

# FEMINIZED AT THE OFFICE.

Book 1



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# **Feminized At The Office**

**By Patricia Michelle**

## **Chapter-1 Man, am I in trouble!**

I never should have left J.P. Morgan to start my own brokerage firm. At J.P. Morgan all I had to think about was making money for my clients, and I made them a ton.

Between a six-figure salary and an equal sized bonus I was living high. But, then I thought how much more I could make on my own. So I started Sterling Investing and Partners, although there weren't any partners. It just sounded good. Got

great office space, hired two junior brokers, an accountant and a receptionist, all women. Which was the start of why I was in big trouble by the end of my first year.

Despite being on the short side and women referring to me as “cute” rather than handsome, I’ll proudly admit I was still quite the ladies man. So when I hired all women I went for gorgeous over brains. If my dick got a rise they were hired. Not that they were dumb, simply inexperienced. Except for Bridget, my receptionist. Every time I saw her I had to sit down so as not to show the raging hard on she always gave me. The only problem was she really wasn’t too much in the brain department. I missed important calls and messages. Her reply was usually something like, “Oh golly Mr. Martin, I didn’t think they were that important, sorry.”

I spent less and less time making my clients money and more and more time simply trying to manage the office, meet payroll and pay the overhead. Not just on the office, but my mini mansion, Rolls Royce and thirty-five foot cabin cruiser.

By the end of a year I was in deep shit. Half my clients had left me, and I wasn’t making money for the ones who stuck with me. I figured I had maybe three months left and then I was finished.

What I needed was someone to come in and turn the firm around, fast. Asking around one name kept popping up, Kristen Clark. I was told she could turn around a company faster than anyone. I also heard she utilized rather unorthodox methods that I probably wouldn’t like. Foolishly I dismissed the rumors, thinking that if she could turn the firm around who cared how she did it.



So, I set up a meeting and when she walked in I swear my dick almost ripped through my pants. Dressed in a tailored business suit that did nothing to hide an incredible figure, a short skirt that showed off the longest legs she was not only was she drop dead gorgeous, but in heels she had to be six feet three or four. Wearing short, black leather

gloves with a briefcase in one hand I'll have to admit that despite a raging hard on she intimidated me. Not just her looks and how she towered over me when I stood up to shake hands, but she reeked of self confidence and had an air of authority that I could never match.

She said nothing as I outlined the position the firm was in. When I finished she said, "Yes, you are indeed in quite a bit of trouble, aren't you? This is what I'll do. For the next week I will want total access to every detail of the company and also a complete accounting of your finances, an understanding of your lifestyle and spending habits. I will interview each of your employees in depth and review your current client list of portfolios."

I wanted to protest that she had no business delving into my finances or lifestyle, but she made it clear it was her way or the highway.

"Yes, will, er, right," I managed to stumble out.

True to her word, but the end of a week's time, she knew as much about the company as I did, probably more. And she knew absolutely everything about me, even coming out to the house and demanding a tour.

## **Chapter-2 Boy, were things going to change, I just didn't know how much.**

On Friday we had a meeting. Consulting her notes she said, "I'll speak in general terms, if you agree you'll sign a contract and then I can go into more specifics. There are several problems that need to be addressed. However the most important one

that needs to change is you need to get back to being a broker full time.”

“I couldn’t agree more, but how can I do that and manage everything else,” I asked.

“Quite simply. You will appoint me Chief Executive Officer. In which you’ll turn the running of the business over to me. I will manage it, and you, down to the slightest detail. Some call it micro-managing, but it’s how I turn companies around.”

“M-Manage me?” I asked, not comprehending, but it didn’t sound good.

“I will in effect be changing your lifestyle so that you will live within your means and not be the burden you currently are to the firm. You’re living way beyond your means, basically throwing money away, aren’t you?” she stated.

“Well, I guess I am, I just never had to think much about it,” I had to admit.

“That, I assure you, will change. As well as your attitude regarding the women in the office. Basically you’re treating them as something like your person harem. You’re harassing them will stop. No more sexist remarks, or come-ons, no fake brushing of their behinds and trying to see which one you can score with first,” she said.

