

CEOphy Wife (Businessman to Trophy Wife TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Adam has developed a new drug that will help trans women become fully biologically female. But when a corporate merger leaves him with a bigoted CEO that wants to cease all development of the drug, Adam decides to take matters into his own hands. Soon the entitled, bully of a CEO is finding himself becoming very, very female, and thanks to the alterations Adam makes to the formula, quite suggestible as well.

CEOphy Wife

“Sir, I just don’t quite understand your resistance to this drug. It could revolutionise treatment for people with gender dysmorphia, and the profit motive is absolutely there as well, in terms of company interests. The sheer strides forward my team has made in terms of genetic alteration in pill form alone should be worthy a number of Nobel prizes, and you would be there as the patron and CEO who made it hap-”

Mason Loughy held up his hand, immediately silencing Adam. He then proceeded to join his fingertips together, looking out of the enormous high-rise window of his office to the great expanse of the city that went all the way to the horizon. It was a power move, Adam knew. The man wasn’t even looking in his direction and hadn’t for the whole conversation, in order to make Adam Cawthor feel like an insect, something utterly beneath the other man’s interest. And the most annoying part was that it was working: in that moment Adam felt small and anxious and less than nothing, especially compared to the stalwart frame of Indiran Pharmaceutical’s longstanding CEO. Where Adam was slim and plain looking, complete with glasses that needed constant defogging and ordinary brown hair that was constantly looking a bit mussed up, everything about Mason Loughy exuded dominance and control. He was an older man, being in his sixties, with slicked back grey-white hair and a wide jaw with cheeks that trembled when he was angry. His eyes were pale blue - icy to look at - and his large figure was enveloped in a fine grey suit that was probably worth more than the otherwise well-paid Adam made over a quarter. In short, the man was a wall of a human being, and a very expensive, very well-made, but ultimately impregnable and implacable wall.

And he was still mulling over Adam’s words, intentionally letting him stew.

“Sir?” Adam finally asked, cringing even as he did so. He knew that this was a game for which he understood few of the rules, but one he *did* know was not to talk first, and certainly not to fill the silence.

Mason seized on this immediately with a smirk. He still didn't look in Adam's direction, and it made the chemist wish that his company had never merged with Indiran Pharmaceuticals. His previous boss had been far more collaborative, not to mention human.

"Mr . . . Cawthor, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hmm, yes, I seem to recall your previous employer mentioning that you were some kind of genius."

"I . . . wouldn't go that far, sir."

Another smirk. "Neither would I, as a point of fact. I'm sure the pill you have developed is indeed quite important, Mr Cawthor. If it can indeed turn a man into a woman, then it is a big development indeed. But such progress must be balanced against more *moral* concerns."

"Sir? I mean, it would indeed be the best way of dealing with gender dysphoria, according to numerous psychologists that we consulted during the chemical development proc-"

The hand went up again, and Adam was silenced immediately.

"Yes, *psychologist*. No doubt pushing a left-wing, touchy feely agenda. I don't need such so-called woke nonsense in my company, Mr Cawthor. I am sure your creation can make quite a bit of money, but I have no interest whatsoever in dealing with headcases who think they are born the wrong gender regardless of what God gave them. I don't want this company to serve degenerates and freaks, and that's that. You can work on other profitable ventures, but right now I am shutting down the Tiresias drug development program, effective immediately. Any currently produced pills are to be destroyed, and the research and all copies - digital and physical - should be placed on my desk by the end of next week. Beyond that, we can find another project for you, just not one intended to fulfil the freakish desires of a group of psychological misfits and their enabling therapists. Do you understand?"

Adam balls his fists. Anger coursed through him, and that was not a usual emotion for him. He had always been a milquetoast man, even now at the age of thirty two; devoted to his work, to helping others, and to getting along with his co-workers and avoiding strife. His personal life was small, and he usually tended to his cat and fish when he was home, reading books or going on walks and hikes to get away from it all.

But *this* was something he could get passionate about. Obstinate about.

"Sir, I must protest. Regardless of your moral views, you must admit that this would change the lives of millions of people worldwide, and help reduce self-harm and hurt and save lives! Please, just give the program a chance."

"I don't think so," the CEO said, looking at him for the first time. "And I've made my position clear, Mr Cawthor. And that means I've made the *company's* position clear."

“Sir, if you won’t take on this pill for further development, then I’ll take it elsewhere.”

“You will not,” he said, locking his pale eyes upon Adam, who withered a bit before that pale, uncaring gaze. “Or I will have you sued into oblivion and imprisoned for corporate espionage. Now get out of this office and do what you’re told, or I’ll have you fired, and you’ll never work in this city or any other as a pharmaceutical scientist ever again. You’ll be cleaning the roads as a lowly streetsweeper when I’m done with you.”

Adam unballied his fists. He knew he was beaten. He didn’t have anything to say. Nothing, he knew, could bend this bigot’s will or make him see reason, especially when it came to his so-called ‘moral’ outlook.

