

DEMOTED SPANKED LOCKED IN CHASTITY & FULLY FEMINIZED 1

A TYPICAL, SEXIST GUY IS EMASCULATED BY HIS RIVAL
& TRANSFORMED INTO AN AIR HEADED OFFICE BIMBO
1ST TIME BDSM FORCE FEMINIZATION FANTASY

Mindi
Harris



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A Typical Sexist Guy Is Emasculated By His Female Rival & Transformed

Into

An Air Headed Office Bimbo—1st Time BDSM Force Feminization

Fantasy

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Foreword by the Author

Thank you for selecting this all new book with **30,000+ words of actual story content**. It's the first in an all new series focusing on female domination and forced feminization. A **tall, powerful, beautiful brunette** defeats her sexist rival in a corporate succession showdown, and demotes him. She then **establishes her dominance**, methodically **stripping away his pride and all of his masculinity**.

This story features ever more **enticing, sexy, erotic scenes showing the superior Amazon's escalating emasculation** of her helpless prey. She delights in breaking his will step by step, replacing his arrogance with a new submissiveness as befitting a **feminized secretary**. His humiliation keeps increasing as she bends him to her will and puts him over her knee, subjecting him to ever more ego crushing abuse.

She starts slowly, imposing **involuntary chastity** on him along with **spankings, paddlings**, and making him wear women's clothes. She begins his feminization by **forcing him to wear lingerie**, first panties, then a bra and pantyhose. She moves on relentlessly **training him** to be her **submissive little office girl** until he has **no male clothing and no masculinity left**.

The predatory, dominant boss takes her plaything shopping for a **complete wardrobe of feminine work clothes, shoes, jewelry and makeup**. He endures **public exposure and mockery** as his male coworkers taunt him and his female colleagues give him **girlish makeovers**.

All of this builds up to a stunning, scintillating climax as the once haughty former executive is left totally transformed into a **fully feminized bubble headed bimbo!** He wonders, "Where will my feminization end?"

Find out what happens to him in this sexy sissification book!

Warning! This story features sexy, kinky taboo themes including forced feminization, female domination, spanking and paddling, male chastity, public exposure, humiliation, fully dressed women and an exposed man, etc.

Please don't read this book if you don't like such subjects!

Thank you again for selecting this book! I deeply appreciate you taking the time to read my humble offerings, and I hope you enjoy reading them. Check out my author pages:

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Please feel free to send me an email at MindiHarrisBooks@gmail.com with any comments, concerns, etc. Especially if you notice any typos or other mistakes of any kind.

XOXO

Mindi

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Content Warning And Disclaimers

Warning, Reader Discretion Advised! This is a forced feminization fantasy. It involves kinky, taboo themes like naked man and fully-clothed women, female domination, small penis humiliation, mockery, detailed and embarrassing emasculating makeovers, BDSM, power exchange, lifestyle change from an ordinary young man into a “yassified“ young girl, and more! ***Do not read this book if any of these or similar themes offend you!***

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Beware! This book describes a character helplessly transformed in body and mind from a normal male into a sexy feminized sissy! **Don't Read This Book** unless you enjoy reading about a young man who is humiliated, emasculated, and feminized by dominating, sexy women!

Warning! This story contains kinky erotic themes such as male-to-female, transgender, crossdressing featuring a conflicted / reluctant / defiant character's forced-feminization, transformation, submission to female domination, public humiliation, emasculation, lifestyle change, and sissification. ***If these topics offend you, please stop reading.***

Prologue

Beneath the bright glow of an exquisite antique crystal chandelier, three hot shot accounts managers stood grinning. Amidst the cacophony of outgoing CEO Terence Waterston's retirement party, the trio's martini glasses clinked together as they toasted their anticipated advancement in the August Wall Street financial firm.

"You'll be the next Executive VP if I have anything to do with it," the white haired outgoing CEO slurred, as he shook Alan Weiss's hand and wrapped a sweaty arm around his shoulders, "I see so much of myself in you, my boy! I really do!" The old man swayed drunkenly, "Some party, huh?" he hiccuped, spilling his drink as he staggered away.

"To the next Executive Vice President, probably soon to make partner after that!" Dave Thompson bellowed above the din. A loud mouthed lout, Dave stood just over five foot eleven inches tall. He nodded toward the much shorter Alan who returned his toothy smile.

"Damn right," Alan smirked, his alto voice oozing with aggressive toxic masculinity despite its melodic, almost feminine tone. A relatively petite young man of twenty five years, standing barely five feet six inches tall, he had to look up at his crony.

Dave kept his head shaved, hoping that would increase his allure to women. It didn't in the least, mainly because he was as overweight as he was overly obnoxious. He heaped another helping of praise on his friend saying, "You've always been the most highly driven of all of us, and it's paying off, Bro!"

The rotund sycophant long envied Alan's fierce determination, the unusually focused and clear vision that propelled the ambitious account executive's career on a ballistic trajectory. His internal obsessiveness that enabled him to achieve lofty goals at such a young age.

"I watched you rising through the ranks here at the firm my dude, and now look at you! You've done it!" Dave continued, "you're about to get that huge corner office, the personal secretary, all of the perks!"

"Well none of that's by accident, my guy!" Alan smirked, giving his pal a high five and a huge toothy grin. "I've dedicated my entire adult life to finance." He laughed—a piping sound much like a small silver bell ringing—and slapped his much bigger buddy on the back.

Hardly physically imposing, weighing a mere one hundred and twenty pounds, he was confident and crass anyway, exuding self-assuredness bordering on arrogance that many people found impressive. Soon, several mid and low level employees approached the three celebrants, making sure to greet and ingratiate themselves to the rising star.

Dave boomed, “With this major shake up, you’re a lock for this major promotion! Just remember your friends when you get to the top!”

“Oh no doubt, no doubt!” Alan nodded, “when I get that top job, you’re both moving on up with me!” He winked at Dave and Josh Carter, the third of the “Three Financiers.” That was the nickname Alan had given them, emphasizing their “one for all and all for one” attitude. Their shared loyalty empowered them and fueled their rise through the ranks, as Dave put it. Still, Alan stood out among them as the most successful as well as the least scrupulous.

“All of my hard work and long hours won me dozens of large investment accounts,” Alan bragged, leaving out how he’d bad mouthed several rivals to steal their accounts, “no wonder I’m about to get rewarded for that! Cream always rises to the top!” He’d also cut corners, padded his numbers, and taken several liberties, especially with the female staff.

Along with his increasing notoriety and respect within the firm, Weiss also enjoyed enthusiastic support from most of the men. His sexist antics repulsed almost all of the women, however, they accepted him grudgingly, at best.

“He uses all of us like some kind of harem!” one of the secretaries complained. Several others nodded sadly.

One of the few young female staffers who didn’t hate him, a pretty brunette named Wendi Swanson, walked up to Alan and offered her well wishes. “Congrats Mr. Weiss!” she said with a big flirtatious smile, “I really think you earned the Executive VP spot!”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever,” the diminutive man rolled his eyes as he slapped her backside, making her yelp in surprise. Despite his apparent confidence, or maybe because of its falseness, he routinely treated underlings with such contempt.

He was casually dismissive of those he perceived as less important and less competent than himself. Many considered this bullying a sign of strength and authority. Those who didn’t feared Alan’s wrath and tried to stay out of his way.

The little man especially disrespected women. He treated those he saw as sexually attractive as mere objects and he ignored those he considered unattractive entirely. He dated girls by the dozen, only to quickly get bored of them. He cheated frequently on his lovers, and mistreated them in several other ways.

Alan always strove to be the best, to dominate everyone around him. This at the expense of his personal relationships. He'd put his lovers down with off hand remarks, denigrating their intelligence, belittling their interests, and undermining their confidence.

Many of his ex-girlfriends gossiped about him. Several of his countless workplace conquests that he'd callously discarded gathered in an impromptu discussion group to share horror stories about him. They'd all heard his self pitying complaining, listening to him narcissistically drone on and on about himself. They'd all also seen his naked body, including his modest manhood. From all of this, they'd unanimously agreed that his abusive, obnoxious behavior stemmed from a textbook case of overcompensation. That, along with remarkably bad parenting. Their discussions always followed a familiar pattern.

"It's obvious!" one would say, "he's trying to make up for his small stature."

"Not to mention his lack of any real masculinity, especially his woeful lack of endowment," another might add, bringing forth a round of giggles.

"I think the absence of any nurturing and his rotten role model left him with a toxic masculine attitude," a third would say thoughtfully, "after all, he was raised as the only son of a hyper masculine father in a chaotic, competitive environment."

"Right," the next would nod in agreement, "he must have told me a thousand times about how his mother divorced his father after she caught him cheating, and how his father pulled strings to get full custody of him, just to spite his mom."

"Yeah, his dad didn't even want him!" another girl would say, "It's kinda sad how that left Alan to grow up raised by a mean, uncaring father who taught him to demean and mistreat women."

"Yeah, true! Just before he threw me out, he told me how his dad brought home an endless string of young women that he called 'dumb

bimbos!” was a constant refrain, “That’s so demeaning! Can you imagine how cheap and used they must have felt?”

“Especially after he’d have sex with these women and then just kicked them out, making them take a walk of shame!” most or all of the girls would agree.

“I know all about that first hand!” a chagrined woman would confess sadly, “Alan did that to me!” That common comment always elicited sympathetic sounds and head shakes from the gathered aggrieved exes.

“Sounds like the nut didn’t fall far from the tree!” another would say, “Alan watched how his father mistreated women, and now he does the exact same thing!”

“No wonder Alan disrespects women!”

“Still, none of that is any excuse for how he behaves,” they’d observe, “he might have reasons for being this way, but that doesn’t absolve him of blame.”

“Exactly! While I do kind of feel bad for him in a way,” one would sigh, “I still really hope that he learns his lesson some day, sooner rather than later!”

“I agree, he really needs a reality check, and that’s long overdue!” They’d all nod their heads in assent, all of them confirming that assessment.

“Sometimes, I just wish he could experience the pain and humiliation of the sexism and the sexual objectification he inflicts on us for himself! I bet he’d change his attitude if he had to walk a mile in our high heels!” That sentiment would often conclude these sessions. This wish would be granted, far beyond anyone’s wildest imagination.

Chapter One

Alan either didn't know or else he didn't care about these unofficial support groups his exes had started. Either way, all of their conclusions about him were one hundred percent accurate. He had learned from his father's horrible example. After watching his dad seduce and disrespect women he called airheads, Alan adopted the exact same attitude. He never even tried to change his ways.

He relied on bullying and belligerence trying to make up for his small stature and his even less impressive lack of manly endowment. He also compulsively sabotaged healthy relationships around him. He'd taunted his pal Josh, mocking him for his long term monogamous liaison with their colleague, Jessica Dwyer.

The couple had discussed moving in together and even an eventual engagement. That was before Alan torpedoed their plans, demeaning his pal as "pussy whipped" and worse. Reluctantly, Josh accepted Alan's advice and ghosted his girlfriend. He'd felt guilty about that, especially whenever they encountered each other at work.

Josh, perhaps the most attractive of the bunch, was a mixed race man of six feet with close cropped curly dark hair, a well-trimmed beard, and striking green eyes. His sturdy build and broad shoulders recalled his athletic past as a college quarterback. He clapped Alan on the back amiably.

"Hey look at that little cutie!" he said, leering at a pretty blonde waitress passing by. She carried a silver tray of hors d'oeuvres—empanadas and crudités. She was dressed as an almost fetishistic French maid in a short, tight, black satin minidress that shimmered under the lights. The three stared at her as she made her way through the crowd.

Her sexy uniform featured a low cut, fitted bodice that put her cleavage on display. A thick white satin ribbon tied into a huge feminine bow at the small of her back cinched a lacy white apron around her dress, emphasizing her hourglass silhouette and accentuating her tiny waist. The cute little ornamental apron contrasted temptingly with the sleek blackness of her short satin dresses.

"This is how all girls should always be," Alan said smirking, "looking cute and submissive while serving men! I'm so glad we haven't bowed to wokeness here like so many other firms!"

Several other pretty young waitresses scurried about, all dressed alike in four inch high heels and highly sexualized outfits. Their uniforms were exaggeratedly girlish, with flared skirting, poofed out by full, feminine petticoats that peeked out from underneath. Saucy black fishnet stockings encased their shapely legs.

“Yes, if you ask me, all girls should be dressed like this!” Alan smirked, reaching out to pinch a passing waitress’s ass. She yelped, and many of the waitresses turned and gasped in sympathy. None of them said anything, however. They were seemingly resigned to accept this unwanted attention.

“If they didn’t want us to touch them, they wouldn’t dress like this!” Alan said, staring as one of the girls bent down to fix her stockings. Delicate frilly lace trim adorned the sleeves, neckline, and hem of her uniform, making her look more like a toy than a human being. Like all of her coworkers, she wore sky high stilettos, completing her enticingly erotic ensemble.

The goonish guys grinned at each other as they gazed at the serving girls in their figure flattering outfits. “Here comes two more!” Alan said. The three young account executives cackled as they slapped the asses of the passing waitresses, reveling in the shocked expressions that followed. Their antics didn’t go unnoticed.

“Would you look at that? Here comes another bimbo!” Alan smirked, tilting his glass toward a feminine figure angrily approaching them. It was Jessica Dwyer, one of the few female account executives, making her way through the crowd. She strode toward them, her enticing curves accentuated by a smart, stylish, figure hugging lavender pinstriped business suit.

The three lecherous men gawked openly at her large breasts and shapely nylon clad legs as she looked up at them from her petite five foot five inch frame. Josh studied her especially closely, a wistful look in his dark eyes.

She brushed a lock of light brown hair from her face and tucked it behind an ear as she confronted her colleagues. “Boys,” she drawled, rolling her eyes, “don’t you have anything better to do than harass these women?”

“Women? Don’t you mean eye candy?” Alan sneered.

Jessica’s assertive hazel eyes locked onto the boorish guys’ as if challenging his antiquated attitudes about women. “They’re probably all

college students, just trying to pay their tuition, and they don't need predators like you three—”

“College students? Them?” Alan chuckled, “they look like—”

“It doesn't matter what they look like!” Jessica snapped, “they only wear those demeaning uniforms because pervs like you—”

“No, they wear outfits like that so they can get paid well without having to work hard, and—”

“Not work hard?” Jessica gasped, “that's ignorant even for you! I'd like to see you try to do what they do! You wouldn't last an hour!”

“Are you kidding?” Dave asked, “my man Alan would slay at that!”

“I'd love to see that!” Jessica laughed, “he would look absolutely adorable in a French maid's uniform! We could call him Alana!”

That taunt hit home, as Alan had always been self-conscious about his small stature and lack of traditional manliness. Biting back his outrage, Alan pursed his pillowy lips gathering his wits for a rejoinder.

After a brief moment he blinked back his doubts and assumed an aggressive stance. “Ah, Jess,” he sneered, leaning intrusively into her personal space, “it seems you're still bitter about my boy Josh dumping you? Can't blame him, really. Crushing for you though, as it was probably your last chance for romance!”

“That was all your fault!” she glared. She wasn't over the acrimonious break up, and she absolutely held Alan responsible. “Everything between us was going great until you interfered! We were even planning to get married someday, and—”

“What? You think Josh would ever marry you? You must be delusional!” Alan cruelly mocked the stunned, emotionally overwrought woman. “You're way too old for him! What are you, thirty one?”

“She's over the hill for sure,” Dave chimed in.

“What do you mean thirty one? How dare you!” she gasped, “I'm not even twenty nine yet, and I—”

“Look everyone at the bitter cat lady! I see there's even more gray hair in that mousy brown hair of yours today!” Laughing at their target's evident distress, the undersized bully and his larger goon kept piling on.

Dave said, “There's no point in anyone dating an old hag like you.”

Alan laughed, “To be honest, if you weren't acting so menstrual right now, I'd say you'd already passed into menopause!”

Jessica gaped at both of them, tears forming in her pretty eyes.

Alan's and Dave's condescending, cruel, and biting remarks brought out a nervous, uncomfortable chuckle from Josh. "Hey now," he interjected, attempting to defuse the situation. "Let's not take everything so personally, O.K.? It's a party! Can't we all just have some fun?"

"Humorless feminists like old Jess here hate fun," Alan laughed, "especially after they'd aged out of the dating pool and have nothing to look forward to except a sad lonely life as spinsters with a house full of cats!"

"Oh, that's real mature, you jerk!" Jessica retorted, her cheeks were flushed red with her righteous anger.

"Well, I hear that good ol' Mr. Waterston thinks I'm mature enough for him to promote me to the Executive VP position!" Alan smirked, "and once I'm in that big corner office, I'll promote my buddies here and make a whole lot of other changes. The first thing I'll do is—"

"I suppose you man babies all think that getting undeserved promotions will somehow solve all of your problems?" she interrupted, looking directly back into Alan's big expressive eyes.

He returned her eye to eye challenge and said threateningly. "Listen girl, if I were you, I'd watch my big fat mouth before—"

She'd lost all patience with him and so she cut him off in mid threat. "You've been a terrible influence in this entire firm, and yes it's true. I do blame you and your pathetic toxic masculinity for undermining me and making Josh break up with me!"

"How typical of you feminist shrews!" Alan smirked, "I already knew that you blamed me for causing your little breakup. It's not my fault that you can't keep a man. Maybe if you gave up your career ambitions and learned how to cook and clean you might—"

"You are such a stereotypical misogynistic sexist pig!" she spat, fuming with quickly escalating incendiary fury approaching detonation, "just the thought of a creep like you rising to a high level influential position in this firm, with power over me and all of the other women here.... It makes me want to scream!"

"Everything makes you want to scream, especially during your time of the month," Alan smiled, "and that's why you girls are unfit for leadership!"

Josh, feeling regretful about how he'd dumped his stunningly beautiful ex said, "Come on Alan and Jess, let's not go nuclear! We were all having such a good time here! It's all just a little bit of harmless fun."

As if out of nowhere, Katrina Karpov stepped up to the group. She eyed the guys who'd been ganging up on the lone woman. "Did I hear someone say, 'Just a little bit'?" she smiled, "are we talking about Alan's *ahem* manhood?"

"Where the hell did you come from, Kat?" Alan said using the shortened version of her name that he knew she hated. He looked up at the newcomer looming over him in her two inch pumps and growled, "get lost, Shrek, this is none of your concern."

"Always the little baby would be bully, eh, Alan?" the 42 year old woman raised her left eyebrow, towering over Jessica and the three guys. "Not all of us are intimidated by your silly childish antics!" A powerful, voluptuous figure, she wore her classic fitted business suit tailored to perfection, its dark gray complimenting her dark hair that was pulled into a stylish bun.

"What's wrong Kat? Jess forget to clean your litter box? Don't worry, I know exactly what to do with you, kitty," the tiny guy blustered, "you're the first one I'm firing once I get—"

"Overcompensating as usual, are we?" Katina asked, her words filled with scorn. A well educated woman, she used her knowledge of how to manipulate people's psyche and her Amazonian stature to command authority. She looked Alan up and down, sneering while taking in his petite frame. She held up her pinky finger, wiggled it at him mockingly. "We all know about your little problem," she laughed.

"That's very funny, Kit-Kat!" Alan said snidely. He'd always been overly sensitive about his tiny anatomy and felt compelled to strike back as best he could. "Sorry if your cock is the biggest in town, you freak!" he spat, suddenly not seeing so much humor in the situation.

"That's so gross!" Jessica snapped, seeing the stunned look on Katrina's face, "name calling is so childish!"

"Come on, calm down you two ladies," Josh chimed in, feigning innocence. "We were just joking around. No need to take everything so seriously."

"Seriously?" Jessica's voice rose, incredulous. "You think all his misogyny is just some big joke? You guys have no idea how it feels to be objectified like this, reduced to your looks as the only measure of your value!" Her body trembled with barely contained rage.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, composing herself. “I challenge you,” she said slowly, hesitantly opening her eyes and turning to glare at them one by one. “Just imagine for one moment how it would feel if someone disrespected you the way you three disrespect us women!” she said while grinding her teeth in frustration, “how would you like it?”

