

Office Ladies (TG RC Bimbo)

By FoxFace

Commission for Halima Abdi

Robert 'Bob' Carter is a grumpy mid-fifties man utterly stuck in his ways and refusing to change his sour temperament. But when he is fired from his job, he becomes desperate, taking an usual job position in Japan that promise a 'Big Change.' On arrival, Bob is horrified to learn that this insurance company has the technology to turn him into a compliant, sexy Japanese woman in her early twenties, stuck in a one year contract. Worse, as she learns to adjust to her new life, she learns of others who have been changed, and just how far the mental changes can go . . .

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"What do you mean, I'm being fired?"

His manager, an annoying shit of a Millennial named Carson or somesuch, leaned forward across the desk. He was a good foot taller than Bob, and it irritated him more than he cared to admit.

"Look, Robert, it's not personal, I -"

"I don't go by Robert, I go by Bob. What happened to calling people by the pronouns they want, huh? Aren't you Millennials all over that?"

Carson sighed, and Bob couldn't help but curl his lip in annoyance, crossing his arms over his chest to emphasise his outrage.

"Look Rob- Bob, this is exactly why we can't keep you here. Between the constant mocking of younger workers, as well as your treatment of women-"

"What do you mean 'my treatment of women'? I treat them just fine, thank you very much! Just because they don't like a good compliment doesn't mean that I'm some sexist. A woman should learn to appreciate when *she's* appreciated."

Carson took a deep breath as he pinched the bridge of his nose. "Bob, that may have flown in your day, but these days that's considered sexual harrassment. Big time. Bob, you told Miss Weathers that she had, and I quote, 'an ass you could bounce a quarter off of.'" Bob raised his hands in irritation. "What? She did!"

"You also told Miss Lee that her 'side profile gave all the men in the office a morale boost.'

Again, that is an utter violation of our gender equality guidelines. And this isn't even covering the rude comments you have made in the hearing range of customers, the fact that you threw Mr Harris' lunch out because it was, and I quote again, 'commie vegetarian

bullshit.' You have made a number of rather political statements about our office diversity as well, Bob. Poor Miss Chin was in tears about your comment to her, which was especially awful given her pregnancy."

"Oh, for fuck's sake! I call 'em like I see 'em. I don't know what's wrong with the world these days, or you Millennial types. Back in my day, comments like this were nothing but a-" "But that's just it," Carson said, steadying his gaze upon the older man, "we aren't in 'your day' anymore, and thank God for that. Let them never come in. You're in a more progressive and diverse world, and you can either adjust to it and embrace it, or you can be left behind. Good day, *Robert*. There's the door."

Bob stood, placing his hairy knuckles on his hips, which were a little overly-wide from his poor diet. "You can't fire me, you little shit. I damn well *quit*. I'm going somewhere where I'm appreciated."

He gave a disregarding sound, and turned to leave, head held high. Carson didn't say another word, the little shit, but his silent disregard made Bob all the angrier. He squeezed his fists tight as he began to pack away the remainder of his things. He had to watch himself, he knew. The docs had warned him several times about his blood pressure, especially since his weight was considered a comorbidity. He adjusted his glasses, checked his moustache in the mirror. It was light grey, much like his hair, and his sagging red cheeks made him look a little comical. It was another perpetual annoyance to him that his looks were no longer taken seriously. Sure, he was a little unhealthy, but at least he wasn't like those vegan freaks or gym nuts who were all hippies. Better to be a little tubby and traditional by far.

"Should have left this dump a long time ago," he said to himself as he adjusted his tie. "Any of the other insurance places will take me. Hell, they're probably desperate for someone good enough to be *fired* from a place this sensitive and weak."

In fact, they were not. Over the next three months, Bob was rejected by every major insurance company in Philadelphia, as well as numerous other cities. He was getting so desperate that he was applying for places outside the state, even in 'hippie California' as he liked to call it. He was called everything from an 'unrepentant sexist' to a 'an obsolete fossil', and - in the most angering incident - a hiring manager had the unmitigated *gall* to have him escorted from the building, after a comment he made about the man's secretary possessing a nice pair of "double-D degrees' as qualifications, causing her to startle.

Things were getting desperate. It wasn't his fault, he knew that well. Somehow, beneath his

nose, things had gotten worse than he'd thought. Women were wearing damned yoga pants and crop tops and men were expected not to stare! There were news announcements about fucking 'diversity quotas', even for NASA's space program, for Chrissakes! And to top it all off, apparently the border was flung well open; everywhere he went, it was as if it was impossible to find an office with what he described as that 'old timey' vibe.

"Racist," is what his ex-wife would say, but she was an ex-wife for a reason. Still, the times had moved on, and no matter how loudly he protested and tried to find some office sanctuary to accept him, he was continually turned away. Meanwhile, his rent was becoming ever harder to meet, his bills were mounting, and he had a shoe that was months overdue for a fix but he didn't want to waste money that was needed for his fast food habits. He was fast reaching the point of despair, at the state of not just his life and his lack of savings, but of America itself.

And then, like a gift from heaven above, a piece of mail arrived. Mail! Not the impersonal nature of these damned emails, but old fashioned paper and print. It captured his attention amidst the pile of bills, because it was from Japan, a country he had always admired. After all, everyone knew Japan kept its borders tight, kept traditional values for men and women, and didn't both with all this 'woke' crap. As he read the letter within, he began to grin. It was a job offer, directed specifically to him, from an insurance company offering solid pay for a one-year contract.

Changing Japan, it read. *The new program aimed at revolutionising insurance policy for the new age, by drawing on the traditional values of our lost past. We call on those who have difficulty navigating the tricky ground of modern society to come to our office and become part of our home staff, and show the rest of the world that so-called 'old-timey' values are worth more than they think!*

Within were further details, including a free ticket to Tokyo, and a copy of the contract. Bob grinned.

"Well, well. If America is lost, then I guess it's up to Japan to lead the way. And I'll be there, leading them. Gee, I wonder if they still have any of those good-looking geisha girls . . ."

"Welcome to Japan," Mr Hoshi said through his translator, bowing slightly to Bob. "And welcome to the wonderful office of *Kantan Insurance*."

Bob gave an uncertain bow back as he took in the office. He'd arrived the day before

yesterday, and had spent his time arguing with a hotel service that somehow didn't speak proper English, and resting away his jet lag. But when a private limo was sent to pick him up, his spirits had raised considerably, especially when he was escorted into the building by

a very lovely young woman with willow looks named Yua. She was gorgeously exotic, and he complimented her just so. She blushed, saying "Arigato Gozaimasu."

"That's more like it, he'd said to himself. And now he was before the man who was to be his manager.

"We are so glad you signed the contract," Hoshi communicated. "Are you ready to start today?"

"More than ready," Bob said with a grin. "Us adults have to show the kids what real work is, right?"

Hoshi laughed. He was also obviously in his early fifties, though his grey hair was better kept, and his figure slim. But he had a grey moustache that matched Bob's own in style. Bob took that as a sign, particularly when Hoshi led him through the office, which was hard working and male dominated. Men were allowed to smoke, and even suck out to the local bar during breaks, and the women were all in support positions. And my my, they were *lovely*.

Yua of course was a pretty thing, with her long black hair and classical demureness. She was Hoshi's secretary, apparently. But Bob also took in another sexy beauty named Sakura, an ample-chested junior accountant in a tight white blouse and pencil skirt, delivering coffee for the boys. She blushed angrily when one of them groped her, but simply brushed her short bob of black hair and moved away, giving a fantastic look at her rounded ass in a pencil skirt.

"We have wonderful women working in the office," Hoshi said.

"I can see. Much more attractive than back home!"

The translator communicated this, and Hoshi nodded sagely. "It is crucial to keep men's morale up. Also the women here are all on short-term contracts, as when they get married it is time to focus on other things. Tradition is important here."

"I can tell I'm gonna like this place."

Hoshi chuckled, said something that wasn't translated, before pulling aside another woman, introducing her as Hiromu, their longest-serving female employee at nine years. She looked to be almost thirty, but then that was old for a single woman round these parts, wasn't it?

"Hiromi is a dedicated insurance agent dealing with female clientele. Hiromi, meet Robert, you may be dealing with him soon."

She was tall, with an almost maternal beauty to her, her features impassive, her poise elegant. In another life, she could have been the one instructing geishas, Bob thought. "Hello Mr Roberts," she said, in a voice that was somewhat motherly, "welcome to *Kantan Insurance*. You should reconsider your contract here. The worksite is not all it seems."

Hoshi barked something at her in Japanese, sending her on her way, but not without a dismissive smack on her ass.

"Ignore her. Women problems."

Bob smirked. "But not a problem for us."

"You will fit in well here, Mr Robert."

"Please, call me Bob."

Another brief discussion, followed by a chuckle with his translator. "Perhaps when we are more . . . accustomed, we shall use another name for you. In the meantime, come. We shall show you the centre of our operation."

Bob followed the men into an executive elevator, and Hoshi selected the highest floor in the building, using a particular key to access it. The manager removed a cigar and lit it, and Bob relished the smell. He'd have to get some of his own. The elevator doors opened, and he was led through two security checkpoints into a strange white room dominated by a bizarre device in the centre. It was made of silvery metal, and had a hollow space in the middle with a chair that was slightly too large. It looked almost alien, with strange, slowly shifting lights along its smooth surface.

"First, a medical check up," Hoshi explained through his translator. "Please sit in the chair for us."

There were two other figures in the room, both male, and both in what looked like HAZMAT suits.

"Um, is this necessary?"

"Just a quick check over, Mr Robert, to ensure you can adjust well to our office environment. Afterwards, you can arrive at your workstation and fit right in." Bob shrugged. He stepped forward and sat in the chair, the large silvery bulk of the machine looking around him. Hoshi and the translator left the room, and a control panel of the same silver rose from the floor, which the two men behind fussed over. The machine began to buzz.

"Wow, I knew Japan was high-tec, but this is something else!"

The men didn't reply. Bob gave an awkward smile. He was starting to feel oddly overheated.

"So, uh, is this going to take long? What's this thing actually do?"

The machine hummed, lights growing brighter upon him. He furrowed his brow.

"Hello? Don't any of you speak any English?"

Suddenly the machine whirred to life, projecting strange lights onto his body, and everything began to happen all too fast. There was an immediate tensing and pulling at his flesh. Bob groaned, panicking, his failing heart pounding like a jackhammer in his chest.

"Hey, what the fuck is - Nggnhnnn!"

One of the operators adjusted a dial, causing Bob to squirm in his seat. His insides felt like they were on fire. He clutched his gut, which had developed a heavy pressure on it, and his eyes went wide as it began to reduce in size, flab melting away. He tried to get up, but it was like he was in a rollercoaster ride, pinned by centrifugal force to the seat as his thighs thinned and a soreness and pressure developed in his chest.

"The fuck - aahhh - is h-happening to me?" he stammered, as his genitals began to experience a strange tugging sensation. He writhed in his seat, shifting his shoulders as his barrel-like ribcage thinned, and his waist pulled in. He grunted, feeling like a hundred hands were adjusted and pushing and pulling his body, reshaping it. He gasped as his stomach pressed in, becoming flat, and again when something twisted and formed within him. "What was that? What the everloving fuck was that? UGGH!"

It felt like a new organ forming, shifting aside his intestines to make space. Bob grunted, gripping his body, which was now too small for his own clothes. He felt a pressure in his spine, and to his astonishment, felt his height reducing inch by inch. He had never been a tall man, but average height for a male, but now, vertebrae by vertebrae, he was shrinking.

"N-noooooooooooooooooo!"

Bob briefly stammered, clutching throat, pawing at his Adam's apple which was melting away. His voice had raised a full octave, cracking audibly. Other changes were starting over his head as well; his scalp was itching, and he could feel the hair snaking out of the skin, becoming ever longer. His facial bones shifted uncomfortably, flab reducing, skin tightening, lips puffing up. He looked around, panting in an increasingly soft manner, and realised he could make out his features in the reflective silver surface of the machine. He was looking . . . holy shit, he was starting to look like a woman!

