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# Sex Psychologist



## Sex Psychologist

As I stood in front of Crag Varran, the ship's commander, I couldn't believe what he was suggesting. I had to get to the second planet of the star B-352 and there was a merchant spaceship heading in that direction with one unoccupied vacancy on board. But there was a catch - the position was for a sex psychologist and according to the quota, it had to be filled by a woman.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bogart, but I can't make any exceptions to the quota," Varran said, his voice firm.

I was inconsolable. This was my only chance to get to the second planet and I couldn't let it slip through my fingers. "There has to be something we can do," I pleaded. "I'll do anything."

Varran hesitated for a moment before speaking. "There is one possibility. The ship contains nanotechnology-based equipment that can temporarily transform your body into a female. After the flight, we can change you back."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Was he serious? "You want me to pretend to be a woman for two months?" I asked, incredulous.

"It's either that or you don't go on the flight," Varran replied.

I weighed my options. On one hand, I really needed to get to the second planet. On the other hand, the thought of pretending to be a woman for two months was daunting. But I knew I didn't have much of a choice.

"Alright," I said, resigned. "I'll do it."

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I was feeling overwhelmed as I sat in the ship's doctor's office, listening to Philip Derk explain what was expected of me during the two-month journey.

"There are about 40 crew members on the ship, most of them men," Derk told me. "On average, 2-3 of them will require the services of a sex psychologist each day. It shouldn't be too exhausting."

I tried to process this information, still struggling to come to terms with the fact that I was going to have to pretend to be a woman for two months. And then Derk dropped another bombshell.

"Space on the ship is at a premium, so we'll have to make you into a petite woman with proportions of 32-24-34, bra size 32A, height 5'0", and weight 110 pounds."

I was shocked. As a young, athletic man with a height of 6'2" and a weight of 209 pounds, the thought of being transformed into a tiny woman was daunting.

"You'll have until tomorrow morning at 6 am to think about it," Derk said, standing up to leave. "But keep in mind that this is your only chance to get to the second planet of the star B-352."

I sat there, numb, as Derk left the room. I knew I had a tough decision to make.

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As I stepped out of the nanochamber and into the medical bay, I couldn't believe my eyes. The reflection staring back at me in the mirror was that of a woman - a petite woman with proportions of 32-24-34, bra size 32A, height 5'0", and weight 110 pounds. Standing next to Dr. Derk, who was 5'11" tall and had been shorter than me the day before, I felt tiny and vulnerable.

Derk handed me a uniform set consisting of loose shorts and a T-shirt with the label "Officer Bogard". I couldn't help but feel a twinge of sadness as I saw my old name on the shirt - it was a reminder of the man I used to be.

"The ship is warm, so you might want to dress in layers," Derk advised, sensing my discomfort. "I'll leave you to get dressed and then we can go over your duties as the ship's sex psychologist."

I nodded and began to get dressed, still trying to wrap my head around the fact that I was now a woman. As I looked at my new body in the mirror, I couldn't help but feel a sense of disconnection. This wasn't my body, but it was the one I was going to have to live in for the next two months. I took a deep breath and tried to push these thoughts to the back of my mind. I had a job to do, and I needed to focus on that.

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As I settled into my new role as the ship's sex psychologist, I couldn't help but feel grateful for the spacious office that had been provided to me. It had everything I needed - a desk, a fridge stocked with fruits and drinks, a video screen, and even a comfortable bed.

But my first day on the job didn't go as smoothly as I had hoped. My first client, a black sailor with a "Johnson" label on his T-shirt, had arrived expecting something quite different from what I was prepared to offer. When he made it clear that he wanted me to satisfy him sexually, I knew I had to put a stop to this misunderstanding right away.

I made my way to the captain's office, trying to calm my nerves as I knocked on the door. When Varran called out for me to enter, I took a deep breath and stepped inside.

"Captain Varran, I'm sorry to disturb you, but I wanted to speak with you about my duties as the ship's sex psychologist," I began, trying to keep my voice steady. "I think there's been a misunderstanding. My role is to provide psychological support and counseling to the crew, not to engage in any kind of sexual activity."

Varran looked at me, his expression serious. "I understand your concerns, Mr. Bogart," he said. "But we're in a unique situation here. These men are isolated from their

families and loved ones for months at a time. It's not uncommon for them to seek intimacy and physical release in any way they can. As the sex psychologist, it's your job to provide a safe and healthy outlet for these needs."