“Well, it’s just a bit of fun,” I said lamely.

“Well Martin, you may not realize it, but you’re inches away from all of them filing a sexual harassment legal action against you. Is that what you want?” she demanded to know.

“Oh no, c-certainly not,” I gulped, never realizing how offended they were.

“If we agree to terms I will institute a code of office etiquette that you will strictly adhere to, or else,” she declared.

This was going from great, to good, to bad to worse. It was humiliating, but what could I do? I either knuckled under or the firm went under.

“Next, the two junior brokers. You will turn over what accounts you have left to them, and you will teach them everything you know that will aid them in making those accounts profitable.”

“I’m sure I can do that, but it doesn’t make any sense. Then I don’t have any clients,” I said, stating the obvious.

“What would you be willing to do if I were to say I could bring in four clients who each has around \$10 million to invest?” she asked.

“T-T-That’s 4-40 million! Oh god, I’d be willing to do anything,” I exclaimed in disbelief. If I put all my remaining clients together it would barely amount to 5 million. 40 million would more than save my ass.

“Then I’ll write that into the contract, if that’s okay with you,” she asked.

“Oh, by all means if you can deliver \$40 million I’d turn green, put it in,” I said, something, too late, I never should have agreed to.

“Oh, it won’t be necessary to turn you green, just sort of turn you around,” she said mysteriously.

“Now, regarding that ridiculously large house. If I could I’d put it up for sale, what in god’s name do you need a house with five bedrooms? But with the depressed housing market we’re in and the economy in such bad shape it would only sell at a loss. The same with that boat. Instead I’m going to transfer



ownership of the house, and it's assets, along with the boat to the company and write them off as business expenses. Being used to entertain and lodge out of town clients," she stated.

Well, that actually made a lot of sense. I could kick myself for not thinking of it.

I then couldn't help asking, "But what is this going to cost? I mean what's your fee?"

"Monthly you'll pay me 10% of that month's profits. At the end of the year my bonus will be 1% of the total year's profits," she said.

"But what if I don't make any money for a month?" I asked.

"Oh, I have no doubt that you will. I will set up strict goals that you'll meet weekly and monthly, and you'll meet them," she stated.

"I-I don't see how. I mean you're basically ensuring that I'll meet whatever goals you set up."

"Trust me, my motivational techniques and the incentives I'll provide you with have never failed yet," she said with such assuredness that I actually almost believed her.

"Now here's the contract. Feel free to read it, but we've already gone over the basics of what's in it. Oh yes, this form transfers your assets to the company," she said, handing me another form.

"You mean like the house, boat and car?"

"Well yes, as I said your personal assets like that. Would you like to take a moment and read through it?" she asked.

"Seems pretty clear cut to me, I wish I'd thought of it," I said, as I signed it.

“Excellent. I have some matters to take care of, and I’m taking the women to dinner tonight to fill them in on the changes to be made and see if they have any suggestions. And for the next three days I’m putting you up in a nice hotel while I take a closer look at your house and other assets,” she added.

You can’t imagine the relief I felt. She was not only saving my ass and the company, but I could get back to what I do best, and what a notch of my belt if I could get her into bed. I didn’t see that as a problem at all.

### **Chapter-3 One shock after another.**

Three days later when I came into the office I got the strangest looks from all the girls, who, some reason, couldn’t stop looking at me and giggling. I had no idea what that was all about, but I was shortly to find out.

The first shock was she was sitting behind my desk.

“If you could just, ah, get up so I can sit down...” I started to say.

“As CEO this, obviously, is now my office. I’ve prepared a suitable office space for you with the rest of the brokers,” she said with finality.

That left me feeling more than a little pissed off and I almost formed a protest until I realized that it did, after, all make sense.

“Now as to your assets. I managed to sell your Rolls for a handsome price. As well as your golf clubs, most of your ungodly antiques and consigned

all your clothes to an upscale gently used boutique. I expect the company will make a tidy sum off them,” she said.

“W-What, y-you can’t sell those things, they belong to me,” I shouted.

