

It was their lunch break, so Dr. Mulls had seen fit to give her Chrissy a feeding. The stacked sissy was crouched to an absurd degree, bobbing in and out as the bulge of her strapon moved up and down her throat. Maria smiled as she watched the outline working in and out of her sub's neck, a hand gripping tight on either side of Chrissy's head to guide her.

A cacophony of sweetly wet sounds came guttural from the sub throughout the process, gulps, gasps, gurgles and grunts echoing in the breakroom. Dr. Stevens always took her lunch breaks out (especially since she knew these two got up to in the office) and so they had the whole place to themselves. There were a few subjects asleep throughout the clinic but otherwise...it might as well have been the pair's lovenest.

"Okay, time to feed you..." smirked Dr. Mulls, tousling her sissy's hair with a playful grin. She reached down and began to work the strapon's pump, filling Chrissy with a concoction meant to keep her skinny in the right places and plump in the others. The thicc sissy purred and hungrily took it down, her crystal blue eyes shining up at her domme as they stared into hers.

Finally, once the false ball sack was empty, Dr. Mulls pulled out the shaft and smacked it on Chrissy's chin. The baseball-bat-sized dildo shook and jiggled before Mulls let it go.

"Alright, turn around" she ordered her sub, who was playfully panting like an excited dog. With a dumptruck rear, a tiny waist and massive chest, Chrissy looked practically surreal in motion. She rose and bent over the counter, arching her back to cartoonish levels before looking over her shoulder.

Mulls, normally so cool and confident in domination, hesitated. She'd been thinking something over for a while and now, seeing just how perfect Chrissy was, she was sure. Their relationship had been built around charades and unsaid truths, a play act that they both knew better than. Mulls knew that Chrissy had always wanted to be a sissy and no doubt Chrissy knew that she knew. Chrissy knew that the company policies which necessitated their sneaking around weren't real, and that they could drop the pretense of the whole 'illicit and forbidden affair.'

But whenever they had gotten close to honesty, whenever they saw that true love had bloomed, and 'true' had to be part of it...

They got scared. Even the confident domme got scared.

A moment later, she smacked the strapon on one of Chrissy's cheeks and spread them with her hands, dragging the shaft on her back until it was right in place.

"Hurry up, Sally will be back soon..." giggled Chrissy.

Maria smiled back, though her happiness hid the doubts beneath it. She bucked her hips forward, sliding the shaft into the welcoming hole as spit and saliva served as lube. It was about a foot long, so she took her time shoving it further and further until it sheathed inside Chrissy.

When it did, the sub just flipped her hair and smiled. "Is this smaller than last time?" she winked.

Dr. Mulls grinned and gave her a spank. "You're such a brat..." she said before bucking back and **RAMMING** herself forward. The sissy let out a shocked little gasp which repeated with each thrust, her tone becoming more sultry as the yelps turned to moans.

“There’s my Chrissy...” grunted the doctor as she gritted her teeth. She knew every inch of her sub, knew just how to please her. She had created Chrissy, after all. She was the reason her prostate was so swollen and sensitive. She was the reason that her buttcheeks were so mammoth as to jiggle forward and back the way they did. She was the reason she had a huge enough chest to poke out the sides of her torso as she was pressed against the counter. She loved Chrissy...

She wanted more than this.

“Are you going easy on me?” taunted Chrissy as she looked over her shoulder, biting her lip. Mulls reached forward and shoved the side of her face into the counter, going into frenzied efforts to distract herself.

The deep, long moans must have meant she was doing a good job, because after about two minutes of unmitigated cruelty towards Chrissy’s poor sissy button...

The sissy pressed her knees together, letting out a desperate cry and bucked her own hips forward.

BEEP BEEP.