Alan scoffed and crossed his arms over his chest. “Well, I won’t ever have to worry about that, will I?” he asked smugly, “because I’m going to be the Executive Vice President. No one ever dares to treat people like me with disrespect.”

Recovering quickly, Katrina said, “Are you so sure you’re getting that promotion? I heard that—”

“Oh of course I’m sure!” Alan said, laughing, “who else would get it? You?”

“Why not me?” the long cool woman asked, “After all, I’m—”

“Why not you?” he smirked, “for one thing, you’re a newbie!” He began theatrically ticking off his talking points on his fingers. “You just got here, while I’ve been here...well, I’ve been here...a lot longer than you have!”

She regarded the much shorter man with obvious amusement, her eyebrows rising and her smile growing wider. “Yes? And?” she asked, “anything else?”

“Yes! For another? You’re just a mannish, oversized hall monitor, always lecturing us guys who bring in the big accounts that actually make the big money for the firm, and...uh...and...” His voice trailed off at that point as he ran out of points to make. He looked helpless at his friends.

“Yeah that’s right!” Dave agreed, stepping in to bail out his floundering buddy friend. “Us guys in accounts management, we’re the backbone of this firm. We make all the money that pays your salary.”

“Is that so?” Katrina grinned.

“Yeah it is!” Alan insisted, “you’re only here to make all of our lives more difficult by writing us up for joking around and trying to keep the workplace fun!”

“Fun?” Jessica scoffed, her angry gaze shifting among the three men. “If slapping someone’s ass without their consent is your idea of fun, then I suggest you reevaluate your priorities.”

“Come on everyone,” Alan said, shaking his head, “can’t we all just get along?” Then he burst into laughter. “Who am I kidding? Once I get my

big new job, I'll make quick work of all you bitchy women!"

"Bitchy??" Jessica and Katrina gasped in unison, "what's the matter with—"

"Yep! That's numero uno on my agenda!" said the very small man with very big plans, "you'd better watch your mouth, Missy! And you too, whatever you are Kat!" He high fived the other guys, gloating in anticipation of a big victory.

"You know, Jess, after I fire you, maybe you should get a job as a waitress like these girls," Alan mocked, pointing at the sexy girls carrying trays of food and drinks, "Dressed like that, you might even get a date."

"Maybe you should get a job as a waitress, Alan," said Katrina, "you'd look simply adorable all done up as a frilly French maid!"

"Oh yes, I can see it now," Jessica giggled, "you'd look precious in the little dress and apron, serving your superiors in your sexy high heels, and—"

"Very funny, Jess!" Alan snapped at her, his face reddening with rage and embarrassment.

"Aww what's wrong, Alan?" Katrina smirked, "afraid you'll like dressing up as a girl too much?"

"That's not...shut up! Don't think I won't fire you too, Kat! In fact, the minute I get my new job, I'll fire both of you dumb bitches, and—"

"You may be in line for a big promotion, Alan, but that doesn't make you invincible," Jessica warned, her tone suddenly turning harsh, as scorching as the glare she fixed onto him.

"Yes, that's true!" Katrina said, "remember, Alan, you haven't gotten that promotion yet. You know what they say about counting your roosters before they hatch! Sometimes they turn out to be hens!"

Alan sneered, "That's not even how the saying goes, you stupid—"

"Oh I know," Katrina winked slyly, "but if you think about it, you just might figure out why I put it that way!" She patted down her dark hair, styled in sleek, professional updo. Her intensely staring eyes burned into Alan's eyes like twin laser beams as she expertly planted seeds of doubt in his mind.

"Yeah," Jessica smiled, "You know, I heard a rumor that Evelyn Waterston might take over for her father as CEO and—"

"Her? That's ridiculous!" Alan snorted, "I can't see any woman leading a conservative financial services firm like this, much less 'little

Miss Evey“!”

He'd met Evelyn Waterston at a holiday party the year before and, as usual, he got drunk and had hit on her. She was attractive with jet black hair that she wore in an asymmetrical bob and sharp, darkest brown eyes. She stood about the same height as he did, and weighed only a tiny bit more.

He wanted to bed her all the more after she shot down his advances quite politely, but firmly. He'd vowed to screw her and dump her like all the rest, but he hadn't gotten around to it. Yet.

His buddies flashed astonished looks at him. Josh put a warning hand on the smaller man's shoulder, trying to get him to carefully consider his next words, but he was already too late.

Alan had lost control of his emotions, and so he ranted on, "She's barely any older than I am! Who'd respect us in the industry if we were run by such a hot young piece of ass like her!"

"I'll be sure to tell Ms. Waterston you called her all of that!" Katrina smiled triumphantly. She'd set a trap for her arch rival, and he'd blundered right into it.

Alan sucked air through his teeth. "That was a big mistake," he thought, mentally slapping himself, "maybe I shouldn't have had that fifth martini?"

Then, his usual swagger reasserted itself. He smiled at the two women and slapped his friends hands in a three way high five. "I'll be O.K." he reassured himself. He said, "There's no way that board of old men would put a girl in charge of this firm. No freaking way!"

"Right!" Dave agreed.

"I can't see it," said Josh.

"You spoiled little boys better hope that you're right about that," Jessica said, "The board assigned Ms. Waterston to lead the emergency response team that is trying to restore our reputation after the recent scandals. She set up the new standard operating procedures that are about to go into effect."

"They needed someone to implement the new policies, and that's the main reason I got hired here," Katrina added, "she likes what I've done to clean up after you abusive arrogant alpha males."

"That's right!" Jessica nodded vigorously adding, "and did I mention? She's been a very close friend of mine ever since she and I were sorority sisters!"

“You three little male chauvinist pigs had better watch your backs!” Katrina said laughing, “all of those little things you’ve planned may not turn out the way you think! I’m off to have a little talk with Ms. Waterston. Ta-ta, boys!”

With that, the two women turned away, leaving the boastful trio to ponder these warnings. Alan’s smile slowly faded as he started questioning his customary self confidence. “Is my rise to power really as inevitable as I’d thought?” he asked his two cronies, grappling with a most unfamiliar moment of self-doubt.

“Yeah, for sure!” Dave said, but his voice sounded shaky, belying his words.

“I mean, why not?” Josh asked. He too seemed less than certain all of a sudden. They regarded each other, their confidence shaken by the two women’s spirited assertions. Still, they did their best to rally.

“No way the Board would select such a misshapen goon for Executive VP,” Alan snorted, but his jibe tasted sour on his tongue.

“Yeah you said it,” Dave seconded. “She just started working here like a few months ago. She’s out of step with the way we do things here.”

“What you guys said,” Josh nodded, although his voice trailed off as he watched his ex slowly walking away. “I miss her,” he thought to himself, “I wish I never let Alan convince me to dump her...”

Out of earshot, Jessica’s breathing began to slow back to its normal rate. She trembled as a single tear, plump and shimmering like a drop of condensation salt-rimmed glass of a margarita, rolled down her cheek. She knew that she’d failed to hold her own against Alan, Dave, and Josh. The weight of their combined disrespect and cruel, crude remarks bore down on her.

“Hey Jess,” Katrina’s voice cut through the young account executive’s haze of hurt, “you O.K.?” as the two women continued retreating from their showdown against the three crass male chauvinist bullies.

“O.K.?” Jessica sniffled, forcing a wan smile, “I haven’t been ‘O.K.’ since I found out what they put in hotdogs.” Her attempt at humor fell flat, but the Human Resources VP chuckled anyway.

“Come with me,” Katrina said, leading Jessica to her office.

The Human Resources VP’s domain was a stark contrast to the cold, sterile L.E.D.-lit artificial ambience and testosterone toned of the rest of the

firm. There, warm natural light, a tasteful tiny bonsai tree with a sand garden, and feminine but bold touches marked this as unique.

Katrina filled her shelves with books on psychological warfare and tactics to tame the toxic male. It was clear that she was not your average Human Resources executive. Her tactics were unconventional to say the least. Several recalcitrant men left this office rubbing their rear ends and nursing their crushed egos. Not one of them was willing to discuss what she'd done to them to enforce her edicts.

"Those three know nothing Neanderthals out there just don't get it," Jessica stifled a sob, letting herself show her vulnerability away from the abusive men. "Their sexism, their objectification of women... it's unbearable."

"Jessica," Katrina said, her voice conveying sympathy as well as her bold and empowered resolve, "I promise you, things are going to dramatically change around here. When I'm promoted to Executive VP, those boys will wish they'd never slapped an ass in their life. In fact, I plan to start slapping their asses!"

"Really?" Jessica asked, hope and humor flickering in her widening eyes, "do you really think you have a chance of beating out Alan—"

"Trust me," Katrina replied, a determined look on her face. "I have a better than good chance. Once I tell Ms. Waterston about what Alan really thinks of her, he'll have no chance."

"That's right!" Jessica smiled, her lovely eyes widening with surprise, "I know how much she hates guys like that. I heard how he almost stalked her at the office party last year!"

"Those guys are dinosaurs," Katrina nodded, "they don't know it yet, but they're as good as extinct at this firm already!"

"May all of them and their scaly skin be struck down by comet Katrina!" Jessica giggled, "or better yet, dressed up as the French maid waitresses they all gazed at and harassed."

"Great idea!" the tall woman laughed, "Hold on tight, sexists, here comes your doom!"

Chapter Two

The next week, Alan's phone buzzed on his desk. He glanced at the screen, seeing the newly appointed CEO Evelyn Waterston's name flashing in bold letters. He swallowed hard, bracing himself for the impending awkwardness.

Days earlier, Katrina had mocked him, "Our new boss was very interested in hearing what you've been saying about her. The two of us had a really enlightening conversation about you!"

"Alan," the young new chief executive officer said, her tone as icy as the coffee that he'd forgotten on his desk long before. "I wanted to let you know that per my father's instructions, you and Katrina Karpov are the two finalists for the Executive Vice President position."

"Thank you, Ms. Waterston," Alan began, "but I'd thought that your father had already decided that I would get the..." Then, he rethought and halted his impudent statement, concerned that sounding too arrogant could cost him his chance. "I'm sorry, you were saying?"

"Yes, that was how my father was leaning, but as you know, he had to step down before making any official decision. Now, that decision is entirely up to me."

Alan had been worried that something like this might happen from the moment the board proved his predictions wrong and appointed the stunning young woman to lead the firm. Now, realizing that his worst fears were coming true, he felt dizzy and disappointed.

"All hope is not lost," he reasoned, "I am still in the running, so I must have a good chance!" His confidence wavered, however. He gulped and said, "Yes, Ms. Waterston, I understand. It's your call, and—"

"Oh, 'ms. Waterston' is it now, Alan?" she chuckled, "you're not calling me 'little Miss Evey' any more?"

"I...uh...ah...I can explain!" he sputtered, hoping to salvage the situation, but she cut him off before he could offer any excuse. He didn't even think of trying to apologize for his disrespectful behavior.

"No need, 'little Miss Alana' you don't mind me calling you that, do you?" she laughed, hearing him gagging.

"Just a little joke, Alan!" she said, "you can take a joke right?"

She paused to let him answer, but all she heard were gurgling sounds, so she chuckled, "Anyway, I'm considering all aspects of both of your

candidacies. I'm thoroughly reviewing all of your qualifications. That includes all of your positive merits as well as any negative information I might have gathered about you and Ms. Karpov." She let the full implications of her statement hang before saying, "I promise, you will both get a fair chance at this promotion."

"I uh well I, umm..." Alan stuttered, his anxiety spiking. "I- I- I- know that you'll make the right choice...for the firm!" he concluded. He'd been trying to muster his usual enthusiasm despite the cold sweat he felt pooling in his armpits and running down his spine.

"Good luck, 'little Miss Alana' and may the best woman win," the CEO said cryptically. Then she laughed and abruptly hung up.

"Yes, like Ms. Waterston said, good luck, 'little Miss Alana.' May the best woman win," Katrina smirked. She was looking in at him from the doorway to his office, a mocking smile spreading across her face.

"Yeah, thanks," Alan muttered, rolling his eyes as his rival sauntered away, the click of her stilettos echoing through the office like the ticking of an ominous time bomb. Shaken, Alan followed her out into the open section of the office. He found it buzzing like a hive of bees.

The account managers, secretaries, and executives were all gossiping, divided by gender into two amorphous blobs. The male workers were exchanging venomous stings about the recently hired HR VP. They all hated her, but many of them feared her.

In direct contrast to the guys, the women were chirping hopefully, all of them eager to see Katrina Karpov named as the new Executive VP. They all looked up to her, and not just because of her height. They considered the Amazonian woman a heroine. She was highly popular among all of the female employees, especially the long suffering secretarial staff.

As their last gasp, their last act before their forced retirement, old boys' regime had brought in Evelyn who'd in turn brought in Katrina to combat the rampant sexual harassment that plagued the firm. With the former CEO's daughter supporting her behind the scenes, the new HR VP quickly disciplined low and mid level male staffers. They'd used their superior status to demand sexual favors from the clerical women. Now, they faced harsh consequences for their misbehavior.

Several of the men had emerged from Katrina's office stunned and chagrined by her somewhat unorthodox punishments. One by one, they'd learned the hard way to respect women as well as the high cost of abusing

subordinates. Times had changed, and those who refused to adapt would be left behind. What had once been considered acceptable was now actionable, as several costly lawsuits attested.

A consent decree negotiated by his daughter and her new hire Katrina forced Terence Waterston and the rest of the old guard into retirement. Unfortunately for the rest of the remaining sexists, they were slower than the rest of society to accept the new reality. Chief among them, Alan leaned against the water cooler, with heightened interest in what Dave and Josh were saying.

“She’s a nightmare,” Dave self consciously whispered somewhat timidly to his compatriots, as though Katrina’s ears could reach across the room. “I heard she threatened to fire all the men if she gets that promotion.”

“That’s an exaggeration!” said Jessica, passing by, “but you cavemen better get used to a world with women’s equality before it’s too late!”

“Yeah yeah yeah, we know, ‘girls rule the world!’” Dave mocked her, “don’t tell us, ‘I am woman hear me roar!’”

“Yeah, you’re gonna rule the world, any decade now,” Alan snorted, “we’ve heard it all before!”

“Can you even imagine it?” Josh asked. “A world run by women?”

Dave laughed, “it’d be horrible! There’d be no sports, just endless reruns of *The Bachelor* and *Real Housewives of Wherever!*”

Alan smirked, “Of course their entire empire would crumble the minute they broke a nail or had their periods!”

“Joke all you want, you macho jerks” Jessica snapped, “but I’m warning you! Change is coming whether or not you’re ready for it!”

Alan rolled his eyes but he kept quiet for once. He felt that his world was at risk of unraveling and if it did, he had no idea how to stitch it back together again. He knew that he needed all the allies he could get in the brewing battle for the Executive VP position.

Slipping away from the gaggle, he strategically secured a private meeting with the new CEO. He couldn’t let these rampant rumors about him go unaddressed. “Make it quick, Mr. Weiss” the busy woman said as he slipped inside her grand office and closed the heavy oak door behind him.

“Ms. Waterston, I appreciate your time,” Alan said, trying to ignore her sexiness, his horny hormones, and the intoxicating scent of her powerful perfume.

She nodded curtly but professionally, “What’s on your mind, Alan?” She assumed a formal manner, her voice as crisp as her freshly pressed pale blue silk blouse. Alan pried his eyes away from her large, sexy breasts to look into her sweet chocolate colored eyes.

“It’s Katrina,” he said, allowing a slight shudder to ripple through him at the mention of her name. “I have some real concerns about her suitability for the Executive VP position.”

“Go on?” Evelyn’s eyes narrowed skeptically, “of course you’d find fault with your rival for the job,” she added, her grim expression forced Alan to pause and swallow hard before continuing.

“It’s her imperious manner, her inability to get along with others—” He paused again, searching for just the right words. “I worry that she’ll create a hostile work environment for the men.”

The newly ensconced CEO stifled a giggle. “Look who’s suddenly worried about a ‘hostile work environment?’ Mr. Misogyny himself!” she thought to herself, reflecting on the irony. She wrinkled her nose at the audacity, but kept her expression unreadable.

Out loud she said, “Thank you Alan. Believe me, your concerns are well taken. Is there anything else?”

Alan opened his mouth to speak, looking like he wanted to add any number of objections, but instead of trying to further sabotage Katrina he understood that would only backfire. So he closed his mouth and shook his head.

“Very well,” the brunette nodded, “rest assured, I will take everything you’ve said into serious consideration and make the best decision for the firm. You may go!” she waved him off with a sweeping gesture.

Alan left the huge office suite with a sense of foreboding, a premonition that was borne out a week later when the long awaited announcement rang out.

Ms. Waterston gathered everyone into the huge common area and said, “Katrina Karpov has been promoted to the Executive VP position. Congratulations, Ms. Karpov! You have my complete confidence and my full backing!”

Alan’s heart sank, all of his dreams of supremacy evaporating in the sudden heat he felt, melting his self control. His frustration boiled over into a feral growl. “You passed me up for her?” he shouted while following the

CEO into her lavish office, “This is unbelievable! Inconceivable! I mean, she’s not qualified! She only started working here about a—”

“Need I remind you, Alan, she has more seniority than I do?”

“Well that’s not the real point...” he began, then he reconsidered, calmed himself and said, “I demand a raise and a promise of security! Otherwise I’m going to quit and keep my accounts with me. I can just start my own firm and—”

“Very well, Alan,” the young CEO replied coolly. “I am willing to meet all of your demands.”

“What? You are?”

“Yes! In fact, I anticipated them!” She smiled perfunctorily saying, “but you must sign this personal services contract. It’s for a term of three years, renewable by either party. It includes a twenty-year non-compete clause as well as a very significant financial penalty for default or termination by either party.”

“Fine,” he spat, agreeing to all of her terms without hesitation. He ignored the nagging voice in his head that whispered warnings about the harsh financial and career consequences should he ever decide to quit. With a flourish, he scrawled his signature, and initials where she indicated, binding himself to an uncertain fate.

“Excellent choice,” Ms. Waterston said with an artificial syrupy sweetness that left Alan feeling queasy. “Now I do share some of your concerns about Katrina’s shortcomings—”

“—then why did you decide to—”

“So I’ve decided that you will assist her in administering her day to day duties, act as her go between, help smooth her transition into the Executive Vice President position, things like that.”

Alan blinked, “You want me to—”

“Move away from managing accounts to working with Katrina in a more administrative role, yes.” She nodded and tapped a button on her desk and said into a handset, “Katrina, my office please? What? Oh yes, he signed it.”

Alan couldn’t shake the feeling that he had just signed away his life—and perhaps even his soul—to a fate worse than death. The world as he knew it was crumbling before his very eyes, and all he could do was watch helplessly as the foundation of his existence crumbled to dust.

Katina strode into the opulent office almost immediately. Turning to Alan she said, "I'm sure you'll make an exceptional administrative assistant for me."

Her words stung, assaulting and threatening to pop his overinflated ego. "Administrative assistant?" he choked out, his voice barely more than a whisper, as if saying the words louder would somehow make them less real. "You said I'd be working with her, not—"

"She must have meant you'll be working for me," Katrina smirked.

"Indeed," Ms. Waterston confirmed looking distracted, "as I said, you'll be assisting Katrina in her administrative functions," her smile was cold as the Arctic tundra, "you going to be—"

"Wait!" Alan said, squinting at the CEO in disbelief, "Am I going to assist her with administrative duties or am I going to be her administrative assistant?"

"Po-TAY-to, po-TAH-to," she giggled. "You'll report directly to Executive VP Karpov and do whatever she says," the Chief Executive said, waving her hand, "She'll sort out what she wants you to do and what she wants to call you. It's all up to her. I trust you'll find it... enlightening."