“The house and everything in it are now the company’s assets. In any case, as I said, your playboy lifestyle is going to change rather drastically and you’ll shortly be outfitted for an entirely new wardrobe as befits your position here in the company,” she said.

“N-New lifestyle, new clothes, is this some kind of a joke,” I hotly said.

“Tell me Martin, do I intimidate you?” she asked.

“Well, I guess, a little,” I admitted, although towering above me she actually intimidated a lot more than I was willing to admit.

“Oh my, just a little?” she tsked, and to my total shock hauled off and slapped me as hard as she could on the face.

“Am I a bit more intimidating now?” she asked.

“W-Why did you do that, you can’t do that...” was all I got out before she slapped me even harder.

“I asked you a question.”

“Y-Yes..” and another slap.

“Yes, yes, you intimidate me,” I hurriedly admitted.

“Are you now very intimidated of me, Martin?”

“Oh yes, r-really I am,” I swore and I was. Oh god, what had I let myself into, I was thinking, when she slapped my face yet again.

“That’s, ‘Yes you intimidate me very much, Ms. Clark.’ From now on you will address me as Ms. Clark. The other women as Ms. Parker, Ms. Mills, Ms. Graham and Ms. Green. Is that understood?” she demanded.

“Y-Yes Ms. Clark.”

“And when I am speaking to you, or any of the other women in the office you’ll remember never, ever to interrupt them or me, won’t you?”

“Yes Ms. Clark, I-I will,” I quickly agreed.

“You will also remember, I hope, that as the head of the company as CEO that when I tell you something, or make a decision, I don’t ever expect to be questioned, second guessed, argued with or contradicted, do you understand?” she thundered, scaring me half to death.

“Yes Ms. Clark, I-I’ll remember,” I said. Jesus, this couldn’t possibly get any worse, but I was very, very wrong.

## **Chapter-4 No, surely she wasn’t going to use that on me!**

“There will be other rules of conduct and etiquette I’ll review with you, but this will be your incentive for ever disregarding any of the edicts I just stated,” she said, and I swear I nearly fainted in fright when she reached behind the desk and held up the meanest looking wooden paddle.

“I call this my Office Motivator, Martin. For each rule you fail to adhere to you get fifteen with this,” she firmly said.

“Y-Y-You’re going t-to spank me? No, you can’t do that,” I unfortunately blurted out.

“Oh my, first you interrupt me, then you tell me what I can’t do. Very well, bend over the desk please Martin, hold on tight and don’t let go,” she ordered.

“P-Please,” I begged.

“Would you like another fifteen,” she calmly asked, and hating myself for the scared wimp she’s quickly turned me into I bent over the desk.

“Now don’t move a muscle,” she dictated, and to my shock I felt her undoing my pants and lulling them down to my ankles, and then, oh no, my briefs.

“Spread your legs as far as you can, now up on your toes. With each spank you will count and say, “I’m sorry Ms. Clark,” she demanded.

I had never been spanked in my life, my parents didn’t believe in it, so I didn’t know what to expect.

Oh my god, did it hurt! By ten I was yelping with each spank. By twenty I was sobbing and crying. By thirty my ass felt like it was actually on fire.

“Now’s as good a time to put in place something that will keep your mind solely on your work and keep you from any childish thoughts of ever harassing the women. Stay exactly as you are,” she ordered, as I heard her go into the private bathroom and moments later return.

What happened left me in shock. I felt something freezing, like a towel, being wrapped around my dick and balls. I tried to move away but she held me in a vice-like grip. When she was satisfied that I’d been shrunk down to nothing I felt her putting my dick into something, then wrapping what felt like a ring

around my balls tightly. Then I heard an ominous click.



When she told me to stand up I couldn't help instinctively looking down. In total disbelief I saw my dick in what I could only describe as a chrome cage. It had a band which was wrapped around my balls and I knew without a doubt that it was locked on. I just couldn't figure out where.