I was taken aback by his words. I had never thought about it like that before. But I knew that I couldn't go against my own personal and professional boundaries.

"I understand, Captain," I said firmly. "But I can't do that. It's not fair to me or to the crew members who are expecting a certain level of professionalism from me. I'm willing to continue providing counseling and support, but I can't engage in any kind of sexual activity."

Varran considered my words for a moment before nodding. "I respect your decision, Mr. Bogart. I'll make sure to make it clear to the crew that your role is purely one of counseling and support."

I let out a sigh of relief, grateful that the captain had understood my position. I knew that this wouldn't be the last time I would have to navigate a difficult situation as the ship's sex psychologist, but at least I had made my boundaries clear from the start.

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As I sat in Dr. Derk's office, listening to him explain the importance of my role as the ship's sex psychologist, I couldn't help but feel a sense of unease. The thought of having to engage in sexual activity with the crew members was disturbing to me, and I had made it clear to the captain that I wasn't comfortable with it.

But Derk was insistent. "There's nothing shameful about this work, Mr. Bogart," he said. "This is a standard position that has been introduced on every commercial spaceship for several years now. And the results speak for themselves - the number of riots on ships has been reduced by four since the introduction of the sex psychologist role."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Was this really what was expected of me?

"Look, Mr. Bogart, I understand that this may be difficult for you to understand," Derk continued. "But the psychological health of the crew is at stake here. If you refuse to perform your duties, I'm afraid there will be consequences. No one will take you to the B-352 star. You'll be shot in an anabiosis capsule with a radio beacon into space and somewhere in six months, you'll be picked up by some ship returning to Earth."

I sat there, feeling trapped. I couldn't waste six months floating in space, waiting to be rescued. But the thought of having to do something that went against my personal and professional values was unbearable. I didn't know what to do.

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I sat there, feeling torn. On one hand, I knew that I couldn't afford to waste six months floating in space. On the other hand, the thought of having to engage in sexual activity

with the crew members made me deeply uncomfortable. I knew I had to make a decision, and fast.

As I weighed my options, Dr. Derk offered his help. "If you're willing to give this a try, Mr. Bogart, I'm happy to support you in any way I can," he said. "To help you adjust to your new duties, we could start by working with someone you're already familiar with in a calm, comfortable environment. And then we could gradually move on to serving the rest of the crew members."

I thought about this for a moment. The idea of starting with someone I knew did make me feel a little better. And maybe, just maybe, I could get through this if I took it one step at a time.

"Alright," I said, trying to sound more confident than I felt. "Let's give it a try."

Derk smiled. "Great. Why don't you lie down on the bed and we'll start with some basic techniques. And remember, you're in control here. You can stop at any time."

I nodded and lay down on the bed, trying to calm my nerves. Derk positioned himself between my legs and inserted his erect penis into my vagina. I tried to focus on my breath as he began to thrust.

"How do you feel, Mr. Bogart?" he asked, pausing for a moment.

I didn't know how to answer. This was all so new and strange to me. "I-I don't know," I stammered.

"It's okay," Derk said, his voice soothing. "Just try to pay attention to your body. Do you feel any pleasure?"

I thought about it for a moment. To be honest, I wasn't sure. I wasn't sure what to feel.

"I'm not sure," I said finally.

"That's okay," Derk said, understanding. "We can take our time and try different techniques. The most important thing is that you feel comfortable and in control."

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As I lay there on the bed, trying to get through the session with Dr. Derk, I couldn't help but feel a sense of hopelessness wash over me. I had told him that I wasn't feeling any excitement or pleasure, and he had simply told me that I would have to "endure" it and eventually learn to enjoy my work. But the thought of having to go through this two hundred times over the course of the two-month journey was unbearable.

And then, to my horror, Derk suggested that I try giving him a blowjob. "It's very popular among the team members," he said. "It's a simple, hygienic, and uncomplicated service that is very beneficial for the mental health of the team."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The thought of taking his penis in my mouth made me feel physically ill. I sat there, frozen, as he stood in front of me with his underpants down. I just couldn't bring myself to do it.

To my relief, Derk seemed to understand. "It's okay, Mr. Bogart," he said, his voice filled with empathy. "I respect your refusal. We can try something else."

I nodded, grateful for his understanding. I knew that I couldn't go through with this, no matter how much I wanted to get to the second planet of the star B-352. I would have to find another way.