"Enlightening," Alan repeated numbly, the word echoing through his glitching mind. He had absolutely no faith in Katrina or her willingness to treat him with any respect. If he were in her position, he knew he'd do everything he could to mock and belittle her before firing her or forcing her to quit.

He stormed back to his office, the weight of his disappointment dragging him down. The walls seemed intent on strangling him. He heard the whispers of his female coworkers growing louder and more mocking. Was this what he had fought so hard for? A world where women ruled supreme and men were left to flounder in their tailored suits and deflated egos?

As Alan shuffled to sit behind his desk, he smacked himself on his head. "I can't even quit! The contract I signed means I'd have to pay out a huge penalty and even then I couldn't work in finance for twenty years!"

He heard a sudden knock and his sense of helplessness increased as he looked up into Katrina's face. She looked like a lioness about to devour her prey, and that prey was him!

"Congratulations on your new little job, Little Miss Alana," Katrina smirked from across the room. Her eyes glinting with triumph, her

threatening tone like a dagger held at his neck. “Welcome to the new world order.”

“This can’t be good,” he muttered under his breath.

Chapter Three

Katrina wasted no time jumping into her new role as Executive Vice President. She immediately implemented drastic changes that totally remade the climate at the firm from old boys' club patriarchy into an inclusive workplace for all. She rapidly promoted several women and hired even more female executives.

She'd also made it clear to Alan that his new role would closely resemble that of an administrative assistant. He seethed at this, calling it "a secretarial work," dismissing it as "a girl's job," and "beneath me!" Still, he tried to keep himself calm. "I have to go along with this, at least for now," he groaned, "at least until I can gain the upper hand."

For her part, the new Executive VP missed no chance to demean her newly demoted assistant. "You're going to become the perfect little AA for me, Alan! Isn't it going to be simply wonderful?"

"Yes, Katrina, whatever you say," he growled.

"That will never do, Alana! You must always call me 'ms. Karpov' or 'Ma'am' do you understand me?"

"Yeah sure whatever! I just—"

"No! Not 'whatever!' When I give you an order, whenever I say anything to you, I want you to answer me with respect! You will say, 'yes Ma'am' or 'yes, Ms. Karpov' and 'no Ma'am' or 'no, Ms. Karpov' and nothing else. That is, unless you need further instructions. In that case, you will raise your hand and wait for me to recognize you. Is that clear, Alana?"

"Wait! What are you—"

"I said 'is that clear?'"

"Yeah it's—"

"Say it the way I told you to say it, Alana! Or there will be consequences!"

"Consequences? What kind of consequences? You can't expect—"

Before he could even finish his comment, Katrina jumped up and dashed out from behind her desk. She grabbed the much smaller man by the collar and shook him like a rag doll. Then, unbuckled his belt. In one motion, she yanked down his suit pants and his boxer shorts. This left him naked from the waist down.

He stood gaping at her. "What in the world do you think you're—"

Again, her actions cut off his protests. She took him by his neck, dragged him across the office, and pushed his head down onto her desk with a loud thunk. This forced him to stumble and fall on his face, leaving his ass facing upwards.

She brought down her hand hard, spanking his exposed soft skin. This made a starkly sharp slapping sound that was almost as loud as his cries of pain and surprise. Stunned, Alan gasped for air, incapable of accepting what was happening to him. “Wha- wha- why?” he tried to ask, but there were no answers forthcoming.

The tall, toned woman continued spanking the helpless boy. After several sharp spanks, she repeated her demands asking him, “Is that understood?” She asked that again after each swat she inflicted.

“Hey that hurts!” he whined, wriggling within her grasp, desperately trying to escape, but utterly helpless, unable to break free. “Stop it!” he cried, “you can’t do this to me! This is totally unprofessional!”

“You know what to say to make me stop!” she said in a sing-song voice.

Still, stubbornly, he refused to say what she’d demanded. He struggled ever harder instead. So, she kept raining painful, blistering blows onto his tender rear end. All the while, the hapless, humiliated former executive kept trying to get away, but kept failing to prevail against his much stronger assailant.

Again and again she demanded his obedience, but instead, he just moaned in agony as her punishing hand inflicted painful blows on him, increasing in both pace and severity. This went on until the newly promoted Amazon eventually broke the will of her newly demoted assistant.

The petite prospective plaything sobbed pathetically, “Yes, yes, I understand, Katrina! Just please stop hitting me!”

“That’s not how you show me your submissiveness nor your respect!”

“O.K. O.K.” the crowing rooster turned whimpering wimp simpered, “I- I- mean, yes Ma’am, I understand Ms. Karpov!”

“That’s better! Much better!” the triumphant woman said, grabbing and flinging her defeated rival to the carpet. He lay there astonished and appalled, sadly rubbing the enflamed flesh that she’d violated with her firm hand.

“Next time, I’ll use a paddle or a hair brush!” she declared, “now, pull up your pants and take your seat at your new station just outside my office!”

Wiping away his bitter tears, the devastated, demoralized young man gingerly pulled up his boxers and pants from around his ankles into place around his waist. He fastened his belt, shaken by the unexpected assault. Once fully dressed, he started waddling out of his dominant boss's office, he couldn't even walk normally so great was the throbbing pain on his backside and upper thighs.

“Wait just a minute, Alana! Tell me your new name!”

“I'm sorry? My new name...Ma'am?”

“Yes! I want you to tell me your new name!” she grinned, “unless you need another spanking?”

“No! I mean, please not that, Ms. Karpov!” he groveled, “I don't want another spanking!” His ego hurt almost as much as his ass did after the abuse he'd just suffered. “I couldn't take another round of that!” he whispered.

“In that case, tell me your new name, girl?”

He hesitated, trying to maintain some sense of dignity, but when he saw the physically superior woman reach into her desk and produce a hard wooden paddle he quickly said, “Ah...my new name? Ah, it's- uh it's Alana...” Saying that, he felt something inside him die.

His suffering intensified when Katrina, his hated rival, laughed loudly. “Now that's settled, let's get you started with your new secretarial duties, Alana,” the girl boss purred, her green eyes alight with malicious glee. “After all, there's so much for you to learn about your new, servile position.”

“Of course,” Alan mumbled, “I mean, yes Ma'am,” he quickly corrected himself when he saw her glare and slap her hand with the frightening paddle. Her angry look shifted into an elated expression, seeing how quickly he'd complied.

The demolished man's chest tightened. He fought back the humiliation that threatened to close his throat like a strangling garrote as over the next several minutes Katrina outlined the stunningly mortifying new role “Alana“ would serve.

After that ordeal, the shattered young man limped to his office. There, he glanced down at the contract still on the top of his desk. His heart ached as he realized how stupid he'd been to sign it so recklessly, without bothering to consider the consequences. He decided to ask an attorney

friend to look it over, seeking some loopholes. “I can’t stay here, obviously,” he sadly said to no one.

The next morning, Alan’s freshly polished shoes clicked against the floor as he entered his office, a hotbed of gossip after his recent demotion. He could feel the eyes of his co-workers boring into his back, yet he held his head high, maintaining a facade of confidence.

“Morning, everyone,” he announced, forcing a smile in a shallow shadow of his former swagger. “Isn’t it great to be alive?”

“Ah, Alana,” Katrina smirked, stepping into the reception area, her voice rich with sarcasm. “I see you’ve made your grand entrance. Did you sleep well, or were you too busy dreaming of your former glory?”

“Kat— er, ah, um, Ms. Karpov,” he replied, blinking at his nearly fatal faux pas, gritting his teeth. “Always a pleasure...Ma’am.”

“Since we’re all gathered here,” she continued, giddily glorifying in her newfound power, “let me make it clear that pretty little Alana is now no longer anyone’s boss. She’s now my administrative assistant. She’ll be taking care of all my... mundane tasks.”

A collective snicker rippled through the room as Alan fought to maintain his composure. He struggled with his self control, reminding himself that he had worked too hard and sacrificed too much to let this woman bring him down.

“Speaking of changes,” Katrina said with a wicked grin, “I’ve let your dim witted cronies go, and I’m assigning your former position, and your former office, to Jessica Dwyer.”

“Excuse me?” Alan spat, his face turning an alarming shade of red. “You can’t just fire Dave Thompson and Josh Carter or give away my job and office to some dumb chick like it’s some crappy door prize...Ma’am!”

“Actually, I can, and I just did.” Katrina countered coolly. “If I hear you call any woman by any derogatory slur again, you’ll be sorry. Very sorry!” Before he could argue, she spun away and stomped into her new corner office.

“Congratulations, Jessica!” the office cheered, making Alan seethe with anger, ready to explode at any moment.

“Thanks, everyone,” Jessica replied. She turned to Alan saying, “I know this is tough for you, but I promise to do my best to fill your... petite shoes.”

“Very funny,” he muttered under his breath, before storming off to confront Katrina in her office.

“Katrina!” he barked, slamming the door behind him. “What the hell is going on? I demand an explanation for this! I thought you were just joking? You’re actually treating me like a damn secretary!”

“Alana,” she began, her voice icy and menacing. “I suggest you lower your tone before I lower it for you.”

“Ha!” he scoffed. “You think you can just take everything I’ve worked for because you’re some kind of... feminist icon?”

“Your fragile ego is not my concern,” Katrina retorted, her angry eyes flashing with irritation. “Your inability to adapt and accept change, however, is a problem. A problem I’m about to resolve.”

“Adapt?” Alan snarled, his slim frame almost vibrating with rage. “I’m supposed to just accept being emasculated and humiliated by you?”

“Emasculated?” Katrina smirked. “That’s rich coming from someone who’s never had a problem treating women as disposable playthings.”

“Ugh!” Alan groaned, rolling his eyes. “Not this again. Can’t we just focus on work instead of dragging personal issues into it?”

“Speaking of work, follow me to your new work space!”

“What? Where?”

“Just outside my office where Jocelyn used to—”

“Jocelyn? You want me to sit where that bimbo used to—”

“How dare you use such a demeaning term to—”

“I won’t do it!”

“We’ll just have to see about that!” With an angry roar, Katrina ripped Alan’s jacket off of him and yanked his shirt off, sending the buttons flying in every direction. Before he could flee, she pulled his belt from his pants and pulled them down around his ankles. “I thought you might have learned your lesson the last time!” she raged.

“Stop, please!” he cowered, adding, “please Ms. Karpov!” in his rising terror.

“Shut up, Alana!” she slapped him hard across the face.

“OW!”

“Some people never learn,” she said more to herself than to him as she actually tore off his boxers with her bare hands, reducing them to scraps. She dragged him behind her desk as if he were one of useless rags

that were once his clothes. She sat quickly, and shoved him across the lap of her pantsuit.

“You brought this upon yourself, you foolish girl!” she said, opening her lower side drawer and pulling out a large wooden paddle.

Seeing it, Alan started to squirm and cry, “No! Please! You can’t!” in his panic he’d forgotten to address his mistress properly.

“You’ll pay dearly for all of your misbehavior, Alana, this will definitely hurt you much more than it’ll hurt me!”

What followed was the worst five minutes of Alan’s life. The Executive VP inflicted a terrible toll on his upper thighs and buttocks, making him howl in pain. She punished him with a stinging series of swats so hard that his skin burned with white hot torture.

His mind reeled and he saw stars. He squirmed trying to evade the endless impact of emasculating blows. It was useless. So great with his torment, he began to dissociate, his awareness dissolving until he felt adrift in a sea of searing suffering. He heard howls of agony, only to realize it was his own voice. Tears flowed freely down his face.

Finally the ruthless woman finished the spanking, leaving her former rival a sobbing, sniffling mess. “Now, I do believe we have an understanding, Alana?” Katrina demanded.

“Y- y- yes Ms. Karpov,” he sniveled.

“Yes, I thought so! And what is your name, girl?”

He tried to hold out against this most humiliating demand, but when his dominant boss brandished her paddle again, his will to resist collapsed. “My my name is...is...is...Alana.” With that utterance, he felt that he’d crossed a threshold that he might never come back from. Katrina’s huge grin confirmed for him that she felt the exact same way.

“Now that we have that settled, Alana, time to get you settled in at your new little workstation! Can you manage to do that yourself, or should I get Jocelyn to help you?”

“I- I- can do it myself, Ma’am,” he sighed.

“A bimbo like you? I don’t think so!” She laughed and tapped Alan on his nose. Then, she tapped a button on her desk console and spoke into her handset. “Jocelyn? Please come to my office. I need your help training Alana....”

Within minutes, the twenty year old platinum blonde office girl bounced into the office. She smiled at Alan and said, “Congrats on

becoming the new me!” in her breathy high pitched voice. She giggled, smiling validly showing rows of perfectly white teeth.

Alan’s body shook with humiliation at hearing that. He’d hired her for her looks and looks alone. He’d bedded her and ghosted her. He didn’t care if she never got over him. He was over her and that’s all that mattered to him.

He’d never had the least bit of respect for women, “especially not airheads like her!” he reflected, “the idea that I could ever be anything like that bimbo....” He felt too frustrated to even finish the unthinkable thought.

“I understand that you’re like brand new at being an office girl—I mean administrative assistant!” the bubbly blonde giggled, “I’ll like take it slow so you can like keep up with my teachings.”

He rolled his eyes at her, but gasped when she said, “You know, we’re like about the same size, maybe you’d like to raid my closet? Like borrow some of my outfits until you get some of your own?”

“What are you talking about?” he growled.

“Oh! Maybe I like said too much?” she giggled again.

Katrina, listening nearby said, “That’s a very generous offer, Jos! You should say thank you, Alana!”

“What?? I really don’t think I need to borrow any of her—”

“NOW!”

“Umm thanks Jocelyn,” he mumbled, “that’s very kind of you to—”

“Great! So like we’ll go to my place today after work and you can like try on some stuff!” She smiled at him, ignoring the look of horror on his face. “O.K.like here’s how you log in to your email....”

So began Alan’s astoundingly demeaning training course as Jocelyn walked him through the simpleminded procedures the lowest ranking office personnel had to follow. Sitting at his secretarial desk, learning from a woman he considered “a vacuous girl,” only made the damage to Alan’s body and self-esteem even worse.

This was hardly the future he had envisioned for himself. Instead of ruling the firm, he would be forced to serve at the whims of his new mistress, the formidable and cunning Katrina Karpov.

She stepped out of her huge office and confronted him at his demeaned and diminished position. She smiled wickedly as she placed a brand new pink and gold name plate on his tiny desk. It read, “Miss Alana

Weiss, Personal Secretary.” He winced at seeing that, and from the agony that still radiated from his rear.

“Ooh such a cute little name thingy!” Jocelyn said, “it’s just like mine!”

Katrina laughed as Alan groaned, “It’ll be a pleasure having you working for me, Alana.”

“Likewise....” he replied, his tone as stiff as his pained posture as he sat painfully positioned on the uncomfortable chair. Of course he didn’t mean a word of it. As stared at his new demeaning nameplate, rage and humiliation washed over him. He felt like quitting, storming off, and never coming back. He couldn’t. He knew the contract he’d signed made such an easy escape impossible.

“Now Alana, you must always remember to call me Ms. Karpov or Ma’am from now on! Or things will get very uncomfortable for you!”

“Uncomfortable,” he echoed softly. His hands trembled as he looked up at his hated rival turned his supreme superior, desperation evident in his tearful eyes. He anticipated Katrina engineering his ongoing further humiliation. He could hear the sneers and jeers from his coworkers who were avidly watching the scene. Their laughter rang in his ears.

Katrina regarded his shivering form with a sadistic smile. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have important matters to attend to. You know, things that actually require intelligence and skill. Now go fetch me an espresso. No sugar, no cream. That’s a girl!”

“Yes Ma’am,” he said. He rose to his feet and waddled away to make the coffee drink. “This is just fine!” he thought sarcastically, his mind seething with humiliation and frustration.

“Hello, Alana,” Jessica teased with a knowing grin as he passed by his former office. “I hope you enjoy your new role as much as I’ll enjoy mine.”

“I’m sure I won’t,” he muttered bitterly. “This day can’t get any worse!”

Chapter Four

As it turned out, it could get worse and it did get worse for Alan. When the clock struck 5 p.m., its hands as relentless as the smirk on Jocelyn's face, the ditzy girl said, "Come on let's go! It's time to go to my place to like play dress up!" She giggled at his glum expression, "Don't like look so sad! It'll be so much fun!"

He felt his stomach churn. "No really, I don't think—"

"No really, you're going to my place and try on some of my things," the blonde said, "Ms. Karpov told you so!"

"Yeah well, she was wrong about that! There's no way in hell that I'm gonna do that!" Alan said grimly, but before he could protest further, Katrina's icy voice cut him off.

"You're going to Jocelyn's place right now!" she said, poking her head out of her office, "You'll do whatever she says and you'll try on anything she tells you to, Alana. Or don't bother coming back to work!"

As the reality of his situation sank in, Alan's confidence faltered again. This was not how he'd imagined the evening playing out, but he couldn't afford to lose his job. He swallowed his pride and followed Jocelyn out of the office.

Less than hour later, Alan stood shivering with humiliation in the middle of Jocelyn's girly girl bedroom, feeling more exposed than ever. The platinum blonde had pulled out dozens of "cute little outfits" for him to wear, and announced her plans to make him model each one for her. His cheeks burned with embarrassment as he struggled to maintain what little dignity he had left.

"Come on, Alana," Jocelyn cooed, using the feminized version of his name that he despised. "You're gonna look so adorable in these clothes! Like, totally irresistible!" She giggled, making it clear that she was enjoying every moment of his discomfort.

Alan gritted his teeth and tried to focus on how he had no choice. "This is all just part of avoiding getting fired, but I'll make Katrina pay for all of this," he told himself, trying to reassure himself that this was just a temporary setback.

"Fine," he spat, glaring at Jocelyn through the mirror. "Let's get this over with." And with those words, he stepped forward to face his fate,

armed with the knowledge that no matter how humiliating this experience might be, he would emerge stronger for having endured it.

Alan stood there, feeling as if he had entered some alternate dimension where nothing made sense. Jocelyn's bedroom was a pastel paradise, and he was the unwilling guest of honor at this twisted tea party. He couldn't believe his predicament—or the fact that he was seriously considering wearing women's underwear to keep his job.

“Okay, so I've picked out like six sets of bras and panties for you!” Jocelyn announced with glee, laying them all out on her fluffy pink bedspread. Alan's face contorted in disbelief as he eyed the intimates before him: lacy reds, delicate pinks, sultry blacks, and even one set adorned with tiny bows and hearts.

“You want me to wear your intimates?” he asked, his voice betraying an edge of desperation.

“Why not?” she giggled. “Girlfriends like to share!”

“Not their underwear,” he grumbled, crossing his arms defensively.

“Put these on!” Jocelyn insisted, handing him the first set of lingerie—a lacy black bra and matching thong. “Now put on this skirt and top! Next, these stilettos!” She gestured to a short leather skirt, a tight, low-cut blouse, and a pair of towering black heels.

Alan moaned as he slowly, reluctantly complied, his masculine ego deflating with each item of clothing he donned. He could practically feel his dignity slipping away with every tug of elastic and click of a high heel.

“Aw, look at you!” Jocelyn cooed, circling him like a predator sizing up its prey. “You're so adorable in my clothes. Don't worry, Alana, you'll get used to it.”

Alan gritted his teeth, suppressing the urge to rip off the humiliating ensemble and march out of Jocelyn's apartment. But he knew that wasn't an option—not if he wanted to keep his job. So, for now, he endured the teasing and the laughter, all the while plotting his revenge against the bubbly blonde who had turned his world upside down.

“Ta-da! Now try these!” Jocelyn giggled, holding up the second set of lingerie—a delicate baby blue lace bra with matching panties. Alan's cheeks burned with embarrassment as he stared at the humiliating garments, knowing he had no choice but to obey. “With this dress,” she added, waving a silky white sundress in front of him, “and these sandals!” She pointed to a pair of strappy silver flats.

