

Epilogue: Employee of the Month (MtF Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A year after Francis Howard became Francine Howard, her aloof captain of industry father Percy also develops Lumin's Syndrome. As the obstinate older man changes, his rival on the board sees a way not only to take over the company, but to snag a perfect submissive wife at the same time.

Note: this is an epilogue to the story [Employee of the Month](#)

Epilogue: Employee of the Month

Percy Howard was goddamned angry. It had been a year since his son Francis had succumbed to the unexpected Lumin's Syndrome he'd developed, ending with him becoming a ridiculous big-titted blonde bimbo of an office worker. Since then, she'd done everything she could to sully the Howard name: sleeping with every employee on her floor, dressing in office outfits that barely contained her figure, and generally failing to command the respect of anything or anyone except the lusty attention of men when they saw her coming. There was a reason that Percy organised a settlement for her in exchange for her getting a new identity and no longer being considered attached to the family. He'd never expected to cut his heir loose like that, but business was full of heartless decisions, and he was nothing if not a businessman; even as he entered his fifty-seventh year of life, he hadn't lost his sharp touch.

The thing that made him goddamned angry wasn't the one year anniversary of his son becoming a damn slut, though. No, it was something far worse. It was the knowledge that this might be his own fate too.

"You're sure, doc? You haven't made a mistake?"

"I'm certain," Doctor Li said. "You have Lumin's Syndrome. It can be carried genetically. From what you've told me, it likely carried down to your son - well, your daughter-

"She's not my daughter now. She's dead to me."

"Regardless, it explains it. You gave it to her."

Percy scowled. He looked older than he was, and his hair was already falling away, leaving him with a perpetual bald spot. But now this revelation, and all from a simple checkup.

"Is it activated?"

The doctor nodded slowly. "It's begun. We'll just have to do all we can to mitigate the changes."

“You’re fucking right we will. I’m not letting Carson get wind of this, no way! I run this company, it’s got my name on it, and he’ll use this as an excuse to overthrow me. But that won’t happen. I’m your only patient from now on, doc. I’ll make you rich enough to be fine with it, if you have the weakness of ethics. You’re going to keep me as much of a man as humanly possible, got it?”

The doctor would have protested, but the number of zeroes on the check that Percy wrote made him feel otherwise.

The changes began occurring just a week or so later. They were slow at first, but when Percy Howard noticed them, they began to speed up. First, his hair began to grow back, and worse it was starting to lighten as well. He’d always had darker hair, but now it was looking more brown than black. His features were appearing smoother also, and his nose just a bit smaller. Several age spots had dissipated entirely, while the creaks and groans of his late-fifties body were rapidly diminishing. That last part he didn’t mind so much, but the soreness in his chest had him worried.

“You look different, Percy,” Carson said during a boardroom meeting concerning their latest quarterly profits. “Don’t tell me you’re trying some of that plastic surgery to make yourself look younger?”

Percy just scowled at the younger man. He was in his early forties and a damn sharp tack at that, and a thorn in Percy’s side. He was angling for more control over the company, and would use anything at his disposal. The man had one weakness: beautiful women. Percy had used it before to distract him, but had almost revealed his own when he personally intervened to prevent Carson from seducing Francine. He may have rejected his son-turned-bimbo of a daughter, but he wasn’t letting his damn rival fuck her. No goddamned way.

“Go screw yourself, Carson,” he said, keeping his voice low. It still cracked a little, and he had to cough to compensate. “And keep your head in the game.”

“Oh, I am. I’m just interested, Percy. It’s so unlike you.”

“You don’t know a damn thing about me, and that’s why my name is on the building and not yours.”

Carson just grinned. Percy didn’t like the look of it.

Despite the best efforts of his doctors, nothing could stop the changes; only slow them down or prevent the worst of them. Percy was furious, naturally. He was Percy *goddamned* Howard. He had built an empire. He was above the little people; he'd earned his way to the top! He wasn't about to be reduced to some dumb floozie for people like Carson to mock and belittle. No, he was staying on top, and if that meant shattering the glass ceiling and making sure a woman could rule, then so bloody be it! He immediately began updating company policy, cracking down hard on misbehaviour to women, despite the company having had an ill reputation on that front up until this point. He made an exception for Francine's branch of course; the endlessly lustful woman just couldn't stop herself, and he knew it was pointless to try. He made a point of appointing female officers to near-board positions, and though Carson was confused by this, he knew it was the right thing to do. Not morally, of course, but practically. He needed to give himself a path to continue his power once he was a younger woman.