"I infrequently give out merit awards, which I'm sure you'll come to look forward to. Until then that stays on. I sincerely doubt that you'll have a sexist thought any time you look at women the wrong way in the future. If you do, well, you'll unfortunately find out what happens. Now tuck that little thing up between your legs. I don't ever want to see you

rudely displaying it. ‘Out of sight, out of mind,’ that will be your motto, won’t it Martin?” she obviously gloated.

“Y-Yes Ms. Clark,” I had to agree, what else was there to say, until I could figure out how to get the damn thing off.

## **Chapter-5 I can’t believe how she expects me to act.**

“You can pull your pants up now,” she said, and when I did patted my sexless front adding, “Much, much better. You can sit now.”

“I-I’d really prefer to stand, Ms. Clark,” I almost pleaded with my ass still burning.

“Perhaps I need to make myself clear. When I tell you to do something, you do it immediately with a, ‘Thank you’ or ‘Yes Ms. Clark.’ If you hesitate even a second you won’t get fifteen with this, you’ll get five with this,” she said, putting down the paddle and, oh god, picking up a wooden cane.

“I think it would be best to experience the effect of not doing as I say promptly,” she suggested.

Turning deathly pale I quickly said, “Oh no, Ms. Clark, I’m s-sure I’ll remember.”

“No, I really do think five will put it more firmly in your mind. Over the desk if you will, Martin,” she ordered, and I couldn’t believe I was once more over the desk, but thinking how bad could just five be?

By the time she was finished administering five I swear I was beyond what I thought my pain thresh-

old was. Five with the cane was infinitely worse than fifteen with the paddle.



“Now you can sit, Martin,” she ordered.

“Yes Ms. Clark, thank you, I said, nearly jumping out of my skin the minute my poor bottom made contact.



“I think before we get back to what we were discussing I feel we need to go over a few of the other rules of conduct that you’ll be adhering to. Most of these, you’ll be interested to know, the ladies came up with. I’ll go over them one at a time, I’ll ask you if you understand and you will say, ‘Yes Ms. Clark, I understand.’”

“Well then first there’s the condescending tone of voice and your hollering that they’ll no longer tolerate. You will never raise your voice to any of them, or any woman, do you understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Clark, I understand.”

“You will never sound angry, upset or dictatorial. You will speak in a respectful, submissive tone of voice to all women at all times, do you understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Clark, I understand,” I had to say, but resentfully, a big mistake as she immediately hauled off and slapped my face.

“Apparently you feel this is all beneath you. So I’ll add my own edit. When you are being talked to your head will be bowed, eyes fixed on your shoes. You will speak in a respectful, submissive AND meek tone of voice. Now, do you understand?” she said, raising her hand.

“Oh yes, Ms. Clark, I understand,” I quivered, hating to do it but sounding as meek and submissive as I possibly could.

“Now when you are being talked to you are never to repeat what you have been told. It’s a sign that you weren’t giving the person your full attention. Which the women stated you never do. Apparently you don’t think women have anything intelligent to say. You will also eliminate the words, ‘but’ and ‘can’t’ from your vocabulary. Do you understand?”

“Y-Yes Ms. Clark, I-I understand.”

“Oh my, you forgot to bow your head when I was talking to you, head up please,” she ordered and when I did I received not one, or two but three resounding slaps.

## **Chapter-6 Reality sets in, and it just gets worse.**

“Oh I almost forgot. Ms. Parker made a suggestion that all the women agree with. To remind you to think before you speak, if you have anything you want to say you’ll raise your hand to ask if you can speak. If it’s ignored it means they’re doing something more important than whatever you have to say. Unless, of course, it relates to their work. Then you raise your hand and say, ‘Please Miss...’ It will keep you from trying to make idle chatter, which they find most annoying. Do you understand, Martin?” she asked.

“Yes Ms. Clark, I understand,” I said, wondering if I could possibly sink any lower? Sadly, I was to find that I could.

“Now, where were we? Oh yes, we were discussing the house and all the assets in it that are now the property of the company,” she said brightly, as if the paddling, caning, face slapping and the damn thing she put on my cock and balls and the demeaning edits I was now to abide by had never occurred.