“Seriously?” Alan muttered through gritted teeth as he took the clothes from her. His hands trembled as he changed into the new outfit, each piece of feminine clothing making him feel more and more like a pathetic joke.

“Wow, Alana, you’re like, really starting to look the part!” Jocelyn giggled, clapping her hands together excitedly. “Your legs are so smooth and pretty!”

“Must you call me that?” Alan snapped, his patience wearing thin. But he knew that angering Jocelyn would only make things worse, so he reluctantly continued playing dress-up, cursing himself for ever thinking that getting involved with women like her was a good idea.

“Here’s your third ensemble!” Jocelyn beamed, showing him another pair of panties and bra—this time in a vibrant red satin material. The thought of wearing yet another set of her lingerie made Alan’s stomach turn, but he held his tongue and pulled them on.

“Ugh, fine,” he grumbled as he reached for the accompanying outfit: a black leather miniskirt and a matching crop top that left little to the imagination. As he struggled with the tight, uncomfortable clothing, he couldn’t help but roll his eyes at the absurdity of it all.

“Ha! You should have been born a girl, Alana!” Jocelyn laughed, snapping a photo of him with her phone. “You’re like, totally rocking that look!”

“Please, no more pictures,” Alan begged, his pride in tatters. Jocelyn’s laughter echoed in his ears, making him seethe with humiliation and rage.

“Aw, don’t be such a baby,” she chided, patting his cheek condescendingly. “You’re just lucky I’m here to help you embrace your inner diva!”

Alan clenched his fists, determined to endure this torturous makeover session and reclaim his rightful place at the top of the corporate ladder. But as he stood there in Jocelyn’s bedroom, decked out in her skimpy clothes and forced to entertain her cruel whims, he couldn’t shake the nagging feeling that things would never be the same again.

Alan stood in front of the full-length mirror, his reflection mocking him as he tried to hold onto whatever shred of dignity he had left. He couldn’t believe this was happening to him - Alan Weiss, the self-assured,

ambitious man who dominated the world of finance, now reduced to a plaything for Jocelyn's amusement.

"Okay, Alana," Jocelyn cooed, pulling out yet another set of lingerie from her seemingly endless supply. "Now for another outfit!" She held up a delicate lace bra and panties, grinning like a cat that had just cornered its prey. "This sexy little number is perfect for you!"

She then grabbed a sleek, form-fitting cocktail dress that she dangled before him like a prize. "It's made of this amazing stretchy fabric that'll cling to your curves. And the best part? It's in a gorgeous shade of emerald green!" She squealed with delight, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Really?" Alan sighed, rolling his eyes but silently cursing his situation. Nevertheless, he stripped off the previous ensemble and reluctantly donned the lace undergarments and slinky dress. As he zipped it up, he felt the tight material hug his body in all the wrong places.

"Wow, you'd make such a pretty prom queen!" Jocelyn laughed, clapping her hands together excitedly. "Don't forget these!" She handed him a pair of strappy black heels that seemed impossibly high. With a groan, he slipped them on, wobbling slightly as he tried to maintain his balance.

"Alright, enough already," Alan grumbled, desperate for this humiliating ordeal to end. But Jocelyn wasn't done with him yet.

"Here, try these on!" She giggled, handing him another pair of panties and bra. This time, they were a playful polka-dot pattern that only added to the absurdity of it all. Along with them, Jocelyn tossed him a pair of denim short shorts and a skimpy bandeau top.

"Let me guess," Alan sighed, his patience wearing thin. "A casual summer look?"

"Exactly!" Jocelyn beamed, clearly enjoying every moment of his torment. "It's like you're a natural at this, Alana!"

As he begrudgingly changed into the new outfit, Alan couldn't help but wonder how he'd ever face his colleagues again. The thought of anyone else seeing him like this was horrifying, yet somehow, Jocelyn's infectious laughter made it all the more unbearable.

"Ooh, I just had a fabulous idea!" Jocelyn exclaimed as she admired her handiwork. "We should totally go on a double date with two real men! You know, show 'em what they're missing out on."

“Are you insane?” Alan snapped, his face burning with indignation. He knew she was teasing, but the thought of actually going out in public like this sent chills down his spine.

“Aw, lighten up, Alana!” Jocelyn pouted playfully, giving him a cheeky wink. “It’s just a bit of fun!”

For Alan, entrapped in a humiliating cocoon of feminine lace, frilly ruffles, and cruel taunts, all of this felt like anything but fun. And as he stared at his reflection, the once-proud man couldn’t help but wonder if he’d ever truly escape Jocelyn’s twisted game.

Alan’s reflection stared back at him, his once-confident eyes now wide with disbelief as he held up the bubble gum pink string bikini Jocelyn had just handed him. The tiny triangles of fabric seemed to taunt him, daring him to put them on and face the ultimate humiliation.

“Isn’t it just adorable?” Jocelyn gushed, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief. “The soft, satin material will feel sooo good against your skin, Alana. And this shade of pink? It’ll totally set off your pretty eyes.”

“Jocelyn, you can’t be serious,” Alan muttered, his voice barely audible over the pounding of his heart. He couldn’t believe that things had come to this point, that he was standing in a woman’s bedroom about to don a bikini for her amusement.

“Of course, I’m serious, silly!” She smirked, placing her hands on her hips as she surveyed his current state of undress. “Now hurry up and put it on. We should hit the beach together, girlfriend!”

With a heavy sigh, Alan began to change into the skimpy swimwear, cursing himself for ever allowing this situation to escalate. As the silky fabric slid over his body, he felt more exposed than ever, and he tried to ignore Jocelyn’s delighted giggles. “You’ll need a full body wax when you wear that, of course, at least a bikini wax is a must.” “

“I’m not getting a body wax! What are you even—”

“I’d suggest you get a Brazilian. The first time they asked if I wanted one I asked, ‘how much is a Brazilian?’ Get it?”

“I get it,” he said, pulling the bikini top into place with a humiliated shudder, “but I’m not getting one—”

“OMG! Looking good, Alana!” Jocelyn teased, clapping her hands together in delight. “Now slip this matching cover up on...so adorable!”

Alan felt stunned. “I can’t believe you made me try on a bikini!” he said, looking at his body in the skimpy swimsuit.

“Yeah and I can’t believe how good it looks on you! No manly bulge at all!” she giggled, “Anyway, I’ve saved the best for last. This sexy club dress will turn all the boys’ heads for sure! It’s made of a stretchy black spandex material that’ll hug your sexy curves, and these strappy stilettos? They’ll give you legs for days!”

“Jocelyn, I really don’t think—”

“Come on, Alana,” she interrupted, her eyes twinkling with amusement, rummaging through her dresser before tossing another pair of panties and bra at him. “You’ve come this far. What’s one more outfit?” She tossed him a sexy red thong and a padded push up bra. “Put these on, girl, then the sexy dress!”

Alan groaned, knowing that with Katrina’s edicts he had little choice but to comply with Jocelyn’s demands. As he reluctantly pulled on the slutty lingerie and the tight-fitting dress, he whined to himself.

Jocelyn laughed, “Now for the shoes!”

He nodded, and soon he teetered in the ridiculously high heels. He felt a deepening sense of shame. He was no longer Alan Weiss, respected finance professional; he was Alana, a plaything for Jocelyn’s twisted amusement.

“Wow, you look so hot!” Jocelyn exclaimed, taking a step back to admire Alana in the scandalously tight and tiny dress. “You’re ready for our big night out!”

“Our big night out? What big night out?” Alan questioned, disquiet disrupting his stomach like a tornado hitting a trailer park.

“Yep! I asked Katrina if I could take you out on the town for a girls’ night of flirting and dancing, and she said yes!”

“There’s absolutely no way! I’d rather—”

“Let’s go clubbing, girl! I was thinking we could just stay here, sip some wine, and gossip about boys, but you look way too hot to hide away in here.”

“Please, Jocelyn,” Alan pleaded, his voice barely above a whisper. “Can we just... can we just stop now?”

“Aw, don’t be such a spoilsport, Alana,” she cooed, her smile never faltering. “After all, it’s just a bit of fun, right?”

But as Alan stared into the mirror, the man he once was fading further away with each passing moment, he knew that the line between fun and

humiliation had long since been crossed. And in the sinister gleam of Jocelyn's delighted gaze, he wondered if he'd ever truly find his way back.

But as he reluctantly donned each outfit, his thoughts turned darker, filled with resentment toward both Jocelyn and Katrina. Mostly bitter at the dominant woman who had stripped him of his power and control.

"Ugh, I feel ridiculous," he muttered under his breath, refusing to meet Jocelyn's gaze in the mirror. Her laughter was a torment, her delight in his humiliation only fueling his anger.

"Aw, don't be like that, Alana!" Jocelyn teased, ignoring his obvious distress. "You're just getting in touch with your feminine side. It's, like, totally empowering or whatever!"

Alan squeezed his eyes shut, desperately trying to block out the unwanted sensory assault—the feel of lace and satin against his skin, the scent of Jocelyn's perfume, and the sound of her incessant giggling. He couldn't help but wonder how he'd ended up here, at the mercy of a woman who barely knew the meaning of the word "empowerment."

Each outfit left him feeling more vulnerable than the last, Alan began to understand that this was about more than just forced feminization or office politics. It was a lesson in humility, a reminder that even the most confident and ambitious individuals could be brought low by circumstances beyond their control.

As he reluctantly modeled the final ensemble, Alan felt something shift within him—a begrudging acceptance of his situation, and a newfound determination to rise above it. He might be playing the role of Alana for now, but underneath the frills and lace, he was still Alan Weiss—and nothing could change that. At least so he thought.

Chapter Five

The next day, Alan put in for two weeks vacation. He'd accrued almost two months during his relentless drive to the top, and decided he'd use the time to find a new job. Rain splattered against the dining room window as Alan sat hunched over his laptop in his small but comfortable home. He'd sent out hundreds of job applications, and checked his email every morning, noon, and night.

He kept scrolling through job listings with frantic desperation. The rejections piled up in his inbox, each one a stark reminder of his new reality—no longer an executive, but a mere secretary. “Damn it,” he muttered under his breath, clicking on yet another posting that seemed promising only to find that he didn't meet the qualifications. The two weeks passed almost before he knew it, leaving him without any options.

Resentment and self-pity coursed through him as he realized he had no choice but to submit to Katrina's twisted demands. His fingers trembled as he typed a terse email to his former boss, confirming his compliance with her ultimatum. “Fine,” he wrote, his stomach churning with humiliation. “I'll wear your damn panties.”

“Be sure you get enough to last through the week, Alana. I'm sure you'll look adorable in them!” came the response almost immediately.

About an hour later, Alan pushed his way through double glass doors. The glaring lights of the Juniors department at Helstrom's large department store felt like a cruel spotlight on his shame as he navigated the labyrinthine racks of lingerie. He could feel the weight of curious eyes on him, their unwelcome gazes slicing into him like surgical scalpels.

As he reached for a pair of silky nylon panties, a voice startled him from behind. “Looking for something special?” Asked a young redheaded saleswoman, her jade eyes shining with amusement. He saw her name tag read “Trisha.”

“Uh, I, um,” Alan stammered, feeling the heat rise in his cheeks. “These. They're. Ah, um. For, uh, a friend.”

“Of course,” she replied, a hint of sarcasm lacing her words. “A friend who prefers silky nylon, I see. What a lucky girl she must be.”

“Right, she's lucky,” he mumbled, trying to ignore the teasing edge in her voice as he pulled four more random pairs of lacy panties from the same display. “She's so very lucky.”

“Does this girlfriend happen to be the same size as you?” she smiled, “maybe you want to try them on?”

“Oh ah, um, no, no thank you.”

“Are you sure?”

“Positive.”

“O.K. Then. Will you be needing any bras, skirts, or pantyhose to go with your—that is your friend’s—pretty panties today?” she asked, smirking openly at his obvious discomfort, “we have a big sale on—”

“Oh God, no!” he blurted before he could stop himself. “I mean, no, thank you.” His face reddened with shame at this whole transaction.

“Suit yourself,” she said, her eyes twinkling with mischief. “But if you ever change your mind, we have a lovely selection of matching sets that go perfectly with your—I mean her—sexy little undies. Also, we have a wide selection of skirts, blouses, dresses—all in your...friend’s size! I’d love to help you pick some out, you know, try them on for size?”

Alan gritted his teeth and forced a smile as he handed her the small stack of panties, his face burning with embarrassment. The ordeal seemed to take an eternity, each moment a cruel mockery of his former life.

“Have a great day, Miss! Come back any time!” the redhead smirked as he turned to flee from the store, clutching his purchases tightly against his chest. “Oh, and give my regards to your ‘friend.’” she called after him giggling as he dashed away as fast as he could. As the doors slid shut behind him, Alan swallowed hard. He felt the weight of this latest humiliation pressing down on his shoulders.

“If it was that embarrassing just buying these, how bad will it be to wear them?” he wondered. He knew that this was just the beginning—a mere taste of the challenges that lay ahead.

All that night, Alan tossed and turned in his bed, the sheets tangling around his legs. Each time he closed his eyes, Trisha’s taunting smile haunted him. Her teasing voice echoed in his ears: “Will you be needing any bras, skirts, or pantyhose today?” And, “I can help you try them on for size!” Her questions and suggestions burrowed deeply into his brain, feeding on his humiliation and fear.

“She knew they were for me, damn it,” he muttered, “how could she know?” He punched his pillow in frustration. Sleep was as elusive as his disappearing dignity, leaving him to wrestle with his demeaning feminized fate in the dark.

Morning arrived with all the subtlety of a sledgehammer, its harsh light ripping through the thin curtains and assaulting his bleary eyes. He dragged himself out of bed, his body heavy with exhaustion and dread. He stood before his closet, staring at the row of impeccably tailored suits that had once been his armor against the world. Today, they represented something else entirely: a last-ditch effort to cling to his crumbling identity.

“Alright, Weiss,” he mumbled, trying to psych himself up. “You can do this.” With a shaky hand, he reached for the bag of silky nylon panties he’d bought the day before, their mere presence enough to make his stomach churn. He slipped a pair of lavender lacy panties onto his body over his shrunken manhood.

He shivered with shame and overwhelmingly emasculating sensations, feeling their smooth fabric caress his skin like a lover’s whisper. More like a whispered betrayal.

“Great, just great,” he sighed, adjusting his tie with a grimace. “I look like the same old Alan, but underneath I’m the poster boy for emasculation.” But there was no time for self-pity. He still had a humiliating gauntlet to run. He squared his shoulders, determined to face whatever Katrina had in store for him with as much grace as a man wearing women’s underwear could muster.

“Watch out, world,” he muttered sarcastically, locking the front door behind him. “Here comes Alan Weiss, the secretarial sex symbol.”

Alan entered the office, his emotions waging an epic battle within him. Shame and indignation warred over his psyche, while desperation clawed at the edges of his consciousness.

“Morning, Alana,” Jessica laughed as he passed her office. The mocking lilt in her voice was as sharp as the talons of a bird of prey, digging into his already wounded pride.

“Morning,” he replied through tightly clenched teeth, forcing a smile that felt like it belonged on someone else’s face.

“Ready for another day of fetching Katrina’s coffee and organizing files?” she asked, her eyes glittering with amusement.

“Absolutely,” he said, injecting as much false enthusiasm into his words as he could muster. “I’m practically vibrating with excitement.”

“Good,” Katrina smirked, stepping into view. “And I hope you didn’t forget to wear those panties as I *requested*. We wouldn’t want you to feel too... masculine, would we?”

“Perish the thought,” Alan muttered, striding toward his tiny desk with all the dignity he had left. Which was about none. As he sat down, the silky fabric shifted against his skin, a constant reminder of his new reality. He seethed in silence, vowing, “I’m going to find some way to reclaim my former position—no matter what it takes!”

His breathing accelerated as he steamed. “Watch your back, Katrina!” He tried to rally himself, his eyes narrowing with determination. “This may be your game, but I’ll be damned if I let you win.”

As if she could read his mind, the emboldened and dominant boss said, “Ah Alana! It’s time for your panty check. Would you rather we do that in my office or out here in front of everyone?”

“Um ah, can me do it in your office, please, Ms. Karpov?” he sighed, “I’d hate for anyone to watch you—”

“Very well! Jocelyn, please join us!”

“What! It’s bad enough that you insist on making me expose my underwear! You’re not letting that bimbo see—”

“Alana! In my office! Now!” the boss yelled, her anger overflowing.

Another ego obliterating spanking ensued. This time, Katrina had Jocelyn administer Alan’s punishment using a hard wooden paddle. The feminine little office girl giggled when she saw his pretty pink panties. “I have like the same ones!” she laughed.

She kept laughing as she spanked Alan’s exposed ass, crushing his pride while making him cry out in pain. The rest of the day only further cemented Alan’s lowly new position at the firm.

In the aftermath of their heated argument, Katrina wanted to make sure he knew his place. “If you’re so insistent on acting like a petulant child,” she declared with an air of mock concern, “I suppose I’ll just have to treat you like one.”

“Excuse me?” Alan whined, his face flushing with embarrassment.

“You’ll find out soon enough! For now, fetch me an espresso, Alana,” Katrina commanded, “and get a coffee for Jocelyn too!”

“Sure thing, Ma’am,” he replied through clenched teeth, rising from his chair with an exaggerated flourish. He could feel the silky material of the panties shifting uncomfortably beneath his suit, a mocking reminder of his newly subservient role in the office hierarchy.

As he made his way to the break room, he focused on the rhythmic tap of his polished shoes against the linoleum floor, trying to block out the

whispers and giggles that seemed to follow him wherever he went.

Katrina's spartan order was easy. Jocelyn's of course was a typical girly girl drink. He cleared his throat and ordered, "Plain double shot espresso, and a skinny vanilla latte, extra foam, and don't forget the cinnamon, please," he muttered under his breath, repeating the bubble head's preferred order. The barista behind the counter raised an eyebrow at his feminine order, but Alan ignored her judgmental gaze, forcing himself to maintain eye contact despite the heat creeping up his neck.

"Here you go, Miss, one for you and one for your boyfriend" she said, sliding the two steaming cups across the counter with a barely suppressed smirk. "Enjoy your drink."

"Thanks, enjoy your no tip!" he mumbled, snatching the cups and turning on his heel. As he retraced his steps back to Katrina's office, he couldn't help but notice the knowing glances exchanged between his colleagues, their smiles, hushed whispers, and outright laughter stabbing at his fragile pride.

"Your coffee, Ms. Karpov," he announced, "and yours, Jocelyn." He carefully placed the cups in front of the women with a forced smile. Katrina looked up from her computer screen, her probing eyes flicking over him in a way that made him feel exposed and vulnerable.

"Thank you, Alana," she purred, taking a delicate sip and smirking at his obvious discomfort. "Now, why don't you girls run along? Joss, show Alana how to make those copies I asked for?"

"Of course!" the perky girl said, "Let's go Alana!"

"You know you don't have to call me Alana," he said the moment they were out of Katrina's hearing. His voice was tight with barely restrained frustration.

"Oh yes, we all do!" Jocelyn giggled, "orders from the boss!"

"From Kat— I mean Ms. Karpov?"

"From Ms. Waterston herself, actually!" the blonde smiled, "you know Ms. W. calls you 'little Miss Alana'? It's like such a totally cute name for you! Don't you just love it?"

The pair made their way through stares and snide remarks to the copy center. There, Jocelyn showed Alan the tricks and techniques for making perfect copies. She directed him to complete five different tasks for Katrina, catching glimpses of orders and rules, even some directives relating to him personally. When they'd finished, Alan delivered the copies to his nemesis.

“Not to me you silly girl!” she laughed, “distribute them to everyone!”

“She’s trying her best,” Jocelyn said, “but she’s sort of an air head!”

The two women laughed loudly at that, even louder when the blonde office girl slapped Alan on the ass, sending him off on his way. It took him hours to hand out the five different print runs to five different groups of people, the silky fabric of the panties tickling him with each step.