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I sat there, feeling defeated. It seemed like no matter what I did, I was stuck in this impossible situation. But then Dr. Derk mentioned something that caught my attention.

"There is one solution to this problem, Mr. Bogart," he said. "The medical nanochamber is able to make fine adjustments in the patient's mind. If you wish, we can temporarily increase your attraction to men, interest in any kind of sex, and libido of your female body. It's entirely up to you."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Could this really be a way out of my predicament?

"And at the end of the trip, everything can be returned back to normal," Derk added. "It's completely reversible."

I considered this for a moment. On one hand, the thought of altering my mind in this way was unsettling. But on the other hand, it seemed like the only way I would be able to get through the two-month journey.

"Alright," I said, trying to sound more confident than I felt. "I'll do it."

Derk nodded. "Great. Just keep in mind that the changes made by the nanochamber won't be felt immediately. It will take about two hours before you start to notice the effects."

I nodded, trying to push aside my doubts.

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As I exited the nanochamber after the mind-correction procedure, I was surprised to see Dr. Derk standing before me without his underpants. His saggy penis looked unpleasant, to say the least.

But to my surprise, I found myself becoming more and more drawn to him as he talked to me about the various sex literature that was available on the ship's computer, as well as the various sex toys and devices that were on board. I listened as he explained what they were for and how to use them, and I found myself feeling an increasing arousal in my groin area and my female genitals.

Finally, I couldn't hold back any longer. "You know, Dr. Derk," I said, my voice low and husky. "Your sagging penis doesn't look disgusting at all. In fact, it dangles cutely and looks like a defenseless victim. It makes me want to pounce on it."

Dr. Derk raised an eyebrow. "Is anything in your sexual preferences changing, Mr. Bogart?" he asked, a hint of amusement in his voice.

I paused, considering this. As I looked at Dr. Derk, I realized that he actually looked quite sexy overall. And before I knew it, I found myself suggesting that we do one more practice test.

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As I gave Dr. Derk a blowjob, I couldn't believe how relaxed, liberated, and excited I felt. I was eager to see how I could make him groan in pleasure, and I was determined to see this through to the end.

But at a crucial moment, I stopped before completing the process. I pulled off my shorts and panties, turned my back to Dr. Derk, and got on all fours on the bed. I could feel his hot breath on my skin as he thrust his penis into my vagina from behind. I groaned in pleasure as we reached our mutual orgasm.

Afterwards, Dr. Derk asked me about my impressions and feelings. "Well," I said, trying to catch my breath. "I have to say, I'm feeling pretty pleased and satisfied right now. I think I can safely say that I'll be able to cope with this work not only easily, but with great pleasure."

Dr. Derk smiled. "I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Bogart. You're a natural."

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As I eagerly awaited my first client in my office, I found myself getting more and more aroused. I couldn't wait to see who my first partner would be, and I began to pleasure myself as I anticipated the pleasure that was to come.

To my delight, my client soon arrived, and he turned out to be a handsome Irishman named O'Brien. He seemed to prefer the missionary position, and I happily agreed. As he thrust through my vagina, I felt an urge to cheer him on with some dirty talk. I couldn't believe how much I was enjoying myself.

As I lay underneath O'Brien, my body writhing with pleasure, I couldn't help but let out a series of dirty phrases. "Yes, O'Brien, that's it," I moaned. "Give it to me harder. I want to feel you deep inside me."

O'Brien responded with a groan of his own, driving himself into me with renewed vigor. I could feel my orgasm approaching, and I couldn't hold back any longer.

"Oh my god, O'Brien," I cried out. "I'm going to come. I can feel it. It's so intense, so incredible."



As I reached the peak of my pleasure, I felt a series of powerful contractions wracking my body. My vagina clenched tightly around O'Brien's cock, milking him for all he was worth. I could feel him coming too, his own orgasm mirroring mine as we both cried out in ecstasy.

As we lay there afterwards, panting and spent, I couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. I had given O'Brien the pleasure he had sought, and in doing so, I had found pleasure for myself as well. It was an incredible feeling, and I knew that I would never forget it.

When we were finished, O'Brien thanked me sincerely, calling me "Officer Bogart." I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride as I basked in his gratitude. I had truly enjoyed myself, and I was eager to do it again.