He got up, mumbled a pathetic apology, and headed for the door, then to the elevator, then down to his office far, far down in the skyscraper of a building. He would break the news to the rest of the team in the morning. He still had a full week to get the research to Mason Loughy - he’d been given the bad news on a Friday but the project was to be mothballed by that day next week. He slumped in his chair, wishing he could do something to change the man’s mind, or at least get some measure of comeuppance on him.

“But what can I do?” he said, looking at the sample pill on his desk.

It triggered a thought. A delicious, dark one, in fact.

“Yes,” he said, eyeing the pill. “What can I do indeed?”

Adam worked feverishly overnight and into the next, taking only some small nap breaks when his body demanded them. His team were concerned until he told them the reason; they were being shut down and sent to other projects. Understandably, most were devastated, but none more than Lilly-May. She was a brilliant pharmacologist and scientist, and she was a trans woman herself. She liked to dye her hair a bright red, which stuck out from her olive skin tone. Like Adam, she wore glasses, though they were much more stylish than his.

“We’re really being shut down?” she said, gobsmacked.

“I’m afraid so.”

“Did you fight for it? Maybe if the new CEO hears about the profit this will make, if that’s all he cares about.”

“I tried that argument, but he wouldn’t listen. He’s a moral crusader, Lilly-May. I’m sorry.”

Tears formed in her eyes. “It’s not fair. *I* could have used this pill. I and countless others. It’s a good thing we’re doing.”

“I still have a week to convince him not to do this,” Adam said. “I’m going to try something radical.”

Lilly-May nodded, clearly disheartened by the news. “Well, take care of yourself as well, Adam. This project *will* get revived, and you need to be at its head. You’ve taken us this far. Just watch your back. I’ll . . . I’ll go have a drink tonight, I think. You’re more than welcome to join, of course. Anyone from the team is.”

But Adam had to excuse himself from that with many apologies, because he was already working on his radical approach. It was the craziest thing he’d ever done or at least planned to do, but something about Mason Loughy’s lack of empathy and moral righteousness had infuriated him, and that lit a fire under his ass to actually break the rules and do something, for once. Even if it meant that the all-powerful CEO would finally see some comeuppance for his actions, and see firsthand the power of the drug they had developed.

Of course, there were modifications Adam made, hence the overnight work and intense focus and exhaustion. The Tiresias pill was intended to form a safe and gradual transition from male to female or female to male, one that would - barring obvious hormonal changes - maintain the user’s mind entirely. It was also not a permanent change; a longer prescription was needed to make the transition stick, and there were options to reverse the pill’s effects even several years down the line before the genetic predisposition of the subject changed completely. For his slightly insane plan to work, both those elements had to go. This pill needed to act fast and have a very short window to turn back, which Adam could dangle over Mason’s head. Even better, it would require multiple continuous doses to *remain* male.

And yet, as Adam continued to work on his dangerous variant of the pill, he found himself making other changes as well, or incidentally discovering ones. In amping up the power of the hormonal dosage, he found a likelihood that the genetic rewiring would become more aggressive. In essence, the individual who changed from male to female would likely become very womanly indeed, in figure and in emotion. An earlier version of the test drug had an issue with leaving the subject sexually suggestible, leaving a longer mark on their personality until turned back. Adam decided to reintroduce this flaw and then aggravate it, all the better to humiliate Mason Loughy and make him desperate to refund the project in order to regain his dominant male persona.

It was a risky development, and ideally he would have had a week on it, or perhaps a month, rather than a little under forty-eight hours, but Adam was on the clock. He’d created a volatile pill, one that would be unstable for the human system, though certainly not lethal. He’d just have to consider that an added bonus. Several times Lilly-May dropped by to see how he was going, and he kept her from finding out about his secret work. He didn’t want

anyone else suffering because of his daring scheme. And so it was that late at night - far too late - the pill was finished. It was, appropriately enough, coloured a bright pink.

"Now to get him to take it," Adam said aloud to himself.

Adam ummed and ahed about how to get Mason Loughy to take the pill for the entire Wednesday morning. If he was caught, he would be facing more than a firing and blacklisting, he'd be going to prison, and deservedly so, at least in the eyes of the law. As it turned out, while hovering around the upper floor, the opportunity practically leapt into his lap when Adam saw Mason's secretary crying outside his office by the coffee machine.

"Becky, is everything okay?" he asked.

"My cat is real sick!" she declared. "I just got a call from the vet that they need to perform an emergency surgery, but Mr Loughy says I can't go until I bring him his coffee. But the machine is broken or something and it's taking so long, and my hands are shaking so much I keep ruining his drink. Oh God, I'm a mess!"

"Hey, hey, it's okay! How does he like his coffee? I'll make it for him and you run off to the vet, okay? I'll smooth it over with Mr Loughy - I've got an important chat with him anyway."

Becky wiped away some tears. She was a lovely young woman, with rich dark skin and a cute afro. Apparently Mason liked to mistreat her, though whether there was a racial intent behind it or because he was just a power-tripping misogynist was anyone's guess.

"Are you sure? Oh God, that would be great. Thank you so much! He has a triple espresso with extra cream and two sugars!"

Adam couldn't believe his luck. He made the drink after the machine slowly processed it, and then dropped the pink pill inside. It was dissolvable, so that took care of that. He knocked on Mason's door, entered when called, and placed the coffee before him, explaining Becky's situation.

