'd finished reading it, his mind buzzing. Richard was still talking, wrapping up. Shit, he'd have to take the floor any moment now!

That bitch! What did she mean, trying to psyche me out like that? That dumb, fucking bitch!

He was so wrapped up in his anger that he didn't even notice the distant beat of drums, or hear the two faint *popping* sounds that followed.

"...and so," Richard was saying, "without further ado, I think it's time to hand you over to our newest rising star. My personal friend, and trusted colleague, mister... mister..."

His hand faltered, outstretched towards Stuart. Around the table, wrinkled and bloodshot eyes were blinking in confusion, in shock.

Sat in his chair, his mind still fizzing with terror, Stuart forced up a smile.

"Richard? Uh, Richard?" He made himself laugh. "You haven't forgotten my name, have...?"

He trailed off, suddenly aware that Richard wasn't staring at his face. That it wasn't a slip of memory that had made the usually talkative Brit go silent and his eyes bug out of his head.

He was staring at Stuart's chest.

"R-Richard...?"

Stuart nervously smiled at the other men around him, a smile that drained away as he saw they were likewise staring at his body.

He swallowed, suddenly feeling very hot and uncomfortable. Suddenly aware there was a strange, alien weight on his chest that hadn't been there just a few seconds ago.

“Richard? What are you...?”

“*What?*” Richard whispered, his voice deadly, “the *hell* are you wearing?”

Stuart grinned helplessly at his partner in crime.

“I-I’m not... what do you...?”

And then he happened to glance down at himself...

...and felt like he’d gone completely mad.

There, growing from his chest, poking out in front of him, all ripe and pert and full, were the biggest pair of tits Stuart had ever seen.

They were enormous! A vast pair of GGs at *least*. On a stripper in some shady bar they would have looked gigantic.

On *him*, they looked impossible.

A strangled cry escaped Stuart’s lips. He *stared* at his new breasts in shock, trying not to scream.

Oh my God! No... no, this has to be joke! It has to be. It has-!

But it was no joke.

Already, Stuart was all-too aware that he could feel the weight of his magnificent new boobs, pulling heavily on his back.

Already, he was all-too aware that he could feel them, squashed up against one another, their sides pressed firmly together inside the push-up bra he was suddenly wearing.

Already, he could feel his nipples, all hard and pointed inside his bra, like his changing body itself was mocking him.

The meeting room was silent. You could have heard a spider’s footsteps in that moment.

Dazedly, Stuart looked up from his new breasts, right into Richard’s apoplectic face.

“I...” he began.

“Take those off!” Richard suddenly shouted. “Damn it, Stuart, this isn’t the time to be wearing *falsies!*”

He wildly turned to the other men in the room.

“He’s a joker, a big practical joker, probably thought we’d all laugh! Those Americans, you know what they’re like...”

The other men around them smiled awkwardly, as if suddenly getting the prank. But not a few of them kept right on staring at Stuart’s new tits.

Those don’t look like joke-breasts, he could almost see them thinking, *in fact, they look almost real...*

Stuart shrank back in his chair, unconsciously throwing up an arm to cover his

cleavage. He didn't know why, but the thought of men staring at his boobs made him feel all horrible.

Alex. The name beat out a rhythm in his temple, a rhythm of hatred. *She's done this! That goddamn whore, I'm gonna-!*

This time, Stuart did hear the distant drumbeat. Heard it, and realized what it must mean.

“No! I didn't mean to think that! I didn't mean to think she was a-!”

There was a faint *POP!* at the drumbeat's climax. Stuart let out a girly shriek, clasped his hands between his legs in terror.

There was nothing there! Where he should have had a nice, big cock, he could suddenly feel nothing, nothing but empty space.

Only that wasn't quite right. He could feel *something*, all right. Something between his legs. A little mound. A demure line, running either side of plump, pink lips...

With a feeling like someone had just poured ice over his heart, Stuart realized he was now the proud owner of a *pussy*.