He retreated, exhausted to the humiliating position at his desk, and glared at the nameplate that read “Alana Weiss.” He took a deep breath, reminding himself of the consequences of quitting, and focused on finding a way to navigate this new reality. Over and over, he considered his options. “Escape is impossible, at least for now,” he muttered, “but I will find some way out of this mess!”

As the day wore on, Alan found himself buried under an avalanche of demeaning tasks and interactions. Each one chipped away at his sense of self and masculinity, leaving him feeling like a shell of the man he used to be. But through it all, he fought to maintain his composure, determined to find a way to regain his former position and authority.

“Keep up the good work, Alana,” Katrina cooed as she left for the day, leaving her assistant with a harsh dose of insincere praise. “We wouldn’t want you to lose focus now, would we?”

“Never, Ms. Karpov,” he replied, his tone flat as he fought to hide the icy sarcasm he wanted to employ. “I live to serve.”

“Good girl,” she chuckled, her laughter echoing down the hallway long after she had disappeared from sight.

Alan ground his teeth, vowing that he would find a way to reclaim his rightful place—no matter how long it took.

As the afternoon shadows lengthened and the office began to empty, Alan slumped in his little chair, utterly drained by the ordeals of the day. The humiliating teasing of the silky panties seemed to grow more unnerving with each passing moment. He couldn’t shake the feeling that every eye in the office was on him, scrutinizing his every move. He glanced nervously at his nameplate, as if expecting it to leap off the desk and attack him.

“Rough day, Alana?” Jessica asked sweetly, leaning against the wall with a huge smirk. “You look like you could use a drink.”

“Thanks for the sympathy, Jessica,” Alan replied, rolling his eyes, “but I think I’ll pass on the company tonight.”

“Suit yourself,” she shrugged, her voice filled with false concern. “But remember, misery loves company—especially when it’s dressed in silk and lace.”

“Ha-ha,” he muttered, forcing a weak smile. “Very funny.”

“Cheer up, Alana,” Jessica said, patting him on the shoulder. “It’s just a little bump in the road. You’ll get over it. And who knows? Maybe you’ll learn to love your new job and your new wardrobe.”

“Or maybe I’ll claw my way back to the top and make Katrina regret ever crossing me,” Alan thought bitterly as Jessica sauntered away. But as he sat there, mulling over his options and nursing his wounded pride, he felt an overwhelming sense of helplessness. It was as if his very identity had been stripped away, replaced by this humiliating caricature of femininity.

“Is this really what my life has come to?” he wondered, staring blankly at the rows of cubicles that stretched out before him like a vast, soulless maze. “Am I doomed to spend the rest of my days fetching coffee and filing paperwork while my dignity slowly withers away?”

He sighed, rubbing his temples in frustration. “No,” he vowed silently. “I won’t let this defeat me. I’ll find a way to regain my position and my self-respect—even if I have to wear these ridiculous panties every day for the rest of my life.”

With that thought in mind, Alan—or Alana, as he was now universally known at the firm—steeled himself for the humiliating challenges that lay ahead, determined to survive in this new world of emasculation and forced feminization.

As he gathered his belongings and prepared to leave the office, he felt a strange sense of determination. “Bring it on, Katrina,” he thought grimly. “I may be down, but I’m not out yet.”

He was totally wrong about that, as he was soon to learn, much to his intense and mind shattering mortification.

Chapter Six

The next morning, Alan strode into the office, trying to remain confident as he focused on the day ahead. His charcoal gray suit, impeccably tailored to accentuate his slim physique, concealed a secret beneath it. A humiliating secret that he hoped would remain hidden: his newly purchased panties. Their silky fabric caressed his tender skin, giving him an unnerving sense of effeminate emasculation.

“Ah, Alana. Just the girl I wanted to see,” Katrina drawled, her voice mocking her helpless assistant. Her mocking eyes pierced through him as she loomed over him. She leaned against the doorframe of her office, arms crossed in front of her powerful frame. “I must say, I’ve heard some very interesting rumors about your...undergarments today.” She smirked at his ashen face. “To be honest, I may have started those rumors!”

Little did Alan realize, the office rumor mill worked faster than he could imagine. A murmuring ripple spread throughout the small crowd gathered around the nearby water coolers. The mainly male sales staff whispered and laughed as he looked at them. He tried to stare them down, but they just exchanged amused glances. Alan’s face flushed crimson from this unfamiliar failure, heat radiating from his cheeks as he clenched his jaw.

“Katrina, this is hardly appropriate workplace conversation,” he hissed, trying to maintain his composure despite the waves of humiliation washing over him. Feeling attacked, he fell back on his usual bullying tactics. They wouldn’t work this time, or ever again, but he didn’t realize that new dynamic yet.

“Of course, you’re right,” she said with a smirk, her voice loud enough for everyone to hear, “but I can’t help but wonder something.”

“You wonder what?”

“What a man like you, so desperate to assert his masculinity, is doing wearing lacy panties under his suit.” When Alan gasped, Katrina continued with false remorse, “Oh I’m so sorry, Alana! You didn’t want everyone to know about your little fetish?” Uproarious laughter exploded from everyone around them at that. Alan could tell their respect for him was collapsing.

“How dare you!” he spat, taking a step towards her. His breathing heavy, and his heart racing. The room spun around him for a moment as he

tried to process what had just happened. “You made me wear them!” he cried in anguish, “You have no right to talk about—”

“To talk about your desire to become a girl?” Katrina finished for him.

“What? What are you talking about? I don’t want to become a girl!”

“Then why are you wearing pretty panties?”

“I’ll get you for this!” he raged.

Katrina simply smirked back at him, unfazed by his anger. “Oh but you won’t do anything of the kind,” she purred, her voice filled with confidence now. “After all, who do you think left these little gems on your desk? Consider them a present from me, Alana!” She waved a pair of black lacy panties in front of his face, causing the others in the office to erupt into even louder laughter.

Women and men alike made disparaging comments. Alan stood frozen in the center of the room, the weight of humiliation pressing down on him. The once-respected executive felt the burning gazes of his ex-girlfriends and colleagues. Katrina’s sinister grin added to his torment as she reveled in his public disgrace.

The men’s mocking taunts echoed in Alan’s ears, each word striking a fresh blow to his already shattered confidence. “When are you getting that sex change, Alana?” one man jeered, his laughter ringing out like a cruel melody. The women’s offers of feminine clothing items cut just as deep, their condescending smiles twisting into grotesque masks of superiority.

The men were merciless, but the women were just as cruel. “Oh, I have an adorable skirt you can borrow, Alana,” one girl sneered, flicking her long blonde hair over her shoulder. The others joined in, offering up various items of feminine clothing and makeup for him.

Alana stood frozen in place, her heart pounding in her chest as she listened to the girls’ cruel taunts. The room felt suffocating, the air thick with anticipation and malice. Each word uttered by the ex-girlfriends cut through him, their laughter ringing in her ears like a warped melody.

“You can borrow my sapphire blue sequined ball gown, Alana,” another laughed. Her icy blue eyes glinted with amusement as she circled Alan, her gaze raking over every inch of his form.

“Maybe some frilly panties to match that lacy dress,” another suggested with a sly grin, her red lips curling into a mocking smile. “And how about a corset to cinch in that waspish waist?”

The cruelty in their words was palpable, threatening to choke Alan. As each girl took turns describing the sexy, frilly feminine items they'd love to see him wearing, the office space became an abyss of shame. The details they painted with their words were vivid, each suggestion more degrading than the last.

As the workplace filled with a cacophony of ridicule and scorn, Alan felt a surge of despair welling up inside him. The once-ambitious executive who'd commanded respect now stood before them all, stripped of his dignity. Every snide remark, every derisive chuckle, served as a reminder of how far he had fallen.

An even more stark reminder ensued as Katrina grabbed him by the arm and dragged him to a spot in front of the jeering crowd. "Strip!" she commanded, her voice carrying unquestionable authority.

"Wh-what? H- h- h- here? In fact- f- f- front of everyone? N- n- n- no way!" Alan stammered, his alarm and anger momentarily overriding his fear of another paddling at his boss's hand.

Katrina's highly intelligent and sparkling eyes narrowed as she looked Alan up and down with a sinister grin during the morning panty check. "Strip," she repeated, enunciating each syllable with icy precision, "or I'll spank you and then have you fired for insubordination—breaking your contract and costing you—"

"Yes, Ma'am!" he simpered, "I'm doing it now, Ms. Karpov!"

With a reluctant sigh, Alan pulled down his pants, revealing his diminutive manhood. The surrounding women laughed and made insulting gestures, holding their thumbs and fingers an inch apart while the men winced. Katrina smirked, her gaze unwavering. "My, my," she purred, "isn't that just the most pathetic little clitty you've ever seen?"

"Shut up," he muttered, his cheeks burning with humiliation.

"Aw, poor baby," Katrina cooed, her tone sarcastic.

She retrieved a chastity device from her purse and held it out for everyone to see. "Who wants to help me with this? Jessica?"

Smiling, the blonde stepped up through the throng and took the tiny metal contraption from Katrina who held Alan in a headlock and held him helplessly on display, nearly naked from the waist down.

"Do the honors, Miss Dwyer!" she said, as the newly promoted executive locked the emasculating cock cage around his genitals with a satisfying click.

“There!” Katrina proclaimed, “now you can focus on your work without any...distractions.”

“What did you just do...Ma’am?” Alan asked, astonished and abashed.

“Something someone should’ve done a long time ago! Now pull up your pants and get back to work!”

“Fine!” he hissed to himself, shaking his head as he grasped his boxers and trousers, hiding his shame. He whispered “I’ll play your little game for now. But I won’t forget this.”

“Of course not! Why would you forget the first real step in your complete emasculation?” Katrina agreed, her voice oozing with condescension. “In fact, to help you truly embrace your new role as my secretary, I expect you to wear a pair of silky nylon panties to work every day from now on.”

“Ugh!” Alan groaned, trying to ignore the queasy feeling in his stomach. “You can’t be serious?” he challenged.

“I am serious! Deadly serious,” she replied, smirking at his discomfort. “You have two weeks to comply, or else you’ll face termination along with the huge penalty for default.”

“We’ll see about that!” he spat, cursing under his breath as the chastity device chafed against his skin. He knew that getting fired or quitting would lead to professional and financial ruin. That left him trapped in Katrina’s web. “But wearing panties?” he fumed, “I can’t possibly do that!”

The crowd’s laughter swirled around him like a whirlwind, threatening to engulf him entirely in its cruel embrace. As he stood there, surrounded by so many people who reveled in his downfall, he swore vengeance on them all. As their mockery echoed throughout the office, he realized that the damage done to his reputation staggered his imagination.

He felt his face burning with embarrassment and anger. He staggered in the aftermath of this shockwave of emasculating exposure. He clenched his fists tightly at his sides, ready to strike out in defense. His eyes darted around nervously, hoping to catch the gaze of someone who would support him but finding only amused looks or outright mockery.

The humiliation was too much for him; he felt like he was going to pass out from it all. All eyes were on him now, judging him, laughing at him. He could feel their heat on his skin like a blanket of fire ants crawling

all over him, stinging unbearably. He turned around abruptly and stormed off towards the men's bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

The sound echoed through the large empty room, followed by a loud click as he locked himself inside one of the stalls. Fury coursed through Alan's veins, igniting a burning need for revenge. Reduced to a mere shell of his former self, he clenched his eyes tightly, wishing all of this away.

In that moment of unbearable humiliation, his resolve wavered. The weight of Katrina's manipulation and cruelty bore down on him like an insurmountable burden. "She expects me to wear panties and have everyone call me Alana!" he fumed, "How can I ever survive this?"

"I won't let Katrina get away with ridiculing me in front of our colleagues ever again!" he decided, and his mind raced as he plotted possible ways to take her down. "Maybe just exposing her manipulative tactics would give me the opening I need?" Alan asked himself.

He had a hunch there was more to her ruthless climb up the corporate ladder than met the eye. Alan's spies had done their work weeks before when they were still vying for the Executive VP position. The next time Katrina tried to upbraid him for his past inappropriate behavior toward female staff, he struck back with everything he had.

"Speaking of inappropriate behavior," he said, trying to regain control of the office, "I think it's time we address the elephant in the room." He pulled out a thick folder and waved it in front of Katrina's face. "Embezzlement, Katrina? Really?"

She seized the proffered papers and quickly rifled through them. "Is that all you've got?" she asked. Her tone shifted from dismissive to icy as she flicked her wrist, scattering the documents across the floor. "You'll need more than these baseless accusations if you want to play this game, Alan."

"Baseless? I've got proof and you're looking right at it," he growled, bending down to pick up the folder. "I intend to use it."

"By all means, go ahead, do your worst!" Katrina replied, her grin cold and calculating. "Just remember that you're not the only one here who knows secrets, Alan. Or should I say...Alana? I've kept copious notes documenting your abuses and dalliances with female employees. I've prepared a full presentation for Ms. Waterston, and she's already agreed to meet me to discuss your future."

Alan's heart hammered in his chest as his palms grew slick with sweat. He knew he was vulnerable, but he also resolved not to let Katrina

win. With every ounce of courage he could muster, he stared her down, determined to expose her for who she really was. “Game on, Katrina,” he snarled, his voice venomous. “Game on!” he said, gathering the loose pages, “I’m sure Ms. W. will find this information most interesting!”

Alan’s heart raced as he brandished the folder, expecting triumphant victory. Instead, Katrina smirked and leaned back in her chair, a predator toying with her prey. “Oh, Alana,” she cooed, tapping a manicured nail on her desk. “You really thought you had me, didn’t you? Recheck the name on those accounts you used to embezzle from the firm—”

“Wh-what do you mean?” he stammered, his bravado evaporating.

“Allow me to enlighten you,” she said, revealing her own set of documents. Alan’s blood ran cold as he recognized his forged signature at the bottom of several incriminating transactions. “I anticipated your move, dear. And now it appears that you’re the one guilty of embezzlement, not me.”

Alan felt his stomach churn, realizing he was trapped in Katrina’s twisted web. Before he could react, she seized him by the collar and yanked him over her knee, his face turning bright red as their colleagues watched in shock.

“Time for some more discipline, Alana,” Katrina purred, raising her hand and delivering a firm paddle to Alan’s backside through his pink panties. Each swat sent a jolt of pain and humiliation shooting through him, further dismantling any remnants of his masculinity.

Alan lost count of the painful strikes after the fifth ravaged his mind. Still, the tall, powerful executive continued the barrage of blows against his bright red behind. As she finally released him, Katrina’s voice dripped with disdain. “From now on, you’ll wear a bra and pantyhose to work as well as panties. It suits someone as delicate as you, don’t you think?”

“Please, no,” Alan whispered, his eyes welling up with tears, “I’ll be good!”

“Oh? You’ll be a good girl for me?”

“Y- y- yes....” he moaned miserably, “so long as I—”

“Say it!” she demanded.

“Say what?” he gasped, still disoriented from the painful paddling.

“You know what!” she smirked.

“O.K. I’ll be a, um, ah, a good girl!”

“Such a sweet promise from such a sweet good little girl!”

“Then I don’t have to wear a bra and pantyhose?”

“Of course you have to wear them!” Katrina grinned, “after all, what else would a sweet good little girl like you wear?”

He wanted to scream, to tell her he refused, but it was no use. He had lost all power in this cruel game.

“Get used to it, sweetheart,” she said, reveling in his despair. “Or would you rather I expose your little embezzlement secret and get you fired? You’ll probably end up in jail and never work in finance again when you get out....”

“N- n- no, I’ll wear them,” he said. Defeated and humiliated, Alan nodded his compliance before slinking out of the office.

“Another announcement!” Katrina said, following him out of her office, “for now on, everyone is to call my assistant by her new name, Alana!”

The laughter of his colleagues echoed in his ears as he made his way to the same department store, dreading the purchase he was about to make. After entering the store, Alan stood once more in the brightly lit lingerie department. His face burned with humiliation as he eyed the racks of lacy bras and delicate pantyhose.

Clutching his shopping basket tightly, he glanced furtively around before reaching out tentatively to pull a bra from the nearest display, only to be startled by a familiar voice behind him.

“Can I help you find something?” It was Trisha the saleswoman from before. “Are you here to buy all the rest of your feminine finery this time? She asked with a knowing smirk.

“Uh, no, well, I um mean, actually, I have tom yeah, ah um I uh well,” Alan stammered hopelessly, his cheeks flushing a deeper shade of red with each word he uttered. Leaning in close to her he whispered, “I need some, um, bras and some ah pantyhose.”

“What’s that?” she smirked, “I didn’t hear you?”

“I uh, I need some bras and um ah pantyhose?”

“Of course you do!” she replied, her eyes gleaming with mischief. “Let’s start off with the bras. First, we’ll find the perfect fit for you, shall we?”

As the ebullient sales girl led him through the maze of racks towards the row of women’s dressing rooms, Alan felt a growing sense of dread. He knew that this humiliation was just another step in his ongoing degradation

at the hands of his nemesis Katrina. Still, he knew he had no choice. He couldn't defy her demands.

"I have to either comply with Katrina's orders," he reminded himself, feeling a panic attack threatening to reduce him to a train wreck, "or else risk a lifetime of unemployment, bankruptcy, a prison sentence and—"

"Here we are," she announced happily, breaking him out of his dangerous train of thought just before it went off the rails. Gesturing toward a dressing room she said, "Why don't you try on a few bras to see which one feels right? Here's five you can start with. I'll wait right here."

"Thanks," Alan muttered, slipping into the dressing room with an armful of sexy, lacy ladies' items in a variety of colors and sizes. As he awkwardly fumbled with the clasps and straps, he heard her teasing voice from a few feet away.

"Remember, Alana, it's all about finding the best support and comfort," she called, clearly enjoying his shame. "You wouldn't want to feel restricted in the middle of a meeting, would you?"

"Got it," Alan mumbled, feeling a wave of shame wash over him as he finally managed to fasten one of the bras around his chest. His reflection in the mirror mocked him, the lace and silk a stark contrast to the masculine image he had always cultivated.

"Looking good! Nice and practical, but still pretty!" Trisha exclaimed, "of course we'll get you an especially sexy one for dates!" Peering in as Alan hid from view in the dressing room she said, "Oh! You look absolutely adorable in that one."

"Can we please just get this over with?" Alan snapped at her, his patience wearing thin. "How many bras do I need?"

"Of course," she replied, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "I've selected six assorted bras in size 34 B for you, along with twenty pairs of pantyhose in different deniers—ultra sheer, sheer, semi-opaque, and opaque. I already picked out the matching panties in thong and bikini styles."

Alan groaned when she said, "Come on princess! I'll ring these up for you at the register!" With a heavy heart, he paid for the panties, bras and pantyhose, the swipe of his credit card chipped away at his crumbling sense of self.

The next morning, Alan stood outside his office building, steeling himself for the inevitable humiliation that awaited him. Clad in one of his

usual impeccably tailored suits, he knew that soon everyone would know that beneath it lay a layer of feminine undergarments, a constant reminder of his new feminization and submission to Katrina.

As he stepped into the elevator, he could feel the weight of curious gazes on him, even though his co-workers had no idea what he was hiding. At least not yet. Their pitying eyes seemed to bore into him, knowing that something had changed but not quite putting their finger on it.

“Morning, Miss Weiss,” one of his colleagues greeted him, mockery in her voice. “You look... different today.”

“Thanks,” Alan muttered, his face hot with embarrassment. He feared that his already traumatic transformation was far from complete, and that the days ahead would bring more punishment and degradation. He knew that for now, all he could do was endure the contemptuous stares and whispered snickers, his once unshakable confidence shattered seemingly beyond repair.

After his demeaning morning tasks of making and passing out coffee, Alan sat at his desk. He squirmed, feeling the uncomfortable slinkiness of his panties, the tightness of his lace bra, and the constriction of the pantyhose beneath his suit. He clenched his jaw, desperate to escape the torment inflicted by Katrina. He decided that it was time to take drastic measures.