"I can fucking do this," he told his reflection one morning, staring into the continually rejuvenating and feminising face. "I can still be a big shot. I'm the goddamn face of the company, and if my face changes, then the company changes with it!"

Of course, it was easy to say these things, and a lot harder to actually go ahead with them. There was resistance from the other 'good old boys' on the board, and other problems besides. As much as Percy did his best to avoid any form of arousal or sexual interests, his dreams were beyond him. They were increasingly filled with images of younger, more virile men. He would wake, touching himself without even realising he was doing it, at the thought of serving a strong, dominant man. One who could order him around. One who could make him a *trophy*. The thought was utterly intoxicating, and entirely *wrong*.

And yet still it persisted, and only became stronger as the days passed and his appearance and body continued to change. He secretly hired makeup specialists and even costuming and fitting aspects to disguise his changes, and this worked for a while. A compression band covered up his growing nipples and the small breasts that were starting to jut forth there, while a foam insert that went around his waist disguised how thin it was getting. There was little to directly hide the fact that his hips were widening, but a stockier set of clothing did well to make it hard to discern, and the same was applied to his suits and shirts, which had small shoulder pads to hide how much they were shrinking. Regular haircuts were applied, while certain makeups and creams were applied to his face to keep its weathered texture. The fake beard was not terribly convincing though, so he had to do with a 'shave' - not that his face was actually generating hair anymore, or anywhere except around his shrinking cock.

"It'll have to do," he said, rubbing his Adam's apple, which had reduced in size. "I just need to weather these company changes and then get myself into the right position. I just have to keep up appearances."

In fact, that's exactly what Percy planned to do. He just needed to knock a blow to Carson, get him out of the immediate boardroom for a time, so he could make the right adjustments and swing himself into power even as he switched gender. That, and clamp down upon these thoughts of men all the time.

He exited his office after checking that his disguise was as perfect as it could possibly be, confident that if his secretary didn't notice much other than perhaps a 'little work done' then it was as good as it was going to get. Except he'd hardly made it out of the door when he came into contact with the one person he definitely *didn't* want to see one bit.

Francine Robbins was standing right before him, talking to his secretary. Francine Robbins, the woman who was once Francis Howard, his own son. The woman who looked like she should have been on the front cover of a pinup magazine, and right now had enough popped buttons on her work top and a tight enough pencil skirt to threaten to spill out and break out respectively.

"Da-I mean, boss! I need to talk to you!" she said, her voice high and light and so damn feminine. He hadn't seen her in so long; how the hell did she come to look and act like this? God knows she was already attracting too much male attention.

Percy glared at her angrily, ready to usher her out using security if need be, but a look of realisation in her eyes suddenly made him go silent.

"Wait a moment, do you have -"

"Get in my office, now!"

Francine huffed obstinately, still her father's . . . daughter, in many ways. She mouthed: "*Fine, Dad,*" to him out of the secretary's view, then hurried past, her large breasts bouncing in her top. It stirred mixed feelings in Percy: disgust at what his son had become, a taboo arousal at the woman's form, and finally a pity towards himself at what *he* might turn into. He barked at the secretary to take some time off and didn't even care that her expression seemed to indicate something raunchy would be happening in his office. She left immediately, giving him some privacy as he talked to his former heir.

Francine sat on his desk, one leg over the other, her chest thrust out as if it were an automatic pose for her. "So, like, what's going on, daddy?"

He sneered. "Don't call me that, and certainly not in that tone of voice."

She giggled, uncrossed her legs then recrossed them the other way. She ran a hand through her perfect blonde hair and smiled at him like he was an object of her affection. Francis had always known how to unnerve his father with his own manipulations, evidently Francine was now using her wiles to make him very, very fucking uncomfortable.

“Whatever the hell you think you’re doing, Francine, you can put a stop to it. Now.”

“Awww, that’s so disappointing, *daddy*. I thought we were having a nice reunion.”

“Why are you here?”

She smirked, stood, and placed her hands on her wide hips. “Because someone changed the rules for nice girls - and bad girls like me, I suppose - across the company, but made an exception for my department.”