"Nani!?" he cried, and again stuttered. Why had he said that? It was a point of pride that he didn't know a lick of other languages! The shock was accompanied by further tensing of his skin along his torso and arms and legs. To his astonishment, years of age and poor fitness wound back in time, his limbs becoming smooth and supple. A brief, almost feminine yelp, and his body hair retracted, gone entirely. Another shift, another retribution of tissue and fat and muscle. It was like being actively *pumped* with flesh. His ass rounded out, losing

its older sag and taking on a pert, rounded shape. It was like having a cushion suddenly inflate beneath him, only cushion was *part of him*, and worst of all it was further emphasised by his hips, which shuttered outward, bones rearranging in an alien manner to become wider. Shapely. Womanly.

“むりです! Muri desu!” he whined, “this is impossible!”

His voice cracked again. It was undeniably that of a woman’s voice now, and not even a particularly masculine one. And his throat was still changing. He went to grip his hips, which were uncomfortable in his now-tight trousers, even as the legs became far too loose, but an increased pressure in his chest took his attention, even as his hair began to snake over his eyes.

“いいえ! いいえ! No, no, no!”

But it was too late. Even as his face shifted, taking on an ever more delicate structure, even as his ass rounded further to match his wider hips, even as his hands became slender and dainty, the most significant change was happening in his chest. His nipples swelled, visibly throbbing as they became little pink strawberries. He clutched his loose shirt, clamping his palms over them and salivating at their sensitivity. Bob tried to keep it contained, as if simple pressure could fight off the growth of his coming breasts. Instead, he felt in full his breasts expand, rising like baker’s dough to fill his palms, gaining a weight and suppleness so familiar to him, but never upon his own person. He cried out, his voice now a high-pitched whine, as they grew and grew and grew, going from small A-cup titties to respectable B-cups to perfect, ample C’s. They stopped there, and he had to bite his lip to contain a further moan. Already, he was feeling strangely aroused by this nightmare.

It was a feeling matched between his legs. Clutching his breasts with his forearm, shocked by how they were at once pert and soft behind his now tighter shirt, he reached a shaking hand down to where his penis should be. Instead, he felt the last of its numb girth slither between his legs, retracting back in with a manner that elicited yet another moan. Impossibly, it caused him to shiver in pleasure, the arousing sensation only expanded as his new feminine flower developed, a set of feminine lips and vaginal passage now between his thighs.

“Why? Why does it feel so good?” he groaned, and for a moment he was hopeful, able to speak in English again, until he realised he could understand the chatter of the two technicians at the control panel.

“Initiating final racial characteristics and mental commands,” one said. “Sure, not like we know how to stop the last one anyway.”

They were speaking Japanese. And now, so was Bob.

“Stop this! Turn me back!”

“Don’t worry cherry blossom, you’re almost done!”

And with that, a warmth settled over his skin as the machine brightened. Bob looked in awe as his skin darkened slightly, taking on the pale-brown complexion of a Japanese woman. In the silvery surface of the mirror he could see that his reflection was that of a gorgeous native, her hair down past her shoulders, shining brown, and a cute button nose and full lips that went well with her now almond-shaped eyes.

“I’m - I’m a woman. A Japanese woman. What the fuck?”

“Mr Hoshi will be happy, you’re quite the beauty,” a technician said. “And now, you’re going to think like one.”

A final sequence initiated in the machine, and suddenly Bob felt his mind overwhelmed by new neural connections, thought patterns, and mental commands. He groaned deliriously, shaking in his seat yet physically unable to release himself from it. The last thing he thought of before he blacked out was how much better *her* body would look if *she* were in a proper white blouse and pencil skirt.

Kaori woke quickly, as if from a nightmare. She shot up from the floor she was lying on, breathing heavily, her breasts wobbling on her chest. What, *her* breasts? And why was she thinking of herself as Kaori?

“There, there, don’t be alarmed. Take it in.”

A woman with a soft, maternal voice was speaking to her calmly. A hand upon her shoulder. Kaori looked to her right and saw that the woman named Hiromi was at her side, her lips thin with concern as she stared over her patient.

“Where - where am I? What’s happened to me?”

The woman gave a hollow smile. She took Kaori’s hand - that damned name again! - and placed her other hand on Kaori’s back, preventing her from falling backwards. “You are still in *Kantan Insurance*, fourth floor. We were charged with looking over you until you woke, so we could initiate you.”

“Initiate.”

A bittersweet smile. “Yes, into your contract. And, of course, your new life as a woman.”

Kaori shot to her feet, and nearly toppled over again when she felt a wobble of alien flesh upon her chest. She placed her hands over her white shirt, and her eyes went wide. “Steady, steady,” Hiromi repeated. “You’re wearing heels. Don’t worry, you will get used to them. The bra, too. Trust me, it can be irritating, but the support is worth it.” She was

wearing a woman's work dress, complete with white blouse and grey pencil skirt, and leg-hugging pantyhose ending in professional heels. It felt utterly bizarre on her form, and yet simultaneously appropriate.

"Oh my God, it was real. They turned me into a woman. Into some damned . . ." He tried to say something riddled with expletives and terms that soft Millennials would recoil at, but suddenly found himself unable to say them. It was like his mouth just stopped working.

"That is the mental component," Hiromi said, coming to her side.

"What - what is this?"

"The same thing that has happened to each of the women that work here. Mr Hoshi, our boss, has a device. No one knows where it came from, but it was likely around before the company existed. He was simply the one to find it. Somehow, it has the capability to turn anyone into a native Japanese woman, and even alter their mental state, like it has done for you."

Bob/Kaori didn't know how to take this. "That's impossible!"

A shake of the head. "I believed the same as you, nine years ago. If you wish, it may help to see it with your own eyes. Look."

She turned her around and helped her step forward on shaking legs. Normally Bob would have welcomed such a touch from a woman, but he was either too scared or distracted at that moment. A full body mirror had been prepared on the other side of the room for her to see. The former man gasped as she took her new body in.

The woman known apparently as Kaori Tanabe was utterly enticing. She had the pale brown pigmentation of a national Japanese, and the delicate features to match, including what Bob would have considered to be 'exotic' and 'oriental' eyes, terms he had often been harangued for. She had full lips and a cute button nose, and her hair was mid-length, either a dyed or natural brown. She had a cute, almost adorable look to her, and it was matched by her shape, which had a natural hourglass shape, with broad hips that she would have once described as "child-bearing." It outlined her pencil skirt, and her tucked-in shirt made her top outline the curve of her generous breasts, which appeared to have remained at an ample mid-range bust. C-cups, at a guess. Her pantyhose clung to gorgeous, womanly legs, which bounced a little excitedly despite her despair.

"Holy . . . I'm a hot babe!"

A smile. "You are, though that language is not very Japanese. That will change in time, also. You realise you are speaking it right now?"

She nodded, though she was still taking it in. "But this is illegal!"

"Very, I imagine. But who can report it?"

"We can! I'm not spending my year like some broad. This isn't right! I'm talking to

the damn manager. I'll shake him down if I have to!"

"Well, now is your chance. He is just across the office floor now, checking over Sakura's accounts with Yua."

"Then I'll give him a piece of his mind. This is insane. He can't do that to me. I'm a Japanese citizen dammit! I mean, I'm an Amer - Amer - Japanese citizen! Dammit!" Kaori turned, opening the door out, and felt her hair shift over her shoulders. She'd never had hair this long. She felt so different; her centre of balance was lower, settling down in her widened hips, and she now had two very female protrusions from her chest. The heels were awkward on her feet, but not as much as they should have been. It was like she was already half-trained in their use. She felt lithe and energetic, and was shocked at how young she felt. How old was this body she'd been forced into? Thirty? Twenty five? God, forbid, she hoped she wasn't one of those ridiculous Zoomers with their Ticking and Tocking or whatever it was. And, of course, there was a noticeable absence from between her legs that she didn't want to think of. She meant to be a man, dammit! She was Bob! Intellectually she knew this, but it was like unless she focused on it, her thoughts settled back on Kaori.

"Well, let's put a stop to that then," she said to herself, marching directly. Mr Hoshi was smirking as he stood near the junior accountant named Sakura. Kaori - Bob - remembered her from before; she was the sexy Asian woman with tits the size of cantaloupes and an ass to match, with a bob of black hair that stopped just below her ears. She was trying to explain something technical to her boss, but his eyes were locked pretty much entirely on her spectacular chest, and the Bob part of Kaori couldn't blame him. Sakura was a damn fine woman, and she should have been complimented by his looks. As Kaori drew close, Hoshi made an audible remark.

"And you have done so well with your uniform, Sakura. Getting used to our code, though I notice you don't have your name badge in the proper place. Here, let me help you." Sakura bit her lip and leaned back a little as he placed a palm over her prodigious left boob and massaged it slightly. She let out a small groan as he pretended to shift her name tag, but in actuality was clearly groping her. It was the exact kind of thing that Bob had often dreamed about doing, remembering back to the old days when he could do that - but it felt strange to watch it now.

"Mr - ahh - Mr Hoshi, I think it's - mmhm - in the right place now!"

"Just one last adjustment. There."

He gave her breasts a light slap, setting them both jiggling. "Very nice work, Miss Sakura. So glad to see you adjusting well. And your bountiful beauty raises the spirits of the whole office!"

"Yes, Mr Hoshi," she said demurely.

If she hadn't been turned into a woman who couldn't stop thinking of herself as frickin' Kaori, then Bob would have applauded her manner. As it was, she was ready to rip Hoshi's throat out.

"Mr Hoshi!" she called, and the man turned, his secretary Yua shifting and looking with alarm at her incoming approach.

"Kaori, my newest translator! So good to have you!"

"Mr Hoshi, I'm *just so honoured to be here sir!*" Where the hell had that come from? She was preparing to chew him out. She tried again. "I know what you did, *hiring me despite my inexperience*. But I promise you Mr Hoshi, I'm prepared to do everything in my power to *be the best worker possible and make the company money!*"

The man reached out and touched her far too personally on the arm, and he drew closer. She couldn't help but feel his gaze upon her chest - it wasn't nearly as generous as Sakura's beside her, but it was no slouch either. He grinned, leering in a perverse fashion, his eyes dangling down to her wide hips and pantyhose-covered legs

"I'm so glad to hear that, Kaori. In fact, while Hiromi gets you settled, you can work with Sakura, as she'll be assigned to you."

The other woman, who had been passive before Hoshi, gave Kaori/Bob a leer of her own. An angry one.

"That sounds *ridiculously good to me!*" she said, her voice a singsong chirpy Japanese.

"Wonderful," he said, and moved past her. Kaori was just in the middle of processing what went wrong, when she felt a slap against her rounded buttocks. She yelped, and saw that it was Hoshi's doing, his hand retracted as he continued to walk away. Bob himself had done that in his younger years, even past the point when people got all uppity about it. But being on the receiving end, it felt . . . demeaning.

"*Baka!*" Sakura called, "you idiot! Don't you know anything! We can't go against management. The machine makes us all weak little submissive bimbos for the company. And now because you were here, I'm stuck with you. Couldn't say anything, Yua?"

The taller, thin Japanese woman, the one who had a delicate shyness to her, turned red in the cheeks. "I'm sorry - it was all too much. I - I want to have my confidence back. But Mr Hoshi, he's so difficult to fight against!"

Sakura crossed her arms over her breasts. "Aya, you're both new. I've been here a month, and I'm stuck with these big tits and all the guys staring at me. Just you wait, new girl,

they'll stare at you too; you've got the ass and hips in our department, and they like that here. And this giraffe has got the whole 'servile housewife-to-be' shtick going on."

Yua blushed again. "You don't have to say such things. I'm not used to this. I'm not going to let it get to me. I just need - I just need time."

Kaori marveled. "You were turned as well?"