"This is a serious overstep, Mr Cawthor," Loughy said, frowning. He took a sip of the drink. "But at least you know your way around a drinks machine, unlike that vapid-headed woman. But if you think this will be enough to make me change my mind on your little freak project, think again."

"Please sir, I'm just asking for one more session for us to talk it out."

"And I'm *not* asking, I'm *telling*. Get the hell out of my office, and step lightly from here on out, Mr Cawthor. Or you'll find yourself in some very uncomfortable situations."

Adam apologised profusely and stepped out, looking appropriately submissive and chastised. But in reality he was positively glowing with amusement. It had worked! The man was lapping up his coffee, and therefore the pill.

And soon it would be Mason Loughy, not Adam Cawthor, who would find himself in some very uncomfortable situations.

It was Tuesday, a day after the drug had been delivered and after Adam's hellish weekend of creating his revenge pill. The true pack up of Project Tiresias had begun, and it was arduous work. He and Lilly-May were running interference with the execs and suits, giving good cause for a slow handover of the relevant files, folders, backups, storage zips, and so on. It wasn't like they understood the science anyway, those money and marketing men. Lilly-May still held out hope that the project could be revived, and while Adam hadn't told her his plan, she knew something was up, because he was continually retreating to his office to run personal tests, just to double-check if his new pill had the right efficacy. It was silly, really. Not like it would change things now. Already he was being assigned a new focus, and it was one that made him sigh deeply: another fucking boner pill. Evidently, Loughy put more emphasis on the importance of men getting better erections than the rights of trans individuals to be in the bodies they deserved.

Still, it did mean that Adam had to be summoned up to the executive floor to hear the pitch. When he arrived, the big wigs were all there, including Mason Loughy, who looked decidedly uninterested as always while the marketing people somehow ended up being the ones to decide the direction of what the actual chemists and pharmaceutical specialists should be doing.

"We can unseat viagra in the next four years if we act quickly on the latest set of scandals concerning higher rates of heart disease," one said. "This would give us dominance over a male market that has long been denied us, and make Indiran Pharmaceuticals more of a household name."

Adam balled his fists under the table, hating how ridiculous this was. He tried to keep his focus on Mason, who liked to look out the window, appearing uncaring. He did look a little different, though perhaps it was just Adam's imagination. The man at least looked younger today, and his hair seemed more grey than it was white. His pores weren't as obvious, even from a distance, and his large nose was perhaps a little smoother. Crucially, his entire stature just seemed noticeably smaller, like he'd deflated just a little. Perhaps only Adam noticed because he was looking for it, but he was certain that the man had changed.

And then he *knew* Mason had, when the CEO opened his mouth and, like the proverbial fool, removed all doubt.

“This seems a major risk against such an established monopoly, Mr Hesser. What assurances can you give me that we shouldn’t be directing attention towards fertility pills? I hear there’s a rising demand *for women who want them.*”

Just like that, Mason’s voice had cracked, going up nearly a full octave and sounding surprisingly soft. He gave a heavy cough, blushing for just a second as he covered his mouth.

“Excuse me,” he said, returning his voice to not-quite normal - it was still a little too high for him. “I have a lump in my throat. Answer the question.”

The marketing man had a set of answers and proceeded to reel them off, but Adam wasn’t listening any more, nor raising any objections to the proposal. Instead, he was gazing at the powerful CEO, and noticing that his hands were smaller, the skin less wrinkled and hairy along the palms. His thick eyebrows were thinner. And his voice was *still not changing back.*

Yes, something was definitely happening. Now Adam just needed to give it time. Time, perhaps, and just a little nudge. After all, the pill had a sexually suggestible element now . . .

“Ahem,” Adam said, gaining the attention of the table. “I can only speak to my experience as a lead developer on previous pharmacological projects, and I know that marketing and statistics and research is a vital part of any company’s success. But I do believe that my team, since Project Tiresias ended, is in a prime position to move our expertise and research immediately to the fertility pill idea. There’s a great deal of crossover knowledge there, and it’s entirely possible for . . . I’m sorry, I’m probably overstepping.”

Mason took the bait, despite the clear irritation of the marketing group.

“Make your point, Mr Cawthor. I don’t care for hanging sentences.”

Adam smiled, putting on an act of being somewhat awkward. “Well, it’s just that . . . our Tiresias research could port over effectively to go beyond just fertility pill success to other side effects with such a pill, such as moulding a woman’s body to so-called perfection.”

Mason swallowed. “What do you mean?”

“Well, there’s no other way to say this, sir,” Adam said, trying not to look at the sole female board member to his right, “but it would mean bigger busts, wider hips, a more svelte or curvaceous physique. Enhanced beauty. A pill that could make one look like an ideal woman, for sexual beauty or simply mainstream appeal - if there is a difference.”

The marketing man scoffed, but Mason leaned forward, looking suddenly flushed.

“You can make a pill that would increase a woman’s fertility everywhere, while also making her beautiful?”

“Bigger bust and hourglass figure and all, sir,” Adam said. “In less than ten years.”