Percy gritted his teeth. He’d hoped that would fly under the radar, but evidently as much as her reputation carried as a sex-craved woman, she was still sly in her own way.

“I was just protecting you.”

“You were totally protecting yourself. Still don’t want anyone finding out that your son didn’t disappear and die or whatever the cover story is these days. No, he turned into a sexy blonde bombshell who is just addicted to cock.”

Again, Percy sneered. “This is revolting. To talk to me about this-”

“You didn’t want to be my father anymore, I don’t, like, see how it should be that weird. But maybe you don’t want to think about cocks, and men, and how hot they both are, how nice it is to be *fucked* in the office space and behind closed doors, all while you moan and wail at the delight of having someone *inside* of you, *cumming* in you . . . because you’re afraid it’ll happen to you.”

Percy strode to the door, readying to leave. “This is ridiculous. You’re ridiculous. I’m calling security. Hell, I’ll have your slutty backside fired before-”

“Mhmm,” she moaned. “Sorry, you said ‘backside.’ Trust me, that way’s fun too, father. But I’m not being ridiculous at all. You’ve got Lumin’s Syndrome, don’t you?”

Percy tried to steel his expression, but his son-turned-daughter knew him better than that. She actually giggled, mouth daintily over her mouth in a real cute look.

“I knew it as soon as I saw you! The new hair, the softer features. You’re wearing pads just like I did. I even used, like, a phallus for a time. It was hilarious! But this is even funnier. Karmic, if I’m using the word right. I can be a bit . . . silly and foggy, these days. Not that I care anymore. You won’t care either.”

Percy took a deep breath. “What do you want?”

She smiled. “A pay raise, Dad. Also for you to undo the staffcuts in my department. I want Harry back. And Gerald. God, he has such a nice prick. I love giving him oral so fucking bad-”

“Fine, fine! Anything else?”

She thought of it for a moment. “Not just now,” she finally said. “But I’ll think of something. In the meantime, I’m here if you need a shoulder to cry on, *Mom*. Enjoy your changes. Hope you don’t, like, lose control of the company or something. But you’d deserve it.”

She sauntered out, leaving Percy stunned.

“Goddamn won the negotiation and I got nothing. She’s still damn good, damn her.”

Carson stared at Percy for the entire duration of the meeting. It didn’t need to be held, but Carson had wanted to go over the share price drop, despite the fact that they’d all expected this small bump. New product release had halted by design to build anticipation, but there was always an initial reduction in value before it soared. He was playing at something, but Percy didn’t know what. He could only shift uncomfortably in his seat and guess, trying to ignore the terrible soreness in his chest where his new breasts were still growing, or the aches in his hip bones where they too were extending wider. There was little to be done about his lips and smoothing face; not even the best makeup artists could keep him from looking younger at this point, and further ‘old age’ makeup just looked fake and overdone.

“Looking youthful, Percy,” Carson remarked from the other end of the long desk.

Percy narrowed his eyes. “Fine, I had some work done. It’s still setting in. Is that your continual question answered now, Carson?”

“For now, I suppose,” he said. “Let’s get down to brass tax, miss. Sorry, I mean *sir*.”

Percy swallowed. For just a moment, being called ‘miss’ had seemed . . . appropriate. It was a consequence of those stupid arousing dreams, the ones with all the - all the men in them. He was finding it harder and harder not to look at the broad shoulders of the other men in the room, their confidence gazes, their manly bearings and appearances. It came from a place of jealousy, of course, but also something approaching desire. Yes, it was enough to make his now-large pink nipples push against the compression bandage, which was rather painful.

Still, he made it through the meeting, and was ready to head home and tell his secretary to cancel his appointments due to ‘sickness’ when Carson accosted him. The others were leaving the boardroom, but he pulled Percy aside, and for reasons that escaped the head of the company, he followed Carson’s direction. He was just so . . . commanding. It made his nipples tense even more.

“What is it, Carson?”

Carson raised a finger to his lips, and gestured to the fact that the last other board member was leaving. Only when the door closed did he speak.

“A little bird tells me you’re becoming a woman, Percy.”

“What the fuck are you on about, Carson?”

“Please, Percy, there’s no use denying it. I know it’s true. I have it from a very stable source. You’ve got Lumin’s Syndrome, and you’re becoming a woman. Which means that soon you’ll be unfit to run this company.”

