

Corporate Culture

By Kitsune Dragoon

--Upsizing--

"Just one more hour, and this week will be over." Charles Banner tapped nervously on the desk of his cubicle as he watched the minutes count down. One more hour and this ball of nerves in his stomach would finally unwind. One more hour and he'd be in the clear.

He ran a hand through his short, wavy hair before adjusting his glasses. The company had announced that they were going to be downsizing over the course of the week to cut costs in the office. Of course, to Charles and just about any Corporate Peon, that just meant they were cutting dead weight so that their execs could get a cushier salary and/or perks.

For the most part, this would seem pretty normal, except that nearly half of Charles' co-workers had gotten the axe. That had to mean something bad for the company if that many people were getting the boot. From what Charles could surmise, the execs would call in employees for their "Performance Review" and talk about their future at the company. This was obviously bullshit as almost everyone called out never returned to their cubicles. Hell, it was custodial staff that ended up cleaning up after them, meaning that security must be really tight if they weren't even allowed back on the premises.

Charles wrapped his fingers against the desk again. Sure, he might not have been the best employee... Or the smartest... Or the most hard working... Hell, he barely even worked as is, but gosh darnit, he put up the appearance of working! That had to account for something, right? He didn't want to lose the job, even if he didn't care for it much and only did the bare minimum to stay employed. The pay was certainly worthwhile, along with those benefits (provided he lasted long enough). And while it was slowly killing his soul, it was still the better option between this and the barista position at the local coffee shop. And who else is going to hire a fresh out of Liberal Arts College Graduate for the pay they were offering? Charles had student loans to pay back and city rent to afford... He could swallow his pride for a bit.

"Charles Banner?" A female voice sounded behind him as he sat up straight, "The boss wants to see you for your Performance Review."

His heart sank as he slowly swiveled around to see Tammy from Accounting standing with her hand on her hip as her ruby red nails rapped on the outside of his cubicle. Charles could see that she was wearing her powder blue blouse and black skirt combo, a simple fashion choice that accentuated her feminine body. Tammy was one of the lucky few to go in for a Performance Review and make it out with her job intact. Judging from her caked on makeup and generous proportions being squeezed into clothing one size too small for her, he had an idea how she managed that small feat.

"Hello, Mister Banner?" She spoke up, tapping her Jimmy Choo's in front of him, her tongue clicking in disappointment, "You heard me, right?"

Shit. She had caught him staring at her. Charles broke from his stupor and nodded wordlessly at Tammy, desperate to not make eye contact with her lest he extend the awkwardness. She merely crossed her arms under her chest, as if to relish in his discomfort as the wage slave moved past her toward the boss' office.

Charles knew he was fucked; absolutely and positively fucked without even a glimmer of hope. His feet were lead as he made his way down the aisle, like a prisoner on death row walking to the gallows, denied his final pardon. He was hesitant to go any further but what choice did he have? It wasn't as if he could say no to a personal meeting with the boss, they'd fire him through a text message. For a moment, Charles thought about it before shaking his head. Sure, it would suit him better to get it done and over with through a text, it would mean that he didn't need to confront anyone about it. He was always a bit of an introvert, not a shut in, but definitely not a people person. He liked handling things with as little conflict as possible... A mediator if you would. If the company had just fired people over text, he wouldn't have to put up with the situation he was in now. He could just read it, mope, and then start looking for new work from the comfort of his own home, not get anxiety over making the long walk toward the boss' office.

Still, as bad as things were, if they were going to fire him, stalling it out wouldn't make him any less fired. Best to just get it done and over with. Charles breathed in slowly, letting his lungs fill up as he held it there for a moment before finally exhaling calmly. He was now in front of the office. There were no other options left for him, so he might as well walk the one open to him with as much courage he could muster. Taking another deep breath, he sighed in resignation and reached for the door.

"Ah, Mr. Banner." A man's voice called out from behind his mahogany desk, "Please, close the door and sit down."

