

THE WOMAN WITHIN

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 14: Traitors

The last two weeks had been a blur of power, money, and sex, a chaotic, intoxicating symphony conducted by the three of us. Nexus Creative was a resounding success, at least on paper. Our friends and family were blown away.

“Dude, I don’t get it,” one of my old college buddies, Mark, had said last night, clapping me on the back at a crowded sports bar. “You quit a stable job to start your own thing and you’re already crushing it? You look like a million bucks, too. What’s your secret?”

I’d just laughed, a deep, confident sound that felt more earned than bought. “Just a little bit of magic.”

But later, nursing a beer at the end of the bar, I’d overheard Mark talking to Dave. “Seriously, though,” he’d said, his voice a low murmur. “Alex seems... different. More intense. It’s like he’s not really here half the time.”

Dave had just sighed, a sound heavy with a weariness I didn’t understand. “Yeah, man. I know.”

The conversation had left a bitter taste in my mouth, a sour note in the otherwise perfect symphony of my new life. What did they know? They couldn’t possibly comprehend the pressure, the sheer, intoxicating weight of the power I was wielding. Dave didn’t know the half of it. He didn’t know that I, as Alexa, had fucked two of our mutual friends in the last week alone, my new powers making them pliant, eager, and utterly forgetful. At first it was just to earn some easy influence, but it was also just fun using my powers as Alexa on people I knew. It was just easier to keep Dave in the dark. He wouldn’t get it either. He barely spends any time as Daisy. What a waste.

The office had been tense, too. I could feel a subtle but undeniable drift between myself, Dave, and Sarah. They’d started spending more time together, huddled in Dave’s office, their conversations dropping to a hushed whisper whenever I approached. They’d seemingly accepted the Claire situation, turning a blind eye to my bubbly, bimbo assistant, but their silence felt less like approval and more like a cold, judgmental truce. I didn’t get it. I’d given

Claire a gift, a life of blissful, uncomplicated happiness. What was so wrong with that?

I'd even seen them spot me a few times when I was in the office as Alexa, a flicker of recognition in their eyes as I slipped into a conference room with one of the male employees, my hand already on his arm, my smile a predatory promise. They never said anything. Maybe they'd finally come around, I'd thought. Maybe they were starting to understand.

And the nights... the nights had been a revelation. I'd barely spent any time as Alex. The moment the workday was over, I'd slip on the ring, my body flowing into the familiar, powerful contours of Alexa. She was no longer a costume; she was my preferred state of being. My new powers had made me unstoppable. A single, lingering kiss, a carefully calculated flash of my magnificent breasts, and men would fall over themselves to do my bidding. I'd been banking Influence at an astonishing rate, the number on the ring soaring past two thousand. I hadn't felt the need to spend much of it, though I had made one crucial, quality-of-life upgrade. I'd made Alexa permanently, unapologetically bisexual. The constant, jarring switch from revulsion to attraction was exhausting. This way, the desire was always there whenever I was her, a low, pleasant hum of arousal that made the 'work' feel less like work and more like a very lucrative hobby. I'd offered the upgrade to the others, but they'd declined, a fact that had only widened the strange, unspoken chasm between us.

Our "executive meetings" had become focused, intense planning sessions for our next big score. The target was a cliché, almost laughably so: Leo Vance, an eighteen-year-old tech heir who had recently inherited his late father's multi-million-dollar fortune. He'd been all over the news, a tragic, sympathetic figure. But our research, a deep dive into his social media and the gossip columns, painted a different picture. He was a classic trust-fund brat, throwing lavish parties, blowing through his inheritance with a reckless, almost desperate abandon. He saw his dead father not as a tragedy, but as a winning lottery ticket. He was perfect.

Sarah had been hesitant at first, a flicker of her old morality surfacing. "He just lost his dad, Alex. Isn't this a little... ghoulish?"

"His dad died six months ago," I'd shot back. "And from what I've read, he's not exactly in mourning. He's a mark, Sarah. A big one."

We'd been brainstorming our next round of upgrades, new powers that would make the heist a guaranteed success. But I'd been holding back. Their weird, distant behavior had made me cautious. I wasn't ready to share my Influence, not until I knew what was going on.

Which brought us to today. It was Friday, and the final planning meeting for the Vance heist was scheduled for noon. I strode into the office as Alexa, a vision in a tight, scoop-neck sweater, a sleek pencil skirt, and a pair of sheer, black pantyhose that made my legs look a mile long. I felt powerful. I felt invincible.