“Oh, my food’s ready” said Dr Mull’s, giving Chrissy one last spank before dragging the strapon out her tight hole. Clear liquid was starting to leak from the poor sub’s inverted cage as Dr. Mulls cleaned up and grabbed her plate. “I think I’m going to eat in my office. Clean yourself up...we wouldn’t want our coworkers to know about us” said Dr. Mulls. It was what she told Chrissy every day...but today it came out in a sad, unenthusiastic tone.

Still, she said...

Like she did every day.

She took her lunch in her office as she worked on the computer...

Like she did every day.

She got through some work, leaving Chrissy to put the breakroom in order...

Like she did every day.

But as the doubts and wistful thoughts rose within her, she finally got up the courage to stand and go talk to Dr. Sally Stevens, which she had never done before.

"Dr. Stevens?" she asked the petite brunette as she entered her workspace, hoping that she had time to talk. She didn't want to interrupt anything important and from the looks of it, she was dealing with a rather simple neural polarization procedure.

"Yes?" she asked, turning about with eager and professional respect. She was a real go-getter, and just about the only one here who treated this place like a serious lab, and not a fun sissy factory.

"I hope you're not occupied?"

"No, this is easy..." she said, gesturing towards the young man in the hospital gown, who had a massive apparatus lowered over his head. "Pretty typical story. Accused of some pretty heinous things by the girls on campus and now...well, I have the full list of his stepmother's request here" she said, handing over the clipboard.

"I see..." said Maria as she leafed through it. It was mostly standard.

Reversal of orientation to make them attracted to boys (with a note written in the corner that said 'hunky jock boys, specifically!')

Deep seated aversion triggers to prevent them from revealing the true cause of their new nature.

Mentally implanted dysfunction so that even if they got out of their cage, they'd be permalimp.

And a few other fun suggestions from her stepmother and stepsister. A deep fear of pretty much everything, matched with jumpiness and a super high pitched voice. A natural tendency to gravitate their gaze towards bulges, and stare at them until they consciously decided to look away. A subconscious directive to make every dream a wet dream about the hottest guy they saw that day.

"Very impressive. But I'm not here to talk about work."

"Oh..." said Sally, furrowing her nerdy little brow. "Then why are you here? I mean, you're in charge, you can visit whenever you'd like, but-"

"I'm here because you're going to tell Chrissy that you need another couple for a double date. Say you won seats at an exclusive restaurant or something. Just make it clear that you want me and her to go together."

Now, the good doctor was truly confused. "Wait, are you using me to ask Chrissy out? Because you've been hooking up since before you hired me!"

"That is true..."

"And no offense, but you've never struck me as someone to get timid about what you want!"

"That is also true..." sighed Maria.

"So what is this about?"

"It's about the fact that I really care about her and I'm tired of hiding and sneaking around...but I have kind of told her that if people find out we're dating, she'll be taken away to be mentally reprogrammed."

"That's ridiculous. We're perfectly capable of mentally reprogramming her here."

"Again, not the point. The point is that I told her and it's kind of a hot roleplay but I blurred the line between play and reality and...I think if we actually go on a date, I'll be able to come clean and just be with her. Actually. Make her Mrs. Dr. Maria Mulls."

"Aww, that's sweet" smiled Dr. Stevens, leaning over to check on the young man's progress. He was almost finished. "But you should know that the person I am at home is not the person I am at work. Or even the person I am in public."

"Oh yes, your lovely wife. I know all about that. I mean, who do you think implanted those kinky triggers in your brain" snickered Dr. Mulls.

The poor little doctor blushed up at her statuesque boss. "Yes, I figured" she said, reaching up and adjusting her glasses.

"You're saying she might use them during the date?" asked Dr Mulls, each word making the smile on her face curl wider and wider.

"I'm...well, I'm saying...well...I'm very professional here and it might be odd or awkward for my coworkers to see me in the state she likes...she does it sometimes to embarrass me...she finds it hot and I..."