“Oh goodness, I almost forgot. I really should let you know what will happen if your tone of voice isn’t totally respectful, submissive or meek enough. Or it

you ever raise your voice or shout at any of the women. Or if you ever repeat what's said to you or use the words, 'but' or 'can't'. Open your mouth as wide as you can please, oh no, it'll have to be much wider to get this in," she said, and what she held up was a ball gag which she crammed into my mouth, tightly cinched and buckled the straps in back of my head and with a padlock locked it on.

"It actually was Ms. Mills idea. She saw it in the window of one of those fetish shops and thought it would be perfect for you. You'll remember to thank her for being so thoughtful, won't you?" she asked, and miserably I nodded.

"Now when you fail to abide by any of these rules it'll be immediately put on you for the rest of the day, and all of the following day. Do you understand, you can nod," she said, which I did, thinking of it in my mouth the rest of a day and all of the following day. This was really bordering on sadistic, but what could I do, she had me quite literally by the balls.

## **Chapter-7 Changes at home, and none of them are good.**

"Regarding the house. It has six bedrooms and I've decided to rent them out to the four girls and myself. I'll charge them \$500 a month and myself \$700 as I'll be taking the master bedroom. Which will leave one as a guest room. So the company will earn \$2,700 a month and the women will all get a real break on their rent," she declared, and sensing my obvious question, namely where the hell was I supposed to stay, she said, "I really haven't decided

where to put you. There's a large closet off the hallway, although no windows. Or there's always that space up in the attic, but you won't be able stand. Or I could put you in the kennel, or the dog house, if I see I'm having problems with you or you start annoying me.

I honestly couldn't tell if she was serious or not. However, I could see by her look, that if I ever did piss her off or even annoyed her I was pretty sure she'd make good on her threat.

"Well, those are just options. However there is one room you probably haven't thought about that I think, with your new lifestyle, would be perfect for you. Can you think of it?" she asked, and I honestly couldn't.

"Why, it's the little girls' room. The previous owners obviously had a young daughter and they decorated her room most lavishly, I must say. And what's great is that for some reason they left it completely furnished. Perhaps their daughter grew out of it. So we won't have to go to the expense of buying furniture for it. It really is perfect. It has windows, with bars on them, it's own bathroom and even a play area. When I showed it to the women they all thought it would be perfect for you."

God, I'd completely forgotten about that room. I cringed when I thought that it was to be my room. She was right, they'd done it up lavishly, for a girl of maybe ten. It was all pinks with ruffles and lace everywhere. There was even a pink canopy bed.

"Now if you think you can remember the few things we've just discussed I'll take your gag out," she said, and I nodded as fast as I could, and was so relieved. I couldn't imagine being gagged all day,

even more. I silently swore that until I could find some way out of this horrible situation I'd do everything she demanded even if it killed me.

So I was sitting there mired in the depths of self pity and remorse. Cursing myself for ever setting eyes on this woman let alone hiring her, when what she said next suddenly got my full attention.

"I think you'll be pleased to know that I've managed to take a big bite over the overhead of the house. I've let go the gardener, the pool boy and the cleaning service you had come in three times a week," she proclaimed.

Very cautiously, like a damn child, I raised my hand.

"Yes Martin, you wished to say something?"

"Well yes, I mean then how will all those things get done, Ms. Clark?" I asked, and her answer totally floored me.

"Why, you will, of course. As I stated your play-boy days of idling around the house are over. You'll have Saturdays and Sundays to perform much of the chores. But the daily schedule the women have assigned Ms. Graham to come up with is most thorough. She has you getting up at five and dressed by five-thirty. You can do light chores until seven-thirty before changing and being taken to the office. Which someone will have to do as you no longer have a car. She has you back from the office at five-thirty and you'll be suitably dressed by six o'clock for more chores until nine or until you finish what she'll post for you daily on the refrigerator," she said, reading off some notes.

"Now, let's see. Oh yes, if you finish by ten o'clock she's allowing you an hour o free times in

your room, suitably attired in your new sleepwear. And oh my, how generous of her. She has you penciled in for two hours of free time on Saturday and a full four hours on Sunday. Do you understand, Martin?" she demanded to know.

