

## Alternative Ending: CEOphy Wife (Businessman to Trophy Wife TG)

### By FoxFaceStories

When the cruel, bigoted, and money-obsessed CEO Mason Loughy is transformed into the gorgeous and lustful Michelle Loughy by his own pharmaceutical employee Adam Cawthor, the new woman finds her entire perspective changing. In this alternative ending, Michelle maintains her mental faculties, but perhaps this will make her a better person anyway?

### Alternative Ending: CEOphy Wife

Mason Loughy *fumed*. Something was wrong with him, he knew. His face was looking younger, his entire body seemed to be rejuvenating, in fact. The company was looking into such reagents, he himself had had a guiding hand in it, but to his knowledge he had not been exposed to any of it. For God's sake, he had already shut down a damn heretical program by that Adam Cawthor, the one who was a proponent of transexual rights.

The damn pharmaceutical *freak*. He would have fired him were it not for his brilliance and likelihood to gain the company some further quarterly returns.

Now though, he was having to actually *demand* that the man come up to his office. He needed a medical expert, and he needed this issue dealt with *privately*, damn it. It was already bad enough that his nipples were swelling, and that his waist was thinning at an unnaturally fast pace. The fact that his manhood seemed to have shrunk even as his hair had grown out, eliminating that dreaded bald patch, had only heightened his confusion. He didn't want the board to look at him funny; he was a titan among men, and needed them to continue fearing him.

"Damn it, Becky!" he announced into the intercom. "Is that Cawthor here or not!?"

"*S-sending him through now,, sir!*" came her panicking voice.

The door opened, and Adam came in. His eyes were searching. Mason regarded him. He was a surprisingly handsome younger lad. Sure, his hair was plain brown and his rounded, rather egghead-looking glasses were fogging up from his clear nervousness, but there was a clear brilliance to him that made Mason interested in a way he couldn't quite understand. He'd never shown interest in his employees, apart from how rich they could make him.

"Cawthor," he snapped. "I need your medical advice."

"Um, sir, I'm not a doctor. I mean, I have a doctorate, but-"

"But you work in pharmaceuticals, and I know you're dabbling in that ridiculous, utterly *sinful* transgendered stuff. I shut down your serum because we're a *family* company. Beauty products for women and the like is the way, not catering to . . . abominations."

The man's fists tightened. Mason smirked. He liked to turn the screws. He wasn't stupid, he knew that Cawthor had a transgender coworker. Her name was Lilly-May, not that Mason could think of her as a 'she' at all.

"Sir, I don't think you should call them that. My own coworker is a brilliant woman. And she *is* a woman. That's what my work has been about, validating—"

"Yes, yes. Well, we may actually need to restart your work, just for a time."

There was the slightest smile on Adam's face. Had he expected this?

"Is that so, sir?"

"Yes. Because something has happened to me. I don't know if I've been affected by something the company made, but I suspect it originated here, at Indiran Pharmaceuticals. You must keep this secret, or I'll bury you, you understand?"

Adam nodded, understanding. He was intimidated, and another first occurred: Mason felt weirdly bad. The old, gruff CEO had never felt that way. Still, he removed his suit jacket, checked that the room was locked, and then removed his shirt.

"I'm . . . changing," he said, as Adam's eyes widened, even if a little later than expected. "Softening up. I think . . . I think I'm becoming younger. But judging from . . . other developments, I'm worried that more changes are also happening. And I damn well need someone who knows their *shit* to help me, because your entire career will ride on making sure I don't end up a damn *freak*, Cawthor."

The man swallowed, clearly taking this in.

"Well, sir. I must say, I didn't expect you to be so candid about this. Or so, er, on top of all these changes. Hm. Well, I'll need my team. That includes Lilly-May."

"Fine, fine, the *thing* can join us."

"She, sir."

Mason was about to launch into a tirade, but again, there was a strange compassion seeping into him today. Perhaps he just wasn't on top of his game.

"Fine, fine. So long as you determine what's wrong, and figure out how to reverse it. I refuse to be soft. Mason Loughy is *not* soft."

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Mason had his office moved down to Cawthor's floor. The man was a genius, no doubt, a brilliant chemist, but Mason was also impressed by the wider team as he got to know them in the following days. Lilly-May was one of those bizarre 'modern' women who dyed their hair a bright red and kept it short, with stylish glasses and olive skin. The CEO found her repulsive, or at least tried to. Strangely, despite himself, he found her own words far more reassuring

than anyone else's when it came to determining what was happening to his body, which was only losing weight more rapidly, and de-aging at a similar rate.