“Ms. Waterston,” he began, tapping lightly on the CEO’s door. “I need to talk to you about... something important.”

“Make it quick, Weiss,” Evelyn replied, not even bothering to look up from her paperwork. “I have an important meeting in ten minutes.”

“Katrina has been manipulating me,” Alan blurted out. He hesitated, unsure of how much to reveal. “She found out about my...situation and has been using it against me. She’s forcing me to wear things, feminine things.” He gestured vaguely at his body, unwilling to be more specific.

“Is that so?” Ms. Waterston raised an eyebrow, finally looking at him. Her eyes flicked to the subtle outlines of the bra straps barely showing under his shirt, then back to his face. “And what would you like me to do about it?”

“Something! Anything!” Alan pleaded. “She’s humiliating me in front of everyone! She’s turning me into some kind of office joke.”

“Mr. Weiss,” she said, placing emphasis on the word Mr., “we expect all of our employees to handle their interpersonal matters outside the office.

You yourself took advantage of that policy for years. We don't have time for petty squabbles. Now, if you'll excuse me..." She waved her hand dismissively, signaling the end of their conversation.

Chapter Seven

Feeling utterly defeated, Alan slunk back to his desk, only to find Katrina waiting for him with a sinister grin. Her jade eyes sparkled with malicious delight as she spoke. “So, you tried to tattle on me, did you little Alana? How pathetic.”

“Please, Katrina,” he begged. “Just let this go. I’ve learned my lesson.”

“Clearly, you haven’t learned your lesson well enough. For one thing you’re never to call me by my first name!” She motioned for him to follow her into her office. “Assume the position, Alana.”

“Wh-what?” Alan stuttered, feeling the blush rise on his cheeks.

“Over my desk, Alana” Katrina coolly ordered, picking up a hard wooden paddle from her top drawer. “Now.”

With a heavy heart, Alan bent over her desk, desperately trying to maintain a shred of dignity in this humiliating situation. The first swat of the paddle made him gasp, and by the fifth, tears were streaming down his face. His flimsy pink panties offered little protection against the sharp sting.

“Enough!” he cried out between sobs. “Please, stop!”

“Fine, I’ll stop—for now,” Katrina said coolly, setting the paddle aside. “But I’ve decided that your punishment is far from over. I’m going to transform you into a beautiful bubble-headed bimbo.”

“Y-you can’t be serious,” Alan stammered, wiping away his tears.

“I am serious. Deadly serious,” she countered. “From now on, you’ll wear skirts and dresses to work, along with makeup and high heels. You’ll be at the beck and call of all of the secretaries. They all will outrank you. And don’t even think about resisting or running away—I have enough dirt on you to ruin your career and your life. We both know that.”

Alan’s heart raced as he realized there was no escape from his fate. The humiliation would only intensify, but what choice did he have? With a bitter resigned sigh, he nodded, submitting to Katrina’s cruel and unyielding dominance.

Alan’s pride wilted like a flower doused in acid as Katrina finished detailing her plans for his transformation. “You’ll dress like a feminine little ditz every day in cute little outfits, lingerie, and the highest heels you can manage.”

He could already feel the weight of the heels on his feet, the constriction of the pantyhose, and the humiliation of walking through the office dressed as a

an object of ridicule.

“Katrina, please,” he begged, dropping to his knees. “I can’t do this. Everyone will laugh at me.” Tears welled up in his eyes, blurring the cold smirk on her face. “I’ll never survive as an office girl.”

“Aw, poor Alana,” mocked Katrina with a cruel laugh. The sound scraped against Alan’s shattered nerves like sandpaper. “You should have thought of that before you tried to defy me and get me fired! Now, you’re going to be the office bimbo slut and—”

“Please don’t call me that!” Alan cried, choking on a sob. “I’m begging you, have mercy!”

“Mercy?” Katrina rolled her eyes, clearly enjoying every moment of Alan’s suffering. “Tell me, when you were strutting around here, lording your supposed superiority over everyone else, did you ever show mercy?”

She tapped a perfectly manicured finger against her chin, feigning thoughtful contemplation. “No, really I don’t think you ever did. So why should I show you any mercy now?”

“Because... I’ve learned my lesson. I promise I’ll be better!” he pleaded. Desperation bubbled beneath his pleas, threatening to boil over. “Just please please don’t make me wear those... things.”

“Ah, but that’s where you’re wrong, little darling girl! See, it’s not enough to learn your lesson—you must also pay the price for your arrogance. And what better way than parading you around here all done up like a pretty little doll?”

Alan’s body quivered in anticipated humiliation. It was as if each word she said cost him a piece of his soul. “Please...” Alan whispered, his voice barely audible, “please don’t do this to me?”

“Save your breath, sweetie.” Katrina leaned down, her eyes icy daggers as she looked into his tear-filled ones. “You’re going to wear sexy skirts, sky high heels, and slutty makeup. You’ll be my very own office girl—helpless, humiliated, and completely under my control.”

Alan shivered, cold dread wrapping itself around him like a blanket of ice. He knew then that he was utterly powerless against Katrina. He was nothing but a plaything for her twisted amusement. With each passing moment, the reality of his inescapable inevitable impending feminization loomed larger, threatening to swallow him whole.

Alan stood in the doorway of Katrina’s spacious office, sharp painful envy stabbing at him as he took in the lavish surroundings. The rich mahogany

desk dominated the room, surrounded by floor-to-ceiling windows that offered an unparalleled view of the city skyline. It was an office fit for a titan of industry, and it should have been his.

“Get in here right now, Alana,” Katrina commanded, her tone showing her condescension. “Pull down your pants and unbutton your shirt! It’s time for your bra and panties check.”

Alan, now known by one and all as Alana, shuffled slowly, sadly into the room. Standing next to her, he felt small and insignificant compared to the towering woman who’d so easily orchestrated his complete downfall. She motioned for him to lower his pants, and smirked as he complied. He wince under Katrina’s harsh glare as she looked him up and down, her emerald eyes boring into him.

“Very cute panties, dear, now your shirt!”

He felt cheap and objectified as he slowly unbuttoned his blue shirt. Even more so as she mocked, “That lacy little push up bra looks so sweet on you! What do you say, girl?” Her tone sounded as icy and domineering as ever. Facing up to his boss’s deep freezing gaze, Alan felt his cheeks heating up.

Fuming, he somehow managed to force himself to whisper a soft “Thank you, Ma’am,” through clenched teeth.

“Yes, such cute undies. Still, I’m very disappointed in you, Alana,” she sighed theatrically, “I thought that making you wear pretty panties would cure you of your toxic masculinity. It helped a little bit, but not nearly enough.”

As his boss spoke, Alan’s humiliation intensified. He knew that he was losing every shred of his former identity under her cruelty. During these inspections, he’d hopelessly endured her evident enjoyment as she continued stripping away his masculinity from him piece by humiliating piece.

Despite the flash of fury he felt, he understood that there was nothing he could do except nod meekly as his mistress continued to pour scorn and ridicule upon him. He knew that he was helpless to resist her, that he had to accept this abuse as his new reality.

“Even adding a bra and pantyhose didn’t make enough of a difference in your attitude, did it?” she asked, then tsked, “such a shame, that means we have to do more to improve your attitude. A lot more!”

“What do you mean we have to do a lot more?” Alan gasped, “I’ve already done everything you told me to do, even—”

“I’d hoped that making you wear lingerie would cure your lingering male ego,” she rudely interrupted her underling, “but like I was saying, no even adding a bra and pantyhose under your clothes helped enough. Luckily we can do so much more to change your point of view....”

Alan stood before his abusive boss. The unspoken implications of he trailed off taunting words weighed heavily upon him. This, amplified by his own submissive shame. His gaze darted around the office, taking in the expensive modern furniture and the floor-to-ceiling windows that provided a breathtaking view of the cityscape far below.

Another wave of jealous resentment hammered into him. “All this should have been mine!” he fumed internally, “how did I let Katrina defeat me?” In the oppressive silence, he daydreamed, “It should be me as the Executive V.P. with her relegated to serving as my assistant, not the other way around!”

Still, he knew all too well that she’d won and demoted him. She’d gotten the powerful job and the big corner office, while he’d been forced to sit outside her domain and run menial errands for her. He’d been dominated, spanked, and locked into chastity. The tiny cruel device provided a constant mocking reminder of his fall from grace.

Remembering his lowly position, Alan softly whined, “I’m sorry,” his voice barely audible, “I’m doing my best.”

“Yes, but your best obviously isn’t good enough,” Katrina replied with a malicious smile that sent shivers down Alan’s spine. She sat behind his massive desk and leaned back in her leather chair. She began tapping his fingers rhythmically as her eyes gleamed brightly. “I have an idea....”

Seeing that all too familiar predatory grin, Alan’s heart raced. His worried mind filled with nightmarish imagery, wondering what new humiliation she might have planned for him. “An... idea?” he ventured, his stomach twisted into knots.

“Indeed,” Katrina purred, her smile growing even more sinister. “You’ll see soon enough, my dear.”

He felt intractably entrapped in an awful web of degradation she’d spun. Every part of him screamed for escape. He risked glaring at her, as some stubborn ember of hope refused to die. He longed to regain his dominance and he resisted Katrina’s efforts to snuff out his resistance.

As if detecting his insubordination, she growled, “Just make sure you’re here at close of business today, prepared for whatever I have in store. Now, go

and do your coffee rounds, Alana!”

Bristling at this demeaning treatment, Alan walked away from this latest demeaning interaction. Moments later, he stood at the fancy coffee machine preparing the morning orders. As he worked, a group of five men gathered around him in the combination break room and kitchen.

“Twenty bucks says they’re pink,” snickered one coworker as he and the other four began exchanging wagers on the color of Alan’s panties. Their cruel laughter and sneers assaulted Alan’s sense of self as each man tried to outdo the other with outrageous bets and lewd comments.

“Come on, we all know they’re probably frilly and white,” another chimed in, “with cute little bows.”

“My guess is a slutty candy apple red!” a third man laughed, smirking as Alan shook shamefaced before them, burning with humiliation and anger. He seethed, barely containing the nearly overpowering urge to unleash his fury on these men. Men he used to boss around, but who now felt free to torment him. He knew better than to strike back.

He understood that even a slight display of resistance would only serve to fuel their mockery further. Worse, it could cause them to pull him over their knee and spank him. He moaned in fear of that happening.

As if on cue, six women from various departments sauntered up, their eyes gleaming with condescension.

“Aww, look at our cute little secretary,” one cooed, “hey Alana, are you all dolled up in your bra and pantyhose again today?”

“Tell us, little girl,” another teased, “how does it feel to be so utterly emasculated? Do you even remember what it was like to be a man?”

Alan’s face grew hotter with each new insult, but he forced himself to remain silent, biting his lip as their taunts echoed through his mind. “What did I ever do to deserve this?” he asked himself, but he knew that his past imperious behavior was the root of his current abasement. Still he wondered “How could my life have spiraled so far out of control?”

The rest of Alan’s miserable workday flashed by, each hour feeling even more intolerable than the last. He delivered lunches, coffees, files, and so on to men and women who openly mocked him. When the clock finally struck five, Alan hurriedly gathered his things, desperate to escape to the solace of his home. Unfortunately for him, that would have to wait.

“Alana, just the girl I wanted to see!” Katrina laughed. “I need you to come with me on some special errands!” Her voice dripped with insincere

sweetness, “Come with me, I’ll drive!”

“Where are we going?” Alan asked as they climbed into Katrina’s sleek black, top of the line Tesla. His heart pounding with trepidation clearly audible as the car’s engine started up silently. “I know this can’t be good,” he stewed wordlessly, “every hint Katrina made implied that whatever she has plans will only lead to further humiliation for me.”

“Patience, my dear Alana,” Katrina replied, a wicked grin twisting her full, lovely lips. “You’ll find out soon enough.” With that, she pulled out of her prime parking space and drove off, leaving Alan’s once-promising life in the rearview mirror. “Ah, here we are,” she announced with a smirk as she pulled into the department store parking lot.

The sight of the familiar storefront sent a shiver through Alan’s entire body. “Oh no! Not here? Please no?” he begged, his voice trembling with desperation.

“Wrong answer, Alana,” Katrina replied coldly. “Now, let me remind you of something—your performance as my secretary has been less than impressive. Sure, you’ve managed to keep my schedule well organized, and your typing speed has improved. You still haven’t grasped how to prioritize tasks properly, you’re often late with my coffee. Worst of all, your attitude leaves much to be desired. You forgot to call me Ma’am or Ms. Karpov, for one thing!”

“I know, Ma’am, but I really am trying to—”

“Whatever! I told you we need to drop much more to fix your insolence.” Her sharply focused eyes locked onto his, and Alan felt his humiliation intensify under her unwavering gaze. “As I said this morning, have a cure for your malingering, and that’s eliminating the last lingering bit of your male ego.”

“Please, Katrina,” Alan began, but she silenced him with a wave of her hand.

“Save it for later, Alana. We have a lot of shopping to do.”

Alan groaned, “Please! This really isn’t necessary!”

“I disagree!” She grabbed his tiny hand in hers, “your insubordination made it very much necessary.” She twisted his wrist painfully and forced the reluctant guy toward the store entrance, giving him no choice but to follow along obediently as if he were a little trained puppy.

Chapter Eight

Alan did his best to resist their progress toward the shopping mall's huge entrance, but it was no use. He was helpless against Katrina's irresistible force. Soon, the two of them were standing in the middle of the Junior Miss department at Helstrom's. He looked around, astounded at the wide array of colors, styles, and fabrics female shoppers were choosing from.

As he passed through countless racks and displays of feminine clothing, Alan especially noticed the alluring women's garments the manikins wore. He saw dresses, skirts, tops, lingerie and more. All of them seemed to tease him, mocking his predicament. He swallowed hard, trying to suppress the rising tide of shame that threatened to engulf him.

"Remember, Alana, you brought all of this upon yourself," Katrina reminded him cruelly. "Now, let's find some appropriate attire to help you embrace your new role as my office girl."

Alan glanced around nervously, praying that nobody would recognize him in this feminine domain. Despite the panic and resentment he felt, he wondered deep down inside if Katrina might be right. "Is it true?" he asked himself, "do I truly deserve this treatment?"

"Welcome to the new pinnacle of your feminization," Katrina sneered as she dragged Alan deeper into the store by his elbow. Her laughter echoed through the aisles as they navigated through a sea of frilly dresses and lace-trimmed blouses, each seemingly more feminine than the last.

"Ah, here comes our favorite salesgirl," Katrina said.

Trisha approached with a grin. "Welcome back to Helstrom's!" she said.

"Ready to help our dear Alana find some suitable attire for the office?"

"Of course!" Trisha replied, eyeing Alan up and down with undisguised glee. "I've been looking forward to this all day."

"All day?" he blinked.

"Yes, I've hired Trisha as your own personal shopper and stylist! She's prepared a whole new work wardrobe for you, Alana!"

As Trisha began presenting an array of feminine clothing options to Alan, his entire body shook with shame. He couldn't believe that he was

being subjected to this ordeal, and by two women who seemed to derive so much pleasure from his suffering.

“Here's the best that our Junior Miss dress department has to offer for the working girl,” Trisha announced, gesturing toward a collection of brightly colored, trendy dresses she'd chosen. “Some of these are brand new! We haven't even put them out on the sales floor yet! You'll be the first junior miss to take your pick!”

“Thank her, Alana!” Katrina demanded, “these all look perfect for an office girl like you!”

Alan swallowed hard and sadly thanked his scarlet tressed tormentor, trying hard to hold back the tears that threatened to spill out from his wide, shocked eyes. He reluctantly scanned over the assortment of humiliating outfits arrayed before him. Each dress seemed designed specifically to emphasize just how Katrina had forced feminized him from an alpha male to girly girl.

“Try this one on first, Alana,” Katrina ordered, thrusting a flirty floral-print frock into his hands. “I think it will really highlight your... assets.”

Forced to obey, Alan slipped into the humiliating dress, the fabric feeling foreign against his skin. As he hesitantly stepped out of the changing room, both Katrina and Trisha burst into laughter.

“Look at you!” Katrina exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with amusement. “You're absolutely adorable in that dress, Alana.”

Trisha snickered, adding, “And don't forget to twirl for us. We want to make sure it has the perfect amount of flair for our little office girl.”

“Such a pretty little office girl,” Katrina said mockingly, her voice cold and sweet like Italian ice. “But we're just getting started.”

The rest of the shopping trip passed in a blur of degradation, as Alan tried on one humiliating outfit after another. With each new piece of clothing, he could feel his dignity slipping further away, replaced by the growing realization that he was now firmly under the control of these two women.

“Quite the transformation, isn't it?” Katrina asked, a wicked smile playing on her lips. “I never thought I'd see the day when Alan Weiss would willingly don a dress and twirl for our entertainment.”

“It's only because you're forcing me to—”

“Ah, but this is only the beginning,” she continued ominously, fixing Alan with a merciless stare. “We still have so much more planned for our precious Alana. Don’t we, dear?”

As Alan stood in the brightly lit fitting room, his face a deep shade of crimson as Katrina and Trisha gleefully forced him to try on an array of feminine dresses. Each one seemed more humiliating than the last, as they insisted on examining every detail of his newly feminine attire.

“Next up, we have this lovely red wrap dress,” Trisha announced, holding up a soft, clingy material that would undoubtedly hug Alan’s body in all the wrong places. “It’s perfect for showing off that figure of yours.”

He dutifully donned the dress and gave the two women a dainty twirl.

“Now try on this flirty little imported number,” she chimed in, revealing a pastel-colored skater dress adorned with dainty flowers. “The A-line cut will give you a nice, swishy skirt, just like a proper office girl.”

As Alan reluctantly slipped his body into each dress, he shivered, feeling the way the fabric felt against his skin—smooth, silky, and utterly feminine. The dresses were all above-the-knee length, forcing him to confront his bare, freshly shaved legs in the mirror.

“Look how pretty you are in this classic black sheath dress,” Trisha cooed, her voice sarcastic. “The cap sleeves will be perfect for keeping you cool during those long days at the office.”

“Try on this blue fit-and-flare dress now, Alana,” Katrina commanded, handing him a dress made of a light, breezy material that would no doubt accentuate every curve he didn’t want to show off. “It’s got a lovely V-neckline that will draw attention to your new assets.”

As the torrent of dresses continued, Alan’s humiliation only grew more acute. He could feel their laughter echoing in the cramped confines of the fitting room, a constant reminder of his predicament.

“Here’s a cute green shirt dress for you, Alana,” Trisha smirked, tossing him a dress with a belted waist and button-down front. “The collar adds a touch of professionalism, don’t you think?”

“Right then,” Trisha clapped her hands together and glanced over at Katrina, who gave her a nod of approval. “A working girl like you will need skirts as well! Here are some fashion-forward little things that will flatter your figure!”

Alan’s heart sank even further as he realized the humiliation was far from over. His new work attire, it seemed, would consist solely of skirts and

dresses designed to accentuate his forced femininity—a fact that both Katrina and Trisha were all too happy to exploit.

Alan's eyes flashed with barely suppressed anger as Katrina and Trisha began to present him with a selection of skirts that seemed designed to showcase his legs and further feminize his appearance. He tried to avoid their mocking gazes, but the women were relentless, enjoying every moment of his shame.

“Here's a sexy black faux leather skirt,” Trisha said, holding up the garment so Alan could see its short length and tight fit. “With a zipper running all the way up the back, it'll really turn heads.”

“Try it on, Alana,” Katrina ordered, “it may be a bit risqué for the office, but people expect that from a bimbo like you. Isn't that what you used to call the young women at work?” Alan grimaced as he reluctantly stepped into the offered little skirt. He felt exposed in the immodest, sexy item. These feelings surged into overload as the two women laughed at his squirming movements.

