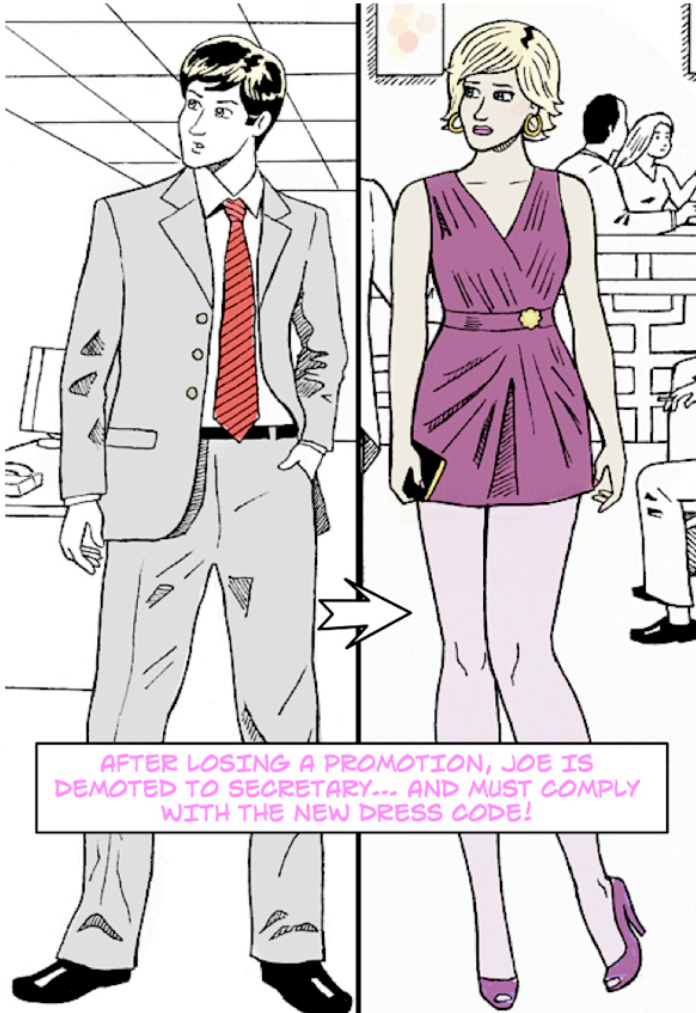


TV FICTION CLASSICS

A STRICT DRESS CODE



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DEMOTED TO SECRETARY... AND MUST COMPLY
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VOLUME 99

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 99

A STRICT DRESS CODE

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QUOTE BOARD

Proof that a great pair of high heels can change your
life...Cinderella!

A STRICT DRESS CODE

By Alice Trail

“That was Ms. Malone,” Joe Denton exclaimed as he cradled the phone. She was the new CEO of their engineering firm. With a happy smile, he adjusted his tie and informed his co-workers who were gathered around. “She says Liz Hutton and I are the finalists replace Mr. Rogers as Vice President of Engineering and Design.”

Upon his words he was bombarded with congratulations and comments of, “You’re bound to beat that feminist bitch out for the job,” and “You’ll make a great boss,” from his co-workers who were gathered about his desk, especially Bob and Frank, his close friends and golf buddies.

“Yeah,” Joe grinned. “If Mr. Stern was still in charge, I would be a lock, but I don’t know with that broad and her cohorts who bought the firm.”

“Just a minute!” Susan Hall, the usually outspoken female, exclaimed. “This is not the old boys club it used to be. Janet and I work here, and we’re both college graduates. We’re not feminists, and we’re as competent as any of you bozos in this department except Joe and Liz...no matter what Bob and Frank say.”

Everyone knew of the torrid affair she had with Larry, one of the technicians. They lived together for about six months, but he cheated on her so often that she moved out with a lot of resentment. She summoned

her courage and continued to do her job, but emotionally, she never recovered.

Janet, the other female on the staff, had a few rolls in the hay with Joe and still had a monster crush on him so she remained silent on the issue. They never moved in together, but she spent many nights and weekends in his apartment.

“Okay, okay,” Joe conceded. “Let’s just hope for the best and not argue among ourselves.”

The company designed high-rise buildings, truss bridges, and other structures that require complex drawings and calculations and became renowned and respected in the field. It was founded by the team of Stern, Rogers, and Rowe some forty years ago. After Rowe died the year before, the remaining partners sold the company and retired. The new owners were predominately female, and uncertainty reigned among the employees during the transition.

Liz was 32 years old with seven years experience since her registration as an engineer. Joe received his license from the Board of Registration only six months earlier, but he was well liked by both staff and the previous management. To his credit, a number of females were vying for his attention.

Two days later, Ms. Malone called for Joe to come into her office. Upon receiving the call, he was on pins and needles, and his co-workers wished him luck. He had met her briefly on one occasion and seen her in the halls a few times but never had a conversation with her. From those encounters, he knew she was about forty,

comported herself with confidence, and dressed in a very professional manner.

When he entered her office, he noticed that she was wearing a pin stripe designer suit with a straight skirt that fell to a modest two inches above her knees. Her hair and makeup were immaculate, and she moved easily atop expensive pumps with three-inch heels.

Instantly Joe's focus shot down at the obviously new ultra-feminine high heels. Time seemed to stop and Joe disapproved of his boss's high-heel taste. Mostly they were "too high and naughty" and too distracting. It was not business-like, at least not male business like.

"Like my new shoes?" she asked as he re-composed his thoughts.

"What's going on?"

"Have a seat," she more or less commanded. When he was seated, she sat opposite him, and said, "I have promoted Liz Hutton to VP of Engineering. I know you were hoping for the position, so let me explain the reasons for my decision."

Her words took the wind out of Joe so completely that he didn't notice when she crossed her attractive nylon clad legs causing the hem of her skirt to ride up to mid thigh. He desperately wanted to say something to reinforce his claim to the position, but he was too devastated to speak.

"On the plus side for Liz; seven years more experience than you," she said, explaining her position on the issue. "You, on the other hand, relate better to the staff. I suppose the deciding factor in her favor is that she is female."

“Female? Why isn’t competence, not gender, the deciding factor in deciding in who gets a promotion?” Joe inquired in an exasperated tone.

“Political correctness is a reality of our time, and as a firm, we want to reflect diversity whenever and wherever possible,” she explained. You might be interested to know that Liz requested you for her administrative assistant. If you want it, I approve. I trust that will dispel any resentment you might harbor.”

“Oh, yes ma’am,” he replied with as much enthusiasm as he could muster through his disappointment. “I’ll do my best to justify your faith in me.”

After receiving condolences from his co-workers, Joe walked into Liz’s office without knocking and more or less growled, “Hey Liz, congrats on the promotion!

Liz had usually worn low-cut blousy tops and short skirts, and her ultra high heels mostly gave the impression of a tart, slut-like appearance.

But now, Liz was extremely well tailored, smart-looking in her dignified business suit with a neat, stylish knee-length skirt. She wore the same style of ultra high heels as Ms. Malone. Her expensive outfits emphasized an elegant smartness and made her look 'The efficient businesswoman'.

“Big raise, eh?” Joe spat. “And thanks for requesting me as your administrative assistant. I’ll do my best to justify your faith in me.”

“Close the door, and let’s have a talk to get things started off right!” Liz snapped in a short tone without

acknowledging Joe's congratulations. They were suddenly NOT equals in any way.

Riled by Liz's sharp retort, Joe slammed the door, returned, plopped down in a chair across her desk, leered at his new boss, and spat, "Okay, let's have it."

"Very well," Liz began firmly without raising her voice. "This will be a more formal workplace than in the past. You will not enter my office in the future without first knocking and being given permission to enter. After being invited inside, you will not plop down in a chair. Instead, you will stand before my desk, look me in the eye, and state the purpose of your visit or ask why you were summoned. Furthermore, you will address me as Ms. Hutton or Ma'am, not *Liz!* Now, get up and assume the position."

Seeing that Liz was serious, Joe slowly rose to his feet and glared at her.

Knowing she had won at least a partial victory, Liz continued, "Do you understand?"

"Yeah, I understand," Joe scoffed. "You're throwing your weight around and being a bitch!"

"Yes, Ms. Hutton. I understand!" Liz demanded, indicating that he should be more formal in his speech. "And we can do without the insults."

Observing Liz's adamant position on this issue, Joe, not wanting a confrontation that might lead to the loss of his new administrative assistant position, softened his tone and sighed, "Yes, Ms. Hutton. I understand."

"Another thing, I plan to keep a personnel file on each of person under my authority that I can refer to when filling out monthly employee evaluations. You defied protocol; so let's begin with you. Write this down,

and type up a memo to file re Josie Denton at the desk outside my door.”

“But, Liz...uh...Ms. Hutton,” Joe stammered. “I go by Joe, not Josey, and that desk is for your secretary.”

“You don’t like Josie?”

“Sounds kind of feminine.”

“Clint Eastwood did a movie called ‘The Outlaw Josey Wales’. Are you more masculine than Clint?”

“No, but it still sounds feminine. I prefer...”

“Okay, we’ll spell it J-o-s-i-e. Now that that’s settled, the memo should read something like, ‘Josie defied protocol by charging into my office without knocking or being invited in and took a seat without permission. Further, he was rude, obstinate, insulting, and disrespectful when I explained the new office protocol.’ When you’ve done that, e-mail it to me for my perusal and signature. Think you can do that ... *Josie?*”



“Since administrative assistant is a politically correct name for secretary, this will be your work station.” Liz directs.

“But, I didn’t know of the new policies you were instituting!” Joe protested. “It’s not right to write me up for breaking rules I didn’t know about!”

“I’ll keep that in mind when I fill out your monthly Employee Evaluation (EVAL) based on your performance from now until then,” Liz submitted. “You won’t help your cause if you argue about every assignment I give you. Now, get busy!”

“Yes...yes, ma’am,” Joe stammered as he hurried toward the door much less confident than when he entered.

Liz followed him outside the door and said, “You jumped at the chance when Ms. Malone offered.”

“That was for a position as administrative assistant!”

“Everybody knows administrative assistant is a glorified term for secretary, and you jumped at the chance to fill that position when it was offered.” Pointing to the desk in the secretary’s nook just outside her office, she added, “As such, *this* will be your work station for the foreseeable future.”

“Secretary!” he boomed. “I’m a structural engineer, and I’ll be a damn site more valuable to this firm behind a computer designing buildings than typing memos! Who the hell is moving into the office beside yours if not me?”

“Dirk Turner. I’m promoting him to Chief Technician.”

“Dirk Turner? He’s just a junior tech. I’ve forgotten more than he’ll ever know!”

“He has an Associate’s Degree, and he’s been here eight years. That’s longer than either of us. If you advise him from time to time, I’m sure he’ll do fine. And, oh Josie, notify the staff to meet me in the conference room right away. You’ve had your indoctrination, so stay here, type that memo, and answer the phone.”

Even though he felt demeaned by the request/order, Joe managed to mutter, "Yes Ms. Hutton." He received more condolences when he informed the staff of Liz's order to assemble for a meeting. After that, he was fuming inside as he returned to the secretary's nook to type the degrading memo on his performance. 'I can't be a damn secretary!' he seethed inwardly while turning on the computer on what was to be his desk.

Liz dedicated a significant portion of the next two weeks to private interviews with members of the staff that were designed to gain their loyalty. To accomplish this she concocted a rumor that there was a conspiracy to discredit her by sabotaging plans. She knew Bob and Frank were Joe's friends, so she blamed them for the plot, so no one was overly surprised when she fired them.

Their absence created vacancies in supervisory positions, so she advanced selected personnel that would be loyal to her (and increased their salaries.) The selected two were Susan, the outspoken female, who would move into Joe's old office, and Janet, a young engineer in training who had a major crush on Joe, would be the floor supervisor. The men weren't happy about being made subordinate to women they considered to be eye candy in the past, but they had no choice.

Meanwhile, Joe was kept busy with his secretarial duties, typing employee EVALs and running errands for Liz, filing, making her appointments and the like that left him little or no time to pursue his former career, design calculations, and computer drafting for which he

was trained. To his consternation, a nameplate appeared on his desk identifying the occupant as Josie Denton.

Joe was upset as he returned with a sandwich from the corner deli for Liz's lunch one day. Having had enough being a secretary, he flew off the handle when she told him to fetch a diet soda from the machine in the break room for her. "Get it yourself!" he snapped while throwing the bag contained the sandwich onto her desk. "I spend half my time typing your letters, memos, and employee EVALs, answering your phone, setting up your appointments, and the other half running your errands. That doesn't leave me any time for design calculations! I'm a lot more than a damn secretary, no matter what you think!"

"Okay," Liz spat in return. "This is as good a time to have this conversation as any. Do you feel like a secretary?"

"You treat me like one!"

"That's not what I asked. Do you feel like one?"

"No, but you have me performing a secretary's duties!"

"Perhaps you would feel more like a secretary if you wore silky nylon panties under your suit."

"Why on earth would I want to wear panties? That's crazy!"

"I'm just trying to come up with a dress code that will make you feel comfortable and content in your position in this department. You campaigned for it, and I want you to be happy in your work."

"You're crazy! Wearing panties won't make me happy! I'm not doing it!"

"You will if you continue to work here!"

“Then, I’m not working here. I quit!”

“Tell you what. Take a couple of weeks off and look for a new job. If you find one, we’ll work out your termination package. If you don’t, show up here two weeks from Monday wearing silky pink nylon panties, and I’ll write your two weeks off as vacation.”

“Screw that! I’ll be back to get my final check and personal things but I won’t be wearing panties. I’m not a damn secretary, and I flat out refuse to wear women’s panties!”

When he left, Liz went to her computer and typed out a *final* EVAL on Joe. It stated that he was a disruptive employee, argumentative, disruptive to good order, habitually late, sloppily dressed, and borderline competent. At the end, she added a no rehire recommendation. She then e-mailed the report to Personnel with instructions to release it to any and all prospective employers.

Liz’s tactic worked, and at the end of two weeks, Joe had not come close to securing employment elsewhere. Detesting the prospect of having to wear panties to keep his job as fervently as the day he walked out, he knew he was running out of options. Sunday afternoon, the day before he was to return to work if he was to keep his job, he went to a nearby mall that featured several upscale department stores. Deciding to act in a nonchalant manner when making his purchase, he gravitated to the lingerie section of a popular retailer. When a sales lady approached, he informed her that he and his fiancée had an argument and he wanted to buy her a special pair of panties as a peace offering.

She had heard similar tales from men in the past, most of them were nervous and fidgety, raising suspicion that they were buying the feminine garments for themselves, some not. By Joe's calm manner, she assumed he was telling the truth. With that in mind, she showed him a display of top of the line panties. After selecting a pair in silky pink nylon, he paid in cash and made his exit.

Joe didn't sleep well that night. Every time he tossed and turned, he thought of the dreaded silky pink panties he would have to wear under his trousers the next morning. Edgy from the loss of sleep, he was extremely nervous the next morning. As he shaved and showered to get ready for work, he remained naked as long as possible. When he could wait no longer, he retrieved the bag that contained his panties. As he couldn't bear to look at them, it remained unopened since he left the boutique the day before. After cutting off the tags he reluctantly stepped into the silky feminine garment, pulled it up, and adjusted it at his waist.

Being constantly aware of the silky pink panties at his midsection, he wondered if anyone could tell what he was wearing. Being a popular guy with the opposite sex, he usually flirted with attractive females whenever and wherever he encountered them. Today; however, when a girl or woman made eye contact with him, he looked down and blushed profusely. 'These damn panties are affecting me in more ways than I imagined,' he thought gloomily.

At work, he sat distraught at the secretary's desk and waited for Liz to arrive. When she did, she greeted

him cheerily, and said, "I'm glad you decided to rejoin us, Josie. Come in, and let's have a chat."

Her casual manner, more than her words, filled Joe with anguish. He wondered how she would treat him now that she knew, or at least suspected that he was wearing panties. Would she inspect them to assure that he wore a style that conformed to her requirements? Would she humiliate him by announcing to the staff that he was wearing silky pink nylon panties? These thoughts and many similar fears ran through his mind as he entered her office.

Liz sat at her desk facing him as he approached and stood facing her. She looked with satisfaction at the anxious man standing before her. A month ago, he was confident, assured, and was her primary rival in her quest for promotion. Now, after a stint as her secretary, he appeared uncertain, tentative, and maybe even a bit fearful. Finally, she asked, "Are you wearing silky pink nylon panties in accordance with your dress code as my secretary?"

"Yes ma'am," he stammered, blushing bright red.

"Remove your pants and show me," she stated in a firm tone.

"That's not decent," he insisted. "Just take my word."

"I'm an admirer of former president Reagan," she professed. "When he was negotiating missile treaties with Russia, his motto was '*trust but verify*'. That is my intent here, so remove your pants!" When he was hesitant to do so, she shrugged, "It's that or start packing your things. I thought we had an agreement."

Her demand further deflated Joe's ego to the point that he almost broke into tears. He had fervently

searched for a job for two weeks. Initial interviews seemed to go well, but after prospective employers read his Employee EVAL, his quest for employment was at an end. Realizing that this job was his only option, he was unable to resist one last plea. “Why can’t I just lower my pants?”

“Because I want to see you move around in your pretty pink panties, not just get a glimpse of them.

That said, he reluctantly slipped out of his shoes, undid his pants, and stepped out of them. Never had he blushed so brightly as when he stood before his new female boss in silky pink nylon panties.