Mason recovered, then chuckled. “Ha! I told you that freak project was a waste. Something like this is much more worthwhile. Get your team on it, Mr Cawthor, and we’ll postpone the viagra debate. This is the way of the future. Someone tell my secretary she can be due for an upgrade.”

The male members of the board laughed politely, and Adam excused himself.

“You too, Mr Loughy. You’re due for an upgrade too.”

As he left, he noticed that Mason was touching his chest occasionally, without even seeming to notice. The seeds were planted.

Now he just had to wait for them to bear fruit.

The fruit bore much quicker than expected. Adam was reorganising his time on their newest shallow project - one that would actually be a lot tougher than the sell he’d made at the table the previous day - when Lilly-May approached him. She was especially angry about the new task because it was yet another vanity project for the company, though she did admit a fertility pill would be useful.

“Lilly-May, I’m sorry, I don’t have time to debate this,” he told her. “I’m in full agreement with you. In fact, I thought about what you said last night and you’re right, they’ll end up dropping the fertility stuff in favour of a boob enhancement pill, but what can we do?”

She shook her head. “It’s not that, though I’d love to have a bitchfest about this later when you have the time. No, this is something else. Mason Loughy, our *beloved* CEO, just called down to us personally while you were out on your break. He wants to see you, ASAP. He sounded pretty angry. Or desperate, or something. Who can know with that human ghou?”

Adam tried to push down his nervous excitement.

“I’ll see him right away!” he declared.

“Make sure not to look into his eyes, or you’ll turn to stone!”

He laughed as he got to the elevator and headed up to the exec floor. Becky was outside his office, and she was biting her normally perfect nails. When she caught him noticing her obvious anxiety, she put away her fingers and explained.

“He won’t let me see him. He won’t let anyone see him. Five meetings I’ve had to reschedule and reorganise. And he keeps snapping at me in this nasally voice, like he’s making fun of me! But only over the phone - I can’t go in, only pass his coffee through a gap in the door.”

Adam tapped on the door.

“Who is it? Where’s Becky?”

“It’s me, Mr Loughy,” Adam said, noting that the muffled voice sounded of a higher register than the previous day. “You wanted a meeting?”

There was a momentary silence behind the door, and then . . .

“Come in then, damn it. And close the door quickly. This is a private discussion!”

Adam opened the door and shut it quickly, making sure that no one else saw the boss . . . yet. The lavish office was immense in size, with many amenities, including a leather couch, a large television screen, an impressive lacquered table of no-doubt expensive make, and several large pieces of art upon the walls. The cityscape spanned the horizon from the best view in the building, and Mason was taking it in, back turned to Adam. He flicked a hand out, gesturing for the man to deposit himself onto the much smaller chair on the other side of the desk. His own high-backed one made it impossible to see the man at all, though his frame would usually be large enough that this wouldn’t be the case. *Usually.*

“Sir? Is something wrong? I swear, we are transitioning from Project Tiresias as quickly as possible, but -”

Mason put up a hand, silencing Adam with his usual power gesture. It wasn’t quite as effective this time though, perhaps because Adam noticed that the hand was a lot slimmer than usual.

“It’s not about that,” the CEO continued in his strained, artificially lowered (yet still not low enough) voice. “This is something else. Or perhaps it’s connected. I need you to explain *this.*”

With that, he pivoted on the chair, turning around to reveal himself. Adam had tried to coach himself on how to act surprised, but it turned out such self-taught lessons were entirely unnecessary, because his jaw fell in surprise anyway. Mason had changed much more rapidly than he had imagined, and more than that, the man had appeared to *de-age*. His hair was fuller and regained some dark brown colour in some of its streaks, and his face had noticeably less wrinkles and age spots than it had before. The sag and bloat in his features had pulled in, but his jaw had also altered, becoming far less broad and denying the man the authoritative square-jawed look he’d previously maintained. Even his nose had changed shape, becoming thinner, smoother, and having lost the visible pores.

The rest of his figure had likewise changed, which must have accounted for the change in suits. The man had shed what looked like two dozen pounds or more. It wasn’t just fat that had dissipated either; Mason Loughy was meant to be a big-boned man, tall and wide and able to bully others around in his presence. Now he was slimming down to normality, especially around his formerly broad shoulders. Well, slimming down except for two particular areas. Adam doubted most people would spot it, but he knew to look for it; two small bulges at his chest that were not residual fat - well, at least not in the male sense - but

rather the beginnings of female breasts. It made him curious if the man's manhood had shrunk too. Given the unexpected red blush in his boss's cheeks, he imagined that was almost certainly the case.

"Sir, is this some kind of-"

"Shut up and listen. Something strange has been happening to me the last few days. My body's changing, like I'm getting younger, but also . . . my voice is higher. I've got . . . these feelings. And other changes too. I thought it might be that Lumin's Syndrome or something, but the docs ruled that out. But they said there's a ton of estrogen in my system, far more than they should be. They've prescribed me these testosterone pills, but they aren't doing a damn thing. I'm starting to look like a woman. One of those ugly trans women you always raved about helping in that freak project of yours. But I figure that also makes you the best person to help deal with whatever shit this is."