That, just by *thinking* the word “whore,” he'd made his cock vanish and a vagina appear.

The meeting room was in commotion now. His bosses were staring at him, muttering to one another. Richard was giving him a look that could have melted steel.

I've got to get out of here, Stuart realized with sudden clarity, *this is the last place I can be.*

He let out a loud, hysterical laugh.

“Hahahahaha! Got you all! That was a... a *great prank*, wasn't it? You... you...”

He swallowed.

“You really thought I had tits, didn't you?”

He jokingly bounced his big new boobs in his hands, and was horrified to feel a jiggling in his chest.

Men shouldn't jiggle!

“I'll...!” He got quickly to his feet, desperately trying to ignore the way his tits now stuck out straight in front of him, big enough to see even when he was looking directly ahead, “I'll go take these falsies off now. Hahahahaha!”

And then he was out, running from the meeting room, trying not to scream as the movement made his tits bounce around painfully, like they were trying to jump up and hit him in the face.

Robin was outside in the corridor, carrying her tray of hot drinks as he came bursting out. She took one look at him and dropped it with a *crash*.

“M-mister *Johnson...?!*”

“Get outta my way!” Stuart squealed. “Get outta my way you *stupid*... NO! I didn’t meant to call her stupid!”

He clasped both hands tight over his lips, his eyes wild with terror. But it was all too late.

There was that same, horrendous drumming. Lasting just long enough for Stuart to start begging in his head for mercy. Then that *POP!*

And Stuart was suddenly holding his long, curly blonde locks in his fingertips, staring dumbfounded at the golden waterfall of hair now tumbling stylishly from his crown and down his back, all the way to his waist.

Robin blinked at him.

“Whoa. Christ, sir, are you...?”

But Stuart was barely listening.

“Look what you *did* to me!” He screamed, holding up the tips of his new girl-hair, waving them at Robin. “I didn’t mean to call you stupid! You *made me* say it you dumb bitch whore cu... no, *wait!*”

Again the drumming. Again, the *POPS!* Three different ones this time, one for each insult.

Robin watched in wonder as her boss suddenly *popped* down from 6ft4 to exactly 5ft, even shorter than she was!

She watched as his torso *popped* inwards, its waist and shoulders suddenly becoming extremely narrow, even as his hips became wide and rounded.

And she watched as his clothes *popped* from a sober man’s work suit to a black pencil skirt, matching high heels, and a tight white top that refused to button closed over his heaving boobies.

She looks like a slutty secretary! Robin thought, *I mean, he does. Like some bimbo in a porno.*

She covered her mouth to stop herself from giggling. This was so *funny!*

Before the intern, Stuart was looking down at his transformed body in fright. He glanced up, and was horrified to see he was both now shorter and bigger-breasted than the hot Australian.

“Are you *laughing* at me?” He snapped. “You goddamn...”

His eyes suddenly went wild.

“You goddamn *brilliant woman!*” He shouted at the top of his lungs. “There! I complimented her, you heard me!”

For a moment, the thing that was somewhere between Stuart and a busty secretary cringed, as if expecting a lightning bolt to obliterate him.

(Her. Robin thought, firmly. Nope, she’s definitely a her now.)

When nothing happened, she summoned up a wild grin that was awful to behold.

“Thank you!” Stuart shrieked. “Oh, thank you! Now, outta my way you... *lovely human being!*”

With that, he shoved past Robin, running as fast as his suddenly-short legs and high-heeled feet would carry him.

He ran with a wildness, with a panic that was hilarious to behold. His arms thrown up, his wrists bent as the magic forced him to run like a girl.

He ran without knowing where he was going or what he was doing, knowing only that he had to get away from this nightmare as soon as possible.

Why do I have to run like a girl?! He sobbed to himself as he trotted on his high heels, it's not fair. I don't wanna run all slow and stupid!

Barely had he formed the thought than the drumbeat started up again.