“Remove your shirt, tie, and undershirt,” she insisted with an inner smirk. When he was naked except for his panties, she chuckled, “Nice panties, but I want to see how they look when you dance about. Okay, turn your back to me and bend over to touch your toes. Good. Now, turn around as you raise up, smile brightly, and hold your arms out as if in triumph.” She wasn’t satisfied, so he had to repeat his performance six times before she allowed him to stop. While he was dressing, she asked, “Do you feel like a secretary now?”

“No, but I’m being treated like one.”

“I know, but you’re the department secretary, so start typing the stack of assignments in your top drawer.”

To his dismay, the top letter to be typed was a memo to the payroll department that instructed them to reduce his salary fifteen percent because of ‘reduction in responsibilities’. As he typed away, he was despondent about having to wear panties, and now, his salary was being cut.

About an hour after Joe began typing; Liz buzzed him on the com line and said, "I sent you a video. Watch it, then store it on your computer so you can review it whenever you like. Then, come in here, and let's have a serious discussion."

As he watched the video, he was overwhelmed to see himself dancing about Liz's office in silky pink panties. 'Oh no!' he seethed inwardly. 'That bitch has a hidden camera in her office! I'll be dead if she shows that video to anyone!' After storing the video on his computer as instructed, he encrypted it with a password no one was likely to break and knocked on her door.

When he entered her office, she said, "Fetch us a cup of coffee, and we'll have our talk. For future reference, I take mine with one light and one white. You take one light only."

"I like mine black with two sugars...uh whites," he protested.

"We both know I have a hidden camera in here, as evidenced by the video of your dance in your pretty pink panties. We also know I could send a copy to every department in this company and post it on the Internet with the flick of my wrist. Knowing that, I would be a lot less argumentative and more willing to following instructions in the future if I were you." Seeing his blush as he realized how firmly she held his reputation in her grasp, she pushed her advantage, ordering, "Off with you, and hurry to do as I say, that is, unless you prefer that I distribute your sexy video?"

"No," he stammered as he hurried to do her bidding. On his way to the break room, Joe had to pass through the Bull Pen, as the engineering and architecture work

area was known. When the gang saw him, they welcomed him back, but he didn't acknowledge them. Instead, he mumbled something about having to hurry and rushed past them. Quickly, he prepared the two cups of coffee, even though he knew he wouldn't enjoy the one that was for him.

When he entered Liz's office after knocking, she looked at his coffee, saw that it contained cream, and asked, "Did you put sugar in yours?"

"No, ma'am," he replied with a slight blush.

"Don't get your panties in a bunch because I have a sip to verify." After she took a sip, she frowned because the sweet taste she preferred was absent. She held her shoulders back to push her ample bosom forward in her silky gold polyester blouse and crossed her legs, causing her straight white skirt to ride high on her nylon clad thighs. She knew he was straight and saw him looking but made no comment. With an amused smirk, she asked, "How many pairs of panties did you buy?"

"One," he answered with a blush as he remembered the embarrassing ordeal he endured while purchasing the humiliating feminine panties.

"Then, you need more!" she declared.

"Why? Isn't this just for today?"

"Not on your life! How can you feel like a secretary if you aren't wearing panties? I want you to go shopping after work and purchase a dozen pairs of silky nylons panties of a similar quality to the ones you're wearing. They must pastel colors with as much variance as possible. You'll probably want another pink pair, a couple in white, and black for when you want to feel sexy, but the others must be different. The styles should

be briefs, hip huggers, or bikini, but no thongs. I also want you to buy a silky white nylon mini-slip that is barely long enough to cover your panties. Understand?”

“Yes ma’am, but...” he stammered with a bright red face.

“Did you tell the sales lady the panties were for you?” she asked, cutting him off.

“No, I said they were to make up with my fiancée.”

“That won’t do, not at all,” she frowned. “I want you to go to four boutiques and purchase three pairs of silky panties at each. While there, you will inform each sales lady that you are becoming a secretary, and the panties are for you to wear every day. Further, get to write her name and phone number on the sales receipt so I can call and verify that you followed my orders. Bring your new panties and sales slips in with you tomorrow so I can inspect them. You can hand wash your current panties tonight, hang them to dry, and wear them tomorrow. Now, get back to work and finish your typing.”

While Joe typed away, Liz ambled into the Bull Pen, called for attention and said, “After all our conversations on loyalty, I’m disappointed in you. I see a lot of sympathy for Josie where allegiance to your current supervisor might be in order. If I were you, I would keep in mind what happened to Bob and Frank and show some devotion to me.” Having planted that seed, she was gone.

After a traumatic day, Joe had mixed emotions when five o’clock arrived. On one hand, his workday was over and on the other; he had to go shopping for panties.

Even worse, he had to admit to the saleswomen that the panties were for him. On a whim, he went to the store where he bought his pink panties the day before and saw the clerk who assisted him.

To his surprise, she approached him and with a cheery smile asked, “Back for more because those expensive panties get you out of the dog house?”

Blushing brightly, Joe sighed just above a whisper, “I’m sorry, but I misled you about the reason I was buying panties.”

“How’s that, sweetie?” the clerk inquired in a hushed voice.

“My boss is requiring me to wear panties as a requirement for keeping my job as her secretary. Because of that, I have to buy more. I need three pairs in different styles and colors.” Finally, his selections were made, a white pair in a similar style to his briefs, baby blue hip huggers, and black bikini style, all in silky nylon. When the clerk was ringing up his purchase, he blushed again and asked, “Would you be so kind as to write your name and phone number on the sales slip? My boss wants to call you to ask how I comported myself and if I told you the panties were for me.”

Looking at the downcast man before her, she felt pity for him and replied, “Of course. She can call me between ten and six tomorrow.”

At succeeding stores, Joe bought panties in pink, ivory, and mint green, lavender; charcoal gray, and white; yellow, red, and aqua, all silky nylon. In each store, he told the clerk that the panties were for him and got their names and phone numbers. Being too embarrassed to mention the slip he was required to

purchase, he waited until he got to Saks, the last store. He already had to lay out his previous purchases so Gina, the young clerk, could assure that no colors were repeated. Knowing he was out of time and had to act or lose his job, he blushed brightly and said, "I also have to buy a short white slip. Will you help me?"

Gina had been sexually aroused while helping this very handsome man compare and select silky nylon panties to wear to work, and she was sorely disappointed when it was about to end. Thus, when he mentioned buying a slip, she experienced a tingling in her nipples and wetness in her panties and shook with sexual excitement. Controlling her emotions with great difficulty, she led him to a dressing room and told him to undress to his panties while she brought in some slips for him try on.

"Can't I just buy one off the counter like I did with my panties?" he asked in shame at the thought of her seeing him in his silky pink nylon panties.

"Don't be an air head!" Gina exclaimed. She became perky when he referred to them as *his* panties and bubbled, "You have to try slips on to assure the fit and make sure they're the right length." To prolong her ecstasy as long as possible, she returned with six lace edged white nylon slips in his size, two she knew to be too long and two were too short. He would have to decide between the other two, the last he would try on. After trying on all six, the right slip was located, and Gina watched while Joe got dressed.

"What a day," he sighed as she wrote the required information on the sales slip. I wore panties to work to

get my job back, got videoed, had to buy more panties to wear every day, and now, a slip as well!”

Wearing the pink panties he wore the day before, Joe sat at his desk typing for half an hour before Liz made her appearance. “Good morning, Josie,” she bubbled cheerily as she unlocked the door to her office. “Would you be a sweetie and fetch me a cup of coffee?” Before entering her office, she added, “Bring Dirk a cup too.”

Recognizing her seemingly light banter as an intended order, Joe got up from his desk saying, “Right away, Ms. Hutton.”

This time, when Joe passed through the Bull Pen, he found the inhabitants with a changed attitude from the day before as the employees figured there was a spy among them who reported everything to Ms. Hutton. Therefore, instead of lighthearted welcomes, he was greeted with derisive comments like, “Getting coffee for the boss again,” and “Bringing her coffee is like part of your job now, huh?”

On his return trip with three cups of coffee, Susan scoffed, “When do you do your design calculations? You sit outside Liz’s office, do her typing, fetch her coffee, and run her errands. What are you, her secretary now?” Blushing brightly at the truth of her comment and the thought of the silky pink panties he wore under his trousers, he remained silent.

“Thanks,” Dirk said when he took the coffee Joe offered. Back in Liz’s office, she joined him, sitting in a chair opposite her desk. To purposely excite him, she unbuttoned her jacket so he could see her braless nipples

protruding through the thin nylon of her pink camisole and crossed her legs to show a large expanse of nylon clad thigh. Seeing his admiration, she asked, "Like what you see?" When he only blushed and averted his eyes, she sneered inwardly, 'Look on, sissy boy, because that's all you'll ever get to do.'

"You know I only wear panties because you..."

"Speaking of panties," she said, cutting him off in mid sentence. "Bring your new frillies in here, and let's have a look."

Knowing he was at a disadvantage, he went out to his cubicle and returned with the pink bag containing his hated feminine panties.

"Display them on my desk in groups of three that indicate where you bought them and put the sales slips on top," she instructed. When that was done, she humiliated him further saying, "Hold up each pair in front of you and tell me where they were purchased, the name of the clerk who assisted you, what you like about this particular pair, why you selected this pair, and when you plan to wear them. Before we start, strip to your panties and put on your new slip."

"I can't do that! You'll video me, and you already have one of me dancing in my panties from yesterday!"

Without argument or discussion, she said, "Let's try it with the white pair from the first store you visited. I'll help you with your dialogue, and if you fumble a bit, we'll practice until you get it right before I turn on the camera."

After practicing his action and dialog for more than half an hour, Joe stood before Liz's desk in his lace embellished nylon slip, his dark body hair clearly

identifying him as a male. She was using a hand held camera so she could focus and zoom wherever she desired. Looking into the camera with the most realistic smile he could manage, he said, “Yesterday, I purchased all these fantastic panties, and I’m dying to tell you about them.”

While he indicated the array of panties on Liz’s desk with a sweep of his hand, she zoomed in to record them on the video as he picked up a white bikini and said, “I bought these at Macy’s. They are one hundred percent nylon except for the lace at the waist and leg openings. White is a neutral color, so I can wear them with anything and on almost any occasion.”

It was almost noon when Liz was finally satisfied with the results of their efforts. Deciding to push her advantage, she said, “Leave your slip on under your clothes and get dressed. Put your tee shirt in the bag with your panties and get back to work.”

While Joe typed, Liz called the clerks who sold him his panties and made sure he informed them that they were for him. The first three said they were amused by the thought of a man wearing panties, but in the long run, it was a sale with a commission. Gina; however, was thrilled to have sold panties and a slip to a man. She described how she shamed him into trying on six slips before finding just the right one and how she wished she could get her fiancée to wear panties.

“You can if you play your cards right,” Liz informed her. “Get him to wear your panties as sex play. After a while, withhold sex unless he wears panties. After he accepts that, ask if he’s man enough to wear panties all

day under his jeans. Again, you'll probably have to use sex to accomplish that. As a final step, buy him a supply of the sexiest panties you can find, and throw out his briefs and boxers. If he refuses to wear panties full time, threaten to tell his friends, drinking buddies, and co-workers that he wears silky panties, he'll be yours forever, or as long as you want him. Let me know how it turns out or if you need more advice."

By four o'clock, Liz had finished editing her latest video, so she called Joe into her office to watch it. He cringed as he saw the image of him moving about in his short slip happily talking affectionately about the array of panties on the desk. Anyone watching would think he was thrilled at the prospect of wearing them, and he knew his superior had another video with which to blackmail him.

Seeing how he was sitting, Liz scolded, "You're sitting like a man! Sit up straight with your knees together. You will hear from me if I see you sitting otherwise in the future. Another thing, now that you have an ample supply of panties, bring in all of your cotton boxers and briefs tomorrow and give them to me. Then, you'll be left to wear panties full time. Oh, you don't have to wear your slip again until further notice. Hand wash it, along with the panties you're wearing, and hang them up to dry. Do that with the lingerie you've worn every night. You can touch them up with a warm iron and store them in your lingerie drawer along with your new panties later."

Caught off guard by her demand, he lowered his eyes and said, "Yes, Ms. Hutton." Under his breath, he was

thinking, ‘That bitch can’t tell me what to wear when I’m off work! I’ll show her!’

Wearing silky baby blue nylon panties under his pants, Joe carried his boxers and briefs to work in a trash bag. After looking them over, Liz asked, “Is this all of your male underwear?”

“Yes,” he said trying to sound convincing.

“Alright,” she said with a knowing smirk. “Take them outside, and throw the bag in the dumpster.

“Please, Liz...I mean Ms. Hutton,” he pleaded, trying to sound sincere. What if I have a date or a doctor’s appointment? What’ll I wear then?”

“Panties, of course,” she said as if wearing panties was proper for him. “I believe you have an ample supply, but if you disagree, you can go shopping and purchase a few more in different colors.”

“No, no, no!” he declared emphatically. “You don’t understand! There are situations where it would be embarrassing if I wear panties! I need a few boxers and briefs to wear on those occasions. Please, let me keep a few.”

“I think not,” Liz mused. “If you wear panties for some things and not for others, you’ll only get confused and be constantly be wondering what you should be wearing at the time. If you wear panties full time, there’ll be no confusion. See what I mean? Toss the bag, and. I’m sure you’ll be relieved of a troublesome burden.”

‘Boy, I’m glad I squirreled a couple of pairs of boxers and briefs away so I could wear them on the sly when that bitch isn’t around,’ Joe thought on his way to the

dumpster. ‘She has me by the gonads with those damn videos, but I’m not as dumb as she thinks.’

When Joe returned from tossing his masculine underwear, Liz sent him to take her laundry to Chang’s Cleaners. Mrs. Chang, the clerk, looked at him with amusement as she sorted through the feminine clothes he delivered, especially the lingerie. “You have some nice things here, Mr....”

“These things belong to Ms. Liz Hutton,” he said in an attempt to save a bit of face. “She said you had her requirements on file.”

“Ms. Hutton, yes, we do,” the clerk acknowledged with a smile. “Tell her they be ready after lunch on Friday, like always,” she said while handing him the ticket.

Upon Joe’s return, Liz sat him down and said, “The way you slouch and sit with your knees wide apart is not professional. In the future, I want you to sit up straight with your knees together. Now, get back to your typing.”

Joe was ignorant of the fact that Liz had installed three hidden cameras in his work area. They fed into her computer so she could keep tabs on him remotely while she worked. Not wanting him to be aware of the cameras, when she saw him slouching or sitting with his knees apart, she would just happen to appear at the door for some pretend task or another and admonish him.

After doing this half a dozen times, she ordered him into her office and scolded, “I’ve told you time and again to sit in a professional manner, but as soon as I’m out of sight, you go back to your slouching ways! What you need is a bit of incentive to keep you mindful of your

posture. Undress to your panties and lie across my lap for a well deserved spanking!” When he looked up, he was horrified to see her tapping a thick wooden ruler across her palm.

“No, not that!” he exclaimed as he realized what she meant. Her skirt rode high on her nylon clad thighs as she remaining silent, tapping the ruler on her hand. With her in possession of the damning videos, he knew she had the upper hand and unbuckled his belt.

When he was in position, she landed the ruler hard across his nylon-clad buttocks. He yelped from the stinging blow, but to his surprise, there was no follow up. “You can get up and dress. I hope that little reminder will be sufficient to induce you to sit properly in the future. If not, an additional swat will be added each time I reprimand you. Now, get back out there and do your work in a professional manner.”

His buttocks stinging like fire, Joe hurried back to his typing and sat primly with his knees together with a purpose. While Liz watched on her computer, he remained cognizant of his posture for quite some time. Eventually though, he became engrossed in his task, and his knees drifted apart.

Seizing the opportunity, Liz suddenly opened the door to her office. Looking at a pad she was holding, she said, “I remember what I wanted before your improper posture caused me to forget.” After a short pause, she shrieked, “You’re sitting that way again! Get in here this minute!”



With Liz in possession of those damning videos, Joe knew his only option was to submit to a painful and humiliating spanking across her knees.

‘Oh crap!’ he seethed as he hurried into her office.

Feigning anger, she spat, “I’m trying to teach you decorum! I was lenient with you before, but since you defied me again, you get two swats this time. Get your trousers off and position yourself across my knees.” Joe knew what to expect this time so he didn’t cry out when the sturdy ruler landed on his panties twice in rapid succession. As he replaced his pants, he resolved to make every effort to sit as she required in the future.

When he went to Chang’s to pick up Liz’s cleaning, which would now be a regular chore. “Ms. Hutton your boss?” Mrs. Chang asked, looking at him with a knowing smile. How you like working for woman?” He shrugged it off with a telling blush as he signed the ticket and left.

‘What a week!’ Joe declared inwardly on his way home later that day. ‘Sunday I was buying silky nylon panties. Monday, I wore them for the first time, had a video made of me in them, and went shopping for a dozen more. Tuesday, Ms. Hutton made another video of me. This time I was wearing a silky mini slip and displaying my new supply of panties. Wednesday I had to bring my boxers and briefs in and throw them out. Then, I got spanked for not sitting like a lady. Thursday, I got spanked three more times, receiving three, four, and five swats with that heavy ruler. Friday, I was spanked twice, receiving six and seven swats. After twenty five swats on my panties in the past two days, sitting is very painful. At last, I get away from that crazy bitch and back to normal for two days!’