Adam paused. "Sir, are you asking me to help you . . . what, exactly?"

Mason grimaced. "Do I need to spell it out? I need you to help me stop turning into a damn woman! My own fucking cock is shrinking, does that make it obvious enough for you, Cawthor? You need to get onto this pronto, and wipe away any other work, and keep it between us. No leaks, or your ass is mine, understand?"

Adam nodded. "Well, I suppose if we get Project Tiresias restarted-"

"I don't give a shit about helping some woke nonsense, I want this issue of mine dealt with so I can-"

Adam talked over him, and oddly, Mason seemed to just let it slide: "Reopening Project Tiresias would be the perfect cover to disguise all this help for you specifically, Mr Loughy. It's also the exact kind of study we need to do so."

Mason gritted his teeth. "Fine, do it. Just . . . do it."

Adam decided to try his luck. "By the way, I saw that Becky was crying earlier."

"It was just some dumb thing about her cat, it's none of your business."

"Oh, sorry to hear that. She's a good worker. I rather like her style."

Mason looked intrigued, despite himself. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, just that between us two *men* here, I thought she had a very hot pair of legs, if you know what I mean."

The CEO actually managed to smirk. "Heh, I didn't figure you for the type to have a bit of old boys' locker room talk, Cawthor. You're not wrong, she's got a hell of a pair of legs. That voice oozes sex too. Can barely take a word she says seriously. Shame about the tits, though."

"Right?" Adam said. "Man, talk about a flat chest!"

"I thought black women were all meant to be big in the breast department. What a crying shame."

Adam clenched his fists, though not visibly from Mason's perspective.

"Y-yeah," he managed, willing himself to go along with this. "It's a shame. I always thought a nice big set of tits made a woman pop, you know? It's half the reason I worked on Project Tiresias. That way a bunch of people could finally become women with . . . nice large breasts and . . . hourglass figures and . . . well, all that stuff that's far nicer to look at. Plus, the pill increased sexual arousal and the libido in general."

Mason rose an eyebrow, suddenly a bit more chummy with the crass behind-closed-doors conversation. "Is that so? Huh, well, put that in the reports and I might be able to do something about it."

He rubbed his chest, circling his left nipple without even realising it.

"Nice big tits, huh? Yeah, nice and big and heavy and round . . ."

He seemed to zone out, cupping his small breasts and feeling them, rubbing his nipples openly.

"Sir?"

Mason dropped his hands, seeming not even to know what he'd just done.

"Well, that's enough old boys' talk. Get out of here, Cawthor. Find a way to fix me. Bring what you need up here. You're going to be my personal on-hand doctor."

And Mason Loughy was going to be something else entirely, Adam thought as he left, smirking to himself. Not that the CEO knew yet what it was. What mattered for now was that Project Tiresias was back in business.

The team were ecstatic to hear that Adam had somehow changed Mason Loughy's mind. Lilly-May in particular shed tears, then opened a bottle for the team to celebrate. She gripped Adam so tightly that he thought he might burst.

"Thank you," she whispered in his ear. "I know it sounds greedy, but I truly wanted this to succeed so I could be the woman I was meant to be."

"And you will be," Adam said. "And you'll deserve it. I'm making you project director for this - and the face of the project too, if you wish."

She blinked, stunned. "You're fucking with me."

"I'm not. That's why I'm moving a heap of my stuff. I'm being placed on a personal project for Mr Loughy directly. It's need to know - NDAs and everything - but I took it on to get this up and running again."

"Well, then I'd say you're a good friend and a damn good man, Adam," she said. "You deserve a good woman after all of this is done."

Adam smirked. "You know, I've got a good feeling I'll at least be meeting an interesting one."

He wasn't wrong. It was Thursday, and after getting a lot of equipment moved to Loughy's office, the man himself arrived, though he had a face mask because of his 'mystery illness' - at least, that was his cover - and wore padding to mask how much he'd changed. He slipped it all off in private once he was in his huge office, then presented himself to Adam.

"Look at me!" he declared. "I am becoming a fucking woman. I knew it. I grew these goddamn things overnight, it seems, and they're still - ahh! - still sore. Aching. Like they want to keep on growing, goddamnit."

He was referring, of course, to the very obvious breasts growing from his chest. They had to be B-cups by that point, and very much in need of support or at least covering in some way.

"They do indeed appear to be breasts, Mr Loughy. This is consistent with your other feminisation changes."

"The hair and voice wasn't obvious enough?"

Indeed, his hair was continually being cut but regrowing at a rapid rate. It was now fully a dark chestnut brown, as if he'd had it dyed. His voice was also much more androgynous, possessing a croaky sound but also having a female rasp to it. It wouldn't be long before it was entirely feminine-sounding. Along with his shorter figure - he'd gone from a whopping six foot two to a mere five foot eight - and thinner frame, other parts of womanhood were taking hold: his hips were broader, one of the only parts other than his breasts which were growing, and his ass was bigger, the other 'growing' development. His penis was average-sized. Mason was a rich asshole and control freak, but Adam had no reason not to believe that he had a very impressive specimen, once. His body hair was also dissipating, his skin smoothening, his blemishes fading away. All in all, he looked to be in his mid-forties by that point, instead of his sixties, and very much ambiguous on the gender front. Perhaps an ugly woman.