“Next, we have this red plaid mini skirt,” Trisha continued, handing it to Alan. “It's perfect for pairing with a cute blouse and some knee-high socks. You'll look just like a naughty schoolgirl.”

“Please, not that one,” Alan pleaded, but his protests fell on deaf ears. Trisha and Katrina watched with delight as he tried on the scandalously short skirt, their laughter only fueling his embarrassment.

“Finally,” Trisha said, smirking at Alan's evidently growing despair, “this lovely white lace skirt will be a great addition to your wardrobe. It's both feminine and flirty—just what an air-headed office bimbo needs.”

“Is there no end to this?” Alan thought, feeling utterly humiliated as he zipped up the delicate, see-through skirt. The two women seemed to relish his suffering, their sarcasm cutting deep.

“Ah, another item for the perfect wardrobe for an air-headed office bimbo,” Katrina said with a cold smile as she held up a tight pink miniskirt she'd found. “Now, you need some blouses to pair with your pretty skirts.”

“I can't wait to see how the complete ensembles will look on you, Alana,” Trisha added, her voice overflowing with mockery.

“I'm sure you'll be the talk of the office,” Katrina laughed.

Alan closed his eyes, trying to brace himself for the next round of humiliation as Katrina and Trisha continued their merciless teasing, forcing him to confront the reality of his new role as their feminized plaything.

“Is all of this really necessary?” Alan complained as Katrina and Trisha led him to the section filled with pretty, feminine blouses. “Who could possibly need so many clothes?” he asked, then trembled as they picked out several tops for him to try on, each more delicate and revealing than the last.

“First up, a classic white button-up blouse,” Trisha said, holding up the silky garment with a gleeful smirk. “With a twist—it’s got an open back and a bit of lace trim on the collar. Just enough flair for our little office girl.”

“Next, this lovely light pink chiffon number,” she added, clearly enjoying Alan’s embarrassment. “It has a cute ruffled neckline and flared sleeves. Perfect for showing off your new assets, Alana.”

As Alan reluctantly tried on each blouse, the women laughed and teased him mercilessly. “Look at you, embracing your femininity!” Trisha mocked, while Katrina snapped pictures of his increasingly red face.

“Here’s a sheer black blouse with a plunging neckline,” the personal shopper said, handing it over to Alan. “It’ll go great with that scandalous little slut wear miniskirt we found earlier.” When he grunted she giggled and said, “Last but not least, a gorgeous royal blue satin blouse with a pussy-bow collar. It’s sophisticated yet undeniably feminine.”

“Alright, Alana, don’t be shy. After all, we’re just getting started,” Trisha said, her voice filled with mockery as she waved a lacy red bra in front of Alan’s face. The trio made their way through the racks of lingerie, Katrina and Trisha taking delight in describing each piece in the most demeaning manner possible.

“Look at this frilly little thing,” Katrina cooed, holding up a pair of lacy panties. “Just imagine how pretty you’ll look wearing these under your new skirts.”

“Or this strappy black number,” Trisha added, grinning wickedly. “It’s perfect for any office girl looking to make a statement.”

“Please,” Alan muttered under his breath, unable to meet their eyes as he tried on the humiliating garments, but there was no escape. His dual dominatrix team continued transforming him into a vision of an ultimately feminized little office girl. He had no choice but to submit to their capricious whims.

Alan’s heart pounded in his chest, the weight of shame growing heavier with each humiliating step as he followed Katrina and Trisha

through the lingerie section. The store lights seemed to cast an unforgiving glare on his face, as though mocking him for the cruel twists of fate that had led him to this moment.

“Here’s a delicate lace bra and panty set,” Katrina announced, pulling out a red ensemble from the rack. “The scalloped edges and satin bows are just darling, don’t you think?”

“Very dainty,” Trisha agreed, smirking at Alan. “Let’s see how it looks on our little Alana.”

With a deep breath, Alan slipped into the lacy undergarments, feeling exposed and vulnerable as Katrina and Trisha watched his every move. “You look simply adorable,” Katrina remarked, her voice sarcastic. “A perfect fit for your new role as my secretary.”

“Next up,” Trisha said, “try on this sheer black bra and matching panties with intricate embroidery. They scream sophistication and sensuality. Perfect for when you’re fetching coffee and flirting at the office.”

As Alan tried on the set of saucy underthings, he felt the sting of their words. His entire body flushed with humiliation, and he prayed for the ground to swallow him whole.

“Ah, this last one is a personal favorite of mine,” Trisha smiled, her eyes lighting up with mischief. She pulled out a pastel pink bralette and panty set adorned with frilly ruffles and tiny satin rosettes. “The epitome of feminine innocence, wouldn’t you agree, Trisha?”

“Absolutely,” Katrina replied, grinning wickedly. “I can see Alana blushing already.”

Alan reluctantly stepped into the girlish undergarments, his face flushed with embarrassment as he caught sight of himself in the mirror. He barely recognized the person staring back at him, decked out in frills and lace, his masculinity stripped away by the cruel whims of Katrina and Trisha.

“Bravo,” Katrina clapped mockingly. “You truly are a vision, Alana. I can hardly wait to see how our coworkers react when they get a peek at your pretty new lingerie.”

“Such a shame you didn’t discover this side of yourself sooner,” Trisha added with a snicker. “Who knows where you might be now?”

As Alan stood there, clad in the humiliatingly frilly feminine undergarments, he wondered if they were right. His eyes widened in sheer

disbelief as Trisha held up the flirty little dress.

She said, “See how its short hemline and figure-hugging design will leave nothing to the imagination? The fabric will shimmer with each of your sexy, feminine movements, reflecting a dozen different shades of pink. It’s designed to attract attention!”

“Go on, Alana,” Katrina urged, her voice sarcastic. “Let’s see how you look in this lovely little number.”

With a heavy sigh, Alan stepped behind a partition to slip into the dress. As he struggled to zip it up, he felt like this would shred his dignity. He knew that once he emerged wearing this abomination, there would be no going back.

“Come out, come out, wherever you are,” Trisha teased, tapping her foot.

Finally, Alan emerged from behind the dressing room door, his face flushed with embarrassment as the tight dress clung to every curve. He didn’t want to acknowledge how feminine it made him appear. The plunging neckline revealed more cleavage than he ever thought possible, while the skirt barely covered his newly acquired panty-clad derriere.

“Wow,” Katrina exclaimed, her lips curling into a cruel smile. “I must say Alana, you’re quite the vision. Doesn’t she look positively radiant, Trisha?”

“Absolutely,” Trisha agreed, her eyes gleaming with wicked delight. “Who knew our little office girl could clean up so nicely?”

“Please,” Alan stammered, his voice barely audible. “I can’t wear this to work. People will... they’ll...”

“They’ll what?” Katrina interrupted, her tone icy and precise. “Laugh at you? Mock you? You should be used to that by now, shouldn’t you?”

“Besides,” Trisha chimed in, giggling at Alan’s horror. “It’s not like you have much of a choice. Remember who’s in charge here.”

Alan’s hands cranked into tight balls, his nails digging into his palms as he fought back the urge to cry. He knew that Trisha and Katrina were right—there was no escaping this nightmare of feminization they had forced him into.

“Very well,” he muttered through gritted teeth. “I’ll wear the dress.”

“That’s a good girl,” Katrina purred, patting him condescendingly on the butt. “It’s nice to see you finally embracing your new role, Alana. Perhaps there is some hope for you yet.”

Just when Alan thought things couldn't get any worse, another perky young woman arrived to amp up his mortification. Ariana's entrance seemed like a burst of sunlight, her blonde hair bouncing as she walked with purpose towards Katrina, Alan, and Trisha. Her knowing grin suggested that she was only too eager to join in on the fun.

"Oh my goodness, Alana, is it?" she asked, eyeing the dress in Trisha's hand. "That dress is just perfect for you! But what about shoes?"

"Exactly what we were thinking," Trisha said, sharing a conspiratorial glance with Ariana. "Our little office girl here needs a complete transformation, from head to toe."

"Head to toe, indeed!" Ariana agreed, clapping her hands together in delight. "Let's see... I think at least six pairs of heels should do the trick."

Chapter Nine

Alan felt his stomach churning as the two giddy giggling salesgirls led him into the expansive shoe department, their laughter echoing throughout the store. Katrina followed close behind. The humiliated guy glanced down at the dress, its fabric shimmering under the bright L.E.D. lighting.

“I can’t believe you expect me to wear any of this feminine clothing in public, in the office, in front of everyone!” he whined, “now you want to add high heels to the mix?”

“Very well stated, Alana,” Katrina mocked, “that just about sums it up!”

“Here we are,” Ariana announced, gesturing towards rows and rows of racks of shoes. “You’re about a size eight in women’s?” He saw businesslike pumps, sexy sandals, and towering stilettos. “I’m sure we can find something that will suit your... unique style, Alana.”

As Trisha and Ariana began pulling out various styles of heels, Alan felt helplessness building within him. Each pair seemed more impossible to walk in than the last, and he knew the women wouldn’t be satisfied until he had tried on every single one.

“Let’s start with these cute shoes,” Ariana suggested, holding up a pair of black patent pumps with a four-inch heel. “Classic, yet oh so sexy.”

“Great choice,” Trisha chimed in, already reaching for a pair of strappy sandals in a vibrant shade of red. “And these will add a pop of color to any outfit.”

“Are you joking?” Alan cried, “I’ll kill myself if I try to walk in—”

Katrina snapped, “Put them on, Alana! You’ll try on every pair these two ladies pick out for you!”

He slid his feet into the black pumps, his legs wobbling as he attempted to stand. The strange sensation of walking on stilts disconcerted him, and he began to panic. How on earth was he supposed to walk in these monstrosities?

“Careful now,” Ariana teased, steadying him with a hand on his arm. “You don’t want to break an ankle before you’ve even had a chance to strut your stuff.”

“Perhaps a little more practice is in order,” Trisha suggested, her eyes twinkling with amusement. “After all, we can’t have our cute little office

girl stumbling around like a newborn calf, can we?”

“Practice?” Alan thought in horror. As if this situation couldn’t get any worse. But he knew that the salesgirls were right—there was no escaping this increasingly humiliating ordeal.

“Alright,” he mumbled, summoning all of the courage he could muster. “I’ll try my best.”

“Good girl,” Trisha purred, patting him condescendingly on the cheek. “Let’s see what else we can find to complete your new look.”

Alan sighed. He felt ever more like Alana, as Katrina and Trisha insisted on calling him, reluctantly stepping into the next pair of shoes. They were white peep-toe pumps with a four-inch heel and sparkling rhinestone detailing.

As he stood up hesitantly, his knees buckled slightly. He strained and struggled, trying to adapt to the sexy posture the shoes forced him into.

“Wow, Alana,” Katrina cooed, circling around him like a predator examining its prey. “Those really make your sexy legs look longer. You’re starting to look like quite the little office vixen.”

“Ugh,” Alan muttered internally, his whole body flushing with humiliation and fuming with anger, but outwardly he managed a weak smile. “Thank you.”

Trisha was already holding a pair of gold strappy sandals with a four-inch heel in her hands. “These will look amazing with that sequined dress we picked out earlier. Go on, try them!”

With a resigned sigh, Alan slipped off the white pumps and wobbled into the gold sandals, feeling even more unstable. He grasped the dressing room divider for support, struggling to maintain his balance as both women watched him with wicked grins.

“Quite the balancing act, isn’t it?” Trisha teased. “Don’t worry, Alana. Practice makes perfect.”

“Here’s another pair,” Katrina said, thrusting a pair of black stiletto ankle boots into Alan’s hands. “And let’s not forget about these navy kitten heels—perfect for board meetings or casual Fridays.”

“Though I doubt any day will be truly ‘casual’ for you anymore, Alana,” Trisha added with a smirk.

As Alan tried on each new pair of shoes, his efforts to walk in the towering heels only seemed to amuse Katrina and Trisha more. He

wondered if this was their way of breaking him down, forcing him to accept his new role as the submissive, feminized office girl.

“Enough shoes for now,” Katrina declared, once Alan had tried on the last pair. “Let’s move on to jewelry.”

“Ah, yes,” Trisha smiled, her eyes glinting with mischief as they approached a counter laden with various baubles. “The perfect finishing touch for our little office doll.”

“Here’s a lovely charm bracelet,” she said, dangling a silver chain adorned with tiny, sparkling trinkets in front of Alan’s face. “And I think these pearl earrings would look stunning against your new blonde hair.”

“Please,” Alan thought, his desperation threatening to slay him. “Please, make this torment end.” “Thank you,” he forced himself to say, biting back the humiliation and resentment that threatened to bubble over.

“Great choices,” Katrina agreed, adding more items to the ever-growing pile of feminine accessories. “Now, let’s get all of this checked out and head back to the office. We have a lot of work to do, Alana.”

As they left the store, bags laden with shoes, dresses, and jewelry, Alan sniffled. He wondered how long he could remain a man. He saw his bleak future ahead, a life of forced femininity and unending humiliation.

Alan stood there, trembling as Katrina’s words bore down on him like a ruthless thunder storm. His heart pounded and he felt his breath congealing in his lungs. Unable to speak, he stared helplessly at the gleaming rows of earrings that seemed to be mocking him.

“Aw, don’t look so glum, Alana,” Trisha cooed, her voice sarcastic. “Getting her ears pierced is a rite of passage for any young girl. Besides, you’ll look absolutely fabulous.”

“Please Katrina,” Alan begged as they moved along, “You’ve made your point. I’ll be the submissive little girl you want me to be, but I can’t endure any more of this emasculation!”

“Too bad,” Katrina snapped, her cruel eyes flashing with cold amusement. She took Alan’s arm with an iron grip and shook him, treating him like a petulant child. His face flushed crimson with fear and embarrassment.

“Please... I don’t want to...” Alan stammered, his voice barely audible over the pounding of his own heart.

“I said, too bad,” Katrina intoned coldly, as she steered him towards the jewelry counter. “You’re getting your ears pierced, whether you like it

or not. You might as well stop whining about it!”

“Hi my name is Kendal, may I help you?” asked a pretty young curly haired brunette sales girl from behind a counter. Her warm ebony eyes darted among Alan, Katrina, and Trisha.

“Yes,” Katrina replied, her tone authoritative. “Our little friend here needs her ears triple pierced. And she needs sets of earrings to match her new outfits.”

“Of course,” the salesgirl said, taking in Alan’s obvious alarm, “I have just what you need.” She effortlessly selected an array of hoops and studs in various sizes and colors, presenting each pair on a display tray.

“Very nice!” Katrina smiled.

“Here we go,” Kendal said, picking up the piercing gun and positioning it on Alan’s right earlobe. “This won’t hurt a bit.”

Despite her assurances, Alan winced as the gun snapped shut with a loud CLUNK, driving a tiny earring through his soft, yielding flesh. He staggered and almost fainted, trying to suppress his tears. These brought on both by the physical and emotional pain of his first emasculating penetration.

“See? That wasn’t so bad,” Kendal said, smiling sympathetically.

“Yeah,” Katrina smirked, “only five more to go!”

As the jewelry sales girl moved on to set up the next piercing, Alan whimpered in shame. This made him consider how much power and prestige he’d lost. “Just look at me!” he complained to himself, squirming on the stool. “I used to be a confident, successful man. I’ve been reduced to a quivering wreck!”

“Sit still, please!” Kendal cautioned, “I don’t want to give you uneven holes! Those always look yucky!”

“Uneven holes,” he muttered, chagrined. “This is so awful! Step by step my dignity and masculinity are stripped away by Katina and these other young girls! I’m just a pathetic plaything, toyed with by girls I used to look down upon.” It seemed to him that every new humiliating step of his forced feminization only served to highlight his involuntary transformation into a submissive office girl.

“Smile, Alana,” Trisha taunted, snapping photo after photo of Alan’s reddened face, watching as Kendal prepared the piercing gun once more. “You’ll want to remember this moment forever!”

“Ready?” Kendal asked sweetly, her bright eyes shining with anticipation.

Alan squeezed his eyes shut and shook his head, tears streaming down his face. “Please,” he whispered, his voice barely audible. “Just get it over with.”

“Your wish is our command, princess,” Katrina said, laughing. “Continue piercing her ears. Six times total, with one each through her upper cartilage!”

“CLUNK!” The sound of the gun puncturing Alan’s other earlobe echoed through his mind as he winced in pain a second time.

“Two down, only four more to go,” his boss said.

He felt her cold, mocking gaze on him. She was savoring every second of his escalating emasculation. “Aw, don’t cry, Alana,” she cooed, her tone sarcastic bordering on sadistic. “It’s all part of your transformation, darling. All the young girls have six ear piercings these days. Embrace your new life as our dainty little office girl. Maybe we’ll get your navel pierced as well? That would look so cute when you wore crop tops showing off your midriff!”

“Please n- n- n- no, not that, Ma’am,” Alan stammered, his voice cracking under the strain of his shame. The image of his midriff exposed with a feminine little belly button chain sparkling there made him cringe.

He’d dated girls with pierced navels and he considered them the mark of a bimbo. Tears continued to flow, and he bowed his head low. He was trying not to let the women see just how much their cruel remarks were affecting him, but his face betrayed his inner turmoil.

“Next one!” the salesgirl announced, deftly moving the device to Alan’s left earlobe. As the cold metal pressed against his skin, he asked himself how he could have ended up in such a humiliating position.

“Smile,” Trisha whispered as the gun fired again, snapping yet another photo. “You’re going to cherish these memories one day.”

“Say cheese, Alana! You don’t want me to take you over my knee right here in the store?” Katrina threatened as Trisha raised her phone to capture Alan’s most recent forced mortification for posterity.

The tall brunette nodded her head, hearing the redhead click her phone’s camera again and again. “Trisha is right, this is a moment you’ll want to remember forever! Every girl does!” Katrina taunted, mocking her underling.

Alan felt both anger and despair boiling beneath his flushed skin. He wanted nothing more than to escape from this nightmare, but it seemed there was no way out. His body trembled as Kendal slowly, carefully brought the piercing gun to his right earlobe and pressed its trigger again and again.

He heard it go CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK and finally, he heard the girl say, "There! All done! You look lovely!"

"Not yet!" Katrina smiled, "there's still one more to go!"

"N- n- no, please no!" Alan whined.

"Lift your top, Alana!"

He groaned and reluctantly obeyed.

"Are you sure?" Kendal asked, "I mean she doesn't seem to—"

"Alana! Tell her you want your navel pierced! NOW!"

Seeing no choice, he nodded, "I uh yeah, I um...want my navel pierced."

Kendal shrugged and applied alcohol to the spot and said, "Ready? Not gonna lie. This is gonna sting."

Alan nodded sadly as the young girl lined up the piercing gun.

CLUNK! It sounded for the seventh and final time, making Alan yelp in pain. "I can't believe you did this to me," he moaned, looking at the bright pink heart shaped stone dangling from his belly button, marking him as a girly girl.

"Thank Kendal, Alana!" By now Katrina's commands were as automatic as Alan's obedience.

"Thank you," he mumbled, his downcast expression looking anything but thankful, his voice barely audible. He grimaced as he looked at his newly feminized ears and midsection, feeling more humiliated than ever before. Still, he somehow knew that this wouldn't be his last degradation of the day. He felt certain that even worse experiences were still to come.

His boss, seeing his face fall, confirmed his fears saying, "Cheer up, Alana." She went on, her voice filled with mockery, "You're one step closer to becoming the perfect little office girl I always knew you could be."

Alan grumbled something under his breath, but the bold Amazon pointedly ignored him. "Ah, Ariana, there you are!" she called out waving to the Spunky sales girl. She smiled and bounced up to them.

"This is so fun! It's like playing with dolls but with a life sized Barbie!" she laughed. "What's next?"

“Ready for our next task?” the girl boss asked, a predatory gleam in her eyes as she watched the blonde approach. “Our lovely little Alana here needs more new accessories to embrace her new role. Care to help?”