That night, Joe got a call from Frank, his former co-worker. They talked a few minutes about the new jobs

he and Bob landed with a large consulting firm. When Frank asked how Joe and Liz were getting along, Joe, not wanting to reveal the truth, merely said, "Worse than you could imagine, even if I am her administrative assistant." Finally, Frank invited Joe to play golf with him, Bob, and Wes, a new co-worker the next day. When he agreed, Frank said they would pick him up at ten o'clock.

Having worked hard the past year to earn the promotion he just lost, Joe hadn't played golf in all that time. Anticipating a fun day on the links with the guys and away from Liz, he was up early the next day. After a quick shower and shave, he put on navy blue shorts, a light blue golf shirt, and sneakers. To his shock; however, while sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee and reading the morning paper, he noticed that his knees were together. 'Damn,' he thought. 'Sitting this way is getting to be a habit, even when I don't want to. I'll have to watch it around the guys.'

Joe hadn't played golf in a year, so he checked his bag to make sure he had an ample supply of balls and tees. After deciding he needed a new fresh glove, which he could buy from the pro shop, he was practicing a few putts on the carpet when the doorbell rang. Looking at his watch, he thought, 'The guys aren't supposed to be here for over an hour. Oh well, I suppose they decided to come by early.' He was in a jovial mood when he opened the door, but the sight that greeted him took his breath away! "Liz...uh...Ms. Hutton. What are you doing here?"

"I thought I would come by and check out a couple of things so we don't start out on the wrong foot," she said as she stepped by him into the room. The way she was

dressed left Joe breathless. To his amazement, she was wearing a straight black mid thigh length leather skirt, a shiny white satin blouse, and black four-inch stiletto pumps. She wore dark makeup with dark red lipstick that matched her long oval nails, giving her a severe dominating *look*. Without another word, she strode into his bedroom and began going through his drawers. “Aha!” she exclaimed as she pulled two items from under a stack of tee shirts. “I strongly suspected that you were lying when you told me you threw all these disgusting things away! Aren’t you ashamed?”

Blushing beet red, Joe looked down to avoid her gaze.”

Seeing his reaction, she taunted, “Look at you! You’re embarrassed at the mere thought of wearing such hideous underwear!”

‘I’m a man!’ he asserted while continuing to blush. “Why should I be ashamed to wear men’s underwear and have in my drawer?”

“What are you wearing under those manly shorts?” she demanded, keeping up the pressure on him.

“Briefs,” he admitted in a soft voice just above a whisper. ‘What’s wrong with me?’ he wondered. ‘A week ago I would have been ashamed to be found wearing panties. Now, I’m ashamed of wearing briefs and having them in my drawer. What’s happening to me?’

“How many of those awful things did you hold back?” she demanded. “You swore that you threw them all out, and now they turn up all over the place! Produce the others this minute, or you can pick up your final check Monday. Also, you can be sure that I will send your videos to the Board of Registration and any and all

prospective employers who inquire about your past record of employment. What's it to be, turn over your remaining masculine underwear or be blackballed throughout the engineering industry?"

Thoroughly shaken, Joe stammered, "Those and the ones I'm wearing are the last of them. There aren't any more. I swear."

"Like you swore before?" she scoffed. "I want to have a conversation with you, but first, get out of that disgusting male drab and into a pair of panties and your slip. I smelled coffee when I entered, so I'll be enjoying a cup while you change. Join me in the kitchen when you're properly dressed." Taking the boxers and briefs she retrieved from his drawer with her, she added, "Bring those inappropriate briefs you're wearing when you come."

Following her tirade, Joe was shaking like a leaf...literally. Because of his nervousness, he took longer to undress and to dress in his panties and slip than normal. Finally, he took the briefs he had just removed and presented them to Liz, who was sitting at the kitchen table.

"You are much more presentable now, but your coffee is all wrong," she more or less sneered as she accepted the briefs and tossed them on a pile with the others. "'You're supposed to drink it light with no white. This is black with at least two whites. Make yourself a proper cup, and let's have a chat."

"I can't stay dressed like this, Ms. Hutton," Joe informed her. "The guys are picking me up for golf in less than an hour. I'll wear panties under my shorts, I promise, but I have to change."

“Call them and say you can’t make it,” she ordered. When he hesitated, she crossed her legs, causing her short black leather skirt to ride ever higher and said, “Call them or greet them at the door dressed as you are. It’s your choice.”

Joe looked down at the silky slip that covered his upper body and blushed bright red. The mere thought of his friends seeing him dressed like this quickly brought him back to reality. Grabbing the phone, he dialed Frank’s number. When his friend answered, he tried to sound normal as he said, “Hey, Frank. Sorry to break this on you at the last minute, but the boss called and wants me to catch up on some work.”

“Okay, we’ll play a threesome, but if you don’t watch out, that broad will turn you into a pantywaist wimp,” Frank chuckled.

“Maybe next time...” Joe broke off the conversation while thinking, ‘Will turn me into a pantywaist wimp? I think she’s already done more than that!’

“What’s Frank up to?” Liz asked.

“He got a job with Consolidated,” Joe said. “He’s not making quite as much money, but he says he likes the work.”

“I should have put that son of a bitch in panties rather than fire him,” Liz snickered. “Oh well, I have my hands full with you. Anyway, sit and drink your coffee. I have a gift for you.”

“A gift?” Joe asked as he sat, making sure to keep his knees primly together. She placed a package before him as he took a sip of the coffee he loathed. The gift was wrapped in white tissue, decorated with a pink ribbon, and topped with a pink bow.

When he started to rip the tissue away as would most men, she stopped him saying, "First, carefully remove the bow and set it aside. Then, take off the ribbons and remove the paper undamaged. There. Now, you can open the box with everything intact."

When he carefully removed the top of the box, the sight before him took his breath away. "It's a paddle!" he gasped.

"I bought it on a whim at an adult store," she admitted. "I had a strong feeling that you held back some of your male underwear, and I didn't know if you had a paddle or something that would qualify as one. As I see it, the only issue is how many swats you should receive on your panties for lying to me. What do you think, Josie?"

"I...I don't know," he stuttered, knowing he was about to go across her lap for a severe spanking.

"How many swats did you receive yesterday for sitting incorrectly?"

"Six and seven for a total of thirteen," he informed her while hoping she wouldn't apply that many.

"Okay, thirteen sounds about right for lying, but since this is a new paddle, let's round it up to fifteen," she proposed. "Come into the den, and let's get on with it." Sitting in a comfortable chair, she motioned him across her knees. She smiled at the power she felt when his short slip rode up to expose his panties.

When the first blow fell, Joe knew this was going to be a very uncomfortable ordeal as he squealed in agony. He had never experienced anywhere near fifteen swats with a paddle, and when the ordeal was finally over, tears ran freely down his cheeks.

“Move over into that corner and stand as close as possible,” she ordered. When his hands moved to massage his tormented buttocks, she snapped, “None of that! Place your hands in the small of your back, palm to palm. Stand there as still as possible without making a sound until I give you permission to move.”

While Joe stood miserably in his corner, he heard Liz moving about his apartment, but he couldn't see what she was doing. All he knew for certain was that he felt a desperate need to massage his burning buttocks and wipe the tears from his eyes. When he thought he heard her move into another room, he slid his hands down and caressed his buns through the silky nylon of his slip and panties.

No sooner did he begin to feel relief from his caresses than he heard her bellow, “What do you think you're doing? Can't you follow even the simplest instructions? No, huh? Well, get back across my lap, and we'll start from the top.” Fifteen severe swats later, he was back in his corner with his hands behind his back, and he was crying like a baby when she scolded, “Instead of feeling sorry for yourself, reflect on your lies and your apology when I give you permission to leave your corner. This time, he didn't move or whimper.

An hour later, Joe was standing before Liz apologizing for lying to her and sincerely promising never to do it again. He even thanked her for punishing him as a reminder to always be truthful. When he was finished, she accepted his apology, said he was forgiven. Then, she sat him beside her on the sofa and washed his face with a warm damp cloth like a mother tending an injured child.

Seeing his red eyes, she asked if he had any eye drops. When she returned with the drops, she looked over his pitiful frame sitting there in a feminine slip crying his eyes out. She remembered how formidable he seemed only a month earlier when they were competing for the promotion. She smiled at how quickly and efficiently she had eliminated his confident bravado. What could possibly be more satisfying or exciting? There was more to come, *much* more, that's what!

After Liz removed the red from Joe's eyes, he noticed that she was applying a liquid to his face. When he asked what she was doing, she admitted, "I'm adding a tad of concealer to hide the streaks brought on by your tears. Hold still while I cover it with a little makeup. You're so pale from your ordeal, I'll just add some blush to your cheeks. Now for a hint of lip gloss..."

"I can't wear lipstick!" he exclaimed in a panic.

"Don't worry," she soothed. "It's a very light shade of pink very near your natural lip color. It'll be barely noticeable. Fine, press your lips together to even out your lipstick, and you'll see what I mean. There, now look in the mirror."

As Joe gazed at his image, he was surprised to see that most of what Liz said was true. His lipstick had a sheen to it, but otherwise, she had just added some color to his pale face. Wearing panties and a slip and his bottom stinging from two severe spankings, he couldn't bring himself to complain.

While he was still trying to absorb what had happened, she surprised him by saying, "Our last point of contention is to decide your punishment for sneaking

around and wearing unauthorized jockey briefs this morning.”

“No, please! Don’t spank me again!” he pleaded tearfully. “I couldn’t stand it! I swear, I’ll never wear briefs or boxers again!”

“There, there. Don’t cry, you’ll ruin your pretty makeup,” she soothed while gently taking him in her arms, kissing him on the cheek, and pulling his head onto her shoulder. “I won’t spank you, but you agree that you deserve to be punished for wearing masculine briefs, don’t you?” When he didn’t answer, she repeated, “*Don’t you?*”

Joe resented missing out on the promotion at work, being relieved of his engineering duties, and reduced in status to that of a secretary. He also hated being forced to wear panties and suffer painful and degrading spankings whenever he displeased Liz. Despite all that, as he sat beside her in his feminine slip and panties while she cuddled and comforted him, he couldn’t help feeling a certain affection for her. After all, he *did* secretly hold back some of his masculine underwear when she ordered him to dispose of it, and he *did* wear it in secret. Maybe he *did* deserve a light reprimand...but not *two* spankings! Using that twisted reasoning, he sighed in resignation, “I suppose so.”

“Very well,” she exuded in triumph. “Your punishment will be to shave your legs and wear nylon stockings beneath your trousers to work and other appropriate occasions. Wearing silky nylons on your hairless legs should have the added benefit of making you feel more like a secretary and give you incentive to sit properly with your knees together.”

“I can’t shave the dark hair from my legs!” he protested. “I wouldn’t be able to leave the house in shorts, and the guys would brand me a sissy at golf! I can’t do it. I *won’t*.”

“Oh yes, you can and you *will*,” she soothed while gently patting him on the cheek. “Look at you. You’re sitting there in a slip, panties, makeup, and lipstick. I don’t care what anyone thinks if they see you with denuded legs in your shorts. You *will* shave your legs, and that’s that! Tomorrow, you’ll go shopping for your nylons and a few garter belts to support them.”

That settled, she showed him how girls kept their apartments. She had him pick up the dirty clothes that were lying around, put them in the hamper, hang up the clothes he was wearing when she arrived that morning and told him to always keep his room neat and tidy. She showed him how to properly make his bed and told him to make it every morning before leaving his room. When they returned to the kitchen for a snack, she instructed him to take a pair of scissors and cut his remaining male underwear into dust rags.

When Liz left his apartment, Joe stood there in his slip, panties, and makeup totally exasperated, exhausted, and shamed. Rushing to his room, he quickly removed his slip and went into the bathroom to wash his makeup away with soap and water. When he was shaving his legs, he thought, ‘Frank and the guys are out on the links, hitting balls, drinking beer, and having the time of their life, and I’m stuck in here shaving my legs like a girl. Oh, why is this awful thing happening to me?’

The next day, Joe forced himself to go shopping for additional feminine clothing that he was being forced to wear. After significant thought, he decided to go back to Saks and get Gina to help him. She had seen all of his panties and helped get the fit of his slip right. “So good to see you again, Josie!” she bubbled when she saw him. “What can I do for you today?”

“I need a few things,” he admitted just above a whisper as he handed her a list.

“Twelve pairs of nylons, four garter belts, three slips, six camisoles, two nighties, a negligee, and a pair of fluffy bedroom slippers,” she read from the list much louder than he preferred. No pantyhose, huh?”

“No, just the things on the list.”

“What colors do you want?”

“You’ve seen the panties I have to wear, so you know the colors,” he admitted with a blush. “The slips, camisoles, and garter belts must match them. I don’t know about the shades of nylons, so I need your advice. The nighties are to be pink and white, one long and one short. The negligee is to be translucent and short.”

While Gina was fitting Joe with the required feminine items on his list, she said, “You inspired me. Taking the idea from you, I require my fiancée to wear panties, or I refuse to have sex with him. He doesn’t like it but he knows no panties, no sex. I make him go to my drawer, select a pair of panties, put them on and present himself to me before I’ll even consider going to bed with him. In a few weeks, I expect to have him shopping for his own silky panties and wearing them full time like you do.”

The next morning as he was getting dressed, Joe looked into the mirror with disgust. He saw himself attired in panties, a matching camisole, and a garter belt supporting sheer nylon stockings on his shaved legs. ‘At least my suit will cover all this dainty feminine underwear, and my socks will hide any exposed nylon at my ankles.’

Walking into the office, Joe was acutely aware of his nylons tugging at the straps of his garter belt, and he looked around to see if anyone noticed what he was feeling. Seeing no one, he hurried to his desk. A sense of relief overcame him as he began to type.

“Good morning, Josie,” he heard Dirk greet him a few minutes later.

‘If he only knew what I’m wearing under my clothes, I would be a laughing stock!’ he thought. ‘That office he’s going into was supposed to be mine!’

A few minutes later when Liz arrived, she said, “Good morning, Josey.” Then, without waiting for his reply, she said, “Fetch us a cup, and let’s have a little chat.”

To Joe’s regret, his excursion for coffee again took him through the Bull Pen. While he was the object of several contemptuous stares, all was not lost. Janet, who was eager to continue their relationship, approached him with a teasing smile and cooed, “You’ve been avoiding me.”

“I know, Janet, but I’ve been busy, you know? I’m in a hurry right but we’ll talk later.” At that, he hurried into the break room. When he was away from his former lover, he sighed inwardly, ‘Boy, it’s a good thing she doesn’t know what I’m wearing under my pants!’

After serving Dirk's coffee, Joe knocked and entered Liz's office. To his surprise, she had him sit and talk about his shopping excursion the day before. Finally, she said, "Okay, take off all that masculine drab, and let's have a look."

Even though he had spent all day Saturday dressed in a similar manner in her presence, Joe was still humiliated as he undressed. In anticipation of this scene, he wore pink panties, camisole, and garter belt and his sheerest nylons so she could clearly see his shaved legs.

Liz appeared to be pleased with his feminine ensemble and his descriptions of the other lingerie he purchased. Still, something seemed to bother her. When he was dressed, she told him to work with Dirk as much as possible, critique his designs, and make suggestions for improvement. That pleased him because he could get involved in engineering design and not just secretarial duties.

Upon leaving Liz's office he knocked on Dirk's door. After being invited in, he began reviewing drawings and design schematics of a modern convention hotel. While looking at one blueprint, an idea leapt off the page. Grabbing a pencil and a pad and sketched out a variation of the featured design. "Hey Dirk," he called out in an elated tone. "Check this out. If you put this overhang in the vista area of the mezzanine, it would add class and be the defining feature of the convention area."

"You're a genius, Josie!" Dirk enthused. "I'll incorporate your idea in the design and run it by you before submitting them to Ms. Hutton." At just that

time, Liz called Joe in to take her laundry to the cleaners, so he didn't have a chance to review the final design.

The remainder of the week went fairly normal for Joe. That is, if typing, filing, answering the phone, making appointments, running errands for Liz, and critiquing Dirk's designs could be considered normal for a senior engineer. Friday arrived, and he hadn't had a spanking all week, not even a reprimand for not sitting correctly, for which he was thankful. Thing was, whenever Liz saw him sitting incorrectly on her monitor, she would turn the door knob and wait a couple of seconds before stepping into his cubicle. That gave him just enough time to adjust his position before she joined him.

After lunch, Janet stopped by Joe's work cubicle, smiled sexily and cooed, "You didn't get back to me, so I decided to ambush you." Joe noticed that she was wearing a really short tight skirt, and when she sat on the corner of his desk and crossed her nylon clad legs, her skirt rode even higher causing a stirring in his panties.

'Boy, I'd like nothing better than to get that hot bitch in my bed,' Joe thought as a coy smile covered his features. Almost as fast, he thought of his feminine lingerie. 'What if she knew about the feminine lingerie Ms. Hutton makes me wear? Even if I removed my panties and nylons and went without underwear, she would see my shaved legs! This will take *some* consideration.'

When he was deep in thought and didn't respond, she tickled under his chin with a well manicured finger,

assumed an impish grin, and purred, “If you’re not doing anything tonight, how about I cook you dinner at my place?” Joe’s mind was in turmoil. What could he say? He knew if they went to Janet’s place, he wouldn’t be able to resist her wiles, and they would end the evening in bed together and him shamed. While he was trying to come up with an excuse, she looked around on his desk. A question crossed her face, and she asked, “What’s this Josie crap on your name plate?”