Percy pulled away from him and moved to the exit.

“Don’t try to deny it!” Carson called. “I look forward to seeing what a gorgeous woman you’ll be. You know, I rather am in need of a gorgeous woman myself. Wouldn’t you like to keep that in your mind, Percy?”

The worst part was it did briefly leap into Percy’s mind: him as a woman, curled up against a naked Carson, caressing his chest and feeling his-

He shocked his head, cursing under his breath as he left.

“Goddamn Francine. That bitch of a daughter!”

“You did this!” he said, jabbing her right in the breast. “You told him everything! Do you realise what you’ve done, you little harlot!”

He jabbed her again, and Francine whined in a high voice, looking every part the weak woman who was unable to put up a fight.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“My Lumin’s, you moron! You told Carson and now he’s angling to get rid of me, or make my changes worse.”

They were in Francine’s office, where Percy had to wait outside for ten minutes when he arrived so that she could finish up her . . . business, with one of her employees. He came out satisfied, which only left Percy even angrier.

“I didn’t tell anyone, *mom*,” she taunted. “Nice changes, by the way. You can’t wear the bandage much longer though, trust me, the tits will free themselves in the most dramatic way. But I didn’t tell anyone, I don’t, like, gain anything from it!”

“You get to humiliate me.”

“You’re already totally humiliated. By not telling I also get to wrap you around my finger and get concessions and other shit.”

“Then who told?”

She shrugged. “You tell me! You’ve been wearing makeup and disguise outfits, so you’ve got a whole team of suspects and stuff. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to go do the rounds and keep the boys encouraged. I’ve got the sexy black stockings on today, and I’ll be sure to drop some pencils and lean *riiiight* over. It’s a good trick, *mom*, you might need to learn it.”

He left, cussing his daughter under his breath once more. His ass had indeed gotten bigger, and his legs a lot more shapelier. With his early-forties body, he could probably make some male heads sway if he wanted to.

“Goddamn it, but I don’t want that!”

It was almost a lie at this point.

Carson’s war began not too long after. The other board members were already suspecting something was indeed off about Percy, but Carson fanned those fires with every effort. He did this in backroom conversations, through numerous email chains, and other subtle ways. Soon everyone was whispering about the strange circumstances of Percy Howard, how his body had changed, his face was looking younger, and his manner . . . different.

The last was making Percy extraordinarily ashamed. Without even meaning to, he was walking with a much more feminine gait. Just like his daughter, he moved one foot in front of the other, even though he wasn’t wearing heels. His hip swayed gently, a consequence of how much they had changed to very female proportions. He had begun sitting with one leg crossed over the other, a position that was easily much more comfortable now thanks to how small his member had shrunk to. He had begun giggling at jokes, and his high voice made it sound almost girlish. Even the way he talked to his underlings had shifted; he was finding it harder and harder to bark orders to his secretary, to boss the little people around. He was Percy goddamn Howard, the man who had reached to the top by stepping on all the small bugs that got in his way, but now he was talking to others like he was a submissive secretary himself.

“Um, excuse me, but do you mind passing me the latest details on the Max-Ex product line?” he asked at one point. The employee he was talking to had done as he had asked, and to his horror had even said: “Sure thing, miss.”

He didn’t even have the outrage to ream the pathetic employee out for his mistake. Being so openly cruel and aggressive was just too hard to summon.

All of this was made worse by Carson’s war. The man was a master manipulator, that was for sure, because all of Percy’s hard work avoiding any stimuli that could change him further - just as Doctor Li had advised - was being undone. Numerous posters and images of pretty women and stalwart, attractive men made it across his desk. When he met up with Carson, the man ‘just happened’ to be gazing at images of supermodels, and he would bring up constantly how gorgeous a “nice, submissive woman was.”

“I know what you’re d-doing, Carson,” Percy stammered during a private meeting the former had organised. “This isn’t subtle. You’re trying to change me, get me out of the way!”

“Change you? Yes,” Carson admitted. “But get you out of the way? Only partly.” He stood and circled Percy, who despite being the head of the company was now feeling like prey to a shark in Carson’s office. “You see, I turned forty three last month, Percy, and I feel it’s time I settled down and found me a woman who can treat me right. Who can be my *trophy*. Who does everything a good wife should do for a successful future leader like me. And given how Lumin’s Syndrome changes its victims . . . I’d say you’re going to be a perfect match for what I want.”

