

# Office Politics

By Princess Lil

“So she’s the new one, eh?” Daniel, a sharp dressed executive, asked. He was handsome and quite tall. With his short brown hair, perfectly groomed facial hair, and confident posture, he was the perfect picture of a C-suite executive.

“Yes, sir, that’s Krystal,” a secretary in a slightly too short skirt pointed Krystal out. “I’ve heard she’s quite promising and knows a fair bit about the IT world. She’ll be a great asset.”

“Weird. She looks kind of familiar. I don’t think we’ve met before...” Daniel held his chin and concentrated. “Ah. That’s where I recognize her from. I think I’m going to reintroduce myself,” he grinned. He couldn’t believe his luck. He remembered Krystal, and he remembered her well. He’d have her doing whatever he wanted by the end of the day.

“Hey! Nice to meet you, I’m Daniel,” He wasn’t able to hide his shit-eating grin.

Krystal was a bit of a mess – she wouldn’t fit in with the rest of the executives without a little help and maybe a makeover. Her long brown hair was tucked away in a simple ponytail that ran between her shoulder blades. She was neither short nor tall for a woman, and the suit she wore didn’t quite fit right. She definitely needed to be introduced to a tailor.

All of that could be ignored, but the way her eyes widened when she first looked at Daniel told him everything.

“Hello Mr. Clark, it’s nice to meet you. I’m–”

“Krystal, lovely name you chose. I’m kind of surprised the greasy college boy I remember had such a glow up.”

Krystal froze. The worry was clear on her face.

“Don’t worry, don’t worry. I’m sure, besides me, only some HR person knows. I’m not here to blab about that. Really, I’m happy for you. My cousin came out, and he’s happy as can be. Picked some masculine name and gets more girls than I do these days,” he laughed.

Krystal tried her best to laugh along with him.

“No, you’re going to find out I’m a rather understanding man. I mean, we were roommates together, and I didn’t care about your dates with boys or girls.” He narrowed his eyes. “You remember that, right? Tiffany, I think her name was? Ah, what she did was terrible. All over social media too. Would be horrible if any of that was dragged up, right?”

Krystal's eyes widened. "You wouldn't!"

"I would. You were awkward as hell, and there are a hundred embarrassing stories I know about you. I'm sure you understand where I'm going to go with this, don't you?" Daniel couldn't stop himself from smiling. This was perfect. He needed someone to help him out to get to the top, and he was going to use Krystal for as much as she was worth before feeding her to the sharks.

"You want my support? To back you up at meetings? What?" Krystal grit her teeth. She knew this was going to happen as soon as she saw Daniel. He was ambitious, and he didn't mind crushing anyone to obtain his ambitions even back in college.

"You got the picture. Be a good girl, back me up in meetings, make sure everyone thinks we're great friends – and hey, maybe we can be. Looking at you now, I wouldn't mind treating you to a drink sometime."

"...how about tomorrow night?" Krystal asked. "We can get some drinks tomorrow night and discuss this a little more."

"Sounds great. Maybe I won't even need to think about those stories if you're agreeable enough."

"Then we're on," Krystal smiled.

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## Day 1

"Huh." Daniel looked into the mirror. His beard was patchy. Just last night, it was perfect, but now... Was he losing hair? Shit. He'd have to visit a doctor over this, wouldn't he? Until then, he couldn't go to work like this! He needed to shave it all off and just go in clean shaven. He didn't shed a tear, it was an excuse to go in just a little different and make the work day about him.

He took care of his facial hair before he noticed how soft and smooth his face was. He could barely see the pores. It was almost as if he was wearing concealer. Not that he knew much about makeup.

"I've got to let my secretary feel my face. She's going to love it. If I didn't have drinks with Krystal today, I might just call her for some overtime," he said to himself in the mirror. He didn't see a problem with his behavior in the least. Banging his secretary was just a benefit of the job.

Daniel's day proceeded like any other day, minus people noticing his fresh shaven face. He got a few remarks about looking boyish, but he was a very confident man and could take it. Especially given that every lady was wanting to touch his face.