Before he could answer, Liz appeared at the door to her office with an angry scowl covering her features. Looking directly at Janet, she spat angrily, “What are you doing interrupting my secretary, young lady? Don’t you see how flustered the poor dear gets when you distract him from his duties?” When she hesitated, Liz said, “Josie, type a memo to Janet’s personnel file stating that she is slack on her work and disrupts others from doing theirs. Then, type one to your file saying you are easily distracted from your assigned tasks and that you are prone to dawdle.”

Joe started to argue that he had done nothing wrong, but when he shifted position in his chair, he felt the tug of his nylons on his garter straps and remembered the silky panties and camisole he was wearing. Reminded of his status in this new hierarchy, instead of making his claim, he meekly lowered his eyes, blushed, and replied, “Yes Ms. Hutton.”

“Yes, Ms. Hutton, my ass!” Janet scoffed. “You can’t hold this against us, you bitch! I was just passing by and stopped to see how Joe is getting on with his promotion. Promotion, hell! You’re using him as a secretary and call

him Josie like a girl! He's an engineer for goodness sake, not a pantywaist *wimp!*"

"You weren't just passing by," Liz snapped. "There's no legitimate reason for you to go past Josie's desk, so you weren't returning from anywhere. You were here to purposely waste his time and yours! Get back to your desk this minute, or I'll send you the way of Bob and Frank! Josie, add insubordination to that memo!"

Later that afternoon, Liz called Joe into her office and told him to strip above the waist to his silky aqua nylon camisole. When he complied, she said, "Look at yourself and tell me what is wrong with this picture."

Following a cursory glance, he said, "My body hair is out of place with my camisole, so I need to stop wearing them."

"You're half right," Liz confirmed. "The the hair has to go, not the camisoles. You have an appointment for a full body wax at Flo's Beauty Salon on Hawthorne tomorrow morning at eight. Be there!"

"No!" Joe spat in a firm voice as he summoned what little remained of his masculine courage. "No more! This feminine crap has gone far enough! I'm an engineer, and you have me working as your secretary, shaving my legs, wearing panties, camis, garter belts, and nylons. I flat out refuse to have my body waxed, my nails painted, and whatever else you plan on doing to make me look like a secretary! I quit if that's what it takes to get you off my ass!"

"You can't quit because no other firm will hire you!" Liz snapped, her face turning hard. "I made sure of that when you tried to leave before, and now, I have your videos. Since you're here for the duration, take off those

manly pants and sashay over here for a well deserved spanking on your pretty silky panties!”

Liz’s harsh words jolted Joe back to reality of his situation. As much as he detested the thought of having a body wax and his nails polished, he couldn’t, he just couldn’t, allow her to release those damning videos!

Knowing he had no choice, he slowly slipped off his shoes and stepped out of his pants. With a red face, he stood before her in aqua panties, camisole, garter belt, and smoky nylons.

After more than a dozen hard swats on his panties with her thick ruler, Liz asked, “Have you changed his mind about going to Flo’s?”

“Yes, oh yes!” he screeched in pain. “I’ll go to Flo’s and have a body wax and a nail job on my fingers and toes. I promise I’ll go!”

After three more hard swats in rapid succession on his panties, she snarled, “If you think that was severe, wait until you miss your appointment at Flo’s and you’ll find out what severe is! While you’re there, you’ll also get some other things done. Flo has the list, and you will not cause her any problems. If you try to get away from me, I’ll release your videos and spread them all over the web! After any prospective employer sees them, you won’t be able to get a job flipping burgers! I want to see how you look in your new lingerie with your new procedures, so be properly dressed for my critique when I arrive at your place Sunday. I’ll see you then!”

While getting dressed for his salon appointment, Joe wondered what he should wear. Panties were a given as they were his only underwear, so he decided to wear his

most masculine pair, if there was such a thing. Since he had worn feminine lingerie all week, he went with a matching powder blue panties, camisole, and garter belt along with sheer nylons. As he gazed into the mirror, he thought sadly, ‘This is bound to be a very humiliating day. There’s no way I can hide these feminine scanties from the women who run that salon. Oh well, they’ll know something is up when I say I’m there for a body wax and manicure.’

It was early, and the salon was vacant except for Flo when Joe entered. “Oh, you must be Josie!” she trilled. “The reason I scheduled you early is because we have so much to do, and the procedures will require considerable time. Step behind that curtain, remove your clothes, and slip into this robe so we can get started.”

Hearing that, Joe wished he had foregone all of his feminine clothes, but it was too late by then. He had second thoughts; however, when he slipped into the pink robe Flo provided. He very quickly discovered the buttons of the silky mid thigh length garment were on the wrong side as he began fastening them. ‘If I had known I would be wearing this robe, I wouldn’t have worn all those feminine undies,’ he thought as he stuffed his panties, cami, garter belt, and nylons in the pockets of his pants before draping them over a hanger and covering them with his shirt.

“I see you’ve already shaved your legs, so let’s start with that hairy chest,” Flo declared with a smile. “For a moment, the warm wax felt nice, but suddenly, she ripped the first strip away, bringing a patch of hair with it.

“Owwwwch!” he yelped at the sudden pain.”

“Oh, Come on, don’t be such a sissy!” Flo chided. “Girls have this done every day, and they don’t make a whimper. Act like you have a pair, and let’s get through this.”

“No!” he screeched as he jumped up and began fumbling with the buttons of his robe. “I won’t be treated this way! I’m getting out of here!”

“Before you leave, I think you should have a look at the list Liz gave me,” Flo said in a calm tone while handing him a folded note. “Afterward, if you have objections, you might want to talk them over with her before you run out.”

Roughly unfolding the *note*, he saw a computer printout of a photograph of him dancing about in his pink panties in Liz’s office. His heart leapt into his throat as he gazed at the damning image, and he was reminded of the blackmail evidence Liz held over him. Lowering his eyes in surrender, he lay back on the table and sighed, “Go ahead.”

Whenever Joe protested other procedures Flo performed on him, she merely showed him the photo, and he once again became docile and cooperative. At the end of the day, he had endured an embarrassing and painful body wax, including his underarms, and his brows had been waxed into ultra thin arcs. Extensions were glued to his nails, filed, and polished a medium red to match his toes. His hair had been washed, put up on rollers, and trimmed into a feminine style with curled bangs down onto his brows with highlights added. He had been given a facial and a makeover complete with foundation, blush, eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara, and lipstick that matched his nails.

Electrolysis had eliminated a small patch of his beard on one cheek, and he had been given intense lessons in hair care and makeup application. Electrolysis appointments were scheduled for two-hour sessions Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays until his beard and mustache were history, and regular hair care and facial appointments were made for alternating Saturdays. When dressed, he was amazed at how sensitive his fully waxed body was to his silky panties, cami, and nylons.

Despite his ordeal the day before, Joe felt rested when he awoke the next morning. Still, he was filled with anxiety when he thought of how he should dress for Liz's visit. Not knowing what time she would arrive or how long he had to get ready, he jumped out of bed and hurried to the bathroom.

While shaving, he noticed the patch of skin where no hair grew and was amazed at how soft it felt. Since Liz wanted to inspect him in his new lingerie, he decided to go all out in hopes that she would let up on him. Opting for his pink panties, baby doll nightie, mini slip, and garter belt along with ultra sheer nylons, he hurriedly dressed. Pulling his transparent negligee over his silky ensemble, he sat before his mirror.



“These heels are killing my feet!” Joe gasped as he held on to the doorframe for balance. “I’ll never get the hang of walking in them!”

“You’ll be walking like a pro in no time if you wear them whenever you are home and get lots of practice,” Liz replied with a scornful smirk.

After placing the cosmetics Flo gave him on his dresser, he began retracing his efforts to apply makeup. Finally satisfied with his *look*, he was brushing his hair in the feminine style his short hair had been set in when the doorbell rang. Quickly adding a fresh coat of lipstick, he blotted his lips together and anxiously hurried to the door to face her scrutiny.

A bright smile covered Liz's face as she stepped inside and looked him over. Kissing him lightly on the cheek, she gushed, "Oh, you look precious without all that unsightly hair on your body, your new hairstyle is simply precious, and that negligee really sets off your *look*. You can open your gift while we chat over a cup of coffee."

"This other stuff is bad enough, but I can't go to work with my hair like this!" he objected.

"I'm waiting," she said she sat at the table and ignored his complaint. Taking the hint, he served her coffee. When he was seated, she took a sip of coffee and presented a present wrapped in pink tissue and decorated with a wide white ribbon.

Taking a hint from the week before, he carefully removed the wrapping. 'At least, the box is too large to be another paddle,' he contemplated as he removed the top. "Shoes?" he gasped when he viewed the contents. "Not for *me*?"

"Of course, they're for you, silly. I gave them to you, didn't I?"

"I could never walk in those stilts!" he gasped as he viewed a pair of white women's pumps with slender four-inch heels.

“Sure you can,” she chuckled. “After a bit of practice, you’ll be walking in heels as well as any lady. I guessed the size from your men’s shoes. Slip them on and check the fit. I bought them for you because I felt sorry for you last week when you were walking around barefooted.” He had to use a table knife as a shoehorn to get the shoes on. As he sat there dumbfounded in his feminine underwear and stilt heels, she asked, “How’s the fit?”

“I guess they fit okay, but could never stand in these impossible heels, much less walk in them!”

“Go ahead. Stand up and give them a try,” she encouraged. On his feet, he had to place his palms on the table just to maintain his balance. When he was finally able to stand without support, Liz urged him to try to walk a couple of steps to the wall. Using every iota of his athleticism, coordination, and determination, he reached the wall without falling...somehow!

Smiling at his limited success, she pushed him to return saying, “That’s it. Start with short distances, and you’ll soon be walking farther and farther.”

“I can’t walk in heels this high!” he declared. “If I have to wear heels, please let me start with lower ones and work my way up.”

“Nope,” Liz insisted. “Once you learn to walk in these four inch spikes, you won’t have difficulty walking in heels of any height. Here are some hints that might help. Hold your shoulders back, weight slightly forward, take very short steps, and let your toe touch just prior to your heel. Concentrate on those things, and you’ll be walking in your heels like a pro in no time. To help you become proficient in your new heels, I want you to wear

them for the entire time you are home. That includes nights and weekends.”

After Joe practiced a bit, not getting particularly better, Liz taught him to apply his makeup. “Start with eyeliner,” she instructed. Apply a very thin line, and be consistent from time to time.” When she was satisfied with his knack, she taught him to smooth on a hint of gray eyeshadow, then moved on to mascara. She then moved on to liquid base makeup, finished off with a dusting of rose-colored blusher.

His makeup lesson on break, Joe made his way to the kitchen to prepare a salad for their lunch, his every step being a challenge. He held onto anything within range to steady his balance. ‘I’ll never get used to wearing these ridiculous heels!’ he fumed inside. When they finished eating and he had done the cleanup, it was back to makeup.

“You can replace the red polish on your fingers and wear the clear lip gloss to the office, but your toes should remain that pretty red shade,” Liz informed Joe as he practiced applying his eyeliner in such a thin line that it wouldn’t be noticed. “Of course, you’ll wear your proper lingerie to help you feel like a secretary.”

“This hairstyle is bad enough! Joe protested. “I can’t wear nail polish, makeup, and lipstick to work! How could I explain...?”

“If you use the makeup shades and techniques I’m trying to teach you, there’s no reason anyone should notice,” she countered. “In case you get asked about your new *look*, simply explain that you’re going for a mod image.”

Shaking with fear at her words, Joe knew he had to drastically change his routine. Else, he would face considerable time across her lap with her assaulting his panties. To prevent that, he took on a concentrated feminine ritual. From the moment he walked into his apartment, nights and weekends, he wore his stilt heels constantly and practiced walking in them no matter how much his feet hurt.

By the end of the day, Joe's feet were in great agony and on fire like a raging inferno from the toe-pressure. He tried to surreptitiously shift his body-weight from one foot to the other, also tilting each toe up alternately, tilting the mega-heels as far to each side and back as he dared. When sitting, he rolled his ankles around and even that added to no relief. It was most excruciating agony he had ever endured.

Joe was aware that Liz was amused with his shoe antics. She laughed, "You'll get used to the pain in a few months and will be able to dance the night away. Just keep at it."

Joe did. While wearing panties, camisoles, and stilt heels, he diligently practiced makeup application, rolling his hair, and polishing his nails. "The things I have to do to keep my job and avoid painful and embarrassing spankings..." he commiserated as he smoothed on a fresh coat of lipstick and covered it with shiny gloss.

Joe was understandably a nervous wreck, as he got ready for work the next day. As he tottered about in his stilt heels, he had to admit that he was making progress walking in them. At least, he didn't have to hold onto things nearly as often to keep from falling.

Because he had an appointment for laser electrolysis after work, he didn't shave, causing his *bare spot* to be noticeable when he applied his makeup. As he smoothed on his pale lip gloss, he looked at his nails and was glad he followed Liz's advice and polished them the night before.

Thankful that he could change into his men's shoes before going to work, the next traumatic moment for Joe was when he entered the office and settled into his desk. Ms. Hutton hadn't arrived, so he delayed his trip through the Bull Pen until the last possible moment. When *the moment of truth* arrived, he tried to sneak through without being noticed, but he was to have no such luck.

Janet was the first to notice and ran over saying, "Let me look at that hair!" When she drew near, she looked him over and gasped, "You're wearing makeup, mascara, lipstick, nail polish, and your ears have been pierced, both of them! What's going on here, Joe?"

"I...I have to go," he stammered as he hurried off to the break room. "Ms. Hutton is waiting for her coffee."

When he returned carrying three cups of specifically prepared coffee, Janet blocked his path and declared, "Okay, let's have it! You had a bucket full of balls, and you fought that bitch tooth and nail for that promotion. Since you lost out to her, you've become a total wimp. She treats you like a damn secretary, and you go along with it! You sit outside her office in the secretary's nook, fetch her coffee, type her letters, answer her phone, run her errands, and who knows what else. You haven't done any engineering design in weeks, and now, you turn up with a weird hairstyle, pierced ears, and wearing

makeup. What the hell is going on, Joe, or is it Josie like the nameplate on your desk says?”

“Yeah,” Susan chimed in. “Overnight, you went from a bull dog to a pantywaist. Did you miss out on the promotion because you were that way all along?”

Larry, one of the guys asked, “What’s that perfume you’re wearing? I think my girlfriend has some like it.”



“The things I do to keep my job and avoid painful spankings...” Joe sighed.

“It’s shaving lotion,” Joe claimed, trying to lessen the scorn on the feminine cosmetics he was forced to wear.

"I might believe that if you had shaved!" Larry scoffed.

Janet looked confused as she stammered, "I thought you...I thought we...? Are you a closet queer, Joe? Is that what you're trying to tell us?"

"I'd like to stay and talk...really, but I have to get back," Joe insisted as he turned bright red and hurried past them with the coffee. 'Boy, I'm glad to be away from them,' he sighed inwardly as he rushed down the hall.

When he reached the sanctity of Liz's office, Joe leaned against the door, sighed in relief, and gasped, "The guys in the Bull Pen saw my hair, makeup, lipstick, pierced ears, nail polish and they smelled my perfume. They were examining my hair and makeup and asking all sorts of embarrassing questions. If I'd stayed there another minute, I believe they would've found out about my panties, cami, garter belt, and nylons. Please don't make me do this any longer, Ms. Hutton. I'll be your secretary without complaint, but I can't take this any longer!"

Seeing his anguish, Liz walked over, took him in her arms, pulled his head to her shoulder, and soothed, "There, there. Things are never as bad as they seem if you take a few deep breaths and look at the positive aspects of your dilemma."

"What positive aspects?" he sobbed with his head still resting on her shoulder. "The Bull Pen gang used to respect and look up to me, but now, all they have is ridicule. I'm only wearing these silky feminine things because you make me, but they think I'm some kind of pantywaist pervert. My life is over!"

“They saw your makeup, and you’re still here, silly,” she bubbled excitedly. “The bright side is that you no longer have to hide behind subdued colors. You can wear pretty red and pink lipstick and nail polish every day, and you can use ample eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara without having to hide the fact that you’re wearing it. Also, since they noticed your pierced ears, you can wear stylish hoops and pendants when your holes heal. Don’t tell me there are no positive aspects to being discovered as someone who wants to look and feel like a secretary!”

“I don’t want to look and feel like a secretary! That was all your idea!” he insisted as he broke into tears, something he never did before losing out on the promotion and being forced to wear panties and makeup.

“I beg to differ!” she countered. “You practically begged Ms. Malone for the position of administrative assistant, knowing you would be a secretary! Now, dry those tears or you’ll ruin your mascara and streak your makeup. “Oh yes, Dirk wants your help with some designs, and you’ll want to look your best. Freshen your makeup and go see what he needs.” When he hesitated, she asked, “You *do* have your makeup with you, don’t you?”

“Yes,” he admitted with a blush as he began taking a compact, lipstick, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, blush, and liquid makeup out of his pockets and putting them on her desk. While she watched with a satisfied smirk, he touched up his humiliating feminine makeup.