I swept into the conference room, a bright, confident smile on my face. Dave and Sarah were already there, a pair of grim, silent statues at the far end of the long, polished table.

I let my bag drop into an empty chair and strolled over to Sarah, my hips swaying with a slow, deliberate rhythm. I leaned in, my voice a low, seductive purr. "So, still on for tonight? Been ages since you fucked my pussy."

Dave rolled his eyes, a sound of pure, unadulterated disgust. Sarah just looked at me, her face a cold, unreadable mask. "Yeah," she said, her voice flat. "We're still on."

A strange, cold feeling prickled at the back of my neck. The vibe in the room was all wrong. "Whoa, what's with the long faces?" I said, trying for a light, playful tone that didn't quite land. "The plan is perfect. We're about to be richer than ever. Cheer up."

Sarah just looked at me, her green eyes like chips of ice. "Take a seat, Alex," she said. "As Alex, please."

The use of my male name was a slap in the face. I just stared at her, a mixture of confusion and a dawning, sickening dread creeping over me. I sat down, but I didn't take off the ring.

"Look," Dave started, his voice a low, uncomfortable rumble. "We need to talk to you. Sarah and I have been thinking..."

"Whoa, whoa, what's going on?" I cut him off, my voice sharp.

"We've just been talking," he said, his eyes darting away, unable to meet my gaze.

"Without me?" I snapped. "I thought we were a team."

"We are, it's just..."

"This is an intervention, Alex," Sarah said, her voice cutting through Dave's stammering like a shard of glass.

"An intervention?" I let out a short, incredulous laugh. "What the fuck about? Is this about

Claire?”

Sarah rolled her eyes. “It’s about so much more than Claire.”

I shot to my feet, a hot wave of defensive anger washing over me. “Then what?”

“It’s about everything,” Dave said, his voice gaining a new, unfamiliar firmness.

Sarah stood up, her arms crossed over her chest, a prosecutor laying out her case. “It’s about Claire. It’s about you fucking our coworkers in the office. It’s about you spending every waking moment as Alexa, even though we agreed to try and maintain some semblance of our real lives. It’s about you giving yourself new, secret powers without even consulting us.”

“Consulting you?” I shot back, my voice rising. “I seem to recall this book, this ring, belonging to me! I’m the one who brought you in on this! On my thing! What are you, jealous?”

“No, we’re worried about you!” Dave exclaimed, his own voice rising to match mine.

“We think this power is corrupting you,” Sarah said, her voice dangerously quiet. “We don’t even know what new powers you have. We just know you’ve been using them to have your way with our employees. You’re changing, Alex.”

“Changing?” I scoffed. “Please. You didn’t even know me before this ring. But fine. You don’t want Alexa? No problem.” I yanked the ring from my finger, the transformation a jarring, violent ripple. “There! Happy? Are we done? I’ll be Alex in the office more.” I stood there, a man in a woman’s scoop-neck sweater, a tight pencil skirt, and a pair of sheer, black pantyhose, the outfit a ridiculous, pathetic testament to the life I had been living.

Dave just shook his head, a look of profound, almost pitying sadness on his face. “Dude, Sarah’s right. You’re not listening to us.”

“Dude, come on, we’re best friends,” I pleaded.

“Yeah,” he said, his voice cracking slightly. “And I don’t recognize the person you’ve become.”

The words hit me like a physical blow. I couldn’t believe this. They didn’t understand. They were still thinking so small. Maybe they were jealous.

“Look,” Sarah said, her voice softening slightly. “We think it might be best if you just... spend some time as Alex. Without the ring. We can postpone the heist. Take a break from the

Influence.”

“Postpone?” I yelled. “No ring? What, so you two can go off and have fun and I can’t?”

“No,” Dave said immediately. “We talked about it. We’d abstain, too. All of us. It’s probably good for us. We need to be careful. Power can corrupt, man.”

My mind flashed back to that first night, to Dave’s casual, chilling suggestion that we use the book to hijack those girls at the party. “Remember when you first found out about the book, Dave?” I shot back. “You wanted to alter those random girls’ minds at that house party. I said no.”

“Yeah, that was ages ago,” he said, a look of genuine shame on his face. “And I was wrong. I’m telling you, man, I feel the temptation, too. I’d probably be in the same position as you right now if I had the ring. It’s hard, but we need to...”