“*WHAT?! No fair! I said running like a girl was stupid, not that girls are... Arrgh!*”

There was another *POP!* Stuart glanced in misery over his shoulder, and saw that his ass was now poking out behind him, much bigger and rounder and juicier than its male counterpart had ever been.

He grabbed his smooth new cheeks in both hands and let out a scream of frustration, horribly aware that the entire, open plan office was staring at him.

“Stop it! Please stop it!”

Anger welled up in him again.

“YOU BITCHES!”

POP! Stuart held his suddenly dainty hands up before his face, with their long, red-painted fingernails and limp, girly wrists and started to cry.

He could feel the estrogen whizzing round his body, turning his emotions into storms that raged inside him, making him hysterical.

I don't wanna be a hysterical woman!

He hadn't even been aware of how sexist the thought was until he heard the drums, heard another *POP!* and saw his legs were suddenly shaved and smooth and absurdly sexy.

Salty tears rolling down his still masculine cheeks, he turned helplessly towards the office he'd once been the king, swinging dick of. Saw the gaggle of familiar faces gawping at him, at the man turning bit by bit into a girl, laughing uneasily, or just staring in shock.

Looked until he picked out Alex's face, right at the back, watching him with a thin little smile as she leaned against the office window, the sunlight making a golden halo of power glow around the edges of her dark hair.

Please... Stuart mouthed helplessly at her.

Across the office, Alex simply shrugged. Dropped him a wink.

Stuart couldn't help himself.

“You *BITCH!*” He screamed at her.

There was another *POP!* Struggling not to be sick as his womb and ovaries appeared inside him, Stuart turned and pushed his way into the toilet, desperate to be out of there, desperate to be away from all those watching eyes.

It wasn't until he'd slammed the door shut and locked it that he realized he'd automatically gone inside the women's toilet.

* * *

Plip...! Plip...!

Twenty minutes later, Stuart stood before the white porcelain sink, trying not to go mad even as he desperately policed his thoughts for anything that even smacked of sexism.

He could see the damage his chauvinism had already caused him in the silvery mirror. His face was still normal – thank God – but otherwise...

Well, in every other respect, he was now a *girl*.

The creature in the mirror before him looked like a demented transvestite. A square-jawed, powerful man's face peered out from beneath blonde bangs, his lips painted red and his eyelashes full of mascara.

Below this weird combination was the body of a supermodel.

Big, heavy breasts were squashed together in a lacy push up bra, clearly visible beneath a tight white shirt. A huge swell of cleavage rose up, soft and pink and practically *inviting* men to stare at it.

A curvy torso led down to a tight waist and hips that curved like the hull of a racing yacht. A black pencil skirt partially covered legs that were long and slender, and a bum that was round and firm.

Weak, hairless girl-arms led to dainty girl-hands that clutched the edge of the sink, their nails a vibrant red against the white basin.

Black stiletto heels encased a pair of tiny feet, raising the small girl's body up from 5ft to 5ft5, even as it made walking a cross between a chore and a weird balancing act.

At the sight of his new body, Stuart felt like crying.

He couldn't see it in the mirror, but beneath his sexy skirt, he was all-too aware that he now also had a tight little pussy, just waiting to be invaded by some man's perfect dick.

Perfect dick...? Did I really just think that...?

With a shudder, Stuart realized that it wasn't just most of his body that was female now. It was most of his mind, too. His desires, his sexuality, had all been flipped around, spun upside down.

He knew with the utter certainty that he'd once known he was straight that his new, transformed body was attracted exclusively to men.

He was just thinking these unhappy thoughts when he heard the tentative knock at the door.

“Can I come in?” Alex, a horrible smugness in her voice.

Damn her...

Stuart opened his mouth to yell *NO!* but then he heard the *POP!* and realized just thinking *damn her* was now enough to damn him to further transformation.

He grit his teeth.