"Come back anytime, O'Brien," I said with a smile. "And tell the rest of the sailors not to be shy. I'm here to pleasure them all."

O'Brien grinned. "I'll be sure to pass the word along, Officer Bogart. Thank you for a wonderful time."

And with that, he left my office, leaving me to bask in the afterglow of our encounter.

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As I confidently walked down the corridor of the spaceship, I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride in my new role as a sex psychologist. The sailors that I passed all greeted me respectfully, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of accomplishment as I went about my duties.

Finally, I reached the commander's cabin and knocked on the door. When he invited me in, I couldn't help but feel a flutter of nerves as I stepped inside.

"How are you doing, James?" he asked politely. "Is there something specific that you needed?"

"Well, to be honest," I replied, trying to sound as confident as possible. "I came because you yourself never came to see me over the past month. I thought it might be good for your mental health if we worked together."

The commander hesitated for a moment, but I could see that he was intrigued. And so, resolutely, I carried out my duties with him.

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As I lay on the bed in the Commander's cabin, I couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement building inside me. I knew that we were about to achieve mutual orgasm, and I was eager to make it as intense and pleasurable as possible.

First, I began by running my hands over the Commander's body, exploring every inch of his paunchy, 50-year-old frame. Despite his age, I found him to be incredibly sexy, and I couldn't wait to pleasure him in every way possible.



Next, I began to kiss and lick his body, working my way down towards his most sensitive areas. He moaned and writhed with pleasure as I teased and tantalized him, and I could feel his excitement building with every touch.

Finally, when I knew he was ready, I straddled him and began to ride him with all of my might. He groaned and cried out as I moved up and down on him, and I could feel him getting closer and closer to orgasm.

As we reached the peak of our pleasure, we both cried out in ecstasy, and I collapsed onto his chest, spent and satisfied.

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After a long day of work, I found myself feeling a bit restless and in need of some fun. That's when I had an idea and headed over to see Dr. Derk.

"Hey there, Derk," I said, a mischievous grin spreading across my face. "I've got a proposition for you. How about we play a little game?"

Dr. Derk raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "What kind of game?" he asked.

"Well," I said, leaning in closer. "I'll give you a blowjob, and you have to try to resist your arousal and maintain a conversation about abstract topics. If you can last for at least five minutes without ejaculating, I'll consider it a win for you."

Dr. Derk thought about it for a moment before nodding. "Okay, I'm in," he said. "But I have a condition of my own. Before we start, I want to have a sexual discharge with ejaculation. That way, it will be easier for me to resist arousal during our game."

I couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity of it all, but I found myself agreeing to his condition. "Sure, why not?" I said. "And if you lose, you'll allow me to use your medical nanocamera to enlarge my breasts to a cup size 'C'."

As Dr. Derk prepared himself for our game, I couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and anticipation building inside me. I had always found him attractive, and the thought of feeling him inside me was almost too much to bear.

Finally, he was ready and approached me, his eyes burning with desire. Without a word, he positioned himself behind me and began to thrust his cock into my vagina.

I couldn't help but moan in pleasure as he filled me up, each thrust sending waves of ecstasy crashing through my body. My vagina clenched tightly around him, my body begging for more.

As he picked up the pace, I could feel my orgasm approaching, and I let out a series of breathy moans. "Oh god, Derk," I cried out. "I'm going to come. I can feel it. It's so intense, so incredible."

And then, finally, it hit me. A series of powerful contractions wracked my body as I rode the wave of pleasure, my vagina milking Dr. Derk for all he was worth.

As he came inside me, I couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction and accomplishment. I had given him the preliminary sexual discharge he had needed in order to prepare for our game, and in doing so, I had found pleasure for myself as well. It was an incredible feeling, and one that I knew I would never forget.

As I knelt in front of Dr. Derk, his saggy cock hanging before me, I couldn't help but feel a sense of determination. I was determined to win this game, and I was going to give it my all.

Taking his cock in my hand, I began to stroke it gently, trying to coax it back to life. As I worked, I couldn't help but feel a sense of arousal building inside me. The thought of bringing him to climax was almost too much to bear.

Finally, I leaned in and took his cock into my mouth, my lips and tongue working their magic. As I sucked and licked, I could feel him starting to stir, his cock growing harder and more erect with each passing moment.

Dr. Derk tried to maintain a conversation about abstract topics, but it was clear that he was struggling to resist his arousal. His breathing became shallow and ragged, and I knew that he was close.