When he was almost finished, she handed him a tube of lipstick and said, “Since your co-workers already saw your makeup, use my redder shade of lipstick. You

can wear your rose shade of lipstick and nail polish tomorrow. Now, go see what Dirk needs.”

Unknown to Joe, Dirk knew of Liz’s feminization plans for him and that his new job as Chief Technician depended on him going along with it. To gain Dirk’s cooperation in her diabolical scheme, she threatened to make him the secretary if he refused. “Hi Josie,” Dirk smiled as Joe entered his office after knocking. “My, don’t you look nice. I really like what you’ve done with your hair.”

After the ridicule and scorn he received in the Bull Pen earlier, Joe was pleased by the compliment. Even though he was shamed by his hairstyle, he was relieved to hear a kind word. With a bright blush, he lowered his eyes and replied in a soft voice, “Thank you.” A moment later, he said, “Ms. Hutton said you wanted some help.”

“Yes, I do,” he gushed happily. “Remember us discussing the overhang in the hotel mezzanine the other day? Well, I drew it up and ran it by Ms. Malone, and she loved the idea. In fact, she wants me to join her in the big meeting with the owners tomorrow. I was thinking if you could look these plans over and come up some other novel schemes I could present, it would be great! I’ll get us a cup of coffee while you work. How do you like it?”

“One cream and no sugar,” he replied. He wanted his coffee black with two sugars, but Ms. Hutton forbade that, and he was afraid she would find out.

When Dirk returned with the coffee, he saw Joe sitting primly with his knees together and intently looking over the blue prints. Leaning over his former

superior's shoulder to see what he was looking at; he inhaled a pleasant aroma and said, "Nice perfume."

"Thank you," Joe blushed. "Ms. Hutton insists on me wearing makeup and perfume while I'm assuming secretarial duties. I told the guys in the Bull Pen it was shaving lotion, but they didn't buy it." Thanks for not giving me hell. Taking a sip of coffee, he noticed the stain of Liz's lipstick on the cup and knew he would have to replenish the feminine cosmetic when the cup was empty.

"Why would I tease you?" Dirk shrugged. "I think you look cool. Anyway, have you found anything ... in the plans, I mean?"

"Yeah, I've seen this before. If you move this column three feet east, you'll increase the integrity of the structure at a very nominal cost. I know that won't impress the owners very much, but you can be assured that the building won't collapse. That's all I see on the spur of the moment, but if you'll allow me to take the plans home, I'll see what I can come up with." Joe had to practice makeup, lipstick, and nail polish application, curling his hair, and walking in heels, but he found some time to review the hotel plans.

Even though he wore red lipstick and nail polish, the next two days went without undue trauma for Joe. Then, on Wednesday afternoon, Ms. Malone went into Dirk's office for a visit. When she came out, she was beaming with pride. "You can be proud of your boss," she declared. "He designed an overhang in the vista area of the hotel mezzanine, and the owners were so pleased they almost wet their pants. In fact, they were so

thrilled that they want to incorporate that feature in all their new hotels. He also came up with a way to strengthen the structure and save thousands of dollars on insurance premiums over the years. As a reward, they gave us a contract for a new deluxe hotel and convention center in Dallas. Dirk earned a ten thousand dollar bonus for his contribution. Isn't that *thrilling*?"

"B...but, those were my designs..."

"By the way, Josie, you were looking pale the last time I saw you," she said, ignoring his input as she turned to walk away. "You have your color back, now, and you look great."

Hearing about Dirk's bonus that should have gone to him really set Joe off. Jumping out of his chair, he rushed over, knocked on Liz's door, and hurried inside when invited. Standing in front of her desk as required, he waited until she asked, "What is so urgent, Josie?"

"Dirk stole my design for the overhang in the vista of the new hotel!" he gushed angrily. "He took credit and got a ten grand bonus. It's plagiarism! That bonus should have been mine!"

"Okay, let's go next door and get to the bottom of this," Liz said, soothing Joe's nerves a bit. When he turned to walk toward the door, she admonished, "Wait! You can't go like that! Your tears of anguish ruined your makeup. You have to refresh your *look* first!"

Blushing for having to wear makeup and be mindful of it at all times, he reluctantly took his embarrassing feminine cosmetics from his pockets. Opening his compact to use the mirror, he opened the lipstick she loaned him and smoothed it on his lips. Seeing that his tears had damaged his eyeliner and mascara, he

repaired them, added some blush high on his cheeks, sprayed a spritz of perfume in strategic places, and he was ready.

Liz opened Dirk's door without knocking, and Joe followed her inside. With no hesitation, she looked Dirk in the eye and demanded, "What's this about you stealing Josie's design?"

"I didn't steal anything from Josie," Dirk defended. "He and I discussed some aesthetic features for the vista, but I personally made the calculations and prepared the drawings."

Refusing to accept his word, she turned to Joe and declared, "This is a serious accusation! Go to the computer, and show me what you did, step by step."

Joe keyed in the job code he remembered, but when he hit enter, a loud buzz sounded indicating that his entry was denied. Undaunted, he repeated the process with the same result.

"We added passwords to all job files to protect our designs after Bob and Frank were fired," Dirk said. "Josie didn't know that because he was on vacation at the time. If he can't access the job file, how could he have designed the overhang? That design and the bonus are mine, and that's the proof."

"How dare you make such a false accusation, Josie?" Liz demanded. "I don't ever want to hear of such a thing again. Get back to your desk, and let's hear no more of this plagiarism nonsense. One more word and I'll have Dirk turn you across his lap and warm your panties! I should do it anyway after that stunt you tried to pull."

The next day at work, Joe moved about Dirk as though he was walking on eggshells. Even though he had done nothing wrong, he felt guilty somehow. To his regret, Dirk called him into his office just before noon. ‘What can he possibly want?’ Joe wondered nervously as he hurriedly checked his makeup.

Instead of berating him; however, Dirk smiled and asked in a cheery voice, “Did you find any goodies in the plans?”

“If I did, why would I share them with you?” Joe snapped with an angry scowl.

Without a word, Dirk picked up the phone, and hit the com button. When Liz answered, he said, “Could you join us in here for a moment, please.”

When Liz entered Dirk’s office, she looked at the defiant Joe and asked, “What’s our Josie done now?”

“He’s conceived an innovative design, and he won’t share it with us,” Dirk pronounced.

“Why are you holding out on us, Josie?” Liz asked.

“Why should I tell this geek” he spat. “He’ll just claim it was his idea and cash the bonus check. I won’t get anything but a sore ass!”

“Come on, and let’s have it,” Liz demanded in a harsh voice. “You know what will happen if you don’t.”

Knowing she was threatening to release those damning videos, he knew he was licked. Lowering his eyes in surrender, he sighed, “Okay, if you move the ice station and the adjacent maid’s station down to the hallway intersection, you’ll cut down on noise to the rooms. and add fourteen square feet to the corner room.”

“Fourteen square feet isn’t very significant,” Dirk scoffed.

“It is if you carry the math to its conclusion, you geek,” Joe needled. “Look, 14 times 30 floors equals 420 square feet. Multiply that times \$50 per square foot, and you have \$21,000 per month. Take that one step farther by multiplying that by 12 months, and the total is over a quarter million bucks per year. I think that would get the owner’s attention.”

Both Liz and Dirk stood in open-mouthed awe at the explanation they had just heard. After a moment to regain her composure, Liz gasped, “Very good, Josie. Now get back to your typing like a good secretary.” When she and Dirk were alone, Liz said, “See why I had to eliminate him from my competition? He’s always coming up with something that looks so simple that makes everybody else look stupid. Keep on him for ideas, and we’ll both bank some big bucks. For now, present that to the owners at the partner’s meeting next Tuesday, and leave Josie to me.”

Later that afternoon, Liz called Joe into her office and asked, “What are you planning to do after work?”

“Nothing special,” he replied. “I don’t have to go to Flo’s for another two hour session in hell with that electrolysis needle until tomorrow.”

“Good,” she smiled. “Let’s go shopping. You need a purse, another pair of heels, and a few other things. I’ve spoken with that nice Gina on the phone, but I haven’t met her in person. Let’s go to Saks. We’ve never been shopping together, so this should be fun.”

When Liz came out of her office at five o’clock, Joe was sitting at his desk with his knees primly together as was rapidly becoming habit. Having just refreshed his

lipstick, he was returning his cosmetics to his pockets. "Please don't make me go out in public like *this!* I look like a freak with my hair, makeup, and men's suit."

"Maybe we can do something about that while we're shopping," she observed with a smile. Come on, let's go. We'll take my car so we can chat on the way."

Joe sat silently as Liz drove to the mall where Gina worked. He was jolted out of his reverie when she said, "What you tried to do to Dirk was unprofessional. You should apologize to him tomorrow."

"Apologize? He's the one who stole my idea!"

"Come on, Josie. You made a sketch on a napkin. How significant can that be? Dirk did the design calculations, prepared the drawings, and sold the concept to the owners. You couldn't even access the job file. Secretaries don't undercut their superiors, so do the right thing and apologize."

Lowering his eyes in surrender, a gesture that was becoming habit of late, he blushed bright red and sighed in a low tone, "Yes, Ms. Hutton."

"I'm glad that's settled. Now, have you been practicing the procedures and techniques at home like I instructed?"

"Y...yes ma'am, and I'm getting better at most of it."

"Good. I expect to see vast improvement in all areas when I drop by Saturday. We don't want to give Mr. Paddle a workout, do we?"

After refreshing their makeup, Liz and Joe went into the women's department of Saks and located Gina. Because of his new hairstyle and makeup, she didn't recognize him at first, but his identity finally sunk in. "Oh, Josie, you look stunning! And you must be Ms.

Hutton. I'm Gina, and it's so good to meet you! What can I do for you ladies today?"

While Joe was stewing about being referred to as a lady, Liz smiled and said, "For starters, Josie needs a purse. He's trying to carry his makeup and things in his pockets, and you know how bulges ruin the fit of a garment."

To Joe's disappointment, a purse ended up being *three*, one each in black, navy, and white, all in similar styles with a shoulder strap. Further, Liz had him store his makeup items, as well as his wallet, in the navy purse and carry it with him in the store.

"Now, you have a purse to match anything you choose to wear," Liz beamed. Turning to Gina, she said, "As you may have noticed, Josie's ears pierced. When the holes heal, he'll needs some stylish studs, hoops, and pendants. Could you show us your selection?"

"Certainly, right this way," Gina beamed while anticipating a nice commission. Joe had never seen so many earrings shoved his way! It seemed like an endless supply as he tried them on or held them up to his for Liz to visualize. "You should have a second set of holes like mine," Gina said, holding her hair back. "Then, you could wear studs with your hoops or pendants."

"Yes, the next time you go to Flo's, have her give you a second set of holes," Liz instructed. Joe cringed at the thought but knew he was doomed to have two holes in each ear. To his shame, he was soon the owner of four sets of studs with varying stones, three pairs of hoops in different diameters and gages, and three dangling pendants.

As with the purses, Liz insisted on him buying heels in different colors to go with whatever he was wearing. After being informed of his size, Gina returned with a pair of black pumps with four inch stiletto heels and directed, “Slip off your shoes and socks, and let’s see how they fit.”

Gina knew about the nylons he bought, so there was no secret that he was wearing them. Looking up at Liz with an unspoken plea in his eyes and receiving only a harsh glare in return, he dejectedly slipped his feet into the pumps Gina provided. Watching him tentatively walk about, the practice he had undergone during the week was evident to Liz. ‘At least he’s walking,’ she mused. ‘Sunday, he couldn’t stand in them without support.’

In the end, he was forced to purchase a pair in black, red, navy, and pink. All were in different styles but all had four-inch heels. Joe was humiliated beyond words when Liz said, “The navy pair matches your suit, so wear them for practice while we shop.”

Joe was concentrating on walking in his new heels and trying not to be noticed when he realized they were in the clothing department. “W...what are we doing here?” he gasped.

“You look out of place in your shirts and ties,” Liz informed him. “I thought we’d get you a few blouses while we’re here.”

Her words made want to find a hole and crawl in it, but he soon found himself in a changing room stripped to only his camisole above his waist while he slipped his arms into a silky white polyester blouse with a cowl neck. While Gina fastened the back buttons, he looked at

his image in the mirror and gasped, “The material is so thin, you can see the outline of my camisole. Besides, it doesn’t have collar, and I can’t wear a tie.”

“You don’t wear a tie with this style blouse, and lots of secretaries wear thin blouses that show a hint of their pretty bras and slips or camisoles.” Liz informed him. “If you persist on dressing in accordance with your position at the firm, that is precisely the style blouse you must wear.”

“Speaking of bras, shouldn’t he be wearing one with the appropriate padding when he tries on his blouses to assure a proper fit?” Gina asked, assuming the style blouse Joe was to wear was settled. “We’re having a sale on bras, and we have space age technology, computer designed, breast prosthesis’s that were created for mastectomy patients so they appear very natural even without a bra. They have the look, feel, weight, and jiggle of the real thing, and they attach to the chest with a special adhesive. Of course, they should be removed once a week with the special solvent for cleaning and to allow the skin to breathe.”

“Please don’t make me wear a bra,” Joe pleaded, also forgetting about the blouses. “And, I don’t need breasts to wear full time!”

“Gina is right, Josie,” Liz injected. “If you buy blouses with your current shape, you would have to buy new ones when you start wearing bras. Don’t you see? It makes perfect sense for you to wear bras with the space age prosthesis.”

Wrapping a tape measure around Joe’s chest to determine his size, Gina asked, “What cup size would you like him to be?”

“Oh, I think a C-cup would be about right to help him feel like a secretary,” Liz reflected.

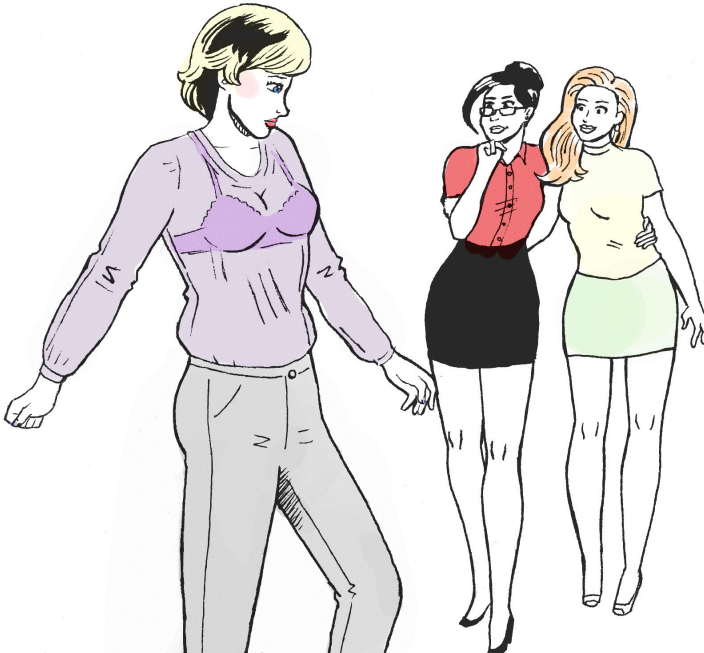
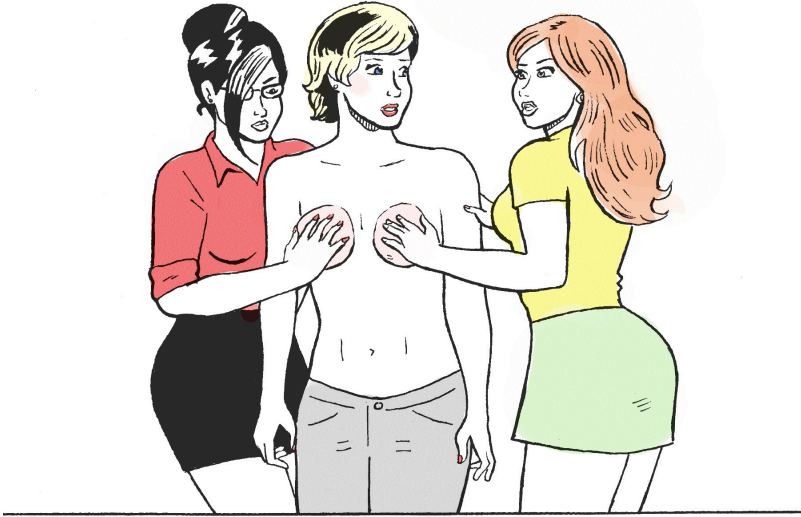
“How about you two going out and choosing some bras for him to try while I get the prosthesis?” Gina suggested. When she returned, Liz and Joe were at the counter where they (meaning Liz) had selected several bras in different styles and colors. Nodding at Joe, she said, “Go back in the dressing room and strip to your waist.”

Seeing her former competitor walk dejectedly into the dressing room, she delighted in thinking, “The thought of wearing a bra made him completely forget that he’s wearing panties, nylons, and stilt heels. I think I just found a novel way to get him to accept the frilly feminine items I’m forcing him to wear!”

Shortly, Joe had two flesh appearing mounds glued to his chest and situated in a lace-embellished bra that his translucent blouse did little or nothing to conceal. “I can’t go to work looking like *this!*” he exclaimed while viewing his image in the mirror.

“Of course you can’t,” Liz agreed. “Let’s buy you a few more blouses and then, we’ll try a few jackets to compliment them.”