"We *all* were, idiot. I was a Wall Street investor. A freakin' shark! But I made a few bad decisions and needed some quick cashflow, and insurance has good streams. Now I've got to deal with these big bazonkas tenting out every shirt, and half the office makes every excuse to grope them while *I'm* stuck delivering them their damn coffees!"

She crossed her arms under her breasts again, letting them spill over her forearms. "At least I get to stay a bit angry. Apparently Hoshi has a bit of a fetish for girls that are 'resistant.'"

Kaori's heart nearly stopped. "He - he has sex with you?"

"What? *Baka!* No, he just acts like a total perv. He hits on all the girls on our floor, and gets off on the fact that we used to be men. Cops a feel whenever he can; that little smack was just the first taste. Didn't Hiromi tell you any of this?"

Kaori looked back to see that very woman approaching, her manner calm and assured. Several office cubicle heads turned her way. With her long hair and slightly older status, it was clear that she had a sexy Christmas Cake quality; a woman over twenty-five who was as yet unmarried. Kaori had just enough time to register the fact that she somehow knew what the Christmas Cake stereotype was before the other woman spoke.

"Kaori, come. It's time to begin your shift. I can answer your questions later, but for now, I am to prepare you for your duties."

Sakura grinned a little at Kaori before the latter was led away. The former male was beside himself with confusion, and shocked at how strangely submissive he was being. She followed Hiromi through the maze of cubicles, aware of the appreciative stares at the brown-haired woman's body in its professional getup. Hiromi placed her in a cubicle around the corner with a headset, computer, fax machine, and landline phone. Shockingly familiar, despite being thousands of miles away, to his original office in Philly. In front of her was a series of documents that were in need of translating from English to Japanese, and Kaori thanked God that she could still read her true native tongue.

"We will talk afterwards," Hiromi whispered. "Be strong, and get used to it. The first day is the worst."

And with that, Kaori was left to her new duties, a stranger in a strange

land. ***

Bob did not have a good day. He could call himself Bob because he was concentrating, and when he concentrated he was able to think of himself in male pronouns, and by his actual name. Robert 'Bob' Carter, last man standing in an increasingly feminised workspace. So he'd imagined himself. Except now he was the feminised one, and boy was he feeling it.

As Kaori, Bob was charged with translating important documents from English-speaking clientele, including American expats living in Japan. It was long, interminable work, and it never seemed to end. When it did, it was only because he had the briefest of pee breaks - another new experience he did not appreciate, no longer even able to stand up to piss - and a lunch break (vegetarian sushi, practically torture for him yet heaven to his weak new palate). And, of course, when a higher up called him over to translate something or someone in person, when a call couldn't be managed or a visitor to the company needed translation. The worst part was when he was called up before Mr Hoshi on the same damn day he'd been altered, and forced to translate for an American businessman named Jack something-or-rather, and smile sweetly and cheerfully while they both complimented him on his 'attractive demeanour' and 'nice profile.' It churned his stomach and made his new Asian skin crawl to be on the receiving end of comments he'd once given. He had no idea just how bad it felt to be a woman in such a circumstance, especially when he was simply forced to smile and go along with it, including the way Mr Hoshi's eyes fell over his pert behind. The only benefit was that he felt so much more energetic and able, but even that was hindered by his reduced height and sapped strength. And, of course, the constant sexism.

On his first day, he was catcalled, spanked, complimented crudely, gazed at, gawked at, ogled at, perved on, told to smile, instructed to get coffee (Sakura was mad, as that was her job, but didn't she also hate it?) and generally treated like a second-class citizen. It was dehumanising, and he didn't deserve it, damn it! Sure, maybe it was enough to make him reconsider some comments he'd made in the past, but surely he'd never been that bad? A couple of times, something tapped against his pert ass, and he spun around, only to find a disc of folded paper on the ground, followed by the sound of male giggling in several cubicles. Some of the employees were playing a game of who could make Bob's ass 'bounce' the most using paper stars. Bob wanted to scream, to pick up those revolting sex-starved beta males and hurl them across the room, but the machine had done a number on his mind, and all he could do was look awkward, giggle nervously when confronted, and keep on walking.

Of course, Mr Hoshi was by far the worst. While others had their little games, he was

the one to actually grope her outright. He caught her several times that day. Him. Him, that day. He was Bob, after all.

“You’re a very pretty little thing, Kaori. I’m looking forward to having you translate for me personally in the future. I quite like brown-haired women from my country, especially ones who dress professionally, as you do. Say something in English to me.”

“*Thank you sir. You are a good boss,*” she said, rolling on her heels and laughing a little in the presence of his intimidating maleness.

He laughed, placing a hand against her cheek. “Great work! But back to work. We’ve got profits to make, after all. And we work late in Japan, as you’ll find.” And so the day went on, and on, and on, to the point where Kaori - Bob! - gave up on hoping it was all some horrid nightmare. He was, somehow, a weak bimbo-ish woman who was always smiling and practically bouncing along. And it was only at the end of the day, when all the male salarymen had left to go get drunk in their pervy bars, smokes as well, that Bob’s day finally ended.

“Done,” she said, exhaling, “all done, Kaori.”

She slapped her forehead immediately. She’d been doing so well, clinging on to the Bob mantle, and just a second’s lack of thought and she was Kaori again. That stupid science fiction machine. It had him actually applying thought to freaking pronouns, just like the kids these days!

The other women were collecting their things, readying to leave, when Hiromi gathered several of them around, each of whom had interacted with Kaori early on. “C’mon,” she said, “it’s time we explained some things. Sakura, Yua, come with me. I think Kaori would benefit from your presence, since you are the other two newest women.” “Great, just great,” Sakura moaned. Her eyes flicked up to the woman once named Bob, and snarled. “Just keep your eyes off my tits, pervert.”

Kaori felt the merest smidgen of relief. At least she was still attracted to women. In fact, just thinking about stuffing her face between Sakura’s melons was making her feel strangely damp between her legs.

The four women were drinking tea together, circled around a table in the break area. A small number of the remaining male employees were spending far too much time gawking at them, no doubt aided by the fact that the break room only had stools, allowing each of the girls’ asses and hips to be on display for the boys to see.

“This is ridiculous,” Kaori said, putting down the tea. She’d always been a coffee and

gin man when she was, well, a man, but the tea was unexpectedly delicious on her new taste buds. "Why the hell are we women?"

"Because that's what the machine does, stupid!" Sakura said, gesturing irritation. The effect only made her large boobs wobble. A couple of male coworkers gave a quiet cheer. "Shut it, morons!" she called, before sagging in her seat. "Dammit, they're going to grope me again later, and I'll go all submissive again."

"I mean, why are we all chicks? Why not hire Japanese women in the first place?" "Because we are cheaper," Yua said. She spoke quietly, almost embarrassed, as if the mere act of speaking was somehow intruding on someone else's words. "But - the contract said I'd be making-"

"The contract promised a high salary for a *male* worker," Hiromi said, "and specifically gives a much lower figure for a *female* one." The group turned to her. The woman carried a de facto leadership role in the group. "As *Robert Carter*," she said in an accented voice, "you would be enticed to come here, but now as *Kaori Tanabe*, you are, I'm sorry to say, a wage slave. Minimum wage slave. One who is entirely dependent on the company for your new identity, lodgings, and occupational future. And don't think you can fight back, young one. The machine mentally programs you to be a 'good girl' to all the men in the room. No matter how much you hate it, you will smile for them, look pretty for them, serve coffee for them, and let yourself be groped for them. And the worst part is that a part of you will like it." "No way. Oh no. No f-f-freakin' way."

Sakura chuckled. "New girl can't even swear and she thinks she can bring down the man."

It was like the sky was suddenly purple. Kaori tried to contain her heavy breathing. Her body was all wrong. She had *boobs*, for Chrissakes! And not tiny ones, either! And, of course, there was a distinct freakin' absence between her legs. *His* legs. The most humiliating loss of all, and the worst part was that it felt both wrong and entirely right at the same time, like his/her Bob and Kaori self were duking it out inside his/her head. Damn! There was no way she could be stuck as a damned office chick, right? "We could go to the police, or further up the chain!"

"Do you really think the company isn't aware of the machine?" Hiromi asked. Her voice was iron, her gaze steel. "*Kantan Insurance* is run by cheap, misogynistic dinosaurs who see the salaryman life as the highest calling. They don't view the women in their own lives as having the same value, let alone us. Take it from someone who has been here a while, kid, this is you for the next year."

Tears brimmed in Kaori's eyes. It was humiliating. She didn't cry! Bob never did! He was tough as nails, or at least he thought he was. But now all these sensitive female hormones

were flooding her body. Yua handed her a tissue, smiling wanly. Kaori took it, wiped her eyes. "Damn it! I was a man. My name was Bob. I was white! I was fifty years old. I've spent all my years working my butt off even when the wussy generation took over, and this is what I get? Stuck as the 'cheery chick' translator of some foreign office?" Sakura rolled her eyes, and gestured to her well-endowed form.

"You think *you* have it bad, brown-hair? My name was Blake, and I was headed for the top of the world. I had shares in all the markets. Not just your big industries, but crypto too. I had hot babes clamouring for me, or at least I would have, if my *partner* hadn't swindled me with bad investments. At least you just have nice hips, I'm stuck with these huge boobies, and I'm even shorter than you! Try being a Japanese woman with big tits. It's like being a damn unicorn to these pervs. And they're damn sensitive too, which is the worst part. Just once I'd like to punch Hoshi in the face instead of letting him bump into my boobs 'on accident.'"

Sakura frowned, taking another sip of her tea and munching on a cracker. One of the male coworkers waved at her as he got up to leave, the last of the bunch, and she rolled her eyes and waved back automatically, inadvertently sticking out her chest. "I can't help but do that either, when they pay attention to me."

"I also have it not so great," Yua said, her voice barely audible. As usual, her gaze was downcast. "I was a construction worker. I was *black*. A proud *black man*. But I was cheated out of my savings by a scam investor, and had to take a job in Japan. I was so confident, and now I find myself so submissive, even alone. It's like I want to do things to make other people happy. I know how to make so many things in construction, but just the thought of doing it makes me nervous."

Sakura placed her hand over Yua's in an unexpected show of compassion. "It's alright, Yua. We'll figure it out. You'll be good."

"Thank you, Sakura. You are a good friend . . . now."

Kaori felt like she was missing something, until Hiromi leaned forward to explain. "These two knew each other in their past lives, so they tell me."

"Yeah, I was the investor that lost all her - his - money."

Kaori whistled. "And now you two are friends?"

"I *want* to hate her guts," Yua said, "and I should. But the machine, it changes our personalities, or at least compels us to feel in certain ways. I know I should hate her, but the machine makes me want to be friends with her."

"Same for me," Sakura sighed, drinking more tea. "I viewed Jared here as a little insect to boost my income when I was Blake, but now I just want to protect her. She's like the little sister of the office. It's weird as hell."

“You’ll get used to it,” Hiromi said.

It was true, already Kaori felt a little protective towards Yua, just as she felt a little servile to Hiromi, as if she was the natural head of the women’s pecking order. As for Sakura, she didn’t like her much, but those breasts, those big juicy breasts . . . “Hey, eyes up here new girl.”

Kaori looked up to an expectant Sakura’s eyes, which were already rolling again. She had the distinct impression that in just a month the former investor was used to everyone failing to meet her eyes.

“What’s your story, then?”

Kaori told the tale. No, Bob told it. She was able to slip back into his way of thinking. It wasn’t like he had two personalities, after all. It was more like little adjustments had been made, enough that it redirected his word choices and feelings like rivers, damming them where appropriate. But still, he was able to muster his own male self enough to pass on the story.

“Wow, you sound like Mr Hoshi,” Sakura said when they finished.

“I do not! I was not!”

“What do you think, Yua?”

The woman said nothing, just held her own arm and blushed, which was an indictment of its own.