Percy’s eyes widened. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.”

Carson grinned. “Not at all. Can’t you imagine how much nicer your life would be if you weren’t so preoccupied with your obsessive control, Percy? Think how lovely it would be to be my sexy, beautiful wife, to have full breasts and sensitive skin, to always want a man to make the decisions for you, to hang off of his arm at public events and be the subject of lust to everyone. Admit it, Percy, the idea turns you on, just like it turns me on.”

Percy bit his lip, trying not to make a pathetic whimper. He could feel his nipples stiffening, his breast tissue expanding in response to his words. The syndrome fed off of stimuli like this, and the mere thought of being young again, attractive again, only this time as a submissive beautiful trophy wife . . . it was *intoxicating*.

“N-no!” he exclaimed, even as his hair extended further, began to blonde a little. His jawline cracked audibly, softening, and his eyebrows became finer, more perfectly arched. Even his lips became fuller, gaining a permanent half-out of sorts. “N-no! You can’t do this to me, Carson! I’ll fight it! I’ll stay the b-boss even if I have to be a w-woman, you’ll s-see!”

He backed out of the office, panting heavily as his compression bandage pulled against his tight chest. He needed to get out of there. He needed to leave before even more changes wrought further damage. He ran through the office floor, all the way back to his own office and straight past his secretary.

“Why didn’t I take a vacation?” he asked himself. “Take some leave?” His voice cracked again, and the figure in the mirror in his office was far more female than male at this point, even with the makeup and adjustments. “I just *had* to try and battle it out with Carson, that stupid, handsome bastard!”

He looked again in the mirror, seeing a woman for the first time, truly. A mental change hit him in that very moment, and it was impossible to deny the truth.

“I’m a woman now,” *she* said to her mid-thirties reflection. “I’ll have to announce it. Shit.”

“You’re sure nothing has changed Percy - uh, Persephone?”

Persephone grimaced. Everything had changed. Her penis had finally withdrawn just three days after her revelation, and one day after her announcement to the board that she was now a woman. The memo of her Lumin's Syndrome-induced change had rippled out to the rest of the company later. Leaked, no doubt, by Carson. The man was grinning at the other end of the table as the flustered woman tried to maintain control.

"Of course nothing else has changed, sir!" she declared, accidentally making herself sound deferential instead of determined. "I'm still the same person. I'm just a woman now. A young woman."

"One who'll need our guidance, like a good woman should," Carson interjected.

"Of course," she responded, taken by the idea before realising the bait. "I mean, of course not! I'm still in control! I may be a sexy woman but that doesn't mean I'm going to be inappropriate in the position, right?"

There was a silence from the board. She reviewed her own words, and realised what she'd said. She couldn't help it; she giggled, and the motion alone made her breasts bounce in her top. They had swelled to Double-D's, and freed from their confinement they only seemed to be growing faster. Already they pressed against her tight blouse, all while her perfect hourglass figure - especially her pair of baby-makers - were evident from her tight pencil skirt. She hadn't meant to emulate her own daughter, but now she could have been her older sister. Possibly even her *hotter* sister.

"I didn't mean to say that. I'm still, um, adjusting. I just need time, and a good man. I mean, a good counsel!"

"I'll volunteer," Carson said, standing. He walked over to Persephone, and despite her hatred for the man, her mental changes were lightning up. He was so tall, so manly, so . . . confident. In control. He extended a hand and she raised her own without realising. But instead of shaking it, he held it to his lips, gave it a gentlemanly kiss, and released it. She blushed a deep red. Something in her ignited. She'd thoroughly ignored her new vagina as much as possible. As far as she was concerned, all it meant was a damn nuisance of blood and pain once a month and sitting down to piss. Other than that, she could still be the 'man' in charge. The one on top.

Now, Carson seemed on top, and her mind was swirling with images of him *on top*, in that other sense.

"F-fine," she stuttered. "I accept, s-sir."

He grinned. "Does the board have any exceptions to me helping our new charge find her feet? I can make the calls in the meantime. I'm sure, as we've all discussed while *Miss* Persephone was not present, that this arrangement works."

And just like that, Persephone realised that Carson's coup had already taken place. She'd been too submissive, too inactive, to counter it in time. She blushed with shame as

Carson indicated her to leave the room with him, but she followed all the same, trying to summon her hate for this man. Instead, he placed a hand on her waist, lowering it slowly down to her perfect hip.