While Joe was trying on blouses, Gina removed her phone from her purse, opened it up, and giggled, “Let me show you something cute.” When Liz gasped in awe at the photo on the screen, Gina said, “That’s my fiancé, Drew. I took your advice and got him to wear panties as part of our foreplay before sex. He took them off immediately after the first few times, but I gradually got him to wear them all night. Scroll on over, there’s lots more pictures.”



“Please don’t glue those things to my chest!” Joe begged. “I’ll have to wear a bra, and it’ll show through my blouses at work!”

“Maybe, but just think how much more you’ll feel like a secretary,” Liz countered.

“Good job!” Liz exclaimed as the two shared a high five. “Is that the only time Drew wears panties, when he’s in bed with you?”

“At first, yes, but I pushed him farther. I refused to have sex with him unless he wore panties all day. When he left the house wearing panties that first day, his face was red enough to serve as a light and stop traffic. Working slowly, I used sex as an enticement and as a reward and required him to buy a supply of panties and wear them full time. I’m now using the fact that he wears panties to blackmail him into doing as I say in all matters. From a rough macho stud, he’s quickly becoming a submissive pantywaist wimp who does most of the housework.”

“How far do you plan to go with him?”

“I haven’t decided. I’ll let you know.”

Helpless to resist or refuse whatever blouses Liz *suggested*, Joe soon possessed half a dozen, all in silky fabrics, and some with lace decorations. He also had four satin camisoles that were to be worn as outerwear under his jackets, one each in white, gold, red, and black. He also had jackets in navy, red, white, and peach. Needless to say, he was extremely apprehensive at the thought of wearing these fashionable feminine clothes to work with his breasts protruding!

“Wear your white blouse and peach jacket,” Liz instructed. “I want to match some makeup, eyeshadow, lipstick, nail polish, and blusher to it and your other new ensembles. It was near closing time when he had all the cosmetics in different shades that she desired.

As Liz and Joe made their way back to the car, both laden with shopping bags, he was a bundle of nerves.

Not totally due to the pink parcels he was carrying or because of his feminine jacket, blouse, makeup, and high heels, but the way his breasts bounced with his every step.

In the car, Liz said, “I want you to wear your breasts every day except Sunday. You can remove them after you arise and re-attach them before bedtime. While they are off, be sure to massage them with moisturizing cream and allow your skin to breathe.”

“That means I’ll have to wear a bra to work!” he gasped in disbelief.

“You can wear the blouse and jacket you’re wearing now.”

“I...I can’t!” he declared in near panic. “I would never be able to fasten the buttons in back of this blouse.”

“You have a point,” she reasoned, pleased that he didn’t use the excuse that he couldn’t wear feminine clothes to work or that the other employees would tease him. His reason being both logical and one she could accept, she relented, “Wear a pullover or a blouse with front buttons, but make sure it matches that peach jacket.”

“I will, thank you,” he sighed in relief.

“This is not a reprieve from wearing your back buttoning blouses, you understand,” Liz declared. “I want you to spend significant time practicing with your back buttons as well as hooking your bra behind you without twisting it around like you did in the store. I know it’s only two days from now, but I expect to see considerable progress during my Saturday visit.”

While trying to loosen the back buttons of his blouse without damaging the fragile fabric that night in his bedroom, Joe thought, 'It's a good thing Ms. Hutton allowed me to wear a different blouse tomorrow because I never would have gotten this one fastened.'

His relief was short lived because when he removed his bra, he felt the entire weight of his *breasts*. The unfamiliar bulges also felt awkward when he pulled his nightgown over his head and sat at his makeshift vanity to remove his makeup and cream his face for the night. Not wanting to take the time but having no choice, he removed the polish from his fingernails and replaced it with two coats of the pink he purchased earlier. When the polish was finally dry, he went to bed, but his troubles still didn't end there. Every time he moved or turned the strange orbs on his chest caused him to waken and shift positions.

After a restless night, Joe took a quick shower, powdered his body and got dressed. As expected, he had to twist his bra around to fasten it and then positioned his *breasts* into the cups. Wearing panties, bra, camisole, garter belt, and nylons, he looked over his new blouses for one that would match his jacket and that he could secure the buttons. Being unsure, he opted for an ivory pullover with a V neckline. To his alarm, the lace of his camisole showed at the bottom of the V and substantial cleavage showed above. Try as he might, he couldn't reduce the spectacle he presented. Since this was the only matching blouse he was sure he could fasten, he finally gave up and went with the embarrassment it would bring when he walked through the Bull Pen.

Taking Liz's advice, he used the rose petal eye shadow, blusher, and followed with the pink lipstick. To enhance his *look*, he went a bit heavier eyeliner and mascara. After slipping into his jacket, he felt a bit strange in his masculine pants, shoes, and socks, but off to work he went.

Arriving at the office, Joe tried to hide his new assets behind his desk, but that proved to be a near impossible task with his desk in full view of the hallway. He put his embarrassing purse in the lower drawer of his desk to hide it. To his distress, several passersby noticed his prominent cleavage, but to his relief, they only smiled and passed on by. Shortly, Dirk came in, and instead of saying 'good morning' as usual, he merely grunted and went into his office.

When Liz arrived a few minutes later, she looked over Joe's new prominences, taking note of the hint of exposed lace and cleavage, said good morning, and went into her office. Joe knew that was a signal to fetch her coffee, so he got up and sheepishly made his way toward the break room, his breasts jiggling uncontrollably.

Just as he feared, when the Bull Pen workers saw his new *look*, they jumped up and ran over to him. "What's this?" Larry, the chief heckler boomed. "A pink jacket, a silky blouse, tits, and a lacy bra! Boy, you're looking more like a secretary every time I see you! Are you wearing silky pink panties to match your sissy outfit?"

Humiliated beyond words, all Joe could do was stand by and blush beet red as the other guys joined in and piled shame on him. Janet, who still had strong feelings

for him, rushed to his defense. Let him alone, you hooligans. Can't you see that Ms. Hutton is making him dress this way? Get back to work, or I'll write you up!"

"I guess that means Josie would have to type out the reprimand," Larry sneered.

Unable to endure any more ridicule, Joe hurried to the break room to fetch the coffee. When he delivered Dirk's coffee, instead of his usual thanks, all he got was a gruff grumble. Not wanting to stick around for more scorn, he hurried over and knocked on Liz's door. As he served her coffee, he said, "Dirk is still pissed."

"Did you apologize to him?" she inquired.

"He didn't give me a chance."

"You have to be more assertive. Go back in there and insist that he listen to you. Once he hears your apology, I'm sure everything will be back to normal between you two."

Still wondering why he should apologize, he took Liz's advice and knocked on Dirk's door.

"Who is it?" Dirk roared.

"It's me, Joe...uh...Josie."

"What do you want?"

"I want to apologize for..."

"I don't want your damn apology!"

Sufficiently shaken and not knowing what else to do, Joe knocked on Liz's door. When she invited him in, she asked, "What happened?"

"He won't let me in his office."

"Okay, let's get to the bottom of this," Liz sighed as she entered Dirk's office without knocking. "Why won't you let Josie apologize?" she asked.

“He’s distraught because he’s no longer my supervisor, and he’s trying to make you think I shafted him on the mezzanine design. Anything he says won’t be sincere, so why should I waste my time listening to a phony apology?”

“What will it take to put your mind at rest on this debacle?” she inquired.

“I want him to respect my position and authority,” he declared. “You spank him to keep him in line, and look at the respect he shows you. All I can do is yell at him!”

“If you had permission to spank him, would that help?”

“Couldn’t hurt!”

“Then, go for it. Tell him to remove his pants and lie across your knees.”

“Please don’t make me do this,” Joe pleaded with Liz. “I don’t harbor any ill will for no longer being his supervisor, and I apologize for accusing him of plagiarism.”

“You do realize that as Chief Technician, he has authority over a secretary?”

“I guess.”

“Remove your pants, hang them neatly, and get across my lap!”

“Wait, Liz cautioned. “Remove your nice jacket and hang it over the chair as well.”

Totally distraught, Joe removed his shoes and socks before his pants, but he soon stood red-faced before them in his blouse, panties, and nylons.

Dirk’s eyes got wide in awe as he viewed Joe’s feminine undies. “I didn’t know you wore such pretty

things, and you really have sexy legs,” he gasped. “But no matter, assume the position.” Dirk was a large man and an avid outdoorsman, and his hands were rough and calloused. When his open palm struck Joe’s panties, he couldn’t help letting out a squeal. After more than a dozen more he was crying openly. “Now, will you pay me some respect?” Dirk questioned.

“Yes, yes, I’ll...”

“Yes *sir!*” Dirk insisted as he delivered three more hard swats.

“Yes sir...oh. Yes *sir!*”

“Yes sir, Mr. Turner!” three more stinging swats landed.

“Yes sir, Mr. Turner, yes *sir!*” Joe wailed. “Please stop spanking me! I’ll do whatever you say!”

As three more hard swats landed on Joe’s panties, Dirk asked, “You’ll go across my lap any time I deem that you deserve a sound spanking with no argument or complaint, won’t you?”

“Yes sir, Mr. Turner, yes sir! I promise!”

“Alright, get dressed.” Joe grabbed his pants and hurriedly pulled them up to conceal his embarrassing feminine lingerie, but when he reached for his socks, Dirk commanded, “You don’t deserve to wear men’s socks. Leave them off from now on!”

“Yes sir,” Joe gasped as he pulled his shoes over his nylons.

“Your makeup is a streaked mess. Go fix it, and get back in here!”

Hearing that, Joe rushed to his desk, retrieved his purse that contained his makeup and ran to the restroom.

“Okay, he’s as afraid of you as he is of me...well almost,” Liz said when she and Dirk were alone. “We have effectively eliminated him as a threat in the hierarchy of the firm like we planned. All we have to do now is keep the pressure on him and reap the rewards from the genius of his designs.”

When Joe returned with his makeup in immaculate condition except that his eyes were red from crying, he scowled, “It’s not fair! You two have me as a secretary, typing your letters, answering your phone, running your errands, and reviewing your plans, but I don’t get anything.”

“What do you want, Josie, aside from the obvious which you can’t have?” Liz asked.

“I want the guys in the Bull Pen off my ass,” he replied.

“That’s a fair request,” she smiled. “It is very interesting as well. Tell you what. I’ll think on it over the weekend and decide the best way to proceed to rid you of that burden. I’ll take action on your behalf on Monday morning. Fair enough?”

“Yes, ma’am,” he nodded as the semblance of a smile crept across his pink lips.

“Have a seat, Josie,” Dirk ordered his former boss. “I want to get your thoughts on these latest designs. I have a meeting with the owners Tuesday, so look closely.”

“Yes sir, Mr. Turner,” Joe sighed as he began scrutinizing the blue prints on the table before him. “I’ll go over these plans with a fine tooth comb.”

Dirk’s office had a one way window that allowed him to look and listen in on the action, or lack of it, taking place in the Bull Pen. While Joe pondered over the

plans, Liz looked and listened thoughtfully out that window.

That afternoon, Joe picked up Liz's laundry at Chang's on his way to Flo's for his painful laser electrolysis appointment. He would take it home with him, and she would pick it up the following day. When Mrs. Chang saw his pink jacket, sissy blouse, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, feminine hairstyle, and purse, she asked, "Are you sure these things not for you?" All he could do was blush beneath his makeup.

When Joe returned home, he kicked off his shoes and slipped his feet into a pair of his new four-inch heels. Hurrying about, he stripped to his waist and began practicing fastening his bra behind him and securing the back buttons of his blouses. He knew Liz would be there the next morning to check his progress, and he didn't have much time to practice.

Joe was wearing a pink bra with matching panties, his baby doll nightie, and garter belt with mid thigh length negligee, sheer nylons, and heels when Liz arrived. He had worked hard on his makeup and, after the day before, was getting used to seeing his pink lipstick. In the end; however, he still wasn't satisfied with his efforts to apply thin even eyeliner evenly.

After looking him over, she nodded approval and said, "Let's have a cup of coffee and a chat." Taking a sip of coffee, she said, "I've given it a lot of thought, Josie, and I've come to a decision. To look and feel more like a secretary, you need to lose a bit of weight."

"How much weight?"

"Do you have a bathroom scale?"

“Yes, it’s in....”

Bring it *here*,” she said pointing to the floor in front of her.” When Joe returned with the scale and placed it just so, she said, “Hop aboard.” After a cursory glance at his weight, she mused, “I would say, thirty pounds would be about right.”

“Thirty pounds?” he gasped in disbelief. “I might be a bit pudgy here and there and could stand to lose ten or so, but not *thirty!*”

“I think three pounds a week for ten weeks is doable,” she declared, ignoring his objection. “We’ll weigh you in every Saturday dressed as you are so clothes won’t be a factor. I’ve worked out a low calorie diet that should do the trick if you strictly adhere to it, but if you fall behind your weight loss goal of 3, 6, 9, 12..., you’ll fast for the next week to get you back on schedule. Sound about right?”

“Thirty pounds...ten weeks...crash diet...I can’t. I couldn’t...I can’t possibly lose thirty pounds in ten weeks! I don’t have thirty pounds to lose!”

“Would you like to start your diet with a sound spanking?” When he looked flustered and didn’t reply, she continued, “Okay, for breakfast, you can have a grapefruit half, a slice of dry wheat toast, and since you no longer use sugar, you can have a cup of coffee. When you fetch coffee for Dirk and me in the morning, you can have one cup for yourself. At lunch, you can munch on carrot and celery sticks with all the water you can drink, and have a salad with lemon dressing and a glass of Crystal Light for dinner. If you stick strictly to this diet, you’re sure to meet your weight loss goals. Don’t try to sneak in some snacks, because I’ll know if you cheat.”

“What’ll you do, follow me around to see what I eat?”

“No, but the scale will reveal the truth every week, and that’s all the proof I need.”

“Why are you doing this to me?”

“To help you look and feel more like a secretary like you wanted, why else? Now that that’s settled, let’s look at the positive things you’ve done. I can see you’ve made significant improvement in your makeup skill. As for your heels, only a week ago, you could barely stand in them, and now after considerable practice, you forget you’re wearing them most of the time.”

“You don’t know how embarrassing is for me walking around here with my heels clicking on the tiles and hardwood all the time!”

“Oh, come on! Like the silky undies and makeup you wear, you’ve almost gotten accustomed to wearing them.”

“I’m not used to any of the feminine things you make me wear!”

“Yes you are! Last week, you were blushing in shame every other moment because of your panties, slip, negligee, and heels. This week, you hardly pay them any mind, and you’re wearing a bra to support your new breasts as well. As for your makeup, I saw you refreshing your lipstick at your desk, where any and all passersby could see, as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Come on, admit that you feel very comfortable in feminine attire.”

He realized that there was some truth in what she said. The silky fabrics he wore did feel nice against his hairless skin. He *was* beginning to check his makeup often as though he should wear it. He was adapting

quickly to stilt heels. Did he subconsciously want to look like a secretary? Her words caused his mind to overflow with questions, and even doubts.

“You still need practice,” Liz informed Joe after watching several attempts to fasten his bra and the back buttons of his blouses.

“I know,” he sighed. “My long nails, the buttons being on the wrong side, and my boobs pushing out add difficulty to the fact that I can’t see what I’m doing. I get the buttons in the wrong holes and get them out of line. I just get so frustrated!”

“Start with the top button and work your way down,” she hinted. “That way, you won’t get the buttons out of line.”

“Thanks, I’ll give it a try.”

“You had best learn to do it properly and learn fast because I want to see you in one of your back buttoning blouses on Monday!” she dictated. “Also, I want you to start wearing heels to the office, and like your makeup, lipstick, and nail polish, they should match your jacket.

The clicking of his heels on the tiles made Joe very self conscious as he entered the Bull Pen on his way to the break room to fetch coffee. As he feared, as soon as he entered, Larry came rushing over to make his life miserable. “Look! The sissy secretary is not only wearing a bra, lipstick, and earrings, he’s prancing around in high heels and nylon stockings! Are you sure you’re not wearing silky panties under your pants ... *Josie!*”

Janet came to Joe’s rescue again, shooing the jeering males away.

“Have to have a woman for protection, huh, Josie?” Larry boomed to the amusement of those surrounding him.

To Joe’s relief, he was allowed to fetch the coffee without further incident.

When Liz finished her coffee, she buzzed Joe on the com line and instructed, “Call personnel and ask for someone to answer our phones. Then, call a departmental meeting in the conference room.”

While Joe kept minutes, Liz called the meeting to order saying, “Listen up, people. From your amused reaction and teasing antics toward Josie, I know you have all noticed his recent change of appearance.” While everyone else snickered at her words, Joe blushed brightly beneath his makeup. “For your information that kind of behavior and ridicule will cease...*immediately!*”

“Yeah, right!” Larry injected to a chorus of snickers.

“You’re the main instigator, Larry,” Liz stated. “You see Josie wearing a few feminine items in his quest to look and feel like the secretary he has worked hard to become. You don’t understand his shame at wearing these things because you, none of you men, have a point of reference. Therefore, I plan to give you one. Beginning tomorrow, the dress code for everyone who works in the Bull Pen will be that you wear silky nylon panties. With panties under your manly pants, you won’t be so eager to tease Josie about his.”

“I’m not wearing any women’s panties, you can bet on that!” Larry insisted in an adamant tone amid a jangle of ‘Me neither’ sounds throughout the room.