“Shit,” managed. Swearing didn’t come naturally to her now, but she could still manage lesser cussing. “Okay, so I’m a little like him. But there’s nothing wrong with appreciating a beautiful woman in the office, so long as-”

“So long as she is into it?” Hiromi asked. “Did you *feel* into it today, Tanabe Kaori?” She didn’t know what to say. Neither did her Bob thoughts.

“I thought as much,” their leader said, before rising. “Sakura and Yua will take you home to your apartment Kaori, and help you with the trains. Tomorrow will be easier. You have a whole year to perhaps recognise that this could be karma for you.”

“Wait,” Sakura said, as they began to stand. “Hiromi, you didn’t speak before. Why are you still here after nine years, if this is just a one year contract? What’s *your* story?” Hiromi turned, half through the doorway, and gave a wan smile.

“One day, I will tell it to you.”

The late-twenties woman smiled with a seeming wisdom beyond her years, and walked out of the room.

“C’mon then, let’s help the new chick. C’mon Miss Tanabe. Let’s show you your accommodations, right Yua?”

The willowy woman nodded silently, clasping her hands before her and walking

behind them. Bob, Kaori, whatever he or she was, walked with them, exhausted from the long day.

Just three hundred and sixty four to go.

The next three months did not so much pass in a blur as feel like a hurricane. Kaori had to adapt, and adapt fast. As a translator who occasionally worked in public relations, her time at her cubicle was unpredictable; some days she was whisked to board meetings and business dinners, and even asked to dress up in a work-appropriate but attractive dress when Mr Hoshi took major clients or foreign partners out to expensive restaurants. Those were the most demeaning times, especially when it came to the blue gown dress that showed off a line of cleavage and hugged her hips a little *too* snugly. The only thing she could say for the experience was that it gave her plenty of chances to get to know the corporate headquarters and affiliate buildings, and her job required her to travel to numerous floors and get to know other denizens, many of them also transformed former-men.

Her 'Bob thoughts', as she often thought of them, were constantly focused on finding some way to get back to the machine, but even if she did reach it, what would she do about it? According to Hiromi, even Mr Hoshi didn't really know how to run it; he'd simply come into possession of it when the building was renovated, and had no idea of its origins. The man used it to churn out beautiful Japanese workers, cut from similar moulds, and each submissive to authority and willing to be subjugated to a chauvinistic work environment. Kaori didn't even know if there was a way to go back, but she refused to believe it was impossible. She deserved to have her manhood back. If it meant maybe making less fun of those vegan 'diversity' types in California and New York, and all them damn quotas back in Philly, then he was willing to do it. Hell, he'd maybe even watch his mouth if a girl was wearing something a bit showy round the office. But he was going to go back to being Bob Carter. She had to. He had to.

Unfortunately, three months was only a fourth of the way there, and Kaori was getting worn down. The way the company did things was strange enough. Bob had always been old-fashioned, but even he knew some of the policies at *Kantan Insurance* made no sense. Fax machines? Work hours that sometimes reached 7pm? A permission process to use the damned printers? Hell, back in the States they'd figured out ages ago that timing piss breaks was about the most enraging thing management could do: a man deserved to secretly read the newspaper while taking a squat, and if had been just the *tiniest* bit sexist, he'd have fought for the same rights for females. Hell, he'd had an ex-wife, women needed more time

on the porcelain throne, any idiot knew that.

"Don't criticise it," Hiromi advised. "It's the company, it's the way they do things. They'd rather skimp on paying their employees living wages, force them to work longer hours, than update their systems. Believe me, I've tried."

Kaori sighed, and went back to work.

Of course, it wasn't just work that had so radically changed, the meagre hours outside of it were alien to her male past experience as well. Her apartment was teensy, with a fold-down bed that effectively obscured the entire floor. What food her poor salary could buy was essentially restricted to the cheap vegetarian sushis, a fact that absolutely rankled her. She was literally addicted to eating those damned delicious veggie seaweed rolls and it made her somehow feel more emasculated at times than literally lacking a penis.

Of course, lacking a penis brought its own temptations. Bob had never been the most . . . chaste of men, even when married. The allure of having a pert set of breasts and soft pussy between his legs was a draw indeed, and it was more of an act of spite that made him last until the end of the week before the desire to masturbate grew too big.

Sakura was on his mind when he slid his finger - her fingers - down to her soft lower lips. Something about that woman's huge tits, the way they constantly wobbled in her tight tops, and how she puffed out her impressive chest whenever she got angry - it was enough to seriously turn Kaori on. She imagined what it be like to grope and squeeze those rounded globes herself, suck and lick the other woman's nipples, to press their forms together and feel each other's womanhood. She gasped as her tunnel became slick with juices, wet with anticipation as she fingered her sensitive clit. She imagined it was Sakura's fingers doing the work, and despite her initial hesitation the ecstasy rose, making it easy to ignore how female she waa being. Her nipples hardened, and she rubbed them with her other hand, still visualising the cranky, rude, angry, and downright sexy Sakura behind the action. The pleasure built and built and built until she was gasping in a soft, pleading voice. "Sakura, Sakura, yes Sakura YES!"

Her body erupted into orgasm, several in fact. It was utterly distant from the feeling of ejaculation, and yet it felt perfect to her. Far better than the pump-and-done experience of a man, and the Bob side of her couldn't even deny it.

From that day onwards, Kaori found her horniness only increasing. She tried to keep it a one-time thing, then a two-time thing, and so on. She was a man, dammit, a creature of iron will! She could resist becoming some horny brunette Asian bimbo, couldn't he? But try as he might, Bob would always fail; Kaori's body was just too damn horny, and over the first three months seemed to only get needier.

It was at the end of the third month that Kaori discovered that she was not alone in her bodily needs. She had just been grabbed on the ass by Mr Hoshi for the second time that day, and been pestered with questions about 'when are you planning on having children?', as if her body being able to get knocked up was something she wanted to be confronting right now. Several times, she had made suggestions for how to improve company performance, only to be talked over, ignored, or had her own skill set explained *back to her*. Was this the 'mansplaining' all the feminist types had been complaining about? If so, perhaps Bob owed some small apologies.

Regardless, she fled to a closet space on the third floor that she often used as a quiet space - she refused to accept that it was a 'safe space' after railing against them as a man. She checked that no one was looking - the closet was in an infrequently used hallway - and opened the door and slipped inside. Right where Yua was whimpering with pleasure as Hiromi licked her pussy.

Kaori froze. Hiromi froze. Yua whimpered, curling her toys.

"D-don't s-stop, it feels sooo good - ahhhh . . ."

Hiromi's hand was on Yua's slim breasts, stroking the shy woman's nipples, which were swollen and erect with pleasure. Hiromi withdrew, eyeing Kaori. The older woman's chest was bare, and was quite sizable. A shiver of unfamiliar jealousy coursed through her as she realised that Hiromi was 'bigger' than her. Another part of her was turned on by the lesbian sexfest before her. It was the kind of thing Bob had secretly watched online when he'd been a man.

"Unless you want to join in, I suggest you leave us," Hiromi said.

Yua was too ashamed or embarrassed to talk; she looked like she was on the edge of orgasm.

"Mhhhm," was all she managed.

Kaori shuffled backwards and closed the door, shocked, embarrassed, and aroused. Had Hiromi spoken jokingly, or was that a serious offer? She shook it off. Having sex with a woman was a man's job, and right now *he* wasn't a man.

Kaori tried the basement floors, where the archives were kept. As a translator she had a lot of access. The image of lesbian pleasure was still firmly implanted in her mind when she stumbled into the dark privacy of the archives. Even Bob would have recognised this stuff needed digitising. Finally, she had privacy. Her nipples were still stiff from arousal, her panties a little damp, and she considered pleasuring herself in private when a familiar

voice echoed from deeper in the archives.

"Bad enough I'm stuck as Hoshi's dinner date with the company execs tonight, I also have to sort these paper files . . . BY HAND!"

Kaori approached around the corner where Sakura stood. The woman threw half of the documents she held into the air, and growled. "This sucks! Tiny apartment, tiny cubicle, I was meant to be a big shot!"

She turned and saw Kaori, startled a little. Her impressive chest wobbled heavily, and a button pinged off, exposing an alluring line of deep cleavage.

"The hell are you here for?"

"Privacy."

"Same."

"Do you want me to go, or . . ."

She waved a hand, making her boobs jiggle. "No, no, stay. I'll be here a while." "I heard what you said. I know how you feel. I was meant to be earning my retirement," Kaori said, feeling a little sympathetic.

"Yeah, yeah, you're an old timer. You realise my body is a year older than yours now, right? Mitsuda Sakura is twenty one years old. You're only twenty. I guess that makes me your superior, in Japanese culture. Are you gonna call me *senpai*?"

Kaori could only sigh. She was going to offer to help the other woman, but screw her, if it meant she was always going to act like this. She turned and moved to go. "Wait, don't. Damn, these hormones have me acting all crazy. I swear sometimes I don't feel like Blake at all. I'm . . . sorry."

Bob hesitated, his natural grumpiness rising to the surface. But other feelings rose too. It was Kaori that turned around.

"It's fine," she said, swivelling her foot on the ground awkwardly, a little too girl-like for her male self's tastes. "Working here is enough to get to anybody."

"It's a nightmare. Stuck as women, groped and demand, and made to work these stupid hours. *Ku so*. And the system doesn't even make sense, goddamned morons." Kaori was jealous of her co-worker's ability to swear. But despite Sakura's aggression, which she was beginning to suspect was her own compulsion as much as Kaori's cheerfulness, she found herself agreeing with her.

"*Hai!* It's stupid. I may have been an old-fashioned man, but even I started using email instead of fax!"

"Right? It's stupid. What a shit-filled company."

There was an awkward pause.

"You know, I was like them," Kaori said.

“Who?”

“Mr Hoshi and the male staff. The groping, the comments, the . . . well, I guess the old-fashioned stuff.” She gave the awkward grin that was apparently her new trademark. “Yeah? What did you do?”

Sakura’s dark stare was upon her, and she felt nervous. While the bosomy girl was shorter than Kaori, the latter’s new personality enforced a nervous need to keep things light. “Um, well, I always complained about how diverse things were. I was temporarily suspended when my office added a breastfeeding room for my comments about it. I wolf-whistled at the blonde chick they added. She looked pretty good and I let her know. I wasn’t trying to be horrible, I just . . .”

“You just *were*,” Sakura said, that penetrating stare still upon her.

Kaori withered almost as much as Yua. She found she had a new habit as Kaori; she grinned and bit her lip when things were awkward. Suddenly, Sakura relaxed. “I was too,” she said with a sigh, placing a hand on her forehead. “I liked to flirt with all the secretaries, even when they didn’t want it. Hell, I used to hire girls just because they had big boobs. And now I have bigger tits than they ever did.”

She chuckled, and Kaori chuckled with her.

“They are pretty huge. Sugar tits, is what I would’ve called you.”

“Oh yeah?” Sakura said, indicating Kaori’s hips. “Nice birthing hips, I’d say back.” Kaori drew nearer. There was something electric in the air. She could feel it. “I would have joked about your ‘huge tracts of lands’ to all the other guys.”

Sakura stepped forward also. “I love a sexy woman with an ass that won’t quit. She can’t help but show it off.”

They were so close that their lips were almost touching, and their breasts even closer.

Kaori grinned. “I hear those Asian women are all submissive types. They know how a woman should act.”

“I’ll show *you* who’s submissive.”

And then they were kissing. Passionately. Kaori felt intoxicated with lust, and she gripped the shorter woman, caressing her form and tugging at her clothes. Sakura pushed forward, rising on her toes to establish dominance, kissing at Kaori’s neck and causing the former man to moan wildly. Her hands planted on Kaori’s hips, before reaching around to grope her ass.

“Oohhh - that’s good!”

Sakura pressed her against an archive shelf, and several boxes of folders fell comically to the floor as she pinned Kaori down, making the brown-haired woman moan.