Instinctively, Charles did as he was told, making sure to hear the click of the door as he gave it one last push before turning back toward the mahogany desk, and with it, his boss, Mr. Cox. A middle aged Caucasian man with graying black hair, Mr. Cox appeared on the surface extraordinarily ordinary. He dressed in a gray blazer that he kept closed over a button down ivory dress shirt, adorned with a golden tie down the middle. This was draped over his medium body. It wasn't exactly doughy in nature, but certainly not super muscular. His skin was fair with a hint of a five o'clock shadow on his slightly angular chin. Regardless of his normalcy though, there was an air of authority that seemed to exude from him as he carried himself majestically from his desk chair, arranging paperwork. It was that factor that a rare few people had that made him a compelling figure to Charles, an inner strength and confidence that he lacked and couldn't help but yield to when push came to shove. It was a power that Charles could only hope to obtain in his wildest dreams, and here it was, deepening the dread he felt in the pit of his stomach.

"We've been assessing your work output since you've been working for us," Mr. Cox began to explain with an almost fatherly concern, "And I have to say that we are disappointed with the results."

"S-Sir, I assure you that I put in 110% when I'm on the clock..." Charles defended himself, desperate to at least seem like he was making the effort to keep his job. However, all it took was an outstretched hand gesture telling him to stop to cause Charlie to silence his tongue.

"110% on Minesweeper maybe." His boss smirked mischievously, delighting in the deer in headlights look of his employee, "Nice effort on that Hard Difficulty last week... How long did it take you? Five? Seven minutes?"

Charles gulped as he imagined a lump grow within his throat. It was obvious they were watching him, probably through some remote camera access or something. But just how much did they see? Charles' blood grew cold as he imagined the fallout of what would happen if they ever got a look at his browser history, "S-Sir, that was just a..."

"Or the hour long lunches you've been taking more frequently?" Mr. Cox shot back, asserting further control of the conversation, leaning in toward Charles as if to let him know who had all the cards, "Or how about the part where your productivity is about half of what is required for the job."

"W-Well I..." Charles felt his voice begin to crack as the words stopped coming. The sweat on his brow began to bead together as Charles brushed it away before sweeping a lock of hair behind his ear. Oh God, he was so screwed, wasn't he? There was no way they would be raking him over the coals like this if they weren't planning on firing him. Charles imagined his boss must be getting some sick pleasure from watching employees squirm as their every fault was laid out in front of them. He gripped his hands together in impotent rage as he thought what sick bastard gets their jollies from holding power over another.

Gradually, Charles felt his anger well up within him as his indignation grew. If ever there was a time for him to tell his boss off, now would be it. The pointlessness of his work, the horrible hours, the nightmarish parking, all of it would be on display if he just found his courage and spoke his mind. Why stop there? He could maintain his dignity by telling them to take this job and shove it. Yeah! And then he would storm out of the office, flip Mr. Cox the bird and leave him bewildered at what just happened. He'd probably be too off his game to even finish the firings. Meanwhile, he could leave with his head held high, finally standing up to his oppressors. All Charles needed to do was look his boss in the eye and tell him to shove off. Just that little push, and he could storm out the door. That simple. That close to absolution.

Charles felt his body tense up. He was going to do it! He felt his chin begin to lift, attempting to meet his boss' gaze as his hands clasped themselves tensely. This was the moment he was waiting for, and as he rose his eyes to look up, all he managed to do was look longingly into Mr. Cox's scruffy chin. Already, Charles could feel the last strands of rebellion die within him as his hands merely fidgeted and twirled their thumbs around. He tried to speak, but any words he might have said perished long before leaving his lips, coming out as low murmurs of a defeated man, hopeless in the face of his boss' power. With nothing left in his tank, Charles could only pray for sweet release.

Mr. Cox readjusted his position in his chair, pulling it closer to allow him to sit back a little and appear more relaxed in his posture than he did a moment ago. His face took on a bemused look as he rested his cheek in one hand, "Now I know you think this is just a prelude to us firing you, but I really think we can work with you and instill some of that company spirit within you Charlie... Can I call you Charlie?"

As Charlie registered Mr. Cox's words in his brain, he felt his body freeze up. So they weren't thinking of firing him? Charlie couldn't believe his luck. It was as if he had been given a second chance to make good on things, and he didn't intend to squander it by being wishy washy, "U-Uh, sure, that's fine Mr. Cox..."