Finally, with a groan of pleasure, he came in my mouth, his cum filling my mouth and spilling out over my lips. I swallowed it all down hungrily, feeling a sense of triumph wash over me.

I had won the game, and Dr. Derk had agreed to my terms.

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I couldn't wait to receive my reward for winning the game - a 32C breast augmentation. But as I stood there, looking at Dr. Derk, I couldn't help but feel a sense of greed rising up inside me.

"Dr. Derk," I said, using my most seductive voice. "I was wondering if there was any way you could make them just a bit bigger. Maybe a 32D instead?"

Dr. Derk hesitated, clearly torn. "I don't know, James," he said. "I don't want to overdo it. 32C is already a significant increase."

I pouted, knowing that my best weapon was my feminine wiles. "Please, Dr. Derk," I begged. "Just a little bit bigger. It will help me do my job as a sex psychologist so much better. And while you're at it, maybe you could increase their sensitivity just a bit too?"

Dr. Derk looked at me for a long moment, and then finally nodded. "Alright," he said with a sigh. "I'll see what I can do. But don't come crying to me if you regret it later."

I grinned, knowing that I had won. "Oh, I won't," I said. "I promise. Thank you, Dr. Derk. You won't regret this."

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As I emerged from the medical nanochamber, I couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and nervousness coursing through me. My new 32D breasts felt heavy and sensitive.

Dr. Derk, true to his word, immediately began conducting a thorough check of my new breasts. His hands were gentle as he felt around them, kneading them and testing their firmness.

I couldn't help but moan as he stimulated my nipples with his fingers, rolling them between his thumb and forefinger and causing a wave of pleasure to wash over me. And when he leaned down and started to lick and suck on them, I practically melted in his arms.

"Oh, Dr. Derk," I gasped, my body writhing beneath his touch. "That feels so good. I can't believe how sensitive these new breasts are!"

Dr. Derk chuckled, a smug smile spreading across his face. "I told you they would be worth it," he said. "And just wait until you see how they enhance your work as a sex psychologist. You're going to drive your clients wild with pleasure."

I couldn't wait to find out. As Dr. Derk finished his check and stood back to admire his handiwork, I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and excitement at my new body. These breasts were going to take me places I had never even dreamed of.

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"So, James," Commander Varran said as he handed me a stack of credits. "I hope you're happy with your earnings. You've done a great job over the past two months."

I couldn't believe my eyes as I counted the credits. I had made so much more than I had expected, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and accomplishment at a job well done.

"Thank you, Commander," I said, grinning widely. "I never would have thought I'd be able to make so much. You've been a great employer."

"Glad to hear it," he replied, returning my smile. "But unfortunately, it's time for you to transform back. We've arrived at the second planet of the star B-352, and it's time for you to return to your male form."

I hesitated for a moment, feeling a twinge of sadness at the thought of leaving my female form behind. It had been an incredible experience, and I wasn't quite ready to say goodbye.

"Well, if that's the case," I said slowly. "I guess I'll have to choose a female name for myself. After all, we have another three months before our next stop."

Commander Varran chuckled. "I suppose you're right, James. And who knows? Maybe you'll decide to stay female permanently. The universe is a big place, full of endless possibilities."

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I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "What do you mean, return to my male body?" I asked, staring at Dr. Derk in disbelief. "I like this body, and I like this work. And in my male body, I earned a fraction of what I'm making now. Why would I want to go back?"

Dr. Derk sighed, a look of sadness crossing his face. "I understand that you've grown accustomed to this body and this work, James," he said. "But the truth is, this personality you have now is artificially created by the medical nanocamera. It's not who you truly are."

I frowned, feeling a pang of shame. "What are you saying, Dr. Derk?" I asked. "That I'm not really a woman?"

Dr. Derk shook his head. "No, that's not what I'm saying," he said. "But you are not being true to yourself. You are denying your true identity and hiding behind this persona that the nanocamera created. Don't you see how wrong that is?"

I hesitated, not sure what to say. On the one hand, I was enjoying my new life as a woman and a sex psychologist. On the other hand, Dr. Derk's words were weighing heavily on me.

Finally, I came up with a compromise. "I'll think about it," I said. "But I need more time. And I want to spend tonight in your bed. I'll make my decision in the morning."