With all my heart I wanted to jump up and scream, "Are you out of your fucking mind, lady? I'm not a god damn maid!" I struggled so to stay in my seat and not say what I dearly wanted to say.

"I asked you if you understood your duties at the house, Martin?" she said, moving to ick up the cane.

"Y-Yes Ms. Clark, it-it's very generous," I said, hanging my head in shame. God, what had I turned into in just an hours time?

## **Chapter-8 A humiliating dinner.**

"Well now that I've gone over everything you can relax while I gather the ladies. We're all going out to dinner, on me, and celebrate the new direction and bright future I have no doubt lies ahead. Unless, of course, you have any questions. Although I hope you don't as it would be a sign that you weren't paying attention to me. Now, do you have any questions, Martin, she asked in a warning tone.

I had a bunch, but I had no idea what she'd do if I asked them. So, meekly I said, "No, Ms. Clark, I don't have any questions."

"Now you won't forget how you're expected to conduct yourself in front of the women from now on, will you?"

"N-No Ms. Clark, I won't."

“Just to make sure I think I’d better take this along. I hope I won’t have to use it in front of them, in a restaurant,” she said, picking up the paddle. Oh god, how on earth was I going to remember everything?

Thankfully she’d booked a private dining room. As I entered I was too humiliated to look them in the face. I just hung my head in shame as I went to sit down.

“Did any of the women say you could sit, Martin?” she asked, sternly.

“No M-Ms. Clark,” I said, jumping up.

“Say, I’m sorry Ms. Clark,” she ordered, and with a choking sob I did so, fully expecting it to go downhill from there, and it did, way down.

“Is he wearing it?” I heard Ms. Graham ask with a chuckle.

“Oh yes, you won’t have to be annoyed by his sophomoric come ons, sexual double talk and accidentally patting your ass any longer,” she smirked, actually patting my sexless crotch.

“He’s quite harmless now around all women, aren’t you Martin?” she asked cruelly.

“Y-Yes Ms. Clark,” I choked out.

“Yes Ms. Clark, what?” she demanded to know.

“Yes Ms. Clark, I-I’m quite harmless a-around women now,” I forced myself to say, my face burning at the giggles and laughter that ensued.

Finally given permission to sit I did so, but before we ordered we were joined by two other women.

“This is Ms. Conover and her assistant Ms. Hamil. I’ve hired them to effect some necessary

changes you'll need to make if you want that \$40 million in new investments to come in. You did say you'd do anything for those accounts, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes, Ms. Clark, I did," I answered, really having no idea what she was talking about.

"Have him stand up so we can get a better look at him and determine what changes need to be made," the woman asked.

"Please stand up Martin, and do whatever the women tell you to," Ms. Clark ordered, so I did.

"Well, thankfully he's more pretty than handsome, isn't he? The handsome ones are always the hardest to work on. He's about the right height and moderately slim, would you say, Rachel?" she asked her assistant.

"Yes Ma'am, but of course not nearly enough, and just look," she said, turning me around and actually patting my cheeks, "he's flat in all the wrong places." What the hell is she talking about, I wondered.

"Naturally we'll improve of those areas. Now ladies are you thinking of a modest improvement, which would be a 'B' with two inches? A more natural improvement which would be a 'C' with three inches. Or the maximum improvement, that would be a 'D' and four inches?" she asked, with Ms. Hill stating, "Oh I think Mr. Martin definitely deserves the maximum, would you all agree?" she asked, and while it was loudly unanimous I was still in the dark about what they were discussing.

"I also think he'd look so much more, ah, attractive as a blonde, his hair is such a mousy brown.



Besides everyone knows that blondes have more fun,” Ms. Green giggled.

“I absolutely agree and a whole new hairstyle as befitting his new image,” Ms. Mills added, with all the women gleefully agreeing.

Then, out of left field Ms. Parker asked me, “Women find men with pierced ears so sexy, would you mind, Mr. Martin?”

“No Ms. Parker, I won’t mind,” I replied, and actually having heard the same thing I’d often thought of getting one pierced. So, fine with me.