Well, quite a few. Krystal hardly seemed to notice, and she looked like she was falling apart, just standing in front of her office and reading papers. Having her under his thumb might not be all that useful if she couldn't make it her first week. "You good? Need an energy drink? Why don't I send my secretary out for some food. Yeah. I'll do that."

"No, don't bug her about it, you really don't--"

"I insist. Come on, sit down. You're looming, everyone thinks you're looming."

Krystal relented and stepped inside her office. She put the papers on her desk and sat back with a sigh. "It's not work. It was a one time thing."

"Doing? It doesn't matter, my secretary will bring you something back."

Once again, Krystal relented. "Fine, okay. But I need to get to work. And you look good without facial hair. See you tonight."

"Yeah. Right, tonight."

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"...it doesn't taste right," Daniel prodded his – very expensive – steak with a fork. "Is yours fine? Does your food taste good?" He was dressed in a fine suit, something befitting a place with a name as pretentious as *Art of the Kitchen*, and sat with rigid posture that kept his shoulders back and his chin high.

Krystal picked at her fruit salad. She had made a complete 180 since earlier in the evening. Her hair wasn't tied up in some mundane ponytail but instead gently tressed. She wore a gorgeous, slightly loose black dress with red high heels. "Mine tastes great. And you've already bothered the staff twice about it. If you do it again, I'm leaving."

"...wow, always defensive over the staff. It's their job, you know. The waiters and the cooks don't mind."

"Just trade me if you're going to be a baby about it," Krystal chided.

Daniel looked at his plate before sighing and picking it up, holding it toward Krystal. She took one look at it before hungrily grabbing it. She pushed the fruit salad to the side for Daniel to pick up as he pleased. "It's been so long..." she murmured to herself.

“Did you become a health nut when I wasn’t looking?” he laughed. He took a bite of the fruit salad while she took a bite of the steak. His eyes lit up. It tasted so good! Even if it was a bit girly to eat a fruit salad.

“Why do you look embarrassed?” Krystal asked.

“It’s just... nothing. It’s nothing,” Daniel murmured.

“Hey, you two, glad to see you’re getting along,” Tim Hathers, the CEO and their boss, stopped right at their table. A beautiful woman stood behind him, along with another couple. “Real happy to see you’re taking Krystal under your wing, Daniel. We all know what it’s like to be new in town, right?” he laughed. He looked between the two and glanced at what Daniel was eating. “A little girly for you. Thought you were an alpha guy all about meat,” Tim laughed.

“Ah... yeah. Right,” Daniel turned away to avoid his blush. Dammit, why did his boss have to show up now.

“Just wait til we get to dessert,” Krystal grinned. “But yeah, Daniel’s been treating me nice, sir.”

“You don’t need to call me ‘sir,’ especially outside the workplace.” Tim gestured behind him. “This is my wife, Maria, Maria, this is Krystal, you’ve already met Daniel of course. I’d stay to chat, but we really have to get going.”

“You’re looking so boyish, Daniel,” Maria spoke up. “You’ll have to share your skin care regimen with me.”

“Haha, don’t tease the man,” Tim said as he walked off.

Daniel looked at Krystal and sighed. “Why am I getting embarrassed about this?”

“Who cares. Food is good, right? Let’s get some dessert and relax. I have a lot of work I have to get to tomorrow,” she sighed. “And we have that meeting coming up. Don’t worry. I have your back.”

“Yeah, good, you’d better,” Daniel grinned right back at Krystal.

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## Day 8

“Ugh... that went horribly,” Daniel looked across Krystal’s desk at her.

He'd changed over the previous days, more than he'd like to admit. He was shorter, his skin was smoother, and his hair was getting even longer. His mannerisms were becoming less alpha masculine and instead more shy and reserved. "Can't believe they demoted me."

"Well, *officially* you haven't been demoted. I'm not sure why they are taking issue with you, though..." Krystal lied. While everyone else was essentially clueless to Daniel's transformation, she knew damn well what was going on. With a sly smirk, she looked up at Daniel. "Plus, being working buddies with me isn't the worst thing in the world, is it?"

"Having to listen to you like you're my boss might be," Daniel groaned.

"Oh, he didn't say that. You still have your secretary you can boss around. And an office." Krystal pursed her lips.

Daniel shot her a look. "Don't say it."