Dr. Derk hesitated, but eventually nodded. "All right," he said. "But I want you to really think about this, James. You need to make the right choice for yourself, not just for me or anyone else."

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As I lay next to Dr. Derk in his bed, I couldn't help but feel a sense of determination wash over me. I had a goal in mind, and I was determined to see it through.

I ran my fingers over his chest, feeling the contours of his muscles and the softness of his skin. He sighed contentedly as I leaned in to kiss him, my lips meeting his in a soft, sensual embrace.

I could feel his body responding to my touch, his cock beginning to harden as I ran my hands down his chest and stomach. I took him in my mouth, my lips and tongue exploring every inch of him as I worked to bring him to the brink of orgasm.

I could feel him pulsing in my mouth, his moans of pleasure filling the air as I expertly played with him, using all my skills and love techniques to bring him closer and closer to the edge.

Finally, with a cry of pleasure, he came, his body shuddering as he surrendered himself to the waves of orgasm that washed over him.

Panting and satisfied, he collapsed back onto the bed, a satisfied smile spreading across his face. I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and accomplishment wash over me as I realized that I had achieved my goal.

There were still two more orgasms I planned to go, but for now, I was just happy to have pleased him in this way. I snuggled up next to him, enjoying the afterglow of our lovemaking as we drifted off to sleep.

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After a short rest, I felt the familiar stirrings of desire begin to rise within me once again. Dr. Derk was already starting to stir, his body reacting to my nearness and the sensual touch of my hands on his skin.

I straddled him, my body pressing against his as I leaned down to kiss him deeply. He responded hungrily, his hands roaming over my body as we explored each other with our lips and tongues.

I could feel his cock beginning to harden once again, and I knew that it was time to take things to the next level. I reached down and guided him inside me, gasping as he filled me completely.

I began to move, my hips rocking back and forth as I rode him, taking him as deeply as I could with each thrust. He groaned and grabbed onto my hips, helping me to move faster and harder as we both sought the release that only orgasm could bring.

It didn't take long for us to reach the edge, and as we came together, I could feel the waves of pleasure crashing over me, my body shuddering and shaking as I surrendered myself to the moment.

Dr. Derk held onto me tightly, his own orgasm echoing mine as we lay there, spent and satisfied. It was a moment that I knew I would treasure forever.

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With two orgasms already behind us, I knew that we were both more than ready for the third and final one. I could feel the anticipation building between us, a deep desire to give and receive pleasure once more.

Dr. Derk seemed to sense my thoughts, and he rolled me onto my back, his lips finding mine as he began to explore my body with his hands and mouth.

I writhed beneath him, my body responding to his touch as he brought me closer and closer to the edge. I could feel myself starting to climax, my body tensing and shaking as I let out a low moan.

Dr. Derk picked up the pace, thrusting into me harder and faster as we both raced towards the finish line. And when we finally came, it was a beautiful, explosive moment that left us both panting and gasping for air.

We lay there for a few moments, tangled up in each other's arms, basking in the afterglow of our mutual orgasms. It was a moment of pure, unadulterated bliss, and I knew that I would never forget it.

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I couldn't help but feel a sense of triumph as I gazed up at Dr. Derk, knowing that I had successfully convinced him to let me stay in this female body. It was a heady feeling, knowing that I had such a powerful influence over him, and I couldn't help but feel a bit smug about it.

"So, Dr. Derk," I said, my voice dripping with slyness. "Do you still insist that I return to my male body? Or are you willing to let me stay as I am?"

Dr. Derk hesitated for a moment, and I could see the conflict written on his face. He clearly wanted me to stay, but he also felt a sense of duty to do what was best for me.

But in the end, it was my charms that won out, and he reluctantly nodded his head.

"Fine," he said, a hint of resignation in his voice. "You can stay as you are. But you have to promise me that you'll be careful and make sure to take good care of yourself."

I grinned up at him, knowing that I had gotten exactly what I wanted.

"Oh, I'll be careful, don't you worry," I purred. "And as for taking care of myself...well, I think I've proven that I'm more than capable of doing that."

Dr. Derk chuckled, shaking his head in amusement.

"I have no doubt about that," he said, pulling me close for a hug. "You're a very persuasive young woman, James Bogart. And I have a feeling that you're going to go far in this world."

I smiled, feeling a warm sense of contentment wash over me as I snuggled up against him. I knew he was right - I had made the right decision to stay in this female body, and I was determined to make the most of it.

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