"Please, call me Richard." Mr. Cox laughed a bit, "I don't need you to be so formal in private after all."

"O-Oh... Okay... Richard." Charlie tasted the words on his tongue as he squeaked out a reply. Was it his imagination, or did they seem different to him? He couldn't quite explain it, but something felt off, like his mouth was different in some way. He shook off this notion as Richard drew closer with a predatory grin on his face. Despite his aggressive nature, Richard came across as charming and playful to the anxiety ridden Charlie. It was this charm that continued to put Charlie's mind at ease, causing him to grow compliant.

"You see Charlie," Richard loomed over him, appearing larger and more imposing as a result, "I think the real problem is one of motivation."

"What do you mean?" He returned, voice still squeaking as he shifted in his chair. Charlie wriggled to get comfortable, feeling a tightness around his thighs as he shifted, like his pants had been a size too small for him to wear comfortably. It wasn't terribly noticeable, but the snugness caused Charlie to adjust his pants around the waist to ease the pressure.

"Out on that floor, you're not being challenged enough." Richard continued to pontificate, "You're not utilizing your talents to the best of their ability. And that's our fault for not realizing it sooner."

Charlie nodded along with his boss. He was glad that they recognized he had talent (even if he didn't think so), but this whole situation seemed to be getting weird to him. He brushed back his hair once more before fixing his glasses. Again, he felt like there was a difference, as if his hair was less greasy and more... soft? It definitely felt softer when he brushed it and not the stress playing games with his mind, right?

A glint could be seen in Richard's eye as he ratcheted up his pitch to Charlie, "You seem to be a real hands on kind of employee; A real go getter. You're an extrovert, a real people person, aren't ya, Charlie?"

Where was this coming from? Charlie had spent so much time trying not to get noticed, there was no way that he could be seen in any capacity as an extrovert. Wait, was this a test? Was Mr. Cox testing him to see if he'd try to correct him? But if he did that, would Mr. Cox turn sour on him? Charlie felt the tightness in his pants intensify as sitting became almost unbearable. He shifted his weight again, feeling his pants creak and stress the seams as it felt like he was seated on a cushion, a very plush cushion. But the tightness didn't end there. In his chest, Charlie could feel it well up as his button down shirt felt

constricting around it. His breaths grew shallow as he tried his best not to aggravate the tightness any further. He wanted to tear it off, let the buttons pop off of his chest and let him breathe easier... But that would be impolite, wouldn't it? There really was no way out of this if he wanted to keep his job, was there?

Charlie swallowed a small lump in his throat before nodding to his employer, "W-Well, yes Mr. Cox... I mean, Richard."

Richard stood up from his desk and rounded around to Charlie's side, "Quite all right, Charlie. I know that you mean well, even if you do buck the dress code from time to time."

Buck the dress code? Charlie looked at his blazer and noted the almost pastel red shade to it. That wasn't strictly to office standards, which was probably why he got picked up on. He shook his head a bit as his bangs whipped a little into his face. He should probably get a haircut soon, given how long his hair was getting. Effortlessly, he pulled his brunette hair into a ponytail with a hair tie. Something seemed off about that, but Charlie put it out of his mind for now.

"I'm talking about your nails, Charlie."

Oh! Those! Charlie looked at his nails and noted their pastel green and pink coloring. Really? What was he thinking getting those colors? They were so garish that there's no way management wouldn't have picked up on him. He began to second guess how unobtrusive he had been on the job thus far if he was running around in pastel colors getting noticed so easily.

"They're quite eye catching." Richard spoke fondly as he clamped his hands on Charlie's shoulders. The weight of them was more than a little shocking as he could feel the calloused hands grip with masculine strength. Were they always so big to him? Charlie didn't recall, only feeling very small in the moment as he slackened his posture, trying to retreat within himself.

"But that leads me to think that you really have a need to be among people, not paperwork." Richard explained, his hands kneading at Charlie's delicate shoulders, "Which is why I want to offer you a new position in the company, one that puts your talents to better use."