"*For now*," Krystal said with a wry grin.

"It can't be that bad!" Daniel whined, his voice pitching up. "Ugh, I swear... I think I'm starting to sound like a woman."

"Your voice has always been like that, what are you talking about?" Krystal asked.

Daniel sighed. No one believed him about any of these changes he'd been going through. Everything seemed to change around him, selfies on his phone, physical photographs, even his clothes changed to fit him. As if they'd always been like that. But still, he caught himself looking in the mirror every once in a while and admiring his new appearance. Softer looking, more approachable. Maybe a bit too feminine, though. His hair was really getting longer.

He was going crazy, he had to be.

"Are you sure I've always sounded like this?"

Krystal looked away from her monitor and eyed Daniel. Her lips curved into a smile. As if she was enjoying dessert, she licked her lips. "Oh, I'm absolutely sure." Her stare bore into Daniel, causing the man to squirm in place.

Krystal stood up and walked around her crowded desk before cornering Daniel. He was a bit taller than her even after shrinking down, but at the moment she felt like a giant. She placed a hand on the wall next to Daniel's head. "Hey, listen, you're really cute, and I know you're not seeing anyone outside of fucking your secretary, so why don't we have another date? In a week or two. I want to make the preparations *perfect*."

Daniel, flushed and flustered, nodded before squirming away. Being near Krystal, maybe these changes weren't all that bad. "Uh... sure. Yeah. S-sorry, didn't know you had that sort of confidence in you, Krystal. Uh. Took me by surprise. Yeah." He could get used to her acting like this.

No! No of course he couldn't, that was just silly! What was he even thinking? She was supposed to be his little office pet!

He looked at Krystal once more before he slipped out of her office.

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## Day 22

"Look, you just don't... *fit in* here," Mr. Hathers, Daniel's boss, said.

The boardroom was empty, but when Tim Hathers gave his signature look, everyone knew to clear out. Only Daniel was stopped.

Daniel's face turned bright red. This was so humiliating. He'd done his job just like before! Hadn't he? Even if he felt a little ridiculous now. His suits had all become skirts and blazers. He didn't have a choice but to crossdress, but at least no one seemed to notice or mind. He kind of thought the clothes were a little cute anyways, as embarrassing as that was to admit to himself.

"And you don't fit our clients' wants. An automotive executive doesn't need a boy who can barely give a decent handshake. That weakness reflects poorly on us all."

"B-but sir!" Daniel stammered. He couldn't even think up the words to defend himself. Not that it mattered, Mr. Hathers already made his decision before he even started talking to Daniel.

"I'd hate to see you be let go. You've been with us for years now, and you've done a great job. But your performance has really been slipping over the last year, and now you can't even snag an easy client."

Had he really not been doing well for a year? No, he definitely was doing fine! Perfectly fine until this strange curse or whatever that was turning him more feminine.

He was short now – just over five foot tall. His frame and build had become slight and feminine, even his legs seemed to be longer and more delicate. His hair hung all the way to his butt, and it had turned a lovely golden blonde. His lips, pursed in stress, were full and inviting. It was almost hard to be mad at him with how cute he was!

"So I'm not fired?" Daniel squeaked.

“No. We still haven’t found an assistant for Krystal. That’ll be your new job.”

“Krystal’s secretary!?” Daniel gasped. No! No way. She’d been playing coy since she got here. Since... all these changes started. But she seemed as clueless to it as everyone else. “You can’t be serious, that’s—it’s such a demotion!”

“Well, it’s that or unemployment.”

Daniel gulped. “Fine... I’ll... when do I start?”

“Now,” Tim crossed his arms. “Go help her out. She’s been doing great, so I want you to give her proper support. If I find out you’re slacking off...”

“Yes sir...” Daniel hung his head low as he left the boardroom.

Everyone was staring at him. His own secretary was staring at him. Well, his former secretary. Everyone knew, they had to know. At least Krystal was in her office. He did the walk of shame over to her office and knocked on the door before slipping in.

“Hey Krystal, I was—”

“Already heard. He told me yesterday,” Krystal nodded. “So you’re going to be my secretary from now on, right?” Krystal stood up behind her desk. She looked over Daniel with a lecherous grin.