"Chin up sir!" she told him after a bodily inspection, one which actually involved looking at his nipples and genitals, much to his incredible frustration. "We're closer than ever to figuring out what's wrong with you. The hormonal changes are massively significant, as we've said. Far too much estrogen in your system has been introduced from an outside source."

"I bet *you* know what that's like, hmm?" he said. He'd intended the comment to be surly, but instead it had come across, thanks to his softer voice, as simply playfully snarky.

Lilly-May just snorted in a very unlady-like manner. "Please, far from the first I've heard of that kind of jab. You can do a lot better with that, Mr Loughy. Besides, if I could take what you've got, I would. Your entire system is altering."

"That doesn't exactly help me," he said, sneering.

"Well, complaining won't help you. Trust me, you've got the best team here you can. Plus, we can't exactly try anything other than our best. You're the man who signs the checks, after all."

With that, she winked, leaving the room so he could fully change back in private. To his annoyance, he found himself rather liking the woman. No, she wasn't a woman. She wasn't. Was she?

"Of course not," he muttered to himself, wincing as his sensitive and enlarged nipples rubbed against his white button shirt's material. The flesh piles beneath them, breast-like, only made the sensations more powerful. "She's not a woman anymore than you are, Mason."

Unfortunately, the very next day, he received news that indicated exactly the opposite. It was the Cawthor fellow who delivered it, though Mason was starting to think of him by his first name 'Adam' now that he himself looked to be in his early forties, though a quite androgynous forties they were turning out to be.

"It seems that a combination of your own medicinal intake and outside genetic factors have contributed to form a remarkable new condition," Adam explained. He adjusted his glasses. "It seems you're becoming a woman, Mr Loughy. A much younger one at that."

"Bullshit! You're taking me for a ride, young man, and I won't have it."

"No, I'm telling the truth, sir. Have a look at these charts. Your testosterone is almost entirely gone, and your estrogen levels are enormously high. Moreover, your chromosomes are shifting, your Y chromosomes altering to take on the female double-X configuration. From a genetic standpoint, it's remarkable. You're becoming a full woman."

Mason's mind buzzed with anxiety. So *this* explained his latest weakness: the weird moments of compassion, the extra emotion, the way he was actually *feeling* things, instead

of viewing them coldly. Even his kindness to that Lilly-May, who was treating him so well despite clearly disliking him for shutting down that offensive tranny pill.

“Fix it,” he said.

“We’ll try.”

“You’ll *do*,” he said, trying to sound tough, but very aware of how soft his voice was, and how he had also reduced in height. “I demand it. Do you understand?”

Adam nodded. “Of course. We’ll start some treatments right away, Mr Loughy.”

He left the room, and before the door was even closed, Mason began to cry. It was humiliating. It was revolting. It was weak.

But God, it was cathartic to finally let his emotions out.

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Mason’s body continued to change, despite the assurances of Adam and his team. In fact, for all that Cawthor tried injecting stimulants and hormone cocktails, or to get Mason to ingest further pills from their previous research in the Tiresias Program, the transformation only seemed to accelerate. Mason’s breasts were now out of hiding and showing no signs of stopping. They wobbled and jiggled when he moved quickly, and he was reliably informed by Lilly-May that he was a ‘B-cup’, much to his dismay. His nipples were also more sensitive, but despite recommendations, he refused to wear a bra, just a chestwrap instead. But that didn’t exactly make other changes easy to hide: his shoulders were now far more petite and slim, and his waist had contracted heavily. His penis and testicles were shrinking upwards, it seemed. It was shameful, his impressive manhood had been half the reason for both his marriages and divorces, and now it was melting back up into his body, even as a feminine hood formed around the base of his penis, teasing a future womanhood. His hips were rounding out, and while he was initially pleased not to be so saggy in the backside as his age rejuvenated, now it just meant he was developing quite the peach back there: Lilly-May had clearly enjoyed pointed this out, even with a bit of envy.

“You can have it,” he just grunted.

“Well, I planned to, until you shut down our pill, sir.”

“I’m not having arguments over this. I gave you back your funding, so long as you sorted my damn situation out!”

But the trans woman crossed her arms, clearly not as intimidated by him anymore.

“It sucks having a body that doesn’t match who you are, doesn’t it?”

The question was like a spear hurled straight into his armour, cracking it open. Mason blinked a few times, unsure of what even to say in response to that.