"Well, according to my tests there's a few things we can do. I'll take some samples and get you to keep trying the pills I've developed in private."

Mason nodded. His gaze fell on Adam in a strange way as he felt at the man's changes.

"Sir? Anything wrong?"

He looked up, blushing. "N-nothing! I was just looking at your shoulders and forearms. They're . . . good. Surprisingly strong. But not too big, like those overgrown types."

It was a totally bizarre comment that Adam had no idea what to say. Thankfully, Mason filled the silence quickly.

“Ahh! Don’t touch them without telling me. These ridiculous things are sensitive, don’t you get that? Don’t remember who you’re dealing with here, I’m your patient, but I’m also the boss who can reduce your life to nothing.”

He was talking about, of course, the way Adam was cupping one breast to examine it. It really did seem like the tissue was still growing, which Adam approved of.

“Apologies, Mason,” he said, trying on the first name for size.

The man didn’t even notice, or at least accepted the first name basis. He covered himself up with the bandage Adam had brought, tightening them in order to conceal them.

“Damn it. Any more growing and these things will be bigger than my ex-wife’s tits.”

“I didn’t realise you were married, sir.”

He made a dismissive gesture. “I divorced her. She was losing her looks. She was a damn trophy wife. All tits and no brains, not that I complained when the tits weren’t sagging.”

Adam smirked, seizing upon the opportunity once more. “I always liked the trophy wife look. Holding out for one myself.”

Mason spluttered a little. “Is that - is that so?”

“Oh yeah. Hanging off my arm, making me look good at parties and other men jealous? It’s a real power move, especially if my trophy wife had a big sex drive and was always willing to please me.”

“Huh, like a woman should,” Mason said, licking his lips a little. “Especially if they wear tight little things they’re about to - about to spill out of. I’d look lovely in a - I mean, they look lovely like that, don’t they?”

Adam coughed, trying to avoid chuckling. “They certainly do, boss. Food for thought. Food for thought.”

He left the CEO to think on that. He knew he would: the pills were having their effect, and soon Mason’s transformation would be complete and ready to blackmail.

“Becky, what’s up?”

The beautiful secretary bit her lip, indicating something was off. “It’s Miss - I mean, *Mr* Loughy. He’s changed. I know it’s some kind of medical condition, but I swear it’s like he’s some kind of -”

“Woman?” Adam suggested.

“Yes! What’s happening to him? I know he can be a real brute - please don’t tell him I said that - but I worry that I’ll lose my job if something bad happens to him.”

“Don’t worry,” Adam said. “I’m going to sort it out today.”

He winked, an action he never would have done before, and advanced into the room, full of confidence. He paused only when he saw that Mason Loughy had once more changed, and dramatically at that. So dramatically, in fact, that Adam realised he should have knocked and waited.

Because Mason Loughy was lying on his couch, moaning in pleasure as he groped his tits, left unbuttoned from his top, and rubbed his crotch through his pants.

“Ohhhhh,” the man groaned, though he didn’t sound like a man at all now, and instead like a woman with a slight rasp in her throat and a lower contralto register. “Mhmm, why are they s-so goddamn s-sensitive! Can’t s-stop touching them and thinking about - ADAM! TURN AROUND, DAMN IT!”

Adam did so, more out of embarrassment than any sense of dominance radiating from Mason - there was little of that now. The man quickly buttoned himself up.

“Don’t - God, don’t you knock!?”

“I’m sorry, Mason, I didn’t expect-”

“I was just looking at these body parts that don’t stop changing and growing! My cock is almost gone. Turn around now already . . . please.”

Adam did so, noting the slightly demure way the man had said the word ‘please.’ Once more he was shocked by the extent of the CEO’s changes. His body was positively womanly by this stage, short and voluptuous and with a face to match. Mason looked to be in his mid or even early thirties, with wrinkle-free skin and bright blue eyes, and a healthy head of dark chestnut brown hair that fell nearly to his - or perhaps her? - shoulders. The figure in front of Adam couldn’t have been taller than five foot six, a significant reduction from his original height, but it was clear some growth had been going on in the hips, particularly since Mason appeared to be wearing a tailored women’s suit that only emphasised those features. Well, those and two others.

“Don’t look at them, please!” Mason begged, voice now very much sultry. He tried to cover his chest, but it tented out against the white button shirt he was wearing, emphasising that they were ripe C-cups or perhaps even larger. “They won’t s-stop growing!”

Adam approached, surveying the individual. Mason’s face was even starting to look quite pretty, especially with those fuller lips and arched eyebrows.

“You appear to have become far more female overnight, Mason,” he said. “I won’t lie, you look good. Very good, in fact. Just like the kind of trophy wife we talked about before.”

Mason winced, clenching his eyes shut. “Mhmm - ohhhhh - don’t t-talk like that! Thinking about these things makes me s-so - ohhh!”