“So, you’ve won,” she said, trying not to moan from the way he touched her.

“Oh, I won as soon as this syndrome hit you,” Carson said, “but not fully yet. Remember what I said before, Persephone?”

She swallowed. They were in private, which was dangerous. She needed to get back to the board. Back to anyone. Hell, even Francine might offer some advice!

“Y-you said that you wanted a perfect wife. Like, someone to be your trophy.”

He leaned forward, nearly pressing her against the wall. Her large chest urged itself to grow just a little more, and her hair extended further. She got the sense her face was becoming even lovelier, her form entering its mid-twenties in age. She whimpered, though not fully in fear. No, there was excitement in the air. The great conqueror, the shaker down of deals in the boardroom, Percy fucking Howard, was getting *turned on* at the idea of being helpless before a man.

“I want that still,” Connor said, raising her chin with his hand. “And I think, increasingly, you want that too.”

Before she could answer he kissed her. His lips locked on hers, and all she could do was moan and press her body against his. It was the ultimate betrayal. Not Carson’s - that was expected - but a betrayal by her own body and mind against her. The thought of being beautiful and sexy, of being the wife of the boss, rather than the boss himself, was just so fucking hot. It was as if in becoming younger, her own goals had become less mature.

“I - oh God, this isn’t f-fucking fair - I do want that, Carson. But I can’t -”

“Don’t decide now. Come to my place and see. Tomorrow at midday. Wear something nice.”

He walked away, but not before giving her a gentle pat on the backside. It was humiliating . . . and oh-so-arousing.

“I have to be strong. I have to be strong,” she said to herself.

But looking down at her fine female form, she knew she wasn’t.

Persephone convinced herself that she was just here to make a deal with Carson. To find some kind of compromise or out that could preserve her. Clearly she could no longer be on top, but she wasn’t about to be reduced to some dutiful trophy wife, popping out babies for her CEO corporate millionaire older husband. No matter how much she’d started masturbating to the mere thought of it, and dreaming of it, and finding her body becoming

even more voluptuous as a result (her boobs were now E-cups, and a small part of her was proud of the fact, annoying the rest of her).

As such, she strutted to Carson's manor, right up to the door, wearing a tight dress that showed off her features well. She hadn't intended to, but all his words about looking nice on his arm had reverberated through her, and now it seemed like an order. And orders . . . those she could *obey*, like a good servile wife. Her large breasts bounced in view, her cleavage cavernous and revealed, and her hips swayed from side to side as she walked in heels, something she'd previously promised herself never to do.

But as she reached the door, something awful happened. It opened to reveal not just Carson, looking deeply handsome in a casual polo and smart slacks, but Francine as well.

Francine, her daughter.

Francine, wearing a nightie that did little to conceal her beautiful form.

Francine, giggling as Carson put one arm around her waist, kissed her cheek, slapped her on the ass and sent her walking away.

Francine, who had *slept with the man that Persephone was desperately trying not to be attracted to*.

The daughter's eyes widened. The mother's eyes widened.

"Mom!?"

"Francine!?"

Carson cackled. "I was looking forward to this moment! A happy reunion."

Persephone gawped. "You - you slept with, like, my goddamn daughter! You pig!"

"Please, consider it a demonstration of power. Besides, you were taking time to get here. And I wanted to know more about you, so I went straight to my source."

"She did leak my condition!"

"Did not, Mom!"

Carson gestured for Persephone to enter, and she did, storming inside, putting on a great show to her rival's eyes. He grinned at her entrance, and still her body loved to feel that gaze upon it, no matter how angry she was.

"It's true, Miss Perse," Carson said ironically. "She didn't leak a thing, at least not intentionally. You see, Francine and I have been enjoying some fun company together on and off for a while. I wanted her as my trophy wife, but . . ."

"I'm totally a free spirit," Francine said, still shocked at her mother's arrival, and her looks. "Holy shit, you are so fucking gorgeous. I'm, like, even a bit jealous. Your boobs look bigger than mine, maybe."

"They are," Persephone said, briefly smug. "But then how did you-"

"She talked in her sleep," Carson said.

Francine blushed. "I - I do?"