Kaori was overcome with pleasure, her entire body becoming horny as hell. Becoming aroused as a man had nothing on this - the blood wasn't flowing to her dick, it was flowing *everywhere*, like her body was an instrument for sex. She looked down, gave an excited giggle at the sight of Sakura's large breasts squishing against her own, piling both women's chests into impressive cleavage.

"You like them, don't you?" Sakura said in a husky voice that oozed sex. "Go on, touch them. Grab them. It's hard to admit but - ahh - they feel so good when they're touched."

Kaori didn't need any further permission. She pushed the other woman around, pinning her instead, and ripped her shirt open, causing more buttons to ping off. Her boobs were even larger and more magnificent in her large black bra than she'd assumed. She grabbed them, flesh pooling around her palms, and squeezed. Sakura let out a long, feminine groan.

"So damn big, but they feel so damn good!"

Kaori felt like Bob again, in a way. After all, here was a busty office girl utterly helpless to his ministrations, cooing in response to his touch. And yet he didn't have a stirring of his cock, but a moistening of *her* pussy, the very thing he coveted as a man. The smell of Sakura's - and her own - dampening openings was intoxicatingly strange. It was like if every time she thought of eating beef, she started smelling of steak.

She was thankfully torn from that thought by Sakura literally tearing at her clothes. They smothered each other in passionate kisses, tongues dancing in each other's mouths, as they pulled off their shirts to reveal their full bras, though Sakura's was largely pulled off already. Their skirts came next, leaving much of their skin exposed, rubbing against the other's, smooth and soft. Their breasts pressed together, and Kaori panted, overcome by the pleasure of her nipples against Sakura's own.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Sakura said, grinning.

"Yes, oohhhh yesss!"

"Then you're going to like this bit, my little office gal."

Sakura reached down and slipped her fingers into Kaori's underwear. Her delicate fingers rubbed at Kaori's throbbing clit. She whimpered, overcome by the unfamiliar yet unbelievable pleasure.

"That's- ahhh - don't stop!"

"Don't get greedy. / want some of that too."

She grabbed Kaori's hand and thrust it down her own black panties, forcing her fingers to rub her feminine mound. The two continued to kiss, to fondle and caress, teasing at each other's most sensitive parts until they each shook, pressed against one another.

Kaori sucked and licked Sakura's large nipples, sticking her face into the woman's massive chest. Sakura, in turn, groped at Kaori's soft ass, causing her to squirm. It was so much better than Mr Hoshi's touch.

"I'm- I'm close!" she stammered.

"M-me too! Let's cum together! Suck my big tits!"

Kaori did so readily, feeling her body so close to orgasm, teetering on the edge of ecstasy and oblivion. In that moment, on that edge, she did not feel like Bob, the skirt chaser and chauvinist, but like Kaori, the gorgeous Japanese brunette who giggled and laughed and loved to please others.

"This - mhmm - is - ahhh - so - ngh - GOOD!"

Her body quaked in orgasm, and Sakura's with it. The two moaned, voices lilting and high, their breasts pressed against one another before Kaori slid down against Sakura, the two upon the floor of the archives, Kaori's face in her lover's cavernous cleavage. The two breathed heavily, two former males lost in female post-coital bliss.

"Mhmm, let's do that again," Kaori managed.

"Let's. So long as you know who's boss," Sakura said, a smirk on her lips. Kaori's eyes widened. For the first time in her life, she found the prospect of being submissive to another not only appealing, but *hot*.

"I think . . . I think I can be okay with that."

Sakura and Kaori continued to meet mid-shift over the next three months, usually on their lunch break. The short, busty woman was a real smokeshow, the kind that would have attracted from Bob the kind of comments he'd have defended as 'just natural from a red-blooded male!' But while Kaori still clung to much of Bob's personality and views, she was starting to realise how ass-backwards she'd been about so much of women, youth, and sex. Sure, a shapely dame in a pencil skirt was always a sight to be appreciated, and did more than enough to lift a man's morale, but to be on the other side of that experience was a humiliating thing. To be demeaned, groped, catcalled, and ordered around just because you're an attractive woman, well, it was unlike what Bob had imagined. He'd always put off complaints by saying that 'girls appreciate a compliment - how often are guys compliments on their looks?', but Mr Hoshi's continual harassment and lecherous gazes made the former man realise how wrong he was. The kids were right; there really was a need to shut down that kind of stuff. It made Kaori ashamed of the person she used to be. And it was why finding solace and solidarity in shared sisterhood was so important.

Kaori and Sakura continued to meet in closets, cupboards, archival rooms, and - when called to take late shifts - on top of the very boardroom meeting table, just to be cheeky. The two had much in common, having fallen far and found themselves thoroughly humiliated, but whereas Sakura was forthright and dark-humoured, Kaori was cheerful and open-minded. And despite their initial hostility, they seemed to bring out something in each other; perhaps a recognition that both had changed their worldview. Mind, Kaori hadn't entirely changed; she certainly liked to ogle Sakura's nice tits, and had more than a little fun coming on to her in the office, when people were out of earshot.

"What a nice outfit, it really outlines your *profile*."

"Yeah, well you have a nice ass I wanna play with."

Yeah, Sakura wasn't exactly subtle, but then neither was Kaori. Remnants of their male lives perhaps.

Of course, Kaori didn't just find sisterhood in her busty lover, but in Hiromi and Yua as well. The former maintained her distance from the group, but nevertheless was their unofficial leader. Hiromi was the initiator for all the girls in the office, and took care of them, seeing to each when the harassment and sexism became too much, and helping them find their feet. She'd done so more than once for Kaori, her damned female hormones making her all the more vulnerable, especially during that revolting time of her month that not even all the bad taste period jokes in the world had prepared her for. Once again, Hiromi was there with pads and cups and tampons, and a selection of advice.

Yua benefited just as much. The poor, stick-thin model of a woman was stuck as Mr Hoshi's secretary, and so she was the subject of his pervy more than any of them. Kaori often saw Hoshi acting just as Bob would have, only even worse, towards Yua. To him, she was a piece of meat, there to be looked at, occasionally hit on, and constantly made to manage his affairs, from his groceries and pet care to fetching him drinks and food whenever he wanted it. The poor woman had it more stressful than anyone, and it was obvious that the proud black construction worker trapped within her was absolutely seething. And so they continued to support one another as best they could, whether extracting one another from uncomfortable situations, volunteering to manage Mr Hoshi on a bad day, or simply being there to listen to one another venting. Bob had always castigated the idea of 'venting'; 'weak commie feel-good bullshit,' he'd called it. But there was something utterly relaxing about being able to simply lay your problems out there for others, and simply have your concerns be *heard*. Why had it taken him being turned into a damned woman to realise it? Hell, even Sakura had come to that conclusion quicker than her.

And so the next three months passed. Kaori would often dream of being Bob again, but as she reached the halfway point of her contract's sentence, it was getting easier to view

herself purely as a woman, particularly since her cheerful personality came so naturally to her now. She would deliver coffees with a grin to the boys, ignoring the way they all stared at her hips and ass as she left. She would attend dinners with Mr Hoshi, interpreting and translating for him, forced to wear feminine dresses that outlined her figure, and to endure comments in both Japanese and English. But while she occasionally bemoaned her lot in life, she was able to find support in the other three women who shared her fate, even if Hiromi still had yet to reveal her own past. She continued to indulge in - and get ever better - at lesbian sex with Sakura, and it was obvious that Yua and Hiromi's own sexual escapades continued, though their affair was much more private. Kaori theories - and this could well be his dirty old man mind again - that Yua was actually a real tiger in the bedroom. But then, in a way, they all were. It was almost like the longer she was a woman, the more horny she became; Kaori masturbated nightly, and her ecstasy was only further intensified. Just like she'd always said when she was Bob; "women want it bad."

Well, she thought that was the case, until one day she woke up and could only remember half her English skills. And that wasn't even the half of it.

"Not good, this is not good! Oh my God what am I going to do?"

"Calm down, Hips," Sakura said, using the nickname that Kaori found simultaneously demeaning and reassuring. The woman hugged her, big breasts squishing against her own ample C's. "Walk me through it. What's happened?"

Kaori giggled nervously, feeling stupid. Feeling like she had made a big, *big* mistake. She looked to Sakura and Yua, the latter of whom was listening silently at the break room table.

"Well, two weeks ago, I felt like my English was getting poorer. I made a dumb translation error, and Mr Hoshi spanked me as 'punishment,' the sick freak. I'd forgotten a word, but as I tried to think of it again and again I failed. The next day, I was making more mistakes, and every time I tried to think of the right translation it was like my mind was soup. Seriously, it felt like being fifty years old on a Friday workday again. I thought maybe I was overstressed, but Mr Hoshi didn't even act like it was unusual when it kept happening, he just moved me to marketing, and said it didn't matter, because there was only six months left on my contract."

Sakura's attention was serious. Yua's eyebrows were high with interest, though she always looked a little surprised.

"Go on," Sakura said. It was like an order. Kaori grinned, linking her fingers together

and shaking her shoulders slightly. She had too much damned energy in this body. “Okay, so it kept getting worse. I barely remember any English now. But the arousal kept going up. I felt like a teen boy again, only, well, a girl. And even in marketing . . . look, I’ve worked in marketing a lot when I was Bob. I know darn well how to work in that space. But now I was feeling hopeless, and all the men were making fun of me, and I was even tearing up more easily. And . . . I was starting to look at them too, in a different way.” Sakura and Yua shared a look, but Kaori continued.

“I was suspicious. And Mr Hoshi hasn’t pulled my access as a translator yet. So I decided to see what I could find about the machine, since I was getting scared. I couldn’t get access to the machine itself, obviously, but I was able to pull files. I had to put them back quickly, but I took photos, and management is too stupid to check our phones. And it shows what the machine is doing to us. Really doing.”

She drew forth her phone, and placed it in Sakura’s hands. Yua looked over her shoulder, intensely interested. There was something changed about them too, Kaori realised. They both were on edge; Sakura was barely even speaking.

“The machine is faulty, and no one’s bothered fixing it because the company doesn’t care about anything except cost efficiency.”

She narrowed her eyes, trying to summon that old Bob confidence.

“The machine’s technology is slowly breaking down our minds and programming. We’re going to turn into dumb horny bimbos, and when the company has wrung its last use out of us, they’ll just turn us out on the street and find someone to replace us.”

Yua gasped, placing a hand over her throat. “Isn’t it bad enough that I’m like this? But, I have been feeling things lately, and I’ve been forgetting how Mr Hoshi likes his coffee.” “Shit,” Sakura said. “And here I thought I was just under pressure. Damn, this is crazy. We have barely a month before we’ll just be coffee girls only, then public sales display girls, then . . . shit. Damn. We have to do something.”

“I don’t know what to do next,” Kaori admitted. “Even doing this much made me feel terrible. Like I was betraying my coworkers. I literally had to learn how to make muffins and give them out yesterday to feel better.”

“So that’s why you did that. Shit. Shit. If I end up a bimbo with tits like these... We need to find someone who knows how to help us.”

“Hiromi knows,” Yua cut in. The other two looked to her, and she looked to the ground, as if she was betraying a trust. “She’s been here *nine years*, and when I talk about being a builder again, she goes silent. *She knows.*”

Hiromi didn't deny the charge. She simply set down her tea, sighed, wiped her eyes with a tissue, and took on a stoic poise that emphasised her authoritative nature. "It is true," she said. "All of it."

A knot formed in Kaori's stomach. The files had revealed there was no known way to turn back the transformees, and she was still reeling from that revelation. Perhaps it was a fate she deserves, but not people like Yua. And maybe not even Sakura. "*BAKA!*" Sakura yelled. "Why didn't you tell us!"

"Yes, we're meant to be a team," Kaori said, feeling injured herself. "You're a mentor, our friend! You helped me so much, and now you backstab us."

"Please," Hiromi said, gesturing for them to sit.

They were at her apartment, having practically barged in thanks to Sakura's heavy handed nature. Yua had led them there; she had prior 'experience' with Hiromi in the apartment. It was lush, well-taken care of, with impressive plants and a neat layout. "I'm not sitting until you explain yourself," Sakura said.