“What do you think of his eyes, Rachel?” the woman asked.

“Quite startlingly aren’t they? Gorgeous shade of blue. Definitely one of his best features. Have women ever commented on how attractive your eyes are, Mr.. Martin?” she asked me.

“Actually, yes, they have, Ms. Hamil,” I couldn’t help saying proudly.

“Well then, would you mind if me enhanced them a bit so they’d really be so much more attractive and noticed?” the woman asked, and naively my puffed up ego said that I didn’t.

“Oh, that’s great. I’m sure we can do wonders with them,” her assistant declared then added, “Did you notice how, well, small his feet are? Could I ask what size shoe you wear, Mr. Martin?”

“Well, they’re sort of small. I wear a size six-and-a-half, sometimes a seven,” I cringed, as it was also something, to my chagrin, that women also at times remarked on.

“Oh, don’t feel bad, I think they’ll be absolutely perfect for your new footwear,” she declared, and all

I could think was this was getting really strange, and stranger when I heard Ms. Mills say, "Don't you think you should do something about his lips? I mean they're so thin and lack real shape, don't you think?"

"Why, I'd almost overlooked them. What would you suggest?" the woman asked.

"I think they could be a bit fuller to give them more shape, and don't you think a little more color," she said, and for some reason chuckled.

"I agree, Rachel, put that down please," she said.

"There is one last thing to check, Ma'am. Could you please make the biggest bicep muscle you can, Mr. Martin?" the assistant asked.

I had no reason why was asking, but she was so nice about asking that I made the biggest muscle I could. Which she then felt and actually pinched.

"They're almost perfect," she declared. Although I don't know why she said that as, being desk bound all day and not being big on working out, it really wasn't of a muscle. But then it got weirder as she went down my legs again feeling and pinching, then stating, "We'll have no trouble with the legs either."

Consulting her notes the woman said, "I think we have a lot to work with and I think you'll be quite pleased with the results. He can sit down now."

When I did Ms. Clark had a bottle of champagne brought in and we all toasted to the bright future of the company. Although I have to say it tasted very strange for champagne.

They all ordered with Ms. Clark ordering a plain salad and water for me, simply saying, "You have some weight to lose, Martin."

I kept my mouth shut, but why did I need to lose weight? I thought I was pretty slim as I was.

## **Chapter-9 A fate worse than death.**

Part way through my meager salad I timidly raised by hand, a gesture I found humiliating in front of all the women.

“Yes, Martin, was there something you wanted to say?” Ms. Clark asked.

“Yes Ms. Clark, I’m, well, really confused. I mean about my new image. And what B, C, or D means, or about needing more shape and color for my lips and, and all the other things,” I stammered out.

“Poor Martin. You really are confused aren’t you? Well, you know the four accounts I said I could bring in, the \$40 million?” she asked.

“Oh yes, thank you so much Ms. Clark, it’s really saving the company,” I said, entirely grateful.

“It’s just that all four clients are women, and because of bad marriages they really hate men. They’d never have a man handling their investments,” she stated.

“But then, how can I handle their accounts?” I asked, totally bewildered.

“Of course you can as a woman,” she grinned.

“A-A woman, you’re going to make me a woman? T-That’s not possible, I mean I’m a man, Ms. Clark,” I said, in total disbelief and shock.

“That’s why I invited Ms. Connors and her assistant to join us. To give us her evaluation of just how convincing a woman she can turn you into. You see

she owns The Connors Institute where she totally feminizes deserving males. And after listening to the ladies about your annoying conduct I definitely think you're one of the deserving. But Deborah, what's your honest appraisal?" she asked.

"Oh both Rachel and I agree he'll be quite easy to completely transform. The only question would be his appearance. I can make him a sweet, frilly feminine thing, or a more sophisticated appearance or the slutty/bimbo look."

"Definitely as slutty as you can make him, or her," Ms. Mills immediately proclaimed, and laughing hysterically they all agreed.