“*That’s* why I’m trying my hardest to get your body back,” Lilly-May replied. “Because I know better than most people what it’s like not to have the body match who you are, deep down. It’s the same for all transfolk. Food for thought, Mr Loughy.”

She had a brief discussion privately with Adam when he entered the lab to inspect Mason, then gave Mason a nod as she left. To his own surprise, the changing man nodded back.

“Any news?” Mason asked Adam.

“Nothing very good, I’m afraid. Actually, I’m here to just mention we need more funding.”

“Granted. But I need results. I have a damn meeting I can’t skip. There are already whispers, goddamnit.”

Adam scratched his chin thoughtfully. Again, Mason found it hard not to stare. Why did the man suddenly look so attractive? He’d been having dreams about Adam lately, dreams that involved him without a shirt and Mason a lot more . . . compromisingly female. He refused to acknowledge these dreams, but even now his nipples were stiffening in his wrap. It was like he could *feel* the changes between his legs speed up in response to it all.

“I think we can do something for you temporarily, Mr Loughy.”

“Please, call me Mason,” he said, unable to help himself, wanting to feel more informal around this man.

“Very well, Mason. I think we can get you fitted with some shoulder pads and a sort of thickened corset of sorts. Make you look more like a man in the presence of the board. It won’t be able to cover everything, but-”

“Good enough! Just make it so!”

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Mason could see the looks of the others on the board as he held the meeting. He normally had them in the power of his hand, but now the sharks were circling the water, smelling blood. The costume Adam had given him had worked for a meeting or two, but his changes were proceeding far too rapidly to hide. Already, his breasts were now full C-cups, and his manhood was small enough that there was a genuine fear of it disappearing within the week! His hips were wider, his figure increasingly possessing an hourglass. His hair was also fuller and longer and luscious, matching an increasingly feminine (and quite beautiful) face. A new pride had come over him, making it harder and harder to ‘roughen’ up and age his face with Lilly-May’s makeup help each day. The changing man now looked to be in his early thirties, perhaps late twenties, and putting on a hoarse voice was increasingly impossible.

“The profits are up, gentlemen,” he said, before nodding to the sole other female member of the group. “And lady, of course. As we’ve discussed, the Tiresias program is back up and running due to unexpected projections putting it as a game changer. Our Tokyo investments will give us the windfall we’d like in the meantime, so shareholders won’t be concerned, especially not with the recent government mandates giving us more possibilities over the stem cell research area. Excitement drives share prices, after all.”

It was a standard speech, but the board’s members clearly weren’t listening much at all. They were staring at *him*. At *her*.

Mason coughed a little, shocked at the thought that had just occurred. Why did he just think of himself as a *her*? Why had that feel natural? He supposed it was natural, in a way, given that he was now more woman than man. He was younger, had far more energy, and his ability to read the emotions of others on the board had increased even if his intimidation factor hadn’t. And yet . . .

“Questions, anyone?”

There was a collection of murmurs and smirks and jokes outside his hearing.

“Johnson, something on your mind?” he asked to the resident shit-stirrer on the board.

“I guess we’re all just wondering what’s happened to you, Mason. Never figured you for plastic surgery, or for a woman’s weakness.”

Rebecca, the only female board member, privately fumed, but the joke got a number of chuckles. Something about it enraged Mason. Something *snapped*. He was sick of feeling weak, and sick of hiding, because that was a weakness too. He was younger now, wasn’t he? Fitter! Healthier! More active! Able to run rings around these oldies, and his mind sharper than ever. And Rebecca had come up from damn nothing, so was being a woman really that weak? Or was it just that he was *feeling* weak?

Well, Mason would have none of that. Female or male, he or she, the CEO was still a damn *alpha* in the boardroom, and wouldn’t be giving up their power any time, especially to a little shit like Johnson.

“I was going to announce this as a major company success at a shareholder meeting, Johnson,” the changing figure said, undoing their suit jacket. “But if you must know, I am currently the company’s major success story for our most profitable creation yet. Adam Cawthor and Lilly-May and their team downstairs have perfected the Tiresias Pill, one that can deal with symptoms of age as well as change one’s gender. And frankly, everyone, I think it’s time a woman was placed in charge of this company, one with a bit more perspective than I had. Naturally, as my term as CEO is not up, I’m still happy for that to be me.”

There were shocks and gasps from the board members as he revealed his form, throwing away the padding to unleash his feminine and quite lovely form. To his surprise, he felt pride in it.

*She* felt pride in it.

Johnson's jaw fell, and she grinned right at him.

And just like *that*, she once more commanded the room. Funny what a bit of confidence and showmanship will do.