Kaori sat, but didn't stop staring at Hiromi. She tried to project her best 'man glare' - that alpha dominance look she'd cultivated as a white man when he'd dealt with irritating millennials or managers trying to force him to take tolerance seminars. Hiromi gave her best back, but unfortunately for her, Kaori had more lived experience, even if her body was currently younger.

"Very well," she said, taking a seat herself on her plush recliner. "You are right. You all deserve the truth. And the truth is that in less than a month you will be beyond the point of no return, and in three months you will be little more than nymphomaniac street prostitutes who don't even remember the people you used to be."

Sakura coughed. Yua gulped. Kaori though, she kept herself level, pushing away that urge to change the topic and make things happier. It was time for Bob to be involved.

"You traitor," she said. "This place is pretty nice, huh? They pay you the big bucks, don't they? You train us up, keep us comfortable, make us think things are getting better, and then we end up as braindead bimbos in an alleyway somewhere, is that it?"

Hiromi shook her head, gesturing for calm. "No, it is not a money thing. I promise you." "Then what?"

Hiromi sighed, took a sip of her tea, and looked across the room at a distant photo frame. It celebrated her most recent year at *Kantan Insurance*.

"I'm the only one that never became like them, at least not completely. I was the first, did you know? The very first, nine years ago, when Hoshi got the machine working. Like

you, I made friends, until one by one they became lost. Most of my pay goes to supporting them now, but they all work in strip clubs or soaplands. It's the best I can do for them. They don't remember me." She set down the cup. "I can't leave the company, where would I go? And I can't change anything; I tried many times to reach the machine, but I wouldn't even know how to work it. And I can't *do* violence; you all know the machine makes us submissive to authority. We can't take direct action. So, for the last nine years I've been forced to watch this unfold over and over. I resolved myself to do my best to make each new girl comfortable, to have someone to rely on, until their time came to change again. None of them remember me, but I remember them. I remember them all."

The others were silenced.

"Who were you before?" Kaori asked.

Another sip of tea, another long moment of awkward silence. "I was a man named Alexei Petrovski. I was a Russian business executive jailed for embezzling. This was my way out. That's all I know. I still have some of the side effects of the machine, the biggest of which is that I don't remember a single part of my former life. Not a thing. And it's broken down further since; girls used to last two years, now they burn out after nine months."

There was another long, drawn out silence. The Bob part of Kaori's brain *screamed*. Stuck as some horny streetwalker for the rest of her life. The exact kind of person she had mocked as Bob, and lusted after on occasion. Even paid for, on two occasions. She did *not* want that life for herself.

"There has to be some way. I *know* there is! We can figure something out." "There isn't. I have tried to reach the machine before, many times. Security is far too tight, and the closest I got to it . . . they placed me back in it, as a punishment. That's when I lost the last of my male memories."

"Shit," Sakura said, kicking a couch and setting her chest jiggling. "So we're doomed, then?"

"I'm sorry. I truly am." She reached out and caressed Sakura's cheek, which had a hot tear running down it. Hiromi's own eyes were brimming. "I never found a way to save anyone. I couldn't get to the machine in nine years, and neither can you."

Kaori looked to the others, the friends she'd made. It occurred to her that she'd never had friends at work before - actual friends, that was, the kind you knew you could lean on in hard times. As Bob, she thought she'd had good friends, but really they were just other versions of Mr Hoshi; men to comment on the latest piece of T&A in the office. Sakura, her lover, and Yua, with her shy strength, she actually cared what happened to them. "We've got to try," she said. "We have each other, we can do it!"

It was cheesy. Utterly Kaori. But maybe it was better to be her, unless . . . "Then

what was it for?" That was Yua, louder than Kaori had ever heard the fragile waif. She still had tears in her eyes, but her expression was unexpectedly ferocious. She pointed a finger accusingly at Hiromi, blinking through tears. "What we had? Just a phase? Just a little fun while I melted away? What was I to you, senpai?"

Hiromi seemed caught off guard. "You were much more than that, Yua. I knew our time would be short, but-

"But what? You could just forget me? Because I would forget you? I don't want to forget, and I don't want to lose this. I want to fight - even, even if it's hard." Her voice dissipated, her shy manner returning. Hiromi paused, and for the first time Kaori noticed her vulnerability. Or perhaps it was that, having been female for over six months now, she was beginning to be more sensitive to the needs of others. Maybe all that hippie empathy nonsense wasn't a total waste.

"What do you propose?" she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Kaori thought, and for a moment, Hiromi's expression was one of resignation, as if saying, '*See? There's nothing to be done?*' But then she realised where her thoughts had been leading her before.

"It's not about the machine," she said.

"What? The hell it is!" That was Sakura.

"No, it's not. It's about *company policy*. Mr Hoshi has access to the machine because the board has placed him as company manager in the building. Don't you get it? We don't need to secretly access the machine! We just need a new manager willing to do it for us."

All eyes turned back to Hiromi. The woman was gobsmacked. It was obviously an angle she had never considered.

"What? Me?"

"You'd be perfect," Sakura said. "You're already junior manager of the women, and we all like you. Hell, you taught us all how to put on a bra, and I especially needed that!" Hiromi gave another first; she seemed to be flustered.

"But how could I even become manager?"

"Leave that to me," Kaori said. A scheme was forming in her head. She'd have to draw upon all of her former life experience being an asshole to her bosses, of going places where he wasn't supposed to be, acting like a big shot and generally putting people on edge. But she'd also have to do it in a distinctly Kaori way. "I can still access company files as translator. I'll need to pull some that Hoshi won't want me getting."

"I can run interference," Sakura said, thrusting out her chest a little proudly. "I'll pop a few buttons. Also break stuff. Have an argument or two."

"I can also help you," Yua said, looking strangely confident. "I have access to many

of Hoshi's files. I know his safe combination. I've watched him doing it and memorised every turn."

The rest of the group looked at her, dumbfounded.

"What? I used to install safes on some jobs. I know how they work. I was a construction worker, remember?"

Hiromi stepped back to join the group. "If we do this, we do it all. No take backs. I'll organise the rest of the women to ignore us, and keep the rest of the male staff off our backs. There's more than a couple self-respecting men who will be sympathetic to us too; most don't know we used to be men, or even about the machine. I can handle them. But I want to be clear, this could land us in jail, not just on the street."

There was an extended silence.

"Damn it to hell, let's do it," Sakura said.

Yua nodded.

Kaori smiled, and couldn't help herself; she accepted the compulsion to jump on her feet excitedly and envelop the rest in a big hug. "Yes! Thank you! My friends!" Hiromi smiled awkwardly, taken in by the group's demeanour, and Kaori couldn't help but notice Yua take her hand again. It was only a brief sight, because Sakura launched herself at Kaori, and planted a kiss on her lips.

It was another month before the plan was set to go off, and Kaori was more nervous than she'd ever been. To think her biggest problem just nine months ago was complaining about diversity quotas in NASA space programs, and how she was rapidly heading down the mental drain towards Japanese bimbohood. Every day brought further changes; her work tallying sheets and making calls in marketing continued, but she felt herself getting a little more mentally sluggish over the course of the day. Sakura, following their nightly couplings, was experiencing something similar; the junior accountant was struggling with numbers that were effortless a month past. Of course, the fact that their couplings were now nightly was also telling; their sexual needs were growing. Not even Yua was unaffected; in her own shy, demure way, she had taken to stretching in oddly sensual ways, sticking pins in her lips in a cute and seductive manner, and even holding a clipboard against her thin chest while stepping impressively close to male colleagues. Hiromi remained the same, but now that they knew the whole story, her constantly sashaying hips, flirty demeanour with the men, and ready acceptance of Mr Hoshi's groping made all the more sense. She may have kept her mind, but she'd only managed to mask her nympho tendencies, not hold against

them.

So, the race was most certainly on. Kaori had not yet lost her privileges; perhaps they were never going to be rescinded. The company, after all, was so cheap and profit-obsessed that it was actually less efficient for it, and besides, in their minds she was headed for the street in a month or two. She took advantage of this, scouring the archives, the boardrooms, the foreign business accounts, the personnel files, for anything that could give them the edge.

Nothing major turned up; Hoshi kept a tight lip on his actions, and besides, his male employees were largely complicit in the same harassment. Kaori wasn't even certain that all the evidence of sexual harassment would even be enough to get rid of him. It was like the very office environment Bob had always wished for had been inverted, and revealed as the nightmare it truly was. Her investigations were further slowed by the fact that she was increasingly forced to take shelter in a closet and masturbate passionately. Her arousal grew throughout the day, images of Sakura's perfect bust in her mind, even Yua's waifish beauty or Hiromi's dominating presence. More than once, she met Sakura in the archives, and experienced the pleasure of a woman's tongue lapping at her throbbing clit and wet, feminine lips. Out of desperation, she'd even made love to Yua as well, scissoring against her in the archival storage room, the shy woman having somehow managed the audacity to bring a double-vibrator in. She was a continuing surprise, and from then on, Kaori couldn't leave for work in the morning without 'buzzing' herself, gasping as her vaginal muscles clamped down upon the girth of the machine as it filled her, massaged her, brought her to multiple orgasms and left her gasping.

In all that time they had never touched Hoshi's safe. It was the point of no return, and they wanted to explore every avenue left. But time was running out, and it was soon the only option left.

"We have to do it," Sakura said, back at Hiromi's apartment.

Yua was lying back against her 'mistress', as she called her, submissive to the older woman's caresses (though 'older' in Japan was just twenty-nine, a fact that made Kaori's Bob thoughts feel *very old*). Kaori was on the couch, on her back, head resting in Sakura's lap. She had a wonderful view of those pendulous breasts in nothing more than a bra and crop top right before her eyes. It was making her horny.

"I know," Hiromi said. "Yua here has become . . . insatiable."

The shy woman blushed, smiling a little cheekily. She took Hiromi's hand and pulled it down towards her own lap.

"I can't help it. I was pretty active as a man too, you know."

"I can tell. You have . . . stamina."

Kaori couldn't deny the sight was turning her on too. It was hard to focus. "Tomorrow then," she said. "We take back the office from the men - that's a sentence I never thought I'd say."

"Tomorrow," Yua said, gasping a little, nodding in affirmation. Hiromi began to tease between the woman's thighs, right before them, and it was obvious to see the older woman was becoming aroused as well; she was beginning to play with her own breast. It was a deeply sexy sight, and it only made Kaori become wetter between her legs. She needed relief, and her breasts were yearning for attention. She began to breathe more deeply. "God, I'm becoming such a bimbo."

"We all have. Guess we have to embrace it, until we turn back."

Sakura played with Kaori's hair, and the former male shivered in delight, grinning from ear to ear. There was something about being Kaori that made her so much happier; she was quicker to laugh, to smile, and she was certain she'd never been so happy as to bounce with joy as Bob. She was also becoming voracious.

"Perhaps we should . . . celebrate," Hiromi said, making her lover groan in pleasure, hand snaking down her panties, "before we try to take back our lives."

Sakura chuckled. "Hell. Yes."

She grabbed Kaori, pulled her up, Kaori let herself be kissed and caressed by her lover.

She and Sakura were kindred spirits, and right now she wanted them to be *one*. Their tongues joined, and soon the two were moaning, tearing off each other's clothing to leave them naked. Hiromi and Yua were already ahead of them, the older woman holding the secretary and whispering sweet words in her ear as she fingered her sensitive pussy. Soon, the room was a lesbian orgy, three of the women on the verge of bimbohood, and the fourth possessing a libido easily able to match them. Yua and Hiromi shifted and writhed on the floor, grasping at each other's breasts and crying out, particularly the former.

Meanwhile, Kaori giggled and grinned uncontrollably in response to Sakura's more dominating touch, though she in turn pressed her head against those marvellous tits, squeezed them for all they were worth. Her body was electric with ecstasy, on fire with pleasure. Every touch of her feminine nipples sent pulses of bliss through her core, and the feeling of her vagina slickening, squeezing at Sakura's fingers only made her gasp and groan and beg for more.