“If you are not here tomorrow morning in compliance with the dress code, you will be terminated. A fit rep will

be sent to personnel stating that you do shoddy work, require excessive supervision, are disruptive to your co-workers, and that you refuse to abide by the dress code. Also, it will have a no rehire recommendation. If you plan to resign, you can clean out your desk right now, and you know where the door is. This meeting is over, but I would like a further word with Susan and Janet.”

When they were alone, Liz said, “You two have to ride a tight herd on whoever decides to stay. Don’t take their word that they are wearing panties if they show up. Make them lower their pants and show you. None of these cotton panties, I want them silky nylon. We’ll tighten the screws later, but for now, let’s get them secured in panties.” They both left with bright smiles on their faces.

Back in Dirk’s office, he thought with amusement, ‘Starting tomorrow, I’ll be the only one in engineering not wearing panties.’ In his conceit, he put Joe to work scrutinizing plans looking for ways to strengthen the structure and add ambiance. When he got hungry, he nibbled on a carrot stick he brought to work. ‘I’ll never survive ten weeks of this starvation,’ he commiserated.

One thing was markedly different for Joe. When he went to the break room to fetch coffee, he wasn’t teased or berated. Stopping by Janet’s desk, he observed, “Looks like you’re missing a few.”

“Stew and Pete left. I don’t think they’ll return, but I expect all these cuties to be here in the morning in their silky panties because every time one of them makes eye contact, he blushes profusely.”

“Even Larry?”

“*Especially* Larry. He’s all bluff.”

Sure enough, Stew and Pete were no-shows, but all nine of the others returned the next morning wearing panties beneath their slacks or jeans. After visual inspection in her office, Susan verified the fact in an e-mail to Liz with pictures she snapped on her phone.

During the next weeks, things settled into a routine. Susan had firm control of her charges, and knowing they were wearing panties gave her tremendous leverage. She even changed the name of the Bull Pen to the Panty Parlor. Also, bolstered by counsel from Liz, she punished them for even the slightest gaffe. Talking about sports or other non job related subjects or not giving their full attention to their task was sure to earn them a sharp reprimand. After a few tongue-lashings, it was not uncommon to see one or more of the men wearing nail polish and or lipstick as reminders for them to be more diligent in their efforts.

Life wasn't much better for Joe. Dirk, established as his boss, became more and more demanding. He insisted that Joe spend longer and longer hours reviewing his designs and suggest aesthetic and structural innovations. He even brought in his own coffee blend, a sort of half caff blend that was packaged in single cup servings. He insisted that Joe blend it the same exact way each time with real cream that had to be measured to a precise amount. If he thought the slightest variation had been made, even if he was wrong, Joe ended up on the receiving end of a severe spanking on his panties.

As Joe's weight loss approached twenty pounds, his pants became quite baggy. They were his only remaining masculine clothing, so he was vitally concerned as he

pulled his belt tighter and tighter. One day, Liz saw him hitching his pants up, and asked, “Having trouble?”

“I can manage!” he declared. “If you have your way, I’ll be wearing skirts!”

“Skirts! What a novel idea. Why didn’t I think of that? What could possibly make you look and feel more like a secretary than wearing pretty skirts and dresses about the office? Have you any plans for the length and style skirts you want to wear?”

“I don’t *want* to wear skirts!” he insisted. “I was just saying you would have me in them if I complained about my pants being loose.”

“Go by Saks and see Gina,” Liz enthused, completely ignoring his explanation. “She’s stays abreast of the latest styles as part of her job, so her suggestions will be very helpful. Keep the colors of your blouses and jackets in mind when you select the color of your new skirts, and don’t buy them too long. Those legs of yours deserve to be seen! I’ll check out what you bought when I come by for your weigh in Saturday.”

“I’ll be moving in with Janet this Saturday,” he said. “Since you cut my salary to a secretary’s wage, I can’t afford my apartment, and I have to sell my car because I can’t make the payments.”

“That’s a good idea!” Liz bubbled, while taking no pity on him for his losses. “Take Janet with you when you shop for skirts. She knows the styles that are appropriate for work here. Starting Monday, I expect to see you in skirts every day.”

“Can I buy a pair of jeans that fit and some shoes without heels to wear while I’m moving?” he asked, hoping that was a valid excuse.

Following a moment, Liz said, "Jeans are not appropriate for you. Buy a denim miniskirt, a pair of sneakers, and a couple of pairs of flats for casual wear. You may also want to buy a greater supply of slips in colors to match your new skirts. Think you can live with that?"

"I suppose," he admitted with a blush. "What choice do I have?"

When Joe and Janet were a romantic item in the past, she wanted more, but he wasn't ready to commit to more than a casual relationship. She tried all of her feminine wiles and sexual charm, but he was a young executive on the rise and wanted the freedom to play the field. They stopped seeing each other, but she never got over her gigantic crush on him. Now, his status and salary had been reduced to that of a secretary, and he needed money. She hoped they could rekindle the fire that burned within her...even if he did have to wear dresses and skirts. With that in mind, she invited him to move in with her. Having no other options, he accepted.

To create a vacancy for Joe, Susan, Janet's current roommate was moving in with Larry. When Larry heard Susan's proposal, he protested loudly. They lived together for over a year, but he cheated on her so often that she moved out. Now that she was his immediate supervisor and forcing him to wear panties, he wasn't anxious for her to move back in. Only when she threatened to send photos she took on her phone of him wearing silky nylon panties to all his beer-drinking buddies did he reluctantly agree.

Janet had been expecting Joe to begin wearing dresses and skirts to work for a couple of weeks, so she wasn't overly surprised when he told her Liz ordered him to start on Monday. She was surprised; however when he asked her to go shopping with him and help select skirts that were appropriate for work and other occasions. "We'll go Friday after work," she informed him when he asked. "We won't have time Saturday because we'll be moving."

Joe had to ride with Janet to Saks where Gina worked because he left his car at the lot to be sold on consignment. Janet was surprised when he refreshed his makeup and added a coat of lipstick before exiting the car. 'I'll have to get used to the fact that he's a lot different than before,' she reflected on his feminine actions.

After locating Gina, Joe introduced her to Janet and explained that they would be roommates. He also told her that Ms. Hutton was requiring him to wear skirts to work, and Janet would be helping him select several dresses and skirts. "Since you are knowledgeable about styles and trends, we need your help as well," he explained.

"Ms. Hutton wants his skirts on the short side," Janet said.

"Oh, don't worry," Gina assured her. "Styles for the modern secretary are trending on the short side for the present. Okay, look on these racks for dresses and these for skirts in his size. I'll pull his file and see which colors and styles go with the jackets and blouses he recently purchased."

“You have a file?” Janet inquired.

Joe could only shrug, indicating ignorance, and say, “I guess.”

While Joe was trying on a skirt, Gina asked Janet, “What do you think of having a male roommate who wears dresses and skirts?”

“We had a thing a while back, and I never got past it,” Janet confessed. “He’s been wearing every item of feminine clothes and cosmetics you can imagine at work, except dresses and skirts, and it hasn’t turned me off. I thought I would at least give it a try. What have I got to lose, my thing for him? If I do, it won’t be all bad.”

After a grueling evening trying on dresses and skirts, Joe bought three trendy mini dresses, six short skirts, six more blouses that could be mixed and matched, six silky nylon slips he could wear under his dresses, three more satin camisoles for outerwear, six pairs of nylon stockings, a denim miniskirt, a pair of pink sneakers, and two pairs of feminine flats. “Whew,” he sighed. “I’ll have to go without food for a month to pay for all this!”

The next morning when Liz came by Joe’s old place, he was wearing his new denim miniskirt, a pale yellow blouse, and his new pink sneakers along with minimum makeup, and his hair was tied into a high ponytail. Seeing him and Janet busily packing his things for transport, she asked, “How do you like your new skirt?”

“It...it’s different and will take some getting used to,” he replied with a blush. “I have to be constantly aware I’m wearing a skirt and to always brush it

beneath me when I sit. Also, the tightness restricts and shortens my stride.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to those things in short order, and your stride will shorten naturally when you wear heels,” she said, shrugging off his complaints. “Aren’t you glad I taught you to sit with your knees together? Now, you’ll be prim and proper and the men won’t be constantly trying to peek under your skirt to see the color of your panties. By the way, have you packed the scales yet?”

“I don’t think so,” he replied. “I think they’re still in the bathroom. I’ll get them.” Returning shortly, he handed them to Liz saying, “Here they are.”

“Okay, let’s weigh you in,” Liz said as she placed the scales on the floor. After stepping on them, Joe saw that he exactly made his scheduled weight and sighed in relief. “I see you don’t have coffee made but don’t worry,” Liz chimed without commenting on his weight. “Don’t worry, I’ll pick up a cup on the way, even if it won’t be up to your exacting standards.”

“On your way to where?” Joe asked, making conversation.

“Goodwill,” she stated in a matter of fact tone. “Where are your male clothes?”

“These two boxes,” he admitted. “They contain all of my remaining suits, shirts, jeans, shoes, socks, tee shirts, shorts, belts, and the like.”

“Load those two boxes in my car,” Liz more or less commanded.

“Are you taking a load over?” he asked.

“Don’t be silly, I told you I’m taking them to Goodwill.”

“Goodwill? But, they’re *my* clothes!”

“No, they aren’t. You didn’t even think to wear a pair of those jeans to move today. You seemed satisfied when I told you to buy that denim skirt. You knew men’s jeans are not appropriate for you.”

“But...”

“No buts. Remember how embarrassed you were, and how you blushed, when I found those briefs and boxers you hid away? You were ashamed to wear them because you knew they were no longer appropriate for you, didn’t you? Well, you’ll feel the same way about these things very shortly. Besides, you don’t need them around for temptation. Just put them in my car like I requested and say goodbye to them like the sweet obedient girl you are becoming.”

He couldn’t argue that point. He *had* been embarrassed when she found his hidden briefs and boxers. Was that because he was ashamed to wear them or because she discovered his stash? If it was the former, he probably *would* be humiliated at the thought of wearing men’s clothes after wearing skirts and dresses for a few weeks. With mixed emotions, he loaded the boxes in her car without further argument. When he returned, Liz scowled, “Put those golf clubs in my car as well, and I’ll see what I can get for them on EBay. Your golfing days are over!”

No longer having a car felt strange and inconvenient to Joe, but since he could no longer afford one, what choice did he have? He then felt out of place when he tried to get in Janet’s car in his skirt and failed miserably. Although she was wearing shorts and didn’t

have the same problem, she demonstrated the correct procedure and had him practice a few times.

When they arrived at the apartment they would share, Susan and Larry were there packing her things away and moving them to his place. Larry used to taunt Joe for wearing articles of feminine clothes, so he was astounded by Larry's appearance. His former tormentor was wearing men's shorts that showed his shaved legs and a feminine tee shirt with two red lips in front. His nails were long, oval, and polished a deep bronze to match his lipstick, his ears had been double pierced and sported keeper studs, his brows had been plucked into thin ovals, his longish masculine hair was in a short feminine style and dyed a fiery red with highlights added.

When Larry saw Joe looking at him, he ambled over and said, "I hope you'll forgive me for heckling you. I had no idea how horrible it is to be forced to wear feminine things."

"I understand," Joe sighed. "I probably would have done the same thing if it had been you instead of me."

"I see you're wearing a skirt."

"Dresses and skirts are all I have to wear now," Joe admitted with a sigh. "Ms. Hutton gave all my masculine clothes to charity."

"Everybody knows the guys and I have been wearing panties for some time now. Some of them have to wear lipstick and nail polish for punishment from time to time. Janet is getting revenge on me for the way I treated her when we lived together before. I have to wear lipstick and nail polish all the time plus nylons, garter belts, and camisoles. Now that she's moving in

with me, I'll be at her mercy around the clock...only, I don't think she has any. No telling what I'll be wearing in a few weeks!"

When Joe went to work in a skirt for the first time, he was nervous, on edge, and extremely subconscious. He was constantly looking about to see if anyone noticed, and when they did, he looked away and blushed for all he was worth. He had worn makeup, high heels, low cut blouses that revealed ample cleavage due to his realistic prosthesis, but being in a skirt made everything somehow different. Nervously, he sat at his desk to review a set of Dirk's plans, but mostly to hide his skirt.

Upon Liz's arrived, he knew that was a signal to fetch coffee for her, Dirk, and the one cup he was allowed for the day. Making his way through the Panty Parlor was no longer the traumatic event it was in the past. Looking at Larry, he was met with a meek smile instead of the brash scowl that greeted him in the past. Most surprising was that Larry was wearing liquid base makeup, blusher, eyeliner, and tri color eye shadow in addition to his normal lipstick. He blushed as he watched Joe critique his *look*.

As she sipped her coffee, Liz looked Joe over and said, "Nice conservative look for your first day in a skirt. You chose a dark blue skirt and heels, a white translucent blouse that reveals a peek at your bra and slip. Your makeup is a bit heavier than usual, and you're wearing heavier eyeliner, eye shadow and especially your mascara. I know you did that to draw attention to your face and away from your skirt, but that just shows

you're beginning to think like the female secretary you were meant to be."

Not long after Joe typed a memo for Liz and e-mailed it to her, she called him into her office. As he stood before her desk, she gave him a tongue-lashing like he hadn't received from her in quite some time. "Just look at this memo, Josie!" she berated while holding a redlined copy of the memo he had just typed. "It has two misspelled words, a grammatical mistake, and three punctuation errors. Get back to your desk, and make the necessary corrections this minute!"

Liz created the errors on the memo and sent it back to Joe by way of a special program that would allow it to replace the original. When Joe saw it on his computer, he would think he would have no doubt that he made the errors. He even typed two more memos and a letter to a major client that day, and she played the same trick on him.

Later, when Liz came by his desk, Joe said I'm sorry, for making so many mistakes, Ms. Hutton. I don't know why I made so many. I'll try to get your memos right in the future."

"I know why you're making errors!" Liz asserted in the angriest tone she could manage. "It's because you're trying to play engineer by reviewing plans at your desk instead of tending to your proper secretarial duties!"

"Proper secretarial duties?" he gasped. "I thought you wanted me to review the plans and suggest designs that command the owner's interest. What proper duties do you want me to attend?"

"In addition to typing and answering the phone I want you to do important things like filing and polishing

your nails, checking your makeup, and making sure your hair is in a pristine style while you're at your desk. I want you to you look and feel like a proper secretary. Furthermore, I don't want you hiding behind your desk. Get up, move around, lean forward to display your cleavage, wiggle that cute bottom in that short little skirt, and show off those sexy legs. Only when you look and act like a secretary will you perform like one, so get with it!"

"What about Mr. Turner's plans?" he gasped. "If I don't review them and make alternative suggestions for improvement, he turns me across his lap, flips up my short skirt, and gives me a sound spanking on my panties!"

"Why is this so hard for you to understand? You review Mr. Turner's plans in his office, not at your secretarial desk! If I see another set of plans out here, he won't be the only one who has you across his lap!"

"Yes, ma'am, I understand."

"You understand? You understand? I swear, you act more like a bimbo every time I see you. Well, if you insist on acting like a bimbo, you can look like one as well! During your Saturday appointment at Flo's tell her to bleach your hair California blonde!"

"Please Ms. Hutton. I don't want to be a blonde."

"You show up as a blonde on Monday morning, or don't show up at all! Now, get back to work before I make good on that promise of a spanking!"

At Flo's Salon, Joe had a very traumatic experience, much more harrowing than he imagined it would be. Not only did he become a golden blonde, he had to

experiment with makeup, eye shadow, lipstick, and nail polish that complimented his new hair color. ‘My meager budget is wrecked again,’ he thought as he paid his bill and tipped the operators.

When Joe returned to his apartment, he was a bundle of nerves. He was blonde, and with his new brilliant red lipstick, he hardly recognized himself in the mirror. Even so, he didn’t have time to mourn the loss of his dark tresses. He had to practice and develop a more natural sway to his hips or risk a sound spanking on his silky panties from Ms. Hutton. For that, he had to obtain Janet’s help. Having gained confidence from giving orders in the Panty Parlor, she proved to be a resolute taskmistress as she refused to accept halfhearted efforts. Under her strict tutelage, he gradually developed a sway to his hips that would turn the head of any man...especially in his short tight skirts.

Mostly due to Janet’s insistence, Joe wore a sexy red dress with a very short pencil skirt and ultra sheer nylons for his debut as a blonde. To coordinate his *look*, he wore diamond studs and large gold hoop earrings, fiery red lipstick, matching nail polish, and red pumps with four-inch stiletto heels.

Liz had him walk about to see his feminine carriage and the sway of his hips when she arrived. “Remember to keep your makeup, hair, and nails in pristine condition at all times and walk about so others can see my sexy secretary and be jealous,” she insisted before allowing him to go for coffee. To his surprise, he heard a chorus of wolf whistles but no taunting or ridiculing when he passed through the Panty parlor.

Entering the break room for lunch, such as it was, Joe sat at a table with Larry, who was munching on a carrot stick. "I see Susan has you on my starvation diet," he observed as he spread his meager fare on the table and opened a bottle of water.

Larry looked Joe's tight black miniskirt, translucent gray polyester blouse that showed a veiled view of his black bra, and sighed, "Yeah, I haven't eaten a decent meal in weeks, but that's not the worst part."

"At least you don't have to wear skirts and high heels and have giant boobs glued to your chest," Joe declared in exasperation. "What could be worse than that?"