He squirmed, and then Adam’s eyes widened with awe as Mason *visibly changed*. His hips creaked audibly as they grew wider, and the changing man couldn’t help but cup his

breasts within his shirt as they too expanded to full D-cups. His lips pouted further, his cheekbones rising to delicate prominence, and his hair snaked over his shoulders.

“Oh God, ohhhhhh damn this! Damn this all! Mmhph!”

The staggering figure collapsed against Adam, who caught his boss with ease - he weighed a lot less now. He - well, it was much easier to see him as a *she* now - fell further into Adam's arms in a rather feminine pose, staring up at the scientist with baited breath. She bit her lip, squirming with something that seemed to be a simmering sexual tension.

“Adam,” she said, caressing his cheek before withdrawing her hand. “What's h-happening to m-me?”

It was time to reveal what was going on. Time to play the card that would restore Tiresias and ensure the program went forward, all while making sure Mason got back to where he was meant to be. This was the plan, after all.

And yet . . .

Projected Tiresias was already back up and running, and without Mason in the way the remaining board members were enthusiastically tracking its expected profit projections. The plan had already succeeded, and Mason was far too preoccupied and submissive now to shut it down anyway. And there was something about the way the formerly authoritarian CEO was now looking to Adam, as if desperate not just for his help but his assurance and protection. His companionship.

“I don't know,” Adam said. “But I promise I'll do everything to take care of you, Mason. I think you're becoming a full woman, and I don't think we can stop it.”

Mason whimpered. “No. I'm not . . . meant to be like this. I tried to bark at Becky this morning, but I . . . couldn't. And when I tried to think about those women with long legs and big tits this m-morning, it didn't make me excited at all. Except to . . . become one.”

Adam helped the woman back to her feet. “Are you a woman?” he asked. “Down there?”

She shook her head slowly, but even as she did, she ran her hands down her increasingly luscious body. “I don't - I don't think so. No. Still a bit male. This is ridiculous! Why am I acting this way? I'm meant to be the damn boss. This - this is all your fault somehow!”

It was the last gasps of the CEO's male ego, and Adam could see it. He disguised his smirk, and moved closer to Mason again. The height difference between them had flipped, so that now she was looking up at him.

“Do you really believe that, Mason?” he asked. “Or is this something you wanted all along?”

“What - what the hell are you talking about?”

“I’m just saying that the change has come about very, very fast, almost like you’re willing it to change. And I did catch you playing with yourself just now.”

“I wasn’t - how *dare* you insinuate that kind of thing about me! I could have you fired, do you realise that? In fact, I will! I’m going to fire you right now!”

Adam waited, calling the bluff. Mason’s eyes widened as she realised she couldn’t bring herself to do it.

“I don’t think you want that, Mason. I think you *want* to become a hot, busty, sexy trophy wife. One who belongs to me, right?”

She stepped back, biting her lip. She let out an involuntary moan. Somewhere in her outfit, a seam gave as her bust expanded. Her hair flowed down even longer, just a little.

“N-no. I don’t want - ohhhh. Why is that t-turning me on? My breasts . . .”

Her nipples were visibly erect against the material of her shirt. Aroused.

“You’re getting aroused by this, aren’t you?” Adam continued. “You’re sick of being an old, cranky man who bosses others around and treats them cruelly. You’d much rather be my gorgeous trophy wife, just like we talked about. Long, perfect legs and big ripe breasts, an hourglass figure and a face to die for.”

Mason moaned, breathing heavier with every second, her buttons straining against her heaving chest. Her face shifted just a little more, taking on increasing beauty.

“I - I - I -”:

“You look like you’re only in your mid-twenties now,” Adam remarked. “Just perfect. Don’t you want a new lease on life, Mason? Don’t you want to be free of all the worries and demands of a corporate big wig job? Wouldn’t you rather be a sexy, lusty woman on my arm, making everyone impressed and smiling sweetly as they look at your body? A body only *I* can have?”

Adam couldn’t believe what he was saying. He had never been so forward in his life. Clearly, Mason’s change had changed him too, awakening a desire not just for revenge and justice, but for his own personal fantasies to come true: to have a woman who was entirely his, without any of the moral concerns about such a fantasy of dominance. And here was an immoral man becoming a sweet, gorgeous and devoted woman, ready to fulfil that fantasy.

Mason’s will crumbled visibly on her face.

“It’s not fair,” she whined. “It’s n-not fair. I’m meant to be the boss. I’m meant to be in charge. I’m meant to be - oh God! I’m meant to be *yours!*”

She grabbed his face and pulled it against hers, kissing his lips passionately and pressing her body against hers. She was suddenly ravenous, and welcomed his hands upon her back. She forcefully lowered them, making Adam squeeze her magnificent ass. It left her moaning into his mouth.

"I'm ch-changing d-down there," she stammered. "I'm b-becoming a w-woman. Your woman. Oh goddamn it, take me already!"

She raised her hands and *ripped* open her blouse, revealing her full DD-cup breasts. They trembled on their own, large and perfect, topped by large, erect nipples. He felt over them, making her moan further. She responded by sweeping everything loudly off of her desk.

'*Mr Loughy, sir? Anything wrong?*' came Becky's voice.