"S-sooo good! I n-need more! I need you!"

"Damn, you're hot like this Kaori."

"And you are mine, Yua. I will keep you safe."

"Make me yours, mistress!"

Sakura and Kaori rolled to the floor, gasping and groping almost violently, their

passion hot and intense, and they found themselves beside Hiromi and Yua, who were slower and more meticulous in their pleasure. Flesh rubbed against flesh, and tongues upon tongues, and Kaori found her fingers wandering to Yua, even Hiromi, at times. It was the kind of sight she'd once watched in pornos, and yet there was more than just pleasure and need at play; there was a connection to her friends, to her lovers, and particularly to Sakura. "We'll win," she gasped, "I know it!"

"That damned optimism!" Sakura said. "I like it better when you cry out!" She placed her mouth over Kaori's nipples, forming a seal, and flicked her tongue over it, achieving exactly that. The woman who once called herself Bob began to wail, her body seizing as orgasm came closer and closer. The others weren't far behind, four beautiful naked bodies writhing in ecstasy. They teased at their sensitive folds, and soon Kaori and Sakura were locked in a race, both kissing deeply. They pressed their breasts against one another, embracing with one arm each over the other's back as they rubbed each other's pussies, searching for that perfect G-spot. The feeling, the pleasure, built and built and built and build and -

"Oh - Ohhhh - NggggggnhaahhhhhHHHH!"

It was not one scream, or two or even three, but all four of them. Their pleasures overlapped, waves of orgasm flowing through them. No, not waves, Kaori thought. More like rolls of thunder, or harsh gales. She had never felt such intensity. She held onto Sakura for dear life, body shaking, trembling. Sakura's breasts bounced in her face, and it made the joy all the more intense.

It was only after ten minutes that any of them spoke.

"Well, now we *have* to succeed," Sakura said.

Kaori giggled like a girl. Which, she supposed, she was now.

It was a Friday. They'd picked the day because Mr Hoshi was most likely to be more lax, and likely to stay with his drinking buddies in the afternoon before returning. They couldn't simply wait until he was gone to get access to his safe; he always locked his office, and Yua had no

access there. None of them did. Kaori's heart beat with nervousness, fearful of what would happen if they had to confront him directly. It would be game over if it came to that; they were literally programmed to be submissive.

"Nervous?" Sakura asked.

Kaori gave a nervous chuckle.

“Yeah, me too.”

They waited, watching Mr Hoshi’s door. Waiting for him to exit. Yua wasn’t looking at him, but her work was clearly lax today. Hoshi was frustrated, and it made the demure woman all the more frightened.

“Hurry up,” Kaori said to herself. “You old pervert. You stupid chauvinist. You serial harrasser.” It was hard to tell if she was talking to Hoshi or herself. She checked her watch. They didn’t have much time.

The door opened, and Mr Hoshi stepped out, barking orders at Yua.

“Don’t forget to organise my wife’s manicure,” he said. “Also the baseball game for my son - I won’t be able to make it. Call her and sort it out.” He stopped, paused. “Anything wrong, Yua?”

“N-no,” she said, hands shaking.

Hoshi stared at her, and Sakura and Kaori held their breaths from around the corner. “You don’t look good,” he finally said. “Are you on your period?”

“S-something like that.”

The man sighed. “I thought so. You looked too emotional today Yua. Don’t worry, I have the perfect place for you to be transferred to in a month, aha. Now, don’t let anyone into my office. I’ll just be out at a business meeting.”

“No sir.”

He left, and they counted to twenty. Immediately they launched into action. Kaori sprung to Yua, while Sakura made to trail Mr Hoshi as best she could, serving as a distraction. She’d picked out her sexiest bra and tightest shirt for the occasion. Hiromi would be organising the girls and sympathetic men, speaking to each of them to hinder his path back.

Yua let Kaori into the office.

“Are you sure we can do this?” she asked nervously as they entered.

“I’m sure we can,” she said, but she didn’t totally feel it despite her peppy personality. “We just need you to open the safe. Can you do it?”

Yua nodded, and got to work. “It might take a while. I didn’t catch the last number of the new combination.”

Kaori paused. Her blood froze. “You don’t know?”

“I - I can figure it out! I know around where it is.” She was looking anywhere but Kaori’s eyes.

“Fine, do it. We’ve got a lot of time.”

The nervous woman set to work, and Kaori found herself becoming flush with arousal again. Dammit, it was the worst time! But even with the high tension in the air - or perhaps

because of it - she felt a burning need to masturbate, particularly given that Yua was shaking her ass as she tried to sort the safe. She tried to hold off, but her nipples throbbed with need. "D-darn!" she managed. "Are you feeling hot?"

"I - I am! It's the nervousness."

Kaori peaked through the blinds. There was no one.

"Maybe . . . maybe just a quick masturbation."

"But the safe!"

"We'll take turns. Sorry, the darn bimbo brain is taking over."

Kaori sat back in the boss's seat. God, it was too much. All the adrenaline was only intensifying her bimbo brain. She looked to several documents on the table as she began to play with herself, and saw they were total gibberish.

No, not gibberish. *English*. She couldn't understand a word of it now. She tried to think, even as her fingers began to play with her clit, about her life before. She was Bob, she remembered that much, but it rapidly occurred to her that the name of her old workplace was lost. As was her employer's name. Heck, even her old birthdate.

"I'm - oh God! - it must be speeding up! I'm forgetting my old life!"

But the need was too great, and she had to reach for something. An award on Hoshi's desk for Manager of the Year was phallic enough to suffice. She took it, and pulling her skirt down, began to thrust into herself, groaning.

"I've nearly got it," Yua said, "but I n-need that too!"

The other woman was panting. She'd abandoned the safe, and was masturbating also. It was a deeply sexy sight, and made Kaori all the more turned on. It was all falling apart. They'd waited too long. Several more thrusts, and Kaori was nearly over the edge. The pleasure was great, but with each insertion of the makeshift dildo, it was like another memory was erased. She felt like she could go full bimbo any moment. Something about the sheer anxiety of their mission was heightening and quickening her decay. She thought of Sakura.

"N-no. Got to be s-strong!"

She threw it across the room, gasping as she just held off on a possibly literal mind-shattering orgasm. She pulled up her skirt and ran to Yua, pulling her hand up. "Get ahold of yourself! Get the safe open. This arousal, it's messing with our minds!"

Yua nodded, still breathing intensely, but she returned to the safe. The crisis was barely averted when Kaori received a message from Sakura.

'BAD NEWS. HOSHI COMING. LEFT BRIEFCASE. TRYING TO DISTRACT WITH BIG BOOBS.'

"Oh no," Kaori said. "Quick Yua! We need to be quick!"

It was accompanied by Yua opening the safe. "Done! Here are the documents!" Kaori moved like lightning, no time to waste. She spread them over the desk and began pouring her eyes over them, trying to spot anything that could help. Anything that could serve as blackmail. Yua helped, but had less experience. Neither was helped by the sluggish thoughts, the intrusive images of sex that played in Kaori's mind and was obviously on Yua's. She had to push away the damn thoughts that wanted to be a bimbo. She drew upon the obstinance and chauvinism of Bob, the pride that would *never* let himself become a nymphomaniac chick.

"Just - got to do this!"

Another message.

'DID AS MUCH AS I COULD. HE ORDERED ME OUT. COULDN'T DISOBEY. SORRY. HIROMI'S GIRLS ARE DOING WHAT THEY CAN.'

Damn. Fuck damn shit. It was a good sign that Kaori could at least think in swears occasionally, even if it was hard. She poured over company documents, building files, CEO pay schemes, enterprise agreements. There was nothing immediately obvious.

Wait. Enterprise agreements? She checked the document again. It was a goddamned union document - but *Kantan Insurance* didn't have a union. At least, they didn't know they had one. Kaori's eyes widened as she looked over the document.

Guaranteed worker rights

Worker voting power

Chosen representative on council

"Gotcha," she said, and she leapt into the air, punching it.

It was at that moment they heard a woman outside very loudly and deliberately proclaim "Mr Hoshi! How can we help you?"

"Oh no," Yua whimpered.

"Quick, everything back in the safe."

She shoved the enterprise agreement down her top as Yua placed the documents back in the safe and locked it. Kaori did her best to put everything back in place, even wiping the phallic award with the inside of her skirt and depositing it back on the desk. "Let's go!" she whispered.

And then, footsteps. A hand upon the door. A last whispered conversation between Mr Hoshi and someone on the other side. It sounded like Hiromi. One last ditch effort gone to waste.

"Damn it!" Kaori said, cringing. She knew she probably looked cute as hell with the expression, and it said a lot about her degradation into bimbohood that this was her first thought. "We're too late. The second he asks us, we'll be forced to tell him. We've lost. We-"

At that very moment Yua launched herself across the room and pressed her body against Kaori's. She pushed her against the desk, kissing her deeply, and Kaori felt her nipples stiffen in pleasure, her pussy still damp with want. She was practically smothered by the willowy woman, who was currently fondling her C-cup tits.

The door opened, and Kaori heard a gasp.

Followed by a chuckle.

"My my, someone is being naughty."

They both froze, looking to Hoshi with feigned astonishment. The older man teased his moustache and gave a perverted grin.

"Oh, don't stop on my account. Please, go ahead."

"Mr Hoshi, I didn't think-"

"Oh, I just came back for my briefcase. Please, don't stop."

Kaori was about to try to manufacture some excuse, hoping she wouldn't be questioned directly, when Yua slipped her hand up her skirt and placed two fingers in her vagina. She stroked tenderly at her most sensitive places, and Kaori groaned. It was too much, and her body shook in orgasm.

"NNghh - Ooohhhhhhhh s-so n-niiiiice! *Sugoi!*"

Mr Hoshi licked his lips, the very image of a lecherous old man. He waited a moment for Kaori to calm, and it occurred to her that Hoshi was practically a mirror to the man she used to be. She realised in that moment that however much of a bimbo she might end up, however much she might lose herself, she was glad she was not that man anymore. What a waste he was.

"Very enjoyable, girls. But you are breaking company policy. And you are not meant to be in my office. I regret to inform you that I must dock your pay severely for the next two weeks. Yua, you will have to work in the break room. I will find another secretary." He gave a last smirk, revelling in his own cheap company man logic.

"Now, get out. And don't dirty my desk next time. I would prefer to see that on the board room table, if you understand me."

"*Hai!*" both girls responded, shuffling out of the room. They made it down the hall towards Hiromi, who was trying not to look anxious. Sakura too; her breasts were barely managing to be held back in her top, which was missing several buttons.

"Did you find something?" she asked, but Kaori grabbed her, and kissed her deeply first. She couldn't help but bounce to her feet in giddy excitement, wriggling her impressive hips. It wasn't until they parted that she pulled the document out of her bra and unrolled it. "Thanks to Yua, and yourselves - and me - I found everything."

The four of them leaned over. Sakura, former company man that she was,

recognised it quickly. It took further explaining to Yua and Hiromi. But once they understood, they were grinning ear to ear.

Hiromi had insisted they were all present for when Hoshi returned. She had also chosen the most appropriate battleground; the machine room. The silver device that had been outside her belonging for so many years was now in her presence. Kaori bounced her heels, excited, but she wanted this to be Hiromi's moment. Of course, Yua and Sakura were there for the ride too.

The elevator cycled, and it was easy to tell Mr Hoshi was coming due to the tirade of anger that followed him.

"What is this? What the hell are they doing here? What do you mean that protocol has changed? Company orders? I'm the damn manager here! *Baka!*"

He turned the corner and barged into the room, dabbing his forehead with a handkerchief, only to find the front they had presented; Hiromi in a sexy black suit, flanked by the rest of them in their office garb. Sakura, naturally, had opted to show cleavage. Hoshi waved away security, and thrust a finger forwards.

"What is the meaning of this? I demand you leave this room at once!"