"I'll tell you what's worse!" Larry spat as he puckered his bronze lips. "I cheated on Susan when we lived together before, so she fixed me so I can't betray her again, as if any girl would have me looking like *this*!"

"Fixed you, how?"

"She bought this gaffe to give me a flat front in my panties."

"How does it work?"

"I guess you would say it's perfect because there's no sign of a bulge...or anything else! It has a locking feature that serves as a chastity device. She has the key and has to unlock me before I can have sex ... or *anything*! Sound bad enough? Well, I can't even have an erection with this damn thing on. I think that's worse than not being able to reach a climax. I've woken up with morning wood for as long as I can remember, but now, that damn gaffe prevents any and all erections. Damn, I hate that thing!"

"Wow!" Joe declared. "That would be tough."

“And about your skirt and heels, I don’t think it’ll be long before I’m wearing them as well. We’re going shopping for bras and feminine blouses this weekend because I agreed to wear them. I may even agree to wear skirts before it’s over.”

“Why would you agree to do that?”

“After I’ve been denied an orgasm, or even a hard on, for over a week, I’ll agree to just about anything for a few hours of freedom from that device from hell. It looks so damn innocent, but it gives her tremendous power over me.”

“Sorry, I didn’t know,” Joe sympathized.

“Back when I was teasing you about being a sissy fag, I had no idea,” Larry sighed with a faraway look in his eyes.

One morning, Dirk arrived at work in a jovial mood. Due to *suggestions* from Josie, his designs were a solid hit with the owners and investors the day before. They did voice a few minor concerns, but he didn’t see them as problems. “Bring my coffee and let’s discuss yesterday’s meeting,” he ordered while passing Joe’s desk.

“Yes sir,” Joe trilled in the ever increasing feminine voice Liz had him practicing and insisted he use at all times.

Dirk smiled as he watched Joe rise to his feet and smooth his short skirt over his attractive nylon clad thighs. He delighted at the way *Josie’s* hips swayed enticingly as he tripped along in his four-inch stiletto heels on his way to the break room. A bright smile crossed his features when he thought how far his former

boss had fallen over the past months, but no sympathy entered his mind.

As Joe traipsed through the former Bull Pen, now Panty Parlor, he thought of how the guys used to assail him when he passed through. Now that they were all wearing silky nylon panties themselves, they hardly ever looked up when they heard his heels clicking on the tiles.

When Joe returned, Dirk looked him over in his short black form fitting skirt and asked in a gruff voice, "Did you make this coffee as I require?"

"Oh, yes sir," Joe replied in a nervous tone not wanting to invite another spanking. "I measured the cream and sugar like you prefer."

"Alright," he said, taking a sip. "Delicious! Make sure that you make my coffee this way every time!"

"Yes sir, I will, sir."

"Now, look over these comments, and let me know what you think. I have to address these concerns and any comments you have to the owners, investors, and upper management."

"Yes sir," Joe replied as he brushed his short skirt beneath him and sat at the work table. When he heard Dirk say, "Nice legs!" he didn't know if he was being teased or if Dirk was serious. "Thank you, sir. I diet and work out to keep them trim and attractive."

"I'm glad you decided to go blonde," Dirk complimented. "Makes you look sexier, and sexy is good for a secretary."

Not knowing if Dirk was serious or taunting him, a chill raced up Joe's spine. Dirk knew very well that Joe was a man but because of his tight skirt, he had to take

small steps, and his stilt heels made it impossible for him to walk like a man.

He turned red when he saw the effects of his breasts tenting out his white ruffled blouse to make him look like an actual woman. Also, his lengthening blond tresses did nothing to dissuade his feminine image.

“Good!” Dirk smiled. “I must compliment you, Josie. You look absolutely gorgeous in those clothes. I always knew there was a secretary lurking beneath your business suits. Obviously Liz saw it too, and decided that you would best serve the company as a sexy secretary in skirts, dresses, heels, and blonde hair.”

“It’s not my fault that I have to dress like this!” Joe flared.

Now, now, Josie,” Dirk growled, becoming his usual gruff self. “You know better than to contradict your superiors. I say you were born to be a secretary in short skirts and high heels, and unless you want another sound spanking on your silky panties, you’ll confess that to me.”

Growing red with shame and frustration, yet dreading another spanking from his brawny supervisor, Joe bowed his head and with tears filling his eyes, stammered in a quivering voice, “Y...yes sir, I was born to be a secretary in pretty dresses, skirts, makeup, and high heels. Thank you for helping me see the error of my ways.”

“That’s better, sweetie,” Dirk smiled. “Despite yourself, you are becoming quite the stunning secretary with your longer hair, smooth soft skin, and short skirts. As a reward, and in appreciation, for your contributions towards making my promotion permanent and the great

bonuses I've received, I'm taking you to one of the best restaurants in town for drinks and dinner Saturday night."

"Oh, no! You don't have to do that!" Joe gasped as he tried in vain to tug his short skirt down to cover more exposed nylon clad thigh.

"I insist, Josie," Dirk declared. "I'll pick you up at Saturday at 7 PM, and I want to see you in your prettiest, sexiest dress and your highest heels. No sex involved, but you'll be my date for an evening you'll never forget."

"Please, Mr. Turner," Joe cried. "Please don't humiliate me at a public restaurant, not in front of everybody!"

"Perish the thought, Josie. I want to show my appreciation for your help in my climb up the corporate ladder, not punish you. This can be enjoyable for both of us. Get a professional makeover and hairstyle. Wear a dress that will enhance your beauty and sexuality. No one will know you're really a guy in a dress, I promise. On the other hand, if you cross me, I'll make it clear to everyone in attendance that you are a guy in a dress and appropriate punishment will follow. Understand, Josie?"

"Yes sir, Mr. Turner," Joe replied submissively, realizing he had no choice. This dinner date was not a request, it was an *order*.

"Now back to your duties," Dirk declared while handing Joe a computer printout. "This is how I plan to implement your ideas into my next filing. Check it over for accuracy. Trust me, you won't enjoy the punishment if you don't report all inconsistencies to me."

“Yes, Mr. Turner,” Joe softly agreed. “You can rest assured that I will report any discrepancies to you.” With a bright blush, he rolled out the blue prints and began checking them against the printout.

Joe took Dirk’s warning seriously and spent the rest of the week looking for just the dress that would flatter his new curves created by his breast prosthesis and shrinking waist due to his weight loss. At long last, he decided on a sleeveless purple satin dress with a deep frontal V and a skirt that fell to just above mid thigh. To make his legs look sexier for his boss, and possibly stave off a severe spanking, he chose to wear the five-inch stiletto heels Liz insisted on him buying some time back. Being unaccustomed to heels of that height, he knew he would have to get in substantial practice walking in them before his *date*.

The higher heels pitched his whole body forward, and forced a mince. Joe would try not to teeter and need Dirk for support. His own high-heeled posture was improving as were his skills of grooming. (manicure, hair-styles, make-up etc.)

Saturday was spent being pampered at the salon, much to Joe’s deep sorrow because, on his meager budget, he couldn’t afford an unscheduled salon appointment. Half an hour before Dirk was to arrive, he examined his *look* in the full-length mirror and was deeply embarrassed by his image. His makeup featured lavender eye shadow, lipstick on his full sensuous lips, and nail polish to match his dress and give him an exquisite feminine image.

He knew he wasn't a woman, didn't feel like a woman, didn't want to dress as a woman, or look like a woman. Yet, from his long curled blonde hair to his shimmering nylon clad thighs and high heels, the image presented was that of a woman, an extremely attractive, sexy woman!

When Dirk arrived, he was the image of a strong handsome man. In stark contrast to the way Joe was dressed, he wore a nice shirt, slacks, tie, and sports jacket. His face had the straggly whiskers of a man who had not shaved for the day, which he knew would make him appear more rugged and masculine when contrasted with his *date* for the evening.

Quaking in his heels with anxiety and apprehension, Joe reluctantly answered the door. His knees nearly buckled as he presented himself to this man for the evening.

Dirk gave out a long whistle when he saw the feminine vision facing him. Pleased that Joe had outdone himself and looked very attractive as a female. He gushed, "Wow! You really look great as a woman!"

"Thank you," Joe blushed at the compliment.

Dirk asked, "How do you like wearing dresses and being a secretary?"

"I hate it," Joe sighed as he looked down past his protruding breasts and tried in vain to adjust his short skirt over his exposed nylon clad thighs. "I only dress this way because Ms. Hutton set me up. By the time I knew what she was planning, she had me trapped, and I had no way to escape her plans for me."

"Well, I must admit that you are becoming both an attractive and efficient secretary. Of course, a bit of

discipline was required to get your cooperation, but you're adjusting well." He laughed.



"Every man in the place is envious of me," Dirk smiled as he guided Joe to their table.

“What choice do I have?” Joe commiserated while thinking of the many painful and embarrassing spankings he had endured from both Dirk and Ms. Hutton.

How the screw had turned over the past months! Joe, his once proud manly supervisor, stood before him looking for all the world like a lovely young woman, and he knew he had nothing to fear by escorting this charming creature to dinner. No one would possibly suspect the person wearing the sexy dress and heels with a smooth feminine face and curled blonde hair was in reality a man, a man who hated wearing the clothes and presenting the image of a sexy female.

Offering his arm to Joe, Dirk escorted him to his car at the curb. He opened the passenger door while Joe awkwardly tried to take his seat without showing his silky, lace trimmed lavender nylon slip. Being only partially successful, Dirk got a glimpse of nylon and lace. Smiling, Dirk hurried around the car and entered on the driver’s side. Even though Joe presented the image of extreme femininity, in truth, his nerves were raw with fear and anticipation.

Dirk drove to valet parking, and while he handed over his keys and took the ticket, a young man opened the passenger door and offered to help Joe from the car. Never having been in this situation, Joe flushed bright red as he allowed the boy to take his hand and help him. He was deeply embarrassed when his skirt rode high to expose his silky lace embellished slip and the dark tops of his nylons to this horny lad. The boy, on the other hand, was thrilled to view such a sexy display.

Dirk noted that the valet didn't see anything out of the ordinary while helping Joe from the car. He saw what he expected to see, a woman with killer legs wearing an attractive designer dress.

Taking Joe's hand, Dirk escorted him into the restaurant. Joe anxiously looked about to determine if the other diners saw a *man in a dress*. To his relief and deep concern, none seemed to give him anything but looks of admiration. Dirk smiled as they were led to their table. He recognized amongst the diners some high dollar customers who were duly impressed with his charming date. Obviously they were impressed with an up and coming young man with impeccable taste in women.

Dirk held Joe's chair as he took his seat in a ladylike manner. During the evening, he detected a few mistakes by Josie that could have marred the evening, but none appeared to give the other diners a second thought. 'I'll have to remind him later that he has to work harder to perfect his feminine image for the future,' Dirk thought.

Overall, the dinner went well. Joe allowed Dirk to order for him, so his voice that was still in training to effect a feminine trill, wouldn't give him away. Although Dirk didn't order what he would have liked, Joe nonetheless ate his tasty salad with zest. It was the best meal he had eaten in ages because of the restrictive diet Liz had him on.

As they dined, Dirk and Joe made small talk, mostly in whispers, giving those around them the impression that they were lovers exchanging secrets. Such was not the case, of course, they just didn't want to draw attention from nearby diners hearing Joe's still

masculine voice. “You simply must work on your voice with more diligence and intensity in the future, Josie,” Dirk stated firmly. “We don’t want to expose your real gender during future outings.”

“Future outings?” Joe coughed.

“Of course,” Dirk smiled. “Being seen with a beautiful girl on my arm helps my business image, so we’ll definitely be going out in the future.” A sharp tingle raced up Joe’s spine at the thought of having Dirk escort him on future dates in order create the image that he was a mover and a shaker with a sexy date on his arm. Could life get worse?

His head swimming from the alcohol causing him to be a bit off balance, Joe held onto Dirk’s arm for support as he was escorted to the door. The evening finally over, a gentle breeze wafted his light skirt gently about his nylon clad thighs, and he tripped along unsteadily in his stilt heels. Despite his inebriated condition, he was apprehensive about how the evening would end. Would Dirk kiss him at the door? Would he expect to be invited inside? As questions raced through his addled mind, he struggled to think clearly. In desperation, he managed to say, Thank you for a wonderful evening, Mr. Turner.”

“Please call me Dirk when we’re away from the office. The evening was fun. You comported yourself as a lady most of the time, but I must admit, I did get a bit amused when you excused yourself to go to the ladies room.”

“Was I supposed to go to the men’s room dressed like this?” Joe asked while holding out his skirt to make his point more dramatic. “How would I have looked

refreshing my makeup and lipstick at the mirror with a bunch of horny guys watching from the urinal?”

“I know, but it was amusing to see you being so submissive,” Dirk chuckled as he leaned forward toward Joe. “I guess you have to be seeing it from in pants.”

‘Uh oh,’ Joe thought with trepidation as he anticipated his first kiss from a man. ‘Here it comes.’

Instead, Dirk kissed Joe on the cheek as he reached behind and caressed his buttocks through his satin skirt and nylon panties. “Your tush looks so seductive in that dress, much nicer than when I turn you across my lap for a sound spanking on your panties at work. Anyway, I’ve wanted to do that all evening,” he said with a chuckle as he turned and walked away.

‘Whew, I’m glad that’s over,’ Joe sighed inwardly as he walked into his apartment safe and sound where Janet was waiting for him.

At Liz’s insistence, Joe tried to eliminate errors from his typing over the next days, weeks and months, but she kept sneaking errors in spelling, punctuation, and grammar into his letters and memos. Her tactic served to undermine his confidence and cause him to doubt his abilities. To his credit, he looked diligently for errors, but they inevitably turned up, which she was quick to point out.



“Since you flaunt your ‘eye candy’ so brazenly, are you ready for a larger rack?” Liz asked.

“No, please no! Not yet,” Joe pleaded. “I’m just getting used to these!”

To further her plan to make her former competitor look, feel, and think like a secretary, she forced him to concentrate on the little things that defined femininity

as he typed her letters, answered her phone, and ran her errands. She made sure he openly primped at his desk, and strutted about the office in his short skirts and heels with ever more low cut blouses and sweaters that did little to conceal a large expanse of cleavage. During this time, a strange phenomenon took place. Despite his aversion to his secretarial duties, feminine manner of dress, and appearance, he actually began to think and feel like a secretary!

One morning while Joe was filing some documents in her office, she looked at him with delight. As he stored some things in the lower drawers, she smiled in ecstasy as she observed his struggle to maintain his modesty. Great effort was required to keep nylon-clad knees together and covered by his short skirt.

Not wanting too obvious that she was watching his display of vanity, Liz asked, “Since you and Dirk resolved your dispute, how are you and he getting along?”

“Better, I suppose,” Joe sighed. He doesn’t spank me nearly as much as he did, and he’s taken me out to dinner a few times to thank me for my help with his designs. He gets kind of close when we date, but he doesn’t hit on me or anything.”

“When you finish your filing, tell Janet to report to me. I want to discuss a personnel issue with her in my office.” When Janet arrived, Liz told her to get comfortable before saying, “I don’t want to get too personal, but how is your arrangement with Josie working out?”

“I have to admit I had my doubts when he first moved in, but I had this tremendous crush left over from

the old days. With that in mind, I was determined to give any relationship we might have every chance to succeed. With you working to increase his femininity and pushing me to become more assertive as a supervisor, our roles are drastically different from our prior relationship. He was the dominant personality before, but I now wear the pants, so to speak.”

“Having someone in my bed in a nightgown that is softer and silkier than mine was strange at first. And dealing with his lingerie and those huge boobs. After a while though, I discovered that, underneath all the powder, paint, polish, and perfume was the man I love, and he’s all male where it counts. As you know, he still doesn’t like wearing dresses, skirts, heels, and makeup, but all in all, I would say we’re more or less happy with our *arrangement*, as you put it.”

“Great, keep up the good work!”

When Janet left, Liz buzzed Joe and told him to bring in the Dunham file. As he leaned forward to hand the file across her desk, her eyes were drawn to the substantial cleavage showing in his low cut blouse. “I’ve seen you flaunting those beauties around the office,” she smiled. “You seem very pleased with them, would you like a larger cup size? We could even get you a pair of implants and charge it off to employee *development*.”

“Please no, Ms. Hutton! I’ve just gotten to the point that I don’t think about these all the time. Please don’t get me larger prosthesis or implants. I’ll be a proper secretary, really I will!”

“Okay, I’ll hold off for now, but you had better make sure your work is up to par. If you act like a bimbo, you’ll

be sporting D cup bimbo tits in your bra. Get back to work before I change my mind!”

As she watched him hurry from her office as fast as possible in his tight skirt and stilt heels, his *breasts* bounced seductively. She thought, ‘There goes the competition I once feared. Over the course of a year, I’ve reduced him from a confident, competent engineer with a fast track career path to a mindless bimbo secretary. As the years pass, his skirts will surely get longer and his heels shorter, but as my secretary with a meager salary, he’ll never be a threat to my career. I’ve seen to that!”

The End

If you liked this story, let me know! Maybe you'd like a sequel? Write to:

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A book cover illustration featuring two women in elegant dresses. The woman in the foreground is wearing a pink dress with a red flower in her hair. The woman in the background is wearing a green dress. The text on the cover reads "TG FICTION by Sandy Thomas Publications" and "www.sthomasasa.com". Below the text, it says "Discreete Shipping and Billing" and includes logos for VISA and MasterCard.

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