Daniel caved under Krystal’s look. For some reason it excited him. The feeling of her almost hungry gaze – he could feel warmth in his crotch, and then his dick tenting his skirt. He gulped, hard. “You... you did this to me, didn’t you?” Daniel accused.

Krystal crossed the distance between them and lifted Daniel’s chin. “Tonight, come to my place. I’ll text you the address. Until then, why don’t you organize my office?” She winked.

Daniel shivered. Why was... why was she affecting him like this? It was so... so embarrassing. He used to get women hanging off his arms any time he wanted! Now, *Krystal* of all people, had him simping for her.

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Daniel couldn’t stop playing with his hair while he waited outside Krystal’s apartment. He considered knocking again, but that might be rude. He couldn’t be that forward anyways, it was too—What was he even thinking!? He reached forward to knock on the door before hesitating.

Krystal answered the door with a quick yank. She was dressed in a corset, some panties, and some stockings. She took one look at Daniel and pulled him inside.

Krystal's home wasn't like her office. It was clean – well, clean enough – tidy, and decorated tastefully.

“Good, time for a bit of a makeover. I always wanted to–”

“A makeover!?” Daniel pouted.

“Yeah, we have to get you some makeup. I got you a cute pink dress, some panties, stockings, a chastity cage... though I only guessed at your size. Can't be that big anymore.”

“How did you know!?” Daniel gasped. “W-wait, I mean, I'm not letting you put one of those on me!”

“But you're fine with everything else?” Krystal grinned.

“N-no...” he eyed Krystal, as if asking for permission to say yes.

“Uhuh. Sure. Sit down, right there on the stool.” Krystal pushed Daniel by the shoulders until he was sitting. She immediately started working on his makeup. “Your skin is so smooth. You can probably get away without any concealer. Lucky.” She started applying blush to his cheeks before she made him purse his lips for lipstick.

“Already looking like a pretty boy...” Krystal said, salivating at this opportunity.

“I thought we were going to talk about what you've done to me, not put me in makeup.”

“Stay still and shut up,” Krystal said as she grabbed eyeliner. “I need to focus on this, or I'll poke your eye.”

Daniel's eyes widened. He stayed as still as he could. With Krystal straddling his lap, he felt warmth returning and... dammit, why now? Why was he getting hard from this?”

“Heheh~” Krystal laughed. “That's definitely going in a cage if you can't control it.”

Daniel gulped. This wasn't fair. None of this was fair. She wasn't going to tell him anything, was she? She was just going to make him dress ridiculously and–and–! And what exactly? What was her plan?

“All done. Come on, get out of those stuffy clothes,” Krystal clawed at Daniel's clothing, helping him yank it off as fast as possible. She seemed surprised when she looked down and saw Daniel was already wearing panties.



"It's this curse! Whatever you did to me! C-can we please talk about that...?"

Krystal smiled. "Don't think about it, pet." She lifted his chin with a single finger to look into her eyes. "Let me handle all the thinking. You've been enjoying it anyways, haven't you?"

"Not getting fired!"

"Demoted, quit being dramatic."

"Dramatic!? I'm not being dramatic, I'm—" Krystal lifted a mirror to Daniel's face.

Daniel gasped. He was absolutely blown away by how beautiful he was! He was so pretty! He made such a pretty sissy boi!

W-wait, he didn't want to be Krystal's girlboy pet! ...did he?

"Look how gorgeous you are. Do you really want to go back to being your old, boring self?"

"My old boring self got a bunch of girls, I'll have you know," Daniel huffed.

"Well now you have my attention, and quality over quantity."

"...you're such a bitch," Daniel groaned. "So why am I finding you way more attractive by the minute."

"Probably the corset and stockings. Look at me, I rock this outfit!" Krystal gave a little pose. "And now it's your turn for your outfit."

Daniel looked over toward the pink mess of frills that waited for him. The dress looked so gaudy. Just pink and frills and lace and ribbons – it was a complete mess of a dress, one made to humiliate more than look good in. "You've gotta be kidding me..."

"Come come, pet," Krystal giggled. She gently led the mostly naked Daniel over to the garish dress. When he didn't signal any more resistance, she picked it up and sharply ordered "Raise your arms."