Charlie's eyes shot open at this. He never imagined his boss was gay at all, not that there was anything wrong with that. It's just that Richard didn't match what Charlie was expecting of such a masculine and... Virile man. He also didn't expect his boss to be so brazen. His shoulders melted under the weight of Richard's hands as the knots and stress he had stored up disappeared beneath his boss' ministrations. It took Charlie a great deal of effort to not swoon right then and there.

"That would be great." He replied almost moaning in pleasure at each grasp of his boss' hands, "But I... Oh..."

"You really are quite handsome." Richard whispered into Charlie's ear, "I'll bet that you've skated by on your looks a lot, haven't you?"

Clearly his boss was hitting on him, but what was the angle? Did he see him as someone who wouldn't fight back, an easy mark to use and abuse? He wanted to tell him off right then and there, at least, that's what he thought. He felt a growing wetness between his legs as he squeezed his thighs together and smoothing the hem of his skirt. Was he getting turned on by this? He wasn't gay, was he?

"Well I... Oh..." Charlie felt like putty in his boss' hands, almost falling out of the chair as he moaned sensually. Charlie's eyes fluttered open as he realized what he just did. There was no taking it back now, it was out there for all to hear. That moan might as well have been a gunshot for all he cared. Richard had him.

"Well, the company needs someone like you, Charlie." His boss continued his massage while speaking honeyed words into his ear, "Someone who knows what they want and takes the bull by the horns. Can you be that someone for us, Charlene?"

"Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeah." She drawled out; letting her head flop back as the tightness in her chest returned, flesh expanding outward. Charlene batted her long eyelashes as she looked down hazily at her own chest. Before her stood two growing mounds, pushing against her white buttoned up blouse. It was surreal as they pushed the taut garment to its breaking point, popping pearl white buttons with every surge. The top buttons gave way first, flying off to some random corner of the office as her breasts pressed together leaving behind a cavernous cleavage for her to stare into. The mounds continued to grow, straining the other buttons with their weight before finally settling on her chest like two generous slopes of flesh.

Wait. Slopes?

Charlene stood up and whirled about. The unnatural weight of her body jiggling and moving in alien ways unbalanced her as she reached out a hand to catch herself on the desk. Panic began to enter her mind as she traced the curves of her voluptuous form and stood aghast at what had transpired. She tried to look over her body to see what changes had been wrought, but the two mounds upon her chest proved to make that more difficult than she had anticipated. Still, with her manicured nails, she traced her fingers over her lower half, feeling the creaminess of her thighs and the thickness of her ass.

"What's going on?!" Charlie cried out, terrified over the changes that she was only just now grasping. She attempted to put distance between herself and her boss, but backed against the desk, that proved to be more difficult than she had anticipated.

"Huh, seems like you do have some awareness about you." Richard smirked playfully, almost as if this development, while unforeseen, was somewhat entertaining to him. He drew a hand to the side of her head, sweeping a strand of hair out of her face to drink in her fears in the moment, "I knew I liked you, Charlie."

At the mention of her name, she glared at Richard, or at least tried to. Her boss towered over her now, dashing any attempts on her part to appear intimidating in the slightest. Unconsciously, Charlie seemed

to retreat back in herself, only serving to make herself smaller in front of the mountain that was Richard. God, was he always so big, or did she shrink?

"I... I mean, wh-what did you do to me?" Her words were meek and feckless, carrying no strength to them and only served to make her appear even more submissive before her boss. She hated that about herself, how she couldn't seem to apply herself when it really mattered. That's why she was always trying to hide away from the higher ups, put her head down and hope to not get caught. It was that level of spinelessness that got her into this mess in the first place.

"You know, your lip does this cute little quiver when you're nervous. It's really sexy."

Immediately, Charlie's hands went to her mouth, feeling the shape of her lips. Had they always been so plump or was that just due to her daintier hands? She traced the edge of her philtrum and noted how it seemed to naturally pucker a bit, leaving the barest gap between her lips. Her eyes looked up at her boss and she felt the last of her courage leave her. Stumbling backwards on trembling legs, she felt her ass press into the desk behind her, squishing gently into it through her pencil skirt.