"And you do too. Otherwise you wouldn't have agreed to let me tinker with your brain. But if that's the only thing holding you back...**Doctor Says to Speak Proper.**"

Sally turned a shade of red that Dr Mulls had seen often in her life, but never on a subject as cute, mousey and innocent as Dr. Stevens.

“This is like, totes not fair!” she exclaimed in an embarrassingly high pitched voice, stamping a foot for good measure.

“No, it’s ‘totes’ not. But you said I’d see a new side of you. So I figured I’d get it out of the way” shrugged Dr Mulls.

“I gotta be a professional for the next four hours. Wanna know how hard that’ll be if I, like, can’t even, like, get through a sentence without sounding like some bimbo!”

“Well I suppose I could turn you back to normal once you agree to a double date...”

Sally pursed her lips and glared up at her. “OMG, I just can’t even...this is a place of work, even if it’s like, totes nontraditional, but I like, still have employee rights. I mean, how can you just lol at me when this is unethi...uneth...whatever the word is!”

Dr Mulls sighed. She was right, of course. Despite what they did to dangerous, abusive and awful men, they were still a moral company in their own eyes.

“Sorry...**Doctor Says At Ease**” she told Dr. Stevens, who relaxed as she found her old vocabulary returned to her. “It’s just that all this has me mixed up. I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable but I had hoped since you started working here that we might become friends. And I really need a friend right now because as you might guess, being a boss domme hypnodomme doctor doesn’t mean that I’m good at romance. Or my own feelings.”

Sally frowned and put a hand on her shoulder...or at least tried to. She had to settle on her upper arm, considering there was more than a foot of height difference between the pair of them. “I get it. I mean, you have no idea how hard it was for me and my domme to get together. No one even knew I was into any of this stuff. I’d hardly

realized when she opened up a new world for me and it wasn't easy. So...I will ask Chrissy. But if you ever use a trigger on me again, or ever speak of whatever happens on the double date to another living soul..."

Her voice had turned colder than what Mulls had thought possible from Stevens's dork lips, and she gestured to the guy in the neural resequencer. "I'll make what we're doing to him look like someone going to a hack hypnotist to give up smoking. Capeesh, boss?"

Mulls nodded and then patted Sally on her own shoulder. "Thanks. And you can call me Maria."

"I can..." she sarcastically agreed before going back to her data, leaving Mulls to head back to her office.

An hour later, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in..." she said, swiveling her chair to see Chrissy, wearing nothing but pasties, a cage and clear stripper heels.

"The results just came back from Stephanie. The neurological rewrite was a total success and we're ready to begin biological transformation."

"Lovely. I'm sure she'll come out quite pretty. I seem to remember his family wanted him petite, dainty and delicate."

"Right..."

"Is there anything else?" asked Mulls, leaning in.

"Well...Dr Stevens just told me they won some sort of fancy thing and want to take us out to dinner. She even called it a..." Chrissy gulped. "Double date?"

“Well, they are our friend and coworker. Besides, this is just because they have four tickets. I’m sure we wouldn’t get in trouble.”

“Really?” asked Chrissy, perhaps betraying a bit too much excitement. “I’ll have to find something to wear...”

“I’d say you will...” said Dr Mulls, looking Chrissy over and relishing every curve. “Something that’s legal to wear in public.”

“I’ll try to find a dress that’s not too boring.”

“Well if you want my help picking one out...” smirked the doctor. Chrissy blushed. With that she turned and made her way towards the door, butt bouncing and jiggling until-

Dr. Mulls came up behind her and reached around, yanking off the pasties and pulling the black tape strips onto her sub’s mouth. She had ruined her lunch break with her worries. But now, with this incredible news...she was ready to give it her all.

“Sorry I didn’t stop you sooner...I just wanted to see you walk away...” she admitted, pressing Chrissy’s nipples between her forefingers and tweaking them a bit. “What do you say to a late lunch?”

Unable to speak, the sub eagerly nodded. This was perfect...

They just had to hope the double date went right.