It was a little more complicated than Krystal thought, but after some struggling and a lot of wiggling from Daniel, he was dressed. Though his dress might've been pink, his face was completely red even through the blush Krystal applied.

"Collar," Krystal, without waiting for a response, slid a collar around Daniel's neck and locked it. "Look in the mirror when you get a chance. But get those stockings on for now. Then we're going to have... a lot more fun."

Daniel eyed the mirror and then stared straight at the floor. The collar was black aside from a pink tag that just read “Daniela” for the world to see. A new name. His new name.

After the realization settled in, he sat on Krystal’s couch and obediently slipped the stockings on, actually enjoying the feel of them going up his hairless legs.

“Come here,” Krystal called. “To my room. I’ve got a surprise for you.”

Daniela walked with Krystal to her room. When she opened the door, his eyes were glued to what hung off one of her bed posts. He started to sweat. Once again, he felt the warmth in his crotch returning.

“I’ve never used a strap-on before. But I’m going to enjoy learning how to use it on you. Come on, there’s a chastity cage on the bed. Let me help you get it on. You won’t need the panties anymore.”

Daniela walked forward as if he was in a stupor. “Krystal... you can’t be serious,” he said even as he longingly looked over the strap-on before him. Why was this turning him on so much? And it looked so big. Could he even take that...?

Krystal took his hand and pushed him on the bed. She grabbed one of the cages after examining Daniela for a second. She pulled his panties down and looked over the cage for a moment. The cold metal softened him up. “You just have to—I swear to god I looked this all up. I just need to—Aha! There we go! Got it? Yeah, got it!”

“Have fun down there?” Daniela’s voice shook with nervousness. Why was he letting this happen? Why was he so excited for it.

“Mhmm...” Krystal grabbed the strap-on and slowly slipped it on. She took a large helping of lubricant and slathered it across the strap-on. “Be a good boi and lay on the bed with your ass up. I’ve always wanted to pound sissy ass until they have a stupid sissygasm.”

“Where do you learn these words...?” Daniela squeaked. But he couldn’t lie to himself, he wanted Krystal to pound him. He wanted to feel that strange ultimate submission to her. To have her fuck him stupid. He crawled up onto the bed and laid, ass up, head down. “Like this...?”

Krystal didn’t waste time. She crawled onto her bed and looked down at Daniela. It was a fitting place for him, even Daniela could admit that now. She rubbed the strap-on between Daniela’s cheeks, leaving a trail of lube. She adjusted him to make it more comfortable for her as she slowly pushed forward.

Daniela, head buried in a pillow, groaned as he felt the strap-on slowly entering him. It was big, and it felt strange! He’d never done any anal play before, but this felt... kinda good. Great even.

Krystal was slow and patient, maybe even caring given what she'd done to him. But once the lube was on, she started to get to work, slowly increasing the tempo as she fucked him.

"Yes!" Krystal laughed. "This is the best~ I've always always always dreamed of doing this. Of fucking some slutty boi like you up~"

"Guh...! H-hey! That's—I'm not plastic! That's—" Daniela couldn't get any meaningful words out as he kept getting slammed back against the pillow. As much as he tried to protest, he was loving it. He drooled on the pillow while he was getting slammed.

"I'm going until you cum. Going to train you to be some subby boi who loves to take it up the ass~ Though my friend probably took care of that."

"Frie—mmph~" Why did he care. Whoever had done this to him, he didn't care in the least. All he cared about right now was the plastic dick that kept pushing into him. God, a month ago and he never would've considered this, but now...! God, he could feel something — his muscles were tightening.

Krystal said something, but Daniela was too out of it to care. His muscles tightened more. He felt something he couldn't describe, a brand new sensation as his muscles tensed, pure physical euphoria spread through him, and then he wanted to flop over.

"Phew... guess that was... ahem," Krystal giggled as she slowed down. She finally pulled out of Daniela and flopped onto her bed. "...wow, you're drooling. You're almost foaming at the mouth. Did you like it that much?"

"Mmmphmm..." Daniela said into the pillow.

Maybe being Krystal's secretary wouldn't be so bad.