"And don't think that I'll be any easier to please," she announced, letting her higher voice come out. "In fact, my expectations for this company have just risen. I've added a few more decades to my tenure, unless anyone has any objections?"

Sometimes boldness was its own intimidation, because nobody did.

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More dreams, more lusts. Mason was aware that she needed a name change. For all that Adam tried to stall her transformation, there was apparently no stopping it. That Friday evening she ended up doubling over against her penthouse suite's bathroom sink, moaning in reluctant pleasure as her manhood finally retreated and her breasts swelled one final time. She breathed heavily, staring at her own reflection. She had become a mid-twenties woman with a beautiful but severe look, with large Double-D breasts and perfect hips. Her vagina was now perfectly formed, and she knew this because following the change a new lust woke within her, and she felt a deep need to test it out.

Mason was not a weakling, of course. Not someone to be trodden upon or ruled by her instincts. She *pushed* for this pleasure, seeking it out and experimenting with herself, rubbing her new clitoris and moaning as she placed her fingers inside her own wet tunnel. The ecstasy that followed was beyond bliss, and as usual the thought scurried up into her mind, that image of Adam on top of her, thrusting into her.

No, that was wrong.

*She* was on top of *him*, gripping his shoulders and bouncing on his lap, taking *her* pleasure as she saw fit. She was still the alpha in this scenario, and it pleased her even more sexually to imagine this.

"Yessss," she moaned to herself. "I can s-still be m-me. Just a female me. Still the one in c-control! Mhmmm!!"

In the aftermath, as she lay panting, having experienced the glory of multiple orgasms, a few things became clear to her. The events of the past few weeks, laid themselves out transparently, and small details began to rack up.

The way Adam had not reacted as surprised as she expected when first seeing her changes.

The way he had secured funding for her pill.

How the treatment he had administered to her was done almost entirely without the presence of other team members, with Lilly-May's far more genuine aid rendered in the form of checkups and monitoring.

The constant reassurances that a cure would be found, even as she became a full woman, in body and spirit. Like a fruit dangled just out of reach . . .

"Oh, that sly, sly devil," she said. And then, despite herself, she actually grinned.

"That's a move worthy of me, Adam Cawthor."

He would have to be punished, of course. Oh, yes. No one fucked over Mason Loughy like that and got away with it.

But what would the punishment be?

A few ideas sprang to mind.

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When the CEO entered the laboratory floor, she was dressed in her new power suit. It was a highly professional blouse and jacket and denim skirt, along with high heels that she had already trained herself in overnight. She knew she cut a very attractive figure, but with her tight bun and severe look and confident stride, she was no doubt also terrifying as hell. People got out of her way quickly, and this made her smirk: even better than old times.

"Mason!" Adam Cawthor said, moving to greet her. Lilly-May was beside him, and she looked to be very surprised at Mason's new appearance and confidence. Of course, she wasn't really Mason anymore.

"That's Michelle now, thank you, Adam," she said brusquely.

"Oh? Are you taking a female name? Because I've done some further research, and-

"Can it, egghead."

Adam spluttered. Lilly-May went wide-eyed. Good, a big opening sally could get quite the attention.

"S-sir?"

"Do you think I'm stupid, Adam? Did you really think I wouldn't figure out your little plot?"

"I don't know what you-"



She put up a finger, and he fell silent again. God, it was cute having such control over him. He was obviously checking out her form, and it was making her sexual urges rise again. She reminded her body to be patient. All things in good time.

“You did this to me. Deliberately. With a modified version of your pill, didn’t you?”

Lilly-May stepped forward. “Mason - Michelle - I can assure you that we would never-”

“I know you wouldn’t, Lilly-May. You’re far too good for that. But Adam here has a secret bad side. A cunning side, don’t you?”

Adam, so normally small and meek, suddenly straightened. It was like a scene out of *Superman*, where Christopher Reeve suddenly stands tall and confident, becoming the Man of Steel. It only made her more impressed by him.

“How did you figure it out?” he said, causing Lilly-May to gasp.

“Adam! You didn’t?”

“He was shutting down our program, Lilly. I had to do something to save it, and to punish him.”

Michelle chuckled. “Ah, but I always come out on top, Adam, though you came very close to toppling me. But I still have my sharp mind, and I could see the clues, and how you kept Lilly here separate from your treatment. You were hastening it, not slowing it.”

“Correct.”

Michelle drew closer, almost pressing her chest against him. She was shorter now, but didn’t mind that so much. She could still project power.

“And now you’ve failed.”