"You asked me what I did to you..." Richard grinned at her with a predatory gaze, "I only wanted you to live up to your potential."

Charlie could feel his hot, steamy breath on her neck as she fought to maintain her composure. The heat of their bodies was already making her sweat as she started to breathe deeply, letting her chest rise and fall as her boss' scent invaded her nostrils. She wished she could say that it disgusted her, that it made her stomach churn. But the growing slickness running down her thighs easily betrayed her arousal.

"B-But, I'm a guy..." She tried to argue to her boss, as if that would somehow make him stop his advances on her. It was a long shot, one that even she wasn't sure she believed would stick, but she had to try. In response, he merely raised a condescending eyebrow at her before smiling smugly in her direction.

"Are you sure about that?"

Charlie swallowed hard as the realization hit her. The vast emptiness that now claimed the space between her thighs was coming into greater clarity. She took a hand and traced it along the side of her hip, slipping it under her skirt and running it over to her inner thighs. She did so slowly, less to build the tension but more because she didn't want to prove to herself what she already knew. Her hand searched for anything phallic to prove to herself that she still had something, anything to prove her masculinity. But there was nothing, only a moistening void that existed in its place. She grasped at her crotch gently, feeling the unmistakable folds of a vagina. Pushing her index finger into it, she gasped cutely, biting her bottom lip to stifle herself to no avail. The jig was up, she was clearly female.

"Where's that earlier confidence, Charlene?" Her boss goaded her, "You were always such a go getter. That's what I liked about you most."

She knew everything that he said were lies. She knew that what he said was meant to mold her into what he wanted her to be. She knew that this was why so many employees were disappearing from the company, that they were probably changed like her. She knew everything was wrong, that she shouldn't believe a word Mr. Cox said. She knew that she should just march out of that office before this went too far.

Charlie knew.

"Get. Off." Her words were deliberate and to the point. As she found her courage again, she could feel her indignation rise to meet the challenge before her. Her gaze narrowed, trying to shut out any distraction or second guessing that her brain might latch onto.

"Oh?" Richard tilted his head in bemused confusion. He had an aura of smarm about him that began to rankle Charlie. She found him to be odious, a scoundrel who deserved the worst. She felt her stomach turn a little, giving her a queasiness when looking her boss in his smug face. That was good, it would make doing this easier.

"Right. Now."

"Are you sure? We were having such a good time." His tone seemed different, surprised even. That earlier smarm had given way to a certain curiosity, maybe even deference. It was clear he never had to put up with a situation like this before, and that caught him off guard. He wore his intrigue on her face, both marveling and appraising Charlie, as if he were trying to figure out what brought all this on.

"GET. OFF." Charlie commanded with whatever intestinal fortitude she still possessed. Her voice seemed to carry throughout the office, booming and terrifying... At least she wanted to... No, she needed to. If she didn't stand up now, she was going to be well and truly fucked.

"Fine fine, you win."

To her surprise, Richard backed up a few steps as he held up his hands in mock surrender, giving her enough room to slip past him. Freedom was only a few quick movements away, and all she needed to do was take it. Charlie breathed in deeply as she felt her chest rise and fall. She needed to be shrewd here. If she scurried away like a scared rabbit, it would show weakness in front of her boss, and there was no telling what he would do to her then. Charlie had to be decisive if she wanted to keep this win, however small it may have been.

"Change. Me. Back." She demanded, punctuating each word with as much force as she could with her husky voice. Had she stopped to consider it, Charlie might have thought it came out like a sexy growl, meant to entice her boss. No, she couldn't think like that now. She had to focus on regaining her form, then getting out of here.

Her boss chuckled lightly before turning away from her, "The effects should wear off when you leave the building."

She glared hatefully at him as she took a more aggressive posture, "The. Truth."

"Honest. Scout's honor." Mr. Cox replied while raising one hand up as if to swear on it. His glib nature was alarming, but he didn't seem to be making any sudden moves, "You know, most people I call in here don't even bother resisting. They usually let me walk right over them and finish them. But you, you're different. You managed to not only keep your wits about you but talk back. Seeing you get this far is actually impressive... And I don't impress easily."