“Sure. Why not?” he said. It wasn't until whole seconds had passed that he played back the words in his head and became aware that the last *POP* had given him the soft, high-pitched voice of a woman.

Alex came in, locked the door, leaned back against it with a happy sigh.

“That,” she smiled, “took even less time than I thought it would.”

In the mirror, Stuart pulled a face at her. He was rewarded by a *POP!* and his lips suddenly plumping up into two pouty feminine buds.

Shit...

Over by the door, Alex let out a giggle.

“Poor Samantha,” she sighed, “you really aren't getting used to this, are you?”

“That's not my name.” Stuart had meant the words to come out sounding tough, but in his new voice they merely sounded sulky, like a teenage girl unhappy with her parents.

Teenage girl... Oh shit, of course. There's no way this body is in its thirties...

“It is now,” Alex shrugged. “I mean, look at you. It's not like we can still use a male name, can we?”

Stuart turned round to face her, curling his upper lip and folding his slender new arms. He was annoyed to discover he now had to cross them over his heavy breasts.

“Fuck you.”

POP!

“Oh dear,” Alex tried not to laugh as Stuart stared in cross eyed horror at his tiny button nose. “Keep this up and there'll be none of you left at all.”

Before her, the short, big-boobed girl with the last traces of a male face took a deep breath. Clenched her tiny fists until her nails were digging into her skin.

“OK,” Stuart said at last.

“Good.” Alex looked her old tormentor up and down with an amused glance. “You know, you really *do* look better like that. All sweet and adorable, not like that nasty old man you used to be.”

Stuart/Samantha bit her lip, but clearly her brain didn't get the message as there was another *POP!* and her facial structure completely changed from square-jawed to round and baby faced with high cheek bones.

"Whoops." Alex said, lightly. "Better watch your thoughts. Nearly done now."

She waited for the next *POP*, then sighed wistfully when it didn't come. Pushed herself off the door. Slowly walked over to Stuart/Samantha.

"I suppose you're going to ask me if I can turn you back. Well, I can't. You're stuck like that for eternity now and, frankly, I don't care even a little bit."

A dark cloud passed over the transformed man's face. There was another *POP* and suddenly his eyes were big and blue and innocent, like a female anime character.

"Well, quite. I may have even deserved that unheard thought. Just like *you* deserve your punishment."

She reached under Samantha/Stuart's chin. Forced the tiny girl to look up at her. Smiled as she saw the fight in her eyes as she tried not to think another sexist thought.

"Can you really stop that thought?" She whispered. "After all I've done to you?"

A sly smile.

"I'm a bitch, aren't I? I mean, I'm a total slag. A *cunt*." She squeezed his chin harder. "Go on... it's OK. You can think what I really am."

Samantha stared at her defiantly for a moment. Then her shoulders suddenly slumped. She lowered her pretty little head.

POP!

When she raised it again, the last traces of maleness were gone from her features, replaced with the breathless, wide-eyed face of a beautiful 18-year old girl.

"There. That's better, isn't it?"

Alex smirked down at the girl's chest. Gently reached up and undid another button on her shirt.

"Though not half as good as these puppies," she whispered, hungrily eyeing Samantha's boobs.

"I'll get you for this," the tiny girl growled. "One day. You think you're so clever, but really you're a-!"

POP! POP!

The sexy little secretary blinked, frowned at the silver band on her ring finger. Alex giggled.

"That first one gave you a husband. A big, black fella with a cock down to *here*, whose big fat dick you just can't get enough of.

As for the second one?" She leaned back against the sink, smugly folded her arms. "It made you into my secretary, enchanted to serve my every whim from now until the day

you die.”

She gave Samantha an innocent look.

“Fancy a demonstration?”

Deep inside Samantha’s brain, Stuart tried to fight, one last time.

“Mistress...” he stopped, started again. “Mistress...”

With shock, he realized he could no longer call Alex “Alex”.

She was *mistress* now, and would be until the day he died.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Alex said. “OK, then.”