Adam remained still. Would he cave? It would be deeply unattractive if he did.

“It was worth it,” he said.

She cackled. “You’re not wrong! The problem is, I’ve found it worth it, too. In fact, I don’t ever want to go back.”

That clearly surprised them both.

“Wait,” Lilly-May said, “you want to stay a woman?”

“Absolutely. I have a whole new perspective, a whole new lease on life, dear. I’m able to read people better than before, and without that masculine pride I also have new perspectives for profit and change. Besides, it’s given me the realisation that I was very, deeply wrong about something. Lilly-May, I owe you my apologies. The Tiresias Program and its pill are now to be fully funded again. Mason Loughy was an old dinosaur when it came to issues, but Michelle Loughy won’t make the same mistake. If I can get a body that suits me better, then you damn well deserve it too.”

Tears actually formed in her eyes, and Michelle felt nice about it. It was a . . . good feeling.

“Th-thank you,” Lilly said.

“Yes, thank you,” Adam said.

“Well, it’s the only time you’ll ever hear me apologise, so treat the words like gold. And naturally, Lilly-May here will be the head of the program, taking your place, Adam.”

Adam swallowed. “I figured as much. So what is it, a firing? Or will we have the police involved in this? I’ll have you know that you won’t find any proof.”

Michelle smirked. God, this man was sexy when he schemed. He could go far, not that she would let him.

“Very clever, Adam. Very clever indeed. Don’t worry about the law, we don’t want the justice department in on this, not with my brilliant rebranding. But you can’t be unpunished.”

She then surprised him very much by placing her hands over his shoulders, making him freeze.

“Um, what’s happening?”

“Oh, don’t be stupid, Adam, because you’re not. I’ve seen the way you look at me. I’ve seen the lust in your eyes. And to be perfectly frank, I’m a very lustful woman nowadays. Very lustful, and very attracted to you. It’s a weakness, of course, but the only way to master a weakness is to turn it into a strength. So, here’s the deal. You’re going to resign your position and let Lilly have it. And then you’re going to marry me.”

“M-marry!?”

“Naturally. I’ll want a good house husband to run my estates while I continue to drive this company. And trust me, I imagine the sex will be very good. Crazy as it sounds, Adam, I respect you a lot. You nearly got one over me, more than anyone else ever has. And with this new body, I can tell we both have a spark of at least sexual interest. We’ve also discovered we’ve got a lot more in common when it comes to ruthlessness than either of us thought. It just happens that I won this exchange.

“So, here’s the deal: you become my husband. It’ll be a great image for the marketing of the pill and my rebranding. You’ll be instantly rich as well, and have plenty of time for your own private study on whatever you want, after you’ve done your chores. And we get to share a bed whenever I want you.”

She pressed her full chest against him, feeling his hardness against her. God, she wanted to ride him right now, but not in the presence of Lilly-May. The woman was her . . . friend, after all.

“And if you really prove scheming enough, you might even find your way back here at Indiran Pharmaceuticals. You’ll just have to really prove your worth to me, in more ways than one.”

She pressed her lips against his ear.

“You fucked me over, so now it’s my turn, big boy. Do you think you can learn to like it?”

Lilly-May was almost red by this point. “Um, I think I might go.”

“Dismissed,” Michelle said. “We’ll have brunch this Wednesday. My treat. It’s an order.”

“Um, okay. Thanks, er, for the promotion.”

She skipped out, leaving Michelle to play with Adam’s hair. He was quite stoic, as if weighing his options, but she could see the interest in his eyes.

“I’ll find a way back here,” he said.

“I’m counting on it. I don’t marry weaklings.”

“You know, this went very differently to how I imagined it would go, Michelle.”

She chuckled. “You have no idea. But do you really hate it?”

He put his arms further around her, pressing his lips against hers.

“I think I can get used to it, sir.”

“Ma’am.”

“I think I can get used to it, ma’am.”

“Good!” she exclaimed, thrusting something into his hand. It was a ring box. “Now hurry up and propose to me so I can be your fiancée. Then I need you to fuck me up against that wall over there, because I am dying to have you inside me. Then we’ll announce the engagement at noon via a press conference for the pill. Lilly-May will attend that, of course.”

Adam stammered a little, holding the ring box. Michelle simply rolled her eyes, already undoing the buttons of her blouse to reveal her perfect breasts.

“C’mon, man! Hurry up! Chop-chop! Don’t keep your boss waiting!”

It was amusing to watch her future husband fall down on one knee.

Yeah, she still had it.

**The End**