Charlie ignored his compliments and forced herself to focus on the situation at hand. Could she really trust Mr. Cox's word that she'd turn back once she left the company? It wasn't like she had many other avenues available to her. Whatever process was used to turn her into the person she was now, it was a complete mystery to her, one that she wasn't going to stick around to figure out. Not that she didn't want to, but there was no guarantee that her convictions were going to last long enough to uncover anything. No, it was better to just escape from this screwed up situation and pray that Mr. Cox was telling the truth. Forcing her legs forward, she stepped at first on uneasy legs, wobbling from the high heels that now adorned her feet. When did she get those? No! Have to concentrate on the task at hand. One step at a time, building momentum as she went along. With every step, her confidence grew and so did her stride.

"I hate to see you go," Mr. Cox quipped childishly, "But I love watching you leave."

That had to be bait. Charlie knew her hips were swaying as she walked, but if she changed her stride now, she might screw up her one chance at escape. She ignored it as she stepped with purpose out of the boss' office.

"Just know my door's always open in case you ever want to come back, sexy."

Just ignore it. Charlie continued forward, her eyes searched for the elevator in the distance. Sure enough, it was where it always was, past the rows of cubicles that littered the floor. She just needed to make a beeline for it and she was home free. The floor itself seemed eerily quiet, as if it was sparsely populated with employees. That was good, she couldn't afford to be stopped now when her goal was so close. Step after step, she strode with the confidence of a seasoned pro. Hard to believe that just moments ago, she was a man, and now she was walking in heels as if she had done so all her life. Every step brought her closer to victory, and as she stopped in front of the elevator, she could taste her freedom from his devilish company. Taking a well manicured finger, Charlie pressed the elevator button to call the lift. She had done it, she had beaten Mr. Cox. She won.

All that remained now was for her to wait until the elevator got to her floor and she could end this nightmare. Sure, she might not have a job any longer, but anything was better than becoming some slut for Mr. Cox. The memory of their encounter was still fresh in her mind, Charlie shuddered at it, repulsed by what had transpired. How could someone like that drive her to such revulsion...

And yet, she felt a tinge of desire. Charlie shook her head and tried to banish the thought from her mind. What about that scenario was even the slightest bit sexy? Him bearing over her with his massive size,

making her feel so small that she... That she would have to submit to him. That she would let him have his way with her. Kissing her soft, nubile body with hot, steamy kisses until she swooned. And then he would remove his pants and reveal his throbbing erection to her. Everything would bleed away as she lowered herself onto it and fall into ecstasy.

She squeezed her thighs together as the wetness between her legs had not subsided but only increased since she left his office. This had to stop. These idle fantasies were causing her to second guess herself. Why was she still so wound up? No, don't think about it too much. Thinking about it would just lead to more fantasies, and Charlie couldn't afford that. She would just have to get out of here. If she managed that, then this nightmare would be all over.

"Hey Becky, do you smell that?" An audible whisper caught Charlie's ear as she waited. It was a female voice, one of the older ladies in the office judging by the tone and timber.

"Ugh, looks like one of Mr. Cox's new hires," Spoke another female voice, "God, he likes them big, doesn't he?"

Charlie's gaze lowered to her own breasts as she immediately felt self conscious. They rose and fell on her chest with every breath she took. Two gentle mounds that preceded her as they pressed against the remaining buttons of her blouse, forming a cleavage that served as a constant reminder of her own femininity. There was no escaping it as she sighed heavily, watching them move in tandem.

No, this was a distraction. Just ignore it and act like they're not there.

"Look at how she's dressed, like some streetwalker."

Charlie looked forward and saw her reflection in the shine of the elevator doors. She couldn't help but look over her outfit of an ill fitting blouse and a black pencil skirt that accentuated the finer curves of her ass. Perched on a pair of red heels, she noted how they caused her legs to perk up and made her ass stick out a bit more. If her body wasn't so... Well developed, it would normally be a pretty conservative ensemble. She couldn't really dispute that she was inappropriately dressed.