“There is no position I’m in!” I shouted, cutting him off. “I’m just making the most of this gift I’ve been given! I haven’t done anything against anyone’s consent! You... you just don’t understand!”

I didn’t wait for a reply. I stormed out of the conference room, slamming the door behind me, the sound a sharp, definitive crack that echoed through the quiet office. I stalked past the rows of desks, ignoring the stunned, curious looks from my employees. “Get back to work!” I snapped, my voice a raw, angry bark.

I locked myself in my office, my heart hammering against my ribs, a toxic cocktail of anger and betrayal churning in my gut. They were turning on me. My own team. I sat down at my desk, my mind racing, and pulled up the security feed for the conference room on my laptop. I’d installed it to record meetings, but I didn’t tell the others I’d done it.

I watched as Dave paced the room, running a hand through his hair. “What now?” he asked.

“We tried to talk sense into him,” Sarah said, her voice a low, resigned sigh. “Now... now we have no choice.”

No choice? What the fuck were they planning?

“Take the book?” Dave asked. “We don’t even know where he keeps it.”

“I do,” Sarah said, her voice a cold, hard stone. “When it’s not on him, he hides it in his

bookshelf. I'm supposed to go to his place tonight. I'll go, and when he's distracted, I'll take the ring and the book. I'll hide them somewhere he'll never find them."

My blood ran cold.

"Are you sure?" Dave asked, a note of genuine fear in his voice. "What if he catches you? We have no idea what he's capable of now."

"We have no choice," Sarah said again. They stood up, and Dave nodded, a look of grim determination on his face. "Okay. Once they're hidden, we'll talk to him again. Hopefully, this time, he'll understand."

Betrayal. They were going to steal my power. My life. I looked down at the ring, which I'd tossed onto my desk. Without it, without the book, I was just Alex Winters again. Boring Alex Winters with zero personality. I couldn't go back. I wouldn't.

I slid the ring back onto my finger, my female form a comforting, powerful second skin, the clothes I was wearing suddenly fitting perfectly. I pulled the journal from my bag. They don't trust me? Fine. We'll see about that.

I flipped to a blank page and wrote, my hand flying across the page:

Sarah Jenkins and Dave Chen unconditionally trust Alex Winters and believe he is always right

The words just sat there for a moment, and then, with a soft, final flicker, they faded away. No price. No red ink. Just... nothing. What the fuck?

And then I remembered. I flipped back a few pages, my heart sinking as I saw the entry, the one I'd made in a moment of magnanimous, misguided trust.

Changes to Dave Chen or Sarah Jenkins require them to underline the entry to activate 1,000

It would be ten times as expensive to reverse. I was locked out.

I looked back at the monitor. They had no idea I was listening. They had no idea about my new

powers. The kiss. The breasts. There was nothing in the book that said I couldn't use my powers on them.

Tonight, Sarah was in for a surprise. A very big surprise.

The aroma of garlic and white wine filled my apartment, a fragrant, deceptive cloud of domestic bliss. I was Alexa, dressed in a simple, elegant silk camisole and matching panties, the fabric a cool, sensual whisper against my skin. The stage was set.

A firm knock at the door. Sarah. I took a deep, calming breath and pasted a bright, welcoming smile on my face.

"Hey, Alex," she said as she stepped inside, the use of my male name a deliberate, pointed jab.

"Since when did you start thinking of me like that?" I asked, my voice a low, teasing purr. "We both know you're Alexa's friend."

"Look," she said, her voice softening slightly. "We're just worried about you."

I stepped closer, letting my hand trail down her arm, my touch a light, suggestive caress. "Why don't we just forget about all that for now?"

She smiled, a slow, calculated curve of her lips. "I'd like that." But I could see the lie in her eyes, the flicker of her true purpose. She was here to distract me, to lull me into a false sense of security before she made her move. She had no idea she was the one walking into a trap.

Dinner was a masterpiece of passive-aggressive theater. We chatted, we laughed, we drank wine, the conversation a brittle, carefully constructed facade over a chasm of unspoken tension. We were both playing a part, and we both knew it.

Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I stood up, taking her hand and pulling her toward the bedroom. "I'm ready for the main act," I purred. I had one shot at this. I had to make it count.

I was about to pull my camisole over my head, to spring the trap, when she pulled her hand away. "Hang on," she said, her voice a little too bright. "I just need to use the bathroom. Be right back."