Suddenly she was giving him a commanding frown.

“Samantha? Be a good girl and stand on one leg.”

Instantly, Stuart felt one of his high-heeled feet obediently raise off the floor. He blinked in shock as Alex giggled at him.

“Good, OK, you can put it down now...” She placed her hands on her hips. “Hmmm? What else...”

Suddenly her eyes lit up.

“Samantha, act like a chicken!”

Stuarts hands were in his armpits, his arms flapping as he squawked almost before his new boss had finished speaking.

As he started clucking frantically, his big boobs jiggling as his arms flapped up and down, he tried desperately to stop himself, to get his body back under control.

But it was like his free will had been completely wiped away, replaced only with a burning desire to obey Alex’s every whim.

“OK, good girl,” Alex sighed at last, “you can stop now, that’s enough.”

The senior analyst gave a contented little sigh. Smiled aimlessly around the room. Slowly lowering her hands from her armpits, miserably fighting one last urge to cluck, poor Samantha waited to see what dreadful thing would happen next.

“Here’s what we’re going to do now,” Alex murmured at last. “There are still a couple of changes left. One more bad thought from you, and history will change so Stuart Johnson never existed.”

Her eyes grew cold, even as her smile grew wider.

“As far as anyone knows, you will have *always* been Samantha Suckdick, my slutty little secretary. Your friends won’t recognize you. Your family will have no idea who you are. It’ll be just me and you who can still remember the dickfaced cockbag who took creepshots of my tits.”

Samantha shuffled uncomfortably.

“Yes, mistress,” she whispered.

“Excellent. And if you think one more bad thought after *that*, the magic will erase your memory, too. You will be little more than a mindless puppet, unaware it is being punished for its sins.”

At her words, Samantha’s ears suddenly pricked up.

Let’s do it! The almost-vanished Stuart part of her cried. *Better to live in ignorance than live with what we’ve become! OK, Alex is a total bi-!*

“Don’t think anything,” Alex held up one hand. “That’s an order.”

She smiled as Samantha’s gorgeous little face went blank.

“I know what you’re planning to do. You’re planning to commit suicide by wiping your memory and leaving your body as my puppet. Who wouldn’t?

Well, I’ve got some news for you, *secretary*, I don’t want you to get away that easy. Oh no. I want you to be completely aware of who you are and what I’ve done to you every single damn day, but be unable to do anything about it.”

Her grin became wider. Toothier. Immeasurably cruel.

“So, here’s what we’re going to do. When I say “OK”, you are going to say one last, nasty thing about me and change history. After that, I order you to never, ever be able to say or think anything negative about me for as long as you live.”

She giggled.

“You can hate me on an emotional level. You can hate what I’ve done to you. You can feel horror at your miserable, servile existence, but you must never articulate those feelings. That is an order, understand?”

She giggled as Samantha tried to fight her urge to nod, only for her shoulders to eventually slump, and the busty bimbo to helplessly whisper:

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Right, let’s get this show on the road, shall we?”

She gave Samantha one last wink.

“So long, Stuart. Remember that you deserve *everything* that is about to happen to you. Annd... *OK!*”

Instantly, Stuart felt his mind come back. He turned Samantha’s curvy body to face Alex, opened his mouth to roar:

“YOU FUCKING BITCH-ASS SLU-!”

But before he could finish his second insult there was a *POP!* and the entire world seemed to swim before his eyes.

When it cleared, he was stood in Samantha Suckdick’s body, before Alex’s big new desk, clipboard in hand as his new boss gave him endless orders even as she openly leered at his boobs.

As his female body moved against his will, like he was just some stupid, sexy robot,

he desperately tried to think of something nasty about Alex. But it wouldn't come.

He was incapable of thinking ill thoughts about his new mistress.

And, judging by the triumphant, vicious smile on Alex's face, she was going to spend the next eighty years making him wish he'd never crossed such a powerful woman.

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