"No wonder he hired her, I bet she just puts out. Would explain the smell."

The scent of her sex weighed heavily on Charlie's mind. It was an intoxicating fragrance that sent shivers down her spine and fluids dripping down her leg. She squeezed her thighs together more tightly to no avail. There was no concealing that unmistakable scent of sex. It was her shame that people could catch her scent, and even more so that people could attribute it to her in the first place. Her cheeks burned with embarrassment at being found out, and yet there was a thrill to it, of being so disgraced. It made her feel hornier to think that people were looking down on her like she was gutter trash. She was rubbing her thighs together now, feeling the slickness that lay between them, a moist emptiness that made her feel cheap, but also filling her with a longing for something hard...

"What a whore."

Charlie breathed deeply, trying to get herself under control. The rise and fall of her breasts caused her undue stress, but she would simply have to endure it. She was already too excited, too bothered by what they said about her. She wasn't a whore, was she? No, it's just some women being catty bitches and talking shit behind her back. Sure, she might be a bit flustered at the moment, but she wasn't some sex starved...

"Slut."

The word hit Charlie differently, as if it had struck a nerve within her brain. A tingle could be felt at the tips of her nipples, as if the word had stimulated her. She chewed at her bottom lip sensually, trying to think of a defense against this slander. So what if she looked like a slut? Another tingle ran through her body and through her tits. Even just thinking of the word in relation to herself caused her nipples to tent in arousal. Charlie shook her head to clear the cobwebs and hopefully her thoughts. What was their problem? Shouldn't a woman be free to dress how she wants, even if it makes her look kind of like a slut? Another tingle ran through her body, rewarding her with another thrill that caused Charlie to arch her back slightly, pushing her breasts forward.

"Oh God, I think she's getting off right now." The voice was firmly disapproving of her, not that Charlie cared. Let the old biddy judge her, not like she cared about her opinion. Not like she cared about anyone else's opinion but her own, and sure, she did look like a giant slut with these knockers, but maybe she liked it like that?

Charlie moaned softly as she hugged her tits to her chest. The tingle had been growing stronger and her nipples were painfully erect. She was positively drenched down below as tangible drops of her gushing pussy were forming a small puddle on the floor beneath her. She was quickly losing control of herself, and she was starting to not even care. This body of hers was growing more indecent the longer she stood around listening to these gossips. But why was she still changing?

Mr. Cox.

Charlie snapped to attention as her anger began to foment. Surely he was behind what was happening to her now. She should give him a piece of her mind for turning her into such a slut... Another wave of pleasure coursed through her body as she mewed lustfully. Yeah, tell him off for turning her into a horny bitch. She wanted that closure, needed that closure. Already, she had turned away from the elevator, more concerned with her own satisfaction rather than her salvation. Had she waited just a moment longer, she would have seen the doors of the elevator open and provide her with an escape from this Hell.

Cox.

Charlie was already striding back toward his office. Who the hell did he think he was? Making her into some sexy trollop? She was going to give him one last tongue lashing and get him to knock things off for good. Already, the thoughts of leaving were already playing second fiddle to her righteous indignation. The door was just ahead and once past, she could complete her objective. Charlie was practically

running there, her heels clicking with each hurried step, breasts bouncing heavily, and ass jiggling all the while on her trek toward her satisfaction. Come to think of it, these didn't bother her as much now that she had a goal in mind. Finally, she passed the threshold and looked up at her target, only to gasp in shock.

"Welcome back."

There, standing before the desk, was Mr. Richard Cox with his pants undone and pulled down enough to allow his dick to dangle stiffly from his crotch. Charlene staggered back a step as she was taken back. By all means, she should be scandalized by this, repulsed by Mr. Cox's brazenness. However, for some reason, she began to feel yearning enflame her nether region.