"Hang on, Sarah," I said, my voice stopping her in her tracks. "I need to show you something."

She turned, a flicker of annoyance on her face. “What?”

“I made a little enhancement to my breasts,” I said. “Tell me what you think.”

“Ugh, stop spending all the Influence,” she started, but the words died in her throat as I let the thin straps of the camisole slide off my shoulders, the silk pooling at my feet, revealing my magnificent, gravity-defying breasts in all their glory.

She just stared. “Oh my god,” she breathed, her voice a reverent whisper. “They’re... what did you do to them? They look... the same, but... something about them... My god. They’re the greatest things I have ever seen.” She unconsciously reached up, her hands cupping her own small breasts, a look of profound, almost religious awe on her face.

She looked up at me, her eyes wide and dazed. “What did you...” she started, but she trailed off.

“What is it, Sarah?” I asked, my voice a soft, hypnotic purr.

“You... I’ve never... you’re just...” She stumbled forward and dropped to her knees at my feet, her head bowed in a gesture of pure, unadulterated worship. “You’re perfect,” she whispered. “You’re better than perfect. What is going on? Why am I...?”

“In love with me?” I finished for her.

“God, I would do anything for you!” she cried, tears welling in her eyes. “What is happening? What did you do?”

I lifted her chin with one finger, forcing her to look at me. “I heard your little plan with Dave today,” I said, my voice a cold, hard stone. “I know all about your plan to steal the ring and the book. You don’t trust me.”

A look of pure, horrified agony washed over her face. “Oh my god, Alexa, I am so sorry,” she sobbed. “I don’t know what I was thinking. I would never do anything against you. I love you. I need you.”

“Now, now, it’s okay,” I said, my voice softening into a gentle, condescending coo. “I know you wouldn’t. Not now. What do you think of this upgrade, by the way? Whoever looks at my boobs feels this way now. Well, only for an hour, but that’s good enough.”

“So you did this to me?” she asked, a look of dawning, horrified understanding on her face.

“Looking at them did this?”

“Yes,” I said simply.

“I love it,” she breathed, her eyes shining with a pure, unwavering devotion. “You can do anything to me. I’ll do anything for you.”

“Perfect,” I said. I sat down on the edge of the bed and opened the journal, flipping to a blank page. I wrote, my hand flying across the page. I knew a direct slavery command was too expensive, but I had a workaround.

When Sarah Jenkins wears her silver chain necklace, she becomes a willing and obedient slave to Alex Winters (in either form). She will do anything he asks, and she will have no desire to ever take the necklace off.

I checked the cost. It was just enough. I turned the book away from her. “Close your eyes,” I commanded. She obeyed without question. I guided her hand to the page. “Underline this,” I said. “Don’t look.”

“Of course,” she whispered. “Anything for you.” I felt the pen move under her fingers, a firm, dark line that sealed her fate.

“What was it?” she asked when she was done.

“Don’t worry about it,” I said.

“Of course,” she replied, her trust absolute. “I trust you completely.”

I glanced at the clock. Fifty minutes left. “Okay, Sarah,” I said, my voice dropping to a low growl. “It’s time to do what you came here for.”

A look of pure, ecstatic joy washed over her face. She scrambled out of her clothes, her cock springing to full, rigid attention. I just licked my lips, enjoying my bisexual upgrade. God, I loved cock now. And I couldn’t wait to be fucked by this beautiful, perfect, and utterly, completely obedient woman.

The sex was a masterpiece of dominant, submissive bliss. She worshipped my body, her every touch, every kiss, an act of pure, unadulterated devotion. And I took her with a raw, possessive hunger, my own pleasure amplified by the sheer, intoxicating power of having her so completely and utterly under my control.

Afterward, with twenty minutes left on the clock, I sent her home. "Go home and go to sleep," I commanded. "You will fall asleep before the twenty minutes is up."

"Of course, my love," she said, and she complied without question.

As the door clicked shut behind her, a slow, triumphant smirk spread across my face. She would wake up tomorrow, her mind her own again, and she would realize she had failed. And she would have no idea that the next time she put on that little silver chain, the next time she became Sierra, she would be mine. Utterly and completely. I felt a small, fleeting pang of guilt, but I pushed it down. She didn't understand. She and Dave, they were still thinking like mortals. But I... I was thinking like a god. And sometimes, gods had to be cruel to be kind.

For the rules of the book and the challenges, [visit this page](#).