“Of course,” Ariana replied, not even trying to hide her excitement at getting a chance to emasculate and feminize an unwilling guy. She joined Trisha eagerly selecting jewelry, hand bags, and other items for the helpless young man turned play toy. He watched as the two giggled, piling up more and more feminine trinkets and accouterments. He saw each one as yet another nail in the coffin of his former male identity.

“These bangles will look absolutely darling on you, Alana!” Ariana said, “and you’ll just love these earrings with matching pendant!” She spoke with such false sweetness that it made Alan’s teeth ache.

“Ooh, I agree, Ari! These will all look absolutely darling on Alana!” Trisha squealed, looking at the dangling silver earrings adorned with tiny pink hearts. She regarded Alan expectantly. He barely managed a tepid smile in response.

“They’re perfect,” Katrina said, her tone brimming with glee. “They really bring out the airhead in her, don’t you think?”

“Definitely,” Ariana agreed, giggling.

“Please...” Alan whispered, his humiliation reaching its peak. “Can’t we just... be done with all this?”

“Oh no, Alana, sweetheart,” Katrina cooed, her voice mocking and cruel. “We’ve only just begun your metamorphosis into a submissive little missy.”

As Alan sat there steaming but unable to voice his rage, he realized that his journey into forced feminization was far from over. With each new humiliation, he felt his old life slipping further and further away, replaced by the inescapable reality of his new existence as a submissive office girl.

As the humiliating ordeal continued, Alan asked himself, “How did I end up in this waking nightmare? How did I fall from a confident, successful man to this pathetic existence as a submissive, soon-to-be hyper-feminized office girl, mocked and degraded by those who used to fear me?”

“Next stop, makeup!” Katrina said, as if pronouncing a death sentence on the little bit of Alan’s remaining masculinity. “Let’s see,” she mused, her brightly gleaming green eyes flitting between the various eyeshadow choices. “What would be most fitting for our little bimbo? I’m thinking something sparkly, to match Alana’s new bubbly personality.”

“Ooh, how about this one?” Trisha said, pointing to a glittery pink shade. “It’s part of a whole makeup collection called ‘Bubbly Bimbo,’ how perfect is that?”

“Absolutely spot-on,” Katrina agreed, chuckling. She turned to Alan, her voice sarcastic and said, “let’s try ‘Bubbly Bimbo’ on our girl here.”

As the makeup artist, a green haired girl named Onyx expertly applied the garish pink hue to his eyelids, Alan felt new waves of despair. Each stroke of the brush seemed to cement his new identity further, erasing any trace of the proud man he’d once been. With every swipe of shimmering color, his humiliation grew, and he wondered if there was any way he could ever regain the life he’d lost.

“So pretty!” Katrina announced cheerfully, stepping back to admire the cosmetician’s handiwork. “Now, let’s give her some blush as well. Might as well keep using the same collection. And some lipstick too!”

“Something glossy and eye-catching, for sure,” the counter girl replied, her eyes narrowing as she considered the options before her. “How about this one? ‘Pouty Pink Princess.’”

“Perfect,” Trisha agreed, watching Onyx uncap the lipstick and apply it to Alan’s trembling lips. “There, now you’re truly a vision of feminine perfection.”

“Thank her, Alana!” Katrina commanded.

“Thank you,” Alan muttered robotically, his voice barely audible as he stared at his transformed reflection.

“Remember, Alana,” Katrina said, her tone remorseless, “this is just the beginning. We have so much more in store for you, and I expect you to embrace every humiliating change with grace and gratitude. Understand?”

“Y-yes, Ma’am,” Alan stammered, his heart pounding in his chest. With a heavy sigh, he resigned himself to the fact that his journey into forced feminization was far from over. Little did he know just how much further he had yet to go.

Chapter Ten

The salesgirls joined in, urging ever more emasculating and feminizing treatments for Alan. “Ooh, give her longer, girlier lashes!” Trisha giggled, grinning wickedly as she pointed to a set of dramatic false lashes.

“The more fluttery, the better,” Ariana agreed, her eyes twinkling with mischief. She enthusiastically pointed them out to the cosmetics saleswoman, who beamed at the prospect of adding yet another layer of femininity to Alan’s face. She glued on the augmented lashes one by one, giving the perplexed guy a wide eyed innocent ingenue look.

“Sit still,” the cosmetician commanded, brandishing a volumizing mascara wand like a weapon. Alan’s eyes widened in fear, his breath hitching as he tried to control the overwhelming horror that threatened to consume him.

“Close your eyes,” she instructed, and Alan complied, feeling the cool brush of the mascara on his lashes. With each stroke, his former identity seemed to slip further away, leaving only the hyper-feminized caricature that Katrina insisted he become.

“Isn’t this fun, Alana?” Katrina mused, her tone mocking as she watched the transformation unfold. “Embrace your new look. After all, it’s what you deserve.”

Alan tried to protest, but found his voice choked by the growing despair that filled him. “I was once a powerful executive. Now I’m just a plaything for the amusement of those who love to humiliate me.”

“Time to try another shade of lipstick,” the perky cosmetician announced, selecting a tube of vibrant pink gloss from the array of options before her. She wiped off the previous color and said, “Pucker up, Alana!” Then she applied a new glossy color to Alan’s trembling lips. He fought back tears of humiliation, knowing that this step in his transformation was nearing its completion. The cloying scent of the lipstick assaulted his senses, reminding him of just how far he’d fallen.

“Beautiful,” Katrina declared, her delighted gaze taking in Alan’s even more feminized appearance. Despite his masculine haircut, his feminine makeup and his new piercings made him appear like a somewhat butch looking woman.

Alan's heart sank as he reluctantly followed his boss and Trisha to Katrina's car. The burden of his newly acquired feminine clothing and accessories seemed impossibly heavy, a constant reminder of his humiliating transformation.

As they loaded the trunk with their purchases, Alan felt overwhelmed with envy hearing Trisha's easy laughter and seeing her confident posture. "All of this girly stuff comes so easily to her," he sighed "I'll never match any of that!"

"Alright, ladies!" Trisha said cheerfully, giving Alana a playful wink. "I've got to get back to work, but I expect to see some amazing outfits from our little fashionista here." With a giggle, she scampered away, leaving Alana standing beside his superior in abject misery.

"Time to go, Alana," Katrina commanded, her voice icy and authoritative. Alan's stomach twisted into knots, wondering what further humiliations awaited him. He climbed into the passenger seat, his hands clenched tightly in his lap as they drove away from the store.

"Try not to look so glum, dear," Katrina teased, her probing eyes sparkling with cruel amusement. "You should be grateful for this opportunity to reinvent yourself."

"Reinvent?" Alan thought bitterly. "More like destroy." But he knew better than to voice these thoughts aloud. Instead, he forced a weak smile and nodded, doing his best to appear submissive and accepting of his new role.

As they climbed into Katrina's black sedan, Alana felt familiar fear, but also a peculiarly piqued curiosity. "Where are we going now?" she asked, her voice wavering with uncertainty.

"Don't worry your pretty little head about it!" Katrina flashed a wicked smile, her shining eyes gleaming with mischief. "You'll find out soon enough," she replied cryptically, leaving Alan to ponder the possibilities as they sped along through the city streets.

"I can't believe this is happening to me," Alan thought despairingly, fighting back tears. "Whatever happened to the capable and respected executive I used to be, the man who commanded attention and respect? Now, I'm just a plaything for Katrina's twisted amusement, compelled to submit to her every whim! Soon, I'll be forced to wear feminine clothing as well!"

His mind raced as he considered the possible destinations, each more humiliating than the last. A lingerie shop? A beauty salon? Some kind of coming out party where he'd be paraded around like a novelty? The anticipation gnawed at him, adding another layer of anxiety to his already fragile emotional state.

"Relax, Alana," Katrina purred, clearly enjoying the control she held over her former rival. "Just think of it as... personal growth."

Alan held his hands submissively in his lap, struggling to maintain his composure. It was bad enough that he'd been forced into this degrading situation, but the fact that he had no choice but to go along with Katrina's plans made it even worse. With every passing moment, he felt his old identity slipping further away, replaced by the subservient air headed persona that Katrina had crafted for him.

As they pulled up to their mystery destination, Alan steeled himself for whatever humiliation awaited. No matter what Katrina threw at him, he vowed to endure it and find a way to reclaim his old life. Alan's eyes darted around the car, seeking any clue as to where they were headed, his heart pounding. The humiliation he'd already endured was almost unbearable, and he hated to even imagine what new shame the bullying boss had planned for him next.

"Katrina, why did we buy so many skirts, dresses, and you know—" Alan stammered, his whole existence trembling with the emasculating memory of their recent shopping spree.

"Ah, yes," Katrina interrupted with a wicked grin, "so many bras, panties, and pantyhose. Well, that's because those will be your work clothes from now on."

Alan's jaw dropped, his mind reeling at the idea of wearing such feminine attire every day at the office. He imagined himself sashaying down the hallways, high heels clicking on the polished floors, drawing stares from all of his coworkers. The thought sent shivers down his spine.

"Isn't it obvious, Alana?" Katrina continued, her voice sarcastic. "I mean, you can't very well keep pretending to be a man when you're dressed like a sexy secretary, can you?"

"Please, Katrina..." Alana choked out, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. "I don't want to..."

"Too bad," Katrina said coldly, her jade eyes flashing with cruel delight. "You brought this on yourself, remember? Now, let's get you all

dolled up for your new work identity as an office girl!”

As they pulled into the parking lot of an upscale salon, Alan felt his stomach churning with apprehension. This was it—yet another point of no return. After today, there would be no denying his new identity as a submissive, air headed office girl, forced to wear makeup, skirts, and heels at the whim of her tormentor.

“Come on, Alana,” Katrina urged, dragging her by the arm toward the salon entrance. “Time to embrace your new life.”

As the doors swung open, revealing a pristine world of gleaming mirrors and rows of beauty products, Alan took a deep breath and stepped inside. This was his reality now, and he had no choice but to face his fate, mustering every ounce of courage he had left.

The scent of chemicals and hairspray assaulted Alan’s senses as the two entered the upscale salon, a sensory reminder of the full feminizing transformation that awaited. Each step echoed sharply on the floor, mirroring the pounding in his chest. “Take a seat, Alana,” Katrina said with a laugh, motioning to one of the glamorous and intimidatingly high chairs. “Today’s going to be quite an experience.”

“Thank you for your patience,” a purple-haired young woman said as she looked at them, all smiles. “I’m Chloe, and I’ll be guiding you through your full day of beauty here at La Salon Splendide.” She gestured for them to follow her into the depths of the modern looking emporium.

Alan hesitated, feeling his stomach churn with anxiety, but Katrina gave him a firm nudge, reminding him that resistance was futile. As they walked deeper into the brightly lit salon, Alan felt his head spinning from the powerful scents and his impending descent further into feminization.

“Today, we have a fabulous lineup of treatments designed to bring out your inner princess,” Chloe continued, oblivious to Alan’s distress. “We’ll start with a refreshing facial and move on to hair extensions and coloring, followed by waxing, mani-pedis, brow shaping, and finally, makeup application. You’re going to look absolutely stunning by the end of this!”

“Sounds delightful, doesn’t it, Alana?” Katrina chimed in, her eyes gleaming with cruel amusement. “Like Chloe said, soon you’ll be looking like an entirely new person.”

“Y-yes, thank you,” Alan stammered, swallowing hard as he tried to brace himself for the onslaught of humiliating treatments. He couldn’t

believe that this was really happening to him, but there was no escaping the reality of his situation.

“Great, let’s get started!” Chloe exclaimed, clapping her hands together enthusiastically. The salon staff began bustling about, preparing their stations and tools, while Alan felt sicker and more helpless with each passing second.

He hesitated for a moment, his heart thrumming, but he knew better than to protest. He climbed onto the chair one of the women indicated, gripping the armrests for support as his legs dangled precariously above the ground.

“Ah, yes!” Katrina clapped her hands together, drawing the attention of several nearby stylists. “This is Alana, our newest office girl. She needs a complete makeover. Think sexy secretary meets bimbo bombshell.”

The women all exchanged knowing glances before converging around Alan, their expert fingers already working on his short light brown hair.

“Please, Katrina,” Alan whispered miserably, trying to catch his tormentor’s ear. “Can’t we just... stop this? I’ll do anything else you want.”

“Too late for that, darling girl,” Katrina replied, a wicked grin spreading across her face. “Besides, you’re really going to love your new look. Trust me.”

As Alan sat there, surrounded by the stylists and trying to prepare himself to endure this embarrassing emasculation, he sighed. Having them fuss over every inch of him was mortifying. All the more as he thought back to his former life. “I’d been a confident executive, respected by my peers merely days ago, and now I’m getting transformed into a helpless, hyper-feminized caricature of a woman!”

“Okay, Alana,” one of the stylists announced, snapping her out of her dark thoughts. “We’re going to start with your hair. Say goodbye to your boring old mousy color and butch cut. Say hello to long sexy platinum blonde locks!”

Alan squeezed his eyes shut, a single tear escaping each of them as they attached the first strands of his hair extensions. He didn’t want this, but what choice did he have? Katrina was right; his insubordination had led him here, and maybe, just maybe, a new look would give him a new outlook. Long minutes passed as they wove long feminine wefts of human hair into his own.

As his hair grew longer and more voluminous, he felt the weight of his transformation—both literal and metaphorical—growing heavier by the moment. All the while, Katrina watched on with a cruel smile, occasionally making snide remarks about how “gorgeous“ he was becoming.

“Alright, Alana, we’re going to finish up with your hair,” one of the salon technicians announced, pulling Alan’s attention away from his own internal turmoil. He gasped as a horde of skilled professionals descended upon him, each armed with tools and products designed to further chip away at his dwindling masculinity.

“Let’s get those extensions dyed,” another technician said, expertly coloring Alan’s new longer hair a striking platinum blonde hair. “Ooh, look at you!” one of the salon girls teased as she applied the final touches of bleach to his lengthened locks. “You’re going to be absolutely stunning with this bimbo look, Alana.”

“Please... don’t call me a bimbo,” Alan whispered, but his plea was met with laughter and further mockery.

“Wow, Alana!” another stylist exclaimed, admiring their handiwork. “You’re really starting to look like a completely different person.”

“Thank you,” Alan grumbled, hating the fact that Katrina forced him to pretend he was grateful for this degrading transformation.

“See?” Katrina teased, not even trying to conceal her scorn. “I told you that you’d love your new look.”

Alan sighed in defeat as the stylists continued their work, the scent of chemicals growing stronger with each passing moment. He knew there was no going back now; the once-confident executive was gone, replaced by a submissive office girl who existed solely for the amusement of others.

As the minutes turned to hours and her transformation progressed, Alana’s thoughts swirled with despair and disbelief. How had his life come to this? From a respected executive to a feminized office girl, openly mocked and degraded at every turn. And all because of his own stubbornness and pride.

“Wow, someone’s still clinging to their old identity, huh?” another girl chimed in, shaking her head as she applied wax to his legs. “Don’t worry, sweetie, by the time we’re finished with you, there’ll be nothing left of ‘Alan’ to cling to.” She ripped the wax strip away, causing Alan to wince in pain and humiliation.

The time dragged on, filled with the torturous sensations of hot wax stripping away his body hair, the sharp sting of tweezers plucking his eyebrows into delicate arches, and the cold, uncomfortable sensation of surgical glue as the girls applied to attach bust, hip, and butt pads to fully feminize his new figure. His once-strong hands were now adorned with dainty, painted nails.

“Come on, Alana, take a look at yourself,” Katrina said with malicious satisfaction as she guided him to stand before a full-length mirror. “You can’t possibly still think of yourself as any kind of man now, can you?”

Alan—now unmistakably Alana—stared back at the reflection before her, eyes wide with shock and despair. The person gazing back was undeniably feminine, her every feature carefully crafted to erase all traces of her former identity. She blinked back tears, feeling the weight of her transformation settle onto her shoulders like a crushing burden.

“Welcome to your new life, Alana,” Katrina whispered coldly, leaving her to confront the reality of her situation all alone.

Alan’s vision blurred as he blinked back tears, staring at his reflection in the brightly lit cosmetics counter mirror. The woman staring back at him looked nothing like the man he used to be. Instead he saw a ditzy looking platinum blonde bimbo with pretty green eyes framed by thick, dark lashes.

The new girl swallowed hard, the lump in her throat growing as Katrina and the technicians stood behind her, discussing her look and her new life with enthusiasm that bordered on malicious glee. Katrina said, “You know, Alana, with your new hair and those gorgeous eyes of yours, you’re really starting to look the part. Don’t you think?”

Alan cringed internally but forced a weak smile. “I guess so, Ma’am.”

“Great,” Katrina said coldly. “You can’t possibly consider yourself any kind of man at this point, can you?” she asked, taking Alana’s chin in her hand and forcing the newly minted woman to lock eyes with her.

The wicked gleam in her eyes seemed to mock every ounce of shame and humiliation that bubbled up inside of Alana. The feminized former man felt her face flush, her cheeks turning a deep red. She swallowed hard, tears prickling at the corners of her eyes. “No,” she admitted softly, unable to bear the weight of Katrina’s gaze any longer. “I...I don’t feel like a man any more.”

“Excellent,” Katrina replied, her tone sarcastic. She began to circle Alana like a predator stalking its prey, her eyes raking over every inch of her new creation. “Welcome to your new life, Alana,” Katrina whispered in her ear, and she shuddered in fear of what lay ahead.

“Chin up, Alana,” Katrina whispered into his ear as they moved from one treatment to the next. “You’ll get used to your new life soon enough.”

But deep down, she wondered if she ever could.

Driving the feminized fallen executive back to her apartment, the ecstatic, triumphant dominant woman had never been happier. “Good girl,” Katrina cooed, reaching over to pat Alana’s thigh in a condescending manner. “Now let’s get you home and settled into your new life.”

As they pulled up to Alana’s apartment, her heart thudded. She dreaded the moment when she would have to face herself in the mirror in her own home.

“Now, let’s see how well our little office bimbo can walk in heels.”

“Please, haven’t we done enough already?” Alan whispered, his voice trembling with fear and shame. “No more.”

“No more of your whining,” Katrina snapped, her tone cold and unyielding. “You brought this on yourself, Alana. Now you will face the consequences.”

As Alan teetered uncertainly in the sky high heels, he felt heavy depression. This was his new reality, a cruel joke orchestrated by those who sought to degrade him. And as much as he wished it would end, he knew deep down that his journey into forced feminization was far from over.

“Perfect!” Katrina declared, admiring the finished look. She stepped back, her eyes sweeping over Alan’s—now Alana’s—fully feminized face and body with satisfaction and cruel amusement. “Now we’re ready to move on to the next phase of your transformation. Get some rest,” she instructed, her voice cold and unsympathetic. “You have a big day ahead of you tomorrow.”

Alana nodded, unable to meet her boss’s gaze. She knew that the next day would bring even more humiliation and degradation, but for now, all she could do was try to steel herself for the trials to come.

Alone in her bedroom, surrounded by the trappings of femininity that now defined her existence, she couldn’t escape the reality of her situation. She was no longer Alan, the ambitious executive—she was Alana, the humiliated office bimbo.

As she lay down in her bed, clad in lacy lingerie and surrounded by the scent of perfume, she began to question whether there was any hope left for her to regain her old life, or if she was doomed to be stuck as Alana, the office bimbo, forever.

End of Part One
Continued in Part Two

Afterword by the Author

I cannot thank you enough for reading this all new forced feminization story! I am fortunate to have so many kind, enthusiastic fans. If you liked reading this book as much as I liked writing it, **please give me a 5 star rating and a great review**—anonymously if you feel that's best. **That would help me so much!**

Your rating and review would also urge me to continue this story to tell you what happens next as our humiliated heroine is forced to remain a feminized office girl under the strict control of the manipulative, dominant Katrina.

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XOXO

Mindi