"Do you mind closing the door?" His voice was coy, smug even. It was the tone of a man who felt he had control of the situation. Charlie opened her mouth to protest, raising a finger in defiance, but somehow, the words didn't come to her. She couldn't imagine why she was about to raise her voice. She knew there was a reason to, but something came over her and seemed to make that all not matter as much. Charlie turned to the open door, wrapping her well manicured nails around the door knob. If she did this, she knew there would be no escape from what would most likely happen next. Something was telling her in the back of her mind to not give in, to not acquiesce to Mr. Cox's suggestions and take off running from the office. There was still time, she could still reclaim her male body. She just needed to find her will again and...

click

"Very good, Charlene." Mr. Cox encouraged her, "See, it's loyalty like this that makes me believe you'll be a valuable employee."

The door was closed. Charlie shook her head, trying to wrap her brain around what she just did. Nothing made sense to her in that moment and now she was alone, alone with her perverted boss.

"What... You did this to me." She tried to raise her voice, make an attempt at having convictions, "You made me come back here..."

"Hmmm?" Mr. Cox cocked his head in amusement, "My dear, you did that on your own."

"N-No, you made me into this and then wound me up so much that I came back to you." Charlie spat back, only half believing her own words as she felt her juices continue to run down her legs and the urge to moan settle in the back of her throat. However, her indignance ran hollow, failing to convince even herself of her beliefs.

"Charlene, I only changed your body and suggested things." Mr. Cox explained, "You're the one who couldn't even make it to the elevator before thoroughly soaking your panties. That lecherous mind of yours, whispering secret desires in your ears, tempting you to indulge in your... Urges. If anything, I'd say that you're the one ultimately responsible for your current predicament."

Charlie shook her head again. That wasn't possible, was it? She held her head in confusion. No, it had to be Mr. Cox. He was the one who put those thoughts of sex into your head, the ones that wouldn't ever leave her alone. He was the one who must've summoned her back to his office, somehow. He had to be the one responsible, "Mr. Cox..."

"Please, call me Richard." He returned arrogantly to her, "Or if you please, Dick. All my friends do."

Dick. Charlie winced at the word. No, she shouldn't be thinking of that right now. She shouldn't be thinking of that long, slab of meat hanging between Dick's legs. She needed to stop thinking about dick and concentrate on Dick... She shook her head again, trying to make sense of her own words. She knew she was here for something... But what was it? Was she going to tell her boss off? Get into a steamy shouting match, faces red with passion as they yelled out their grievances before finally kissing sloppily and turning this office visit into a one night stand. Her heart fluttered a little at that, but for some reason, it still felt wrong to her. Charlie shook her head again. Clearly, she had lost the plot.

Dick repositioned himself, his rod standing to attention as it pointed toward Charlie, "Ultimately, the choice is yours whether you work for this company or not. I won't promise you it will be easy work. In fact, it can be quite hard to deal with. However, I don't doubt a woman of your caliber could rise to the occasion and put those issues to bed."

By all means, Charlie should be repulsed by the display here. Any normal woman would have marched out by now and contacted Human Resources to get this guy fired. Unfortunately, she was by no means a normal woman, if her cum soaked thighs were anything to go by. Nervously, Charlie shifted in place, rubbing her creamy thighs together if only to remind herself of her own horniness.

"Now, if you still want to work here, I've got a very important assignment for you and those plump, juicy lips of yours." Dick continued to whisper honey into her ears, "There's a particular bull I want you to grab by the horns."

Charlie stared at her boss' member. It was longer than the one she had as far as she could recall. By all means, she should have been repulsed, scandalized, distraught... But the longer she stared at it, the more her will crumbled as she began to accept that part of herself that desired this. She licked her juicy lips, wetting them with her anticipation. Her body ached for something, anything in the moment to bring her torment to an end.

"We at the company have the utmost confidence in your ability to handle this task. "

Charlene didn't care about the job at this point. How could she? Her eyes seemed glued to her boss' dick, pulled downward by a need to service him. Thinking back, she recalled how she was going to give him a tongue lashing... She giggled to herself at the irony of it all. As Charlene lowered herself to her knees, hunger in her eyes, she grasped at Dick's dick with both hands and wet her puckered lips in preparation for the meal she was about to receive. Honestly? Getting face fucked by the boss is hardly the worst job she could get. And as she inserted his rod into her mouth, Charlene Banner knew she could swallow a lot more than her pride.

The End