"I don't think so," Hiromi said, grinning. It was infectious, and Kaori couldn't help but give a little giggle. "After all, only the *manager* has the right to be here." "I *am* the manager. What game is this?"

"Kaori? Would you like to explain?"

She stepped forward, trying not to laugh right in Hoshi's face as she recited the words of the enterprise agreement they had photocopied and disseminated to every female worker just a few days before.

"Ahem, *Article Four, Subsection Six, Regarding the Granting of Worker's Union Rights. Kantan Enterprises must accept a manager of the Tokyo Enterprise Branch formed by the expressed approval of the local union group by majority vote.*"

A vein looked about to pop on Hoshi's head. He breathed heavily, like an animal. "What is this? I've never heard of this!"

"Oh but you have, you disgusting pervert. You and your chauvinist pigs you elevated to power. You illegally hid this information from the workers so you could use the machine as you wished, and the company turned a blind eye because you were making them money."

That was Sakura, practically snarling. Kaori's heart fluttered. She adored her lover's aggression. Something in it reminded her of herself, strangely.

“Even if you could prove that, it means nothing.”

“It means everything,” Hiromi continued. “Because with this information discovered, we disseminated it to the workers of this branch. Well, the workers who might be interested. Surprisingly, *most were female*, would you believe it?”

Never mind, *now* Hoshi looked like a vein was about to explode. His face was turning red as a tomato. His fists were shaking.

“We took a vote,” Hiromi continued, stepping forward. She was shorter than Hoshi, but at that moment, she was a titan against an ant.

“You lost,” Yua added, barely a whisper, but enough to make Hoshi grit his teeth.

“You’re looking at the new manager,” Kaori said, gesturing to Hiromi.

Hoshi trembled. “You forget, I’m in control. The machine makes you servile to *me*.” “No, it makes us servile to *authority*, moron,” Sakura said. She was relishing this. “And you’re not the authority anymore. *She* is.”

“I can still order security to escort you out.”

“Too late. The company board has already acknowledged us. They had to, or face an expensive lawsuit. Besides, I convinced them that repairing the machine will go a long way to saving costs in the long run. You were *too* cheap, Hoshi.”

The old pervert looked at each of them in turn, fuming. Kaori couldn’t help herself. Bob would have muttered something, or chuckled. She, naturally, couldn’t help but cover her face and snort.

“THAT’S IT!” Hoshi screamed. “SECURITY, GET IN HERE!”

Two security guards entered. He didn’t pay attention to their shape, or he would have noticed they had a lot more in the hip and chest than they did before.

“ESCORT THEM OUT OF HERE!”

They moved no further. And that was when he realised.

“Security,” Hiromi ordered, “Mr Hoshi is agitated, and is taking his role in the reshuffle badly.

Please take his security access, and make sure he is comfortable. In fact,” she gestured to the chair within the silver machine, “I know a very comfortable seat right here.”

Hoshi didn’t even struggle as he was led forward. The man looked so bewildered, he almost expected to wake up.

“Don’t worry,” Kaori said, leaning on Sakura’s shoulder, “there’s plenty of perks to womanhood!”

Two Years Later:

“Ohhhh - ahhh - Oh my!”

Kaori tried to spread her thighs wider, but there was a limit to her youthful flexibility. Instead, she simply writhed in pleasure, giggling with each little burst of orgasm, as Sakura flicked her tongue against her sensitive clit.

“There! Right th-there! D-don’t stop, I’m nearly - AAAHHH!!!!”

She squeezed Sakura’s head between her impressive thighs, gripping the other woman’s hair with her hands as she shook her hips, riding out the storm of bliss and ecstasy that came over her. Finally, after what felt like entire minutes, her tense body softened, and she flopped back like jelly upon their bed.

“You like that, didn’t you, Hips?”

“*Hai*,” was all she could manage.

Sakura climbed back on the bed and held Kaori against her. Kaori loved the way her big sensitive pressed were always near her face; Sakura may have been short, but she was always the boss in their bedroom.

The two women were naked, and it was morning. They would have to head to work soon, but in the meantime, there was always the lust. Their soft bodies were pressed close, and they spent some time lovingly stroking one another’s forms.

“Have to get to work soon,” Kaori said.

“Mhm,” Sakura muttered. Her hands fell to grip Kaori’s ass. “But first, why don’t you return the favour? I want you to grab these big heavy tits and make me cum just from playing with them.”

Kaori gave her a high, sweet giggle, and immediately set to work, letting her lover’s large boobs overflow her palms.

“Sure thing, Saki.”

“Terrible nickname.”

“You make me drunk on love.”

“God, no wonder women didn’t like you before - aaaahhh!”

“But you like me now?”

“Oohh - yeah, I do.”

“Good.”

It was the last thing Kaori said before she placed her mouth over Sakura’s large left nipple, and began to suck and lick and stroke her girlfriend to orgasm.

It had been a very busy two years. The first thing Hiromi did upon becoming manager was purge the company of the pervs who had abused their power in harassing the women. After

that, she set to work hiring professionals to study the machine, unlock its secrets, and reverse the bimbofication process on her friends and lover. It was a close thing too; Kaori had tasted the bimbo life, and it was not for her. It was a sharp bit of karma for her old life as Bob, but she was pleased to be redeemed before she fell to unbridled lust and libido.

Still, the effects didn't leave them entirely; she did have a higher libido than she'd started, and Sakura too. Not that either minded, so long as they got their memories back, and were able to control themselves. And while they would always remain a little bit submissive to Hiromi, it was now more like a strong suggestion rather than an outright compulsion.

Of course, there were other sacrifices. The machine was repaired, and its mechanisms further understood and trained into the women. Anyone changed by it could now change back, but for those changed before the fix, it was too late. They were locked into their forms for good. Kaori had expected to be saddened by it. She had been emasculated, turned into an 'exotic' Japanese brunette with wide hips and a submissive side. And yet . . . she didn't.

She was, in fact, quite relieved. And she knew her friends felt the same as well.

Friends. They were more than that, really. After all they had been through, they had become family to her, Sakura especially. Enough that they had moved in together, and after several months of denial on both ends, finally admitted they were girlfriends. It had only taken shopping, eating, dating, living, and romancing one another to realise it. Yua was with Hiromi now, moved in with her 'mistress', and still a personal tiger in the bedroom, from what they had heard. The former construction worker was able to let loose his prouder, more aggressive side in that sphere, and that, apparently, was enough.

And of course, there were other changes at the company, the ones they were most proud of . . .

"You're late," Hiromi said, drinking her coffee. She was in her sexy black suit that outlined her curvy figure.

"Sorry," Kaori said, "we were . . . passionate."

Hiromi rolled her eyes, but it was clear she held them no ill will.

"Go on in, Yua is talking to them. They're ready for your speech, Kaori."

The former male grinned. She kissed Sakura deeply.

"Good luck on the accounts, love."

"Yeah, yeah Hips, I'm not the one giving speeches here. You keep that luck to yourself, honey."

Sakura moved off down the hall, and was clearly revelling in the way her bouncing breasts still caught attention. Kaori liked teasing her for the pride she took in her big H-cup beauties.

“Well, ready?” Hiromi said.

“Ready.”

“Good. You can give them the rundown. I’ll see you at lunch, Technical Specialist Tanabe.”

“See you then, Staff Manager Kaizo.”

Kaori stepped through the doorway, and cringed a little as she saw how nervous Yua was speaking to the many interns awaiting their first day at the company. There were six in all, five men and one woman, and they ranged from dark-skinned to Caucasian, from overweight to buff as all heck. Yua waved an awkward hello, standing next to the silver machine. She scooted over immediately.

“Thank you! I was reaching the limit of my speech making,” she said, still shaking from the adrenaline.

“I’m sorry! Sakura and I - well, anyway. I’m here. You go do secretary stuff, I’ll take over from here.”

Yua sighed in relief, happy to go back to her mistress, how a confident secretary fielding calls and guarding her boss like Cerberus. Kaori moved to the front of the room and addressed the interns-to-be.

“Hello everyone, my name is Kaori Tanabe, I’m the specialist in charge of the machine changes for future employees. My apologies for the lateness. I assure you, *Kantan Insurance* is a relaxed but professional company, as you will find. It’s just that our version of professionalism is . . . different. More enjoyable. I trust you have been given the rundown on the machine?”

The group nodded, understanding her accented English perfectly. She’d had to relearn it entirely, but was so proud of her efforts that she bounced a little on her feet.

“Wonderful! Then I will give my heartfelt congratulations for earning your one-year contract with us at *Kantan Insurance*. In the last three years, we have tripled our profit margins, and are poised to become the most successful insurance firm in Honshu, and one day, we believe, all of Japan. Under the local management of Hiromi Kaizo, we have seen success, and a lot of it is down to the way we have utilised the machine to allow specialists from the world over to adapt to the local setting.

“We are so fortunate to have you, and I look forward to getting to know all of you over the course of this year. For now, do you have any questions?”

“Can you become anyone?” asked the dark-skinned man with the prominent muscles.”

“Only ethnic Japanese people, though we have small developments on that front. We have successfully modified the machine to allow some input of the original body type, ethnicity, and nature of the transformee. So, if you wish sir, you may choose to become a mixed-race Japanese woman with Afro-heritage. You may also change your hair colour, as you may have seen Suzuki earlier with her bright red hair. And your age too; Akari was once twenty years old, but is a Korean-Japanese woman in her mid-forties, for instance.”

“Does it brainwash us?” a worried white man in his forties said.

Kaori nearly did a double-take. The man reminded her of her days as Bob. She hoped this man would get as much from his experiences post-machine as she did.

“It does provide a selection of personalities, yes. You will receive fluency in Japanese language, as well as some proficiency in local skillsets, but you can have your personality adjusted as you please, and re-adjusted, if you are unhappy.”

He seemed reassured by this.

“Are you sure it is not permanent?” an Australian man asked. He was in his mid-thirties, with brown hair like Kaori’s own.

“Not at all!” she beamed. “Once you have completed your contract, you can be reverted back to your original form. All templates are kept within the machine, which is heavily guarded.”

“Um, *can* it be permanent?” he asked, chuckling a little. She detected some hope in his voice, and so she gave an even bigger smile.

“Of course! Should you wish to extend your contract, and you work well, this is within our power as well.”

“I’m looking forward to this,” a woman in the back said with a thick Eastern-European accent.

“So am I,” the dark-skinned man whispered, but loud enough that Kaori could hear. “I can’t wait to be changed. I hope they let me have green hair. And big boobs.”

“Men and their big boobs,” the lady chuckled, “wait till you find out what a fuss they are. I want to have *elegance*.”

“I was thinking of going blonde, but maybe, seeing this lady, I’ll keep my brown hair,” the Australian said. He thought he was quiet, but the unintentional comment made Kaori grin so wide it almost hurt.

“You each have plenty of time to decide,” she said. “For now, I am happy to give you a tour of the local area, including the restaurants, parks, and facilities nearby that you may

enjoy. I have also been given permission to show you the nightclub that is located nearby, that we recommend all patrons visit. It is very appealing, and has a dancer there with a very impressive reputation, and supposedly the most attractive figure this side of Tokyo.” She grinned, thinking of the massive melons on *Miss Hoshi*, not to mention that rounded ass and flexible legs. And those big, puffy, sensual lips.

“Oh, and she *loves* the people at *Kantan Insurance*. You might say she’s just like one of us, though she’d never admit it.”

There was a murmuring of excitement. *Everyone* had heard of Miss Hoshi, the exotic dancer with a deeply lustful side. Supposedly, she had once worked at this very office, though she had left, Hiromi told newcomers, to pursue her ‘overwhelming and deeply-felt desire to *service* others.’ The thought of it still made their group laugh.

But for now, a different group was calling. Kaori led them away from the machine and out of the building, skipping a little in anticipation for the changes to come. She hoped their experiences would bring them as much new life and understanding as it had given her. After all, she’d never go back even if she could.

The End