“Oh yes. So don’t blame her, Persephone. As you can imagine, this whole series of events has not only been fortunate to me, but deeply amusing. While waiting for the perfect wife, I was sleeping with my rival’s daughter. And now, I can have my rival as my wife.”

Persephone balled her hands into fists. “Not after this, you won’t! This is war, Carson! You understand that! This is, like, completely unacceptable! You fuck my daughter and then expect to have me? You’re crazy!”

“Am I? Francine, how good am I at sex?”

Francine giggled. “He’s pretty good, Mom. Really fucking good, actually.”

Persephone swallowed, trying not to imagine it.

“And how impressed are you by my cock, Francine?”

“Mhmm, very. He’s huge, Mom. It’s fucking amazing.”

Persephone whimpered, trying not to imagine it. She felt so far from being her old self. She needed to escape, but his presence was intoxicating. Did he have cologne on? He smelled manly.

“And did you enjoy your time in the lap of luxury here?”

“Oh yes, I did. I don’t, like, want to stay here, but I bet Mom would.”

“Francine, s-stop! You’re making the m-mental changes, the compulsions . . .”

Her daughter smirked. “Sorry Mom. You cast me off, remember? Turnabout is fair play, or whatever. Now I can send you off to a new situation. Don’t worry, I can’t wait to be maid of honour. You always did treat Mom like a trophy wife before she died, and now you can enjoy, like, the same fate. Trust me when I say the hot sex will make it alllllll worth it. Seeya, Carson. Next week?”

He shook his head, advancing forward to place a hand around Persphone’s waist. She went rigid, but couldn’t fight him. He was simply too dominant, his presence too strong. And her body and mind needed him as if he were her master. Already her pussy was becoming moist at the idea of receiving him, and of ‘reclaiming’ him from her daughter so that she could never have him again.

“Sorry, Francine, but this is the end,” he said. “From now on, I want to be a good, loyal husband to my wife. Won’t that be right, Persephone, my love?”

At those words, something in the former high-powered company man simply broke. The Lumnin’s Syndrome overcame the last of her resistance, and a future of wifhood, motherhood, and loyal servitude beckoned, no matter how much her male ego screamed.

“Y-yes,” she stammered. “I want that too, my I-love.”

The worst part was how freeing it felt to accept this subjugation.

A week later, and Carson was officially the new head of the company. Persephone Howard was relegated to his secretary, a position that humiliated her and yet felt entirely appropriate. Two weeks later, Carson proposed on a private yacht trip, her clad in a bikini and feeling utterly embarrassed and sexy and wanted all at once. She accepted, compelled to do so, her mind desiring him. They'd already had sex repeatedly by that point, of course, but that night they were like a mating pair of rabbits. Carson dominated her, taking her from behind and making her his, ensuring that she knew her place in their marriage to come.

A month after that, the marriage took place. Percy Howard had become Persephone Howard had become Persephone Garrett. She strode up the aisle in a dress that showed off her curves and cleavage perfectly, and kissed him when prompted, sealing the marriage. Just as promised, Francine was her maid of honour, and she giggled and laughed and encouraged the whole thing shamelessly, glad to have revenge on her former father. Percy tried to glare at her, but her new husband was like the sun, taking up her attention. That night, while Francine was having a threesome with two of the groomsmen, Persephone was being taken again by Carson, spreading her legs for him and loving every moment of it.

“Ohhhhhh, God, I c-can't believe I'm, like, your sexy trophy wife now!” she cried.

“And you always will be, *Percy*,” he said, using her old name to drive the point home. “You always will be. You better get used to it, because this is who you are now. My loving, dutiful wife.”

And even though it would always humiliate her, she cried out in joy in that moment. It was true, she always would be his wife now, and her old spirit was broken. She would do everything to please her husband now, including letting him fuck her brains out whenever he wanted, like he was on their wedding night. And, of course, by giving him lovely rich heirs as he wanted.

Another month later, she woke with nausea and rushed to throw up in the toilet bowl. A test confirmed that she was pregnant with the first of said heirs, much to her horror and - thanks to the Syndrome - reluctant excitement.

It seemed there were other bodily changes to come. No doubt Francine, still the employee of the month, every month, was going to find it hilarious. Persephone had lost an heir two years ago when her son had become a daughter, but now her body was about to make a new one. It was all part of being the gorgeous trophy wife of a powerful CEO, she supposed.

The End