"Don't disturb us!" Mason said in the lowest register she could manage. And then, with Adam's help, she got back on the desk and continued making out with him. She unbuckled his belt with good haste, and he in turn removed her suit pants, revealing a set of wide hips and male underwear that was entirely unnecessary; especially now that Mason had a very female set of genitalia.

"F-fuck, it's really happening," the former male managed. "Why do I w-want this so badly? Why am I so submissive to you?"

"Because it's what you're meant to be," Adam said. "My corporate trophy wife."

The words alone made her moan again. She began playing with her breasts as he angled his cock towards her entrance. Her nervousness was clear, but still she spread her legs wider, ready to receive him.

"Just do it! Consider it an order!"

Adam grinned, amused at how desperate she was. The pill had indeed left her as quite the needy creature. He plunged into her vagina, and instantly felt the wonderful sensation of her tight tunnel squeezing tightly against his girth.

"Ohhhhhh! Yessss! Mhmm! D-don't s-stop! I order you n-not to stop!"

He had no intention of disobeying that order, because soon Adam was thrusting inside her, making the new woman cry and wail out, hiding her voice as much as possible. Adam had little doubt some others nearby were hearing the commotion, but in that moment he didn't much care. He had turned the cruel brute into a gorgeous woman, and now she was his. And like any man with a gorgeous trophy wife, he wanted to show her off. Adam leaned forward to grope and squeeze her divine tits, making her squirm yet further.

"You like it, don't you? Being this way."

"I do. God help me, I do. I'm a freak now. I'm a goddamn freak."

"No, not a freak. You're perfect. You're mine. My *Michelle*."

She grinned, biting her lip to hide her clear pleasure at her new name.

"Yesssss . . . Michelle. I'm your Michelle. Don't stop. Keep f-fucking me! Fuck me!"

He wondered if the fertility aspect of the pill would come into play and whether he should quickly find some protection, but there was none on hand and he was too into this, and besides, wasn't a trophy wife's job to give him children anyway? Might as well train her

for the role with some unprotected and hot sex. He fucked deeper and hiding into her, sending more things flying off the desk. She arched her back as she approached climax, and soon the two were grunting and groaning, the new woman in pure ecstasy, her body delicious and young and *needy*.

“I’m so close! I’m going to c-cum! I need you to cum in me! Cum in me, Adam!”

“I am. I’m close. I’m so - UGHHH!!!”

“Yesssss! YESSSS!!”

They came together, and she thrashed about like a wild beast, clearly hit with more pleasure than she could have previously imagined. Her legs tightened around his waist, and the new woman was without words. Adam slumped forwards, completely spent as he leaned forward and rested his face in her breasts. Still she clung to him, holding him there as she rode out further orgasms. Adam listened to the sound of her pleasure, loving it.

“I - I’m yours,” she said, gasping from the epiphany. “I’m your trophy w-wife.”

“Well, not quite a wife yet,” Adam said, raising his face to look into her beautiful, pale blue eyes. “But we can fix that soon.”

Adam was very happy with the new CEO of Indian Pharmaceuticals. Jason Matthews was a practical man who supported the Tiresias Pill Program purely on the basis of profitability, but that was most companies, really, and it was enough. They had reached success, and with that success came a certain amount of influence with the ripples it was generating: Adam was now a member of the board, and Lilly-May was given permission to take the pill herself, becoming entirely biologically female as of two weeks ago. She was so damn pleased that she bought everyone on the team a present, including a bottle of expensive wine, and then partied hard into the night after work, crying tears of joy. Adam couldn’t keep her off him; she was a huggy woman that night.

Of course, such attachment made someone else jealous. Michelle made certain that Lilly-May found her own man to be interested in for the night. It was purely platonic, of course, but Adam’s new wife could be very jealous in nature, as he’d found out since. After ‘breaking her in’ with that wonderful office sex, the new woman had been unable to resist her new needs, nor her submission towards Adam. There had still been awkward moments afterwards, and Adam still got some amusement from her own embarrassment when she felt compelled to show off her luscious body in hot dresses and office wear, but in the end she had become a wholly devoted and submissive wife, one who eagerly pleased and pleased her husband each morning, night, and sometimes during a quick coffee break. Michelle often teased him in a tight pencil skirt and even tighter blouse. It didn’t hurt that she was his

personal secretary, or that his office now had a lot of sound proofing. A lot of company men were damn jealous, to say the least. Adam was just joyful that everything had worked out *and* he had a sexy, loving wife who was practically obsessed with taking his cock each day. The fact that she was damn good organising appointments and running numbers for him was also a side benefit; it turns out that when you took the jackass out of Mason Loughy, she could make a damn fine businesswoman. Not that she wanted to do anything but support her husband's career now, naturally.

Of course, it was quite the scandal and source of amusement for many when the news came out, something that made her even more red-cheeked, but in the end she was still a Loughy deep down. When someone tried to make a joke about her or mock her new status, she simply leaned forward, showing off her divine breasts and perfect figure, and smirked.

"I'll have you know I'm a board member's wife," she would pur. "Would you like to take this up with my husband? Or shall I get out my claws?"

Yes, she could still certainly throw some authority around, in the office and in the bedroom.

Adam didn't mind that one bit.

The End