"That's what I thought you'd say. We call it the total bimbo/slut look. Now as to you not understanding what B, C and D and two, three or four inches. The ladies were voting on whether to give you B, C or D cup breasts, and whether to enlarge your ass by two, three or four inches. And they all voted for the maximum. Now the only decision you'll need to make is if you want him to have melon shaped tits or torpedo tits," she said.

"Melon shaped tits will bounce, giggle and gyrate wildly. Even with a bra it'll be impossible to control them. She'll literally have men's eyes glued to them with their mouths watering and usually with the stiffest dicks. Now torpedo tits will give the appearance of being even bigger than they are. As they'll stick straight out. Undoubtedly men will be convinced they're the biggest, most enormous set of tits they've ever seen. Trust me, they'll be absolutely drooling. The other advantage of torpedo tits is that I can give them much larger nipples. At least an inch long. They'll be poking through whatever she's wearing, impossible to hide," she remarked.

“I vote for torpedo tits. He was always staring at mine and I hated it. Can’t you just see him in a too tight sweater with a plunging neckline and nipples ready to burst through at any moment?” Ms. Green asked, and loving the image they all voted for torpedo tits.

“Now the only drawback is that he’ll be so top heavy he’ll always feel like he’s about to fall over, whether he’s sitting or standing. Especially in heels. How high would you like him trained to? Anything over five inches and he’ll really have problems just standing, let alone walking,” she commented.

“How high a heel can he be trained to?” I heard Ms. Parker ask.

“The highest I’ve ever trained one to is eight inches. He, or rather she, was barely walking on her toes. But I have to warn you anything over a five inch heel, and if they’re kept in them constantly for say six months and he’ll never be able to ever go back to regular shoes,” she warned.

“Do you remember Martin how you always encouraged us to wear heels in the office, and how we always complained how hard it was to be in them all day?” she asked.

“Yes, Ms. Parker,” was all I could respond, still in a state of denial. I was certain this was all to scare me to treat them better.

“Then girls lets have her train him to those eight inch ones. Won’t it be so amusing, after six months, to see him try to walk in normal shoes again,” she laughed, and they all laughingly agreed.

“Oh girls, let’s not forget his nails. He was always on us when we clipped our nails. We always com-

plained about how hard it was to type with long nails, didn't we Martin?" Ms. Mills asked.

Well, I did have a thing for long nails, maybe I was being a little unreasonable, but I didn't really think so.

"Normally we adhere half inch tapered nails. They're steel and we glue them on permanently. Absolutely impossible to remove, let alone crack or chip," the woman remarked.

"Oh my, those will never do, will they girls? Can you make them at least an inch long with square tips? Then let's see him try to type with those," she chuckled.

"Rachel, please make a note, one inch, squared tips," the woman directed, then added, "Now you said you had a time crunch?"

"Yes, we really need him, well her, back in a month," Ms. Clark stated.

"Oh, that's really so limiting. It usually takes a good three months to totally feminize, train and condition a new arrival. But we'll do our best, she probably won't be fully trained by then, but I'll give you instructions on how to continue her training. Now, when can I have him?" she asked.

"Well, how about when we finish our meal?" Ms. Clark inquired.

"Oh, that will be perfect. Rachel can get him prepped for his surgery which we can do first thing tomorrow," she said, and that's when I knew this was for real, that they weren't just trying to scare me. So I panicked. The only thing I could think of was to get up, bolt for the door and run for my life.

But when I made my move nothing happened! My legs wouldn't work and when I tried to push up with my arms nothing happened either.

"We sort of expected this. Trying to run out on your contract. So we put a strong muscle relaxer in your drink. It'll wear off in a few hours. Besides, this is only till the end of your contract," she added, something I desperately clung to as the assistant brought in a wheelchair.

"Wait, I almost forgot, what's her new name?" the woman asked.

"I let that up to the girls. What did you come up with?" Ms. Clark asked.

"Well we thought of so many ones that would be perfect for him, but we settled on one we think will perfectly suit her new image, Cherri Creams," Ms. Green said with everyone of them laughing hysterically.

"Oh my, congratulations, it really is perfect. Do you want me to file the legal name change documentation?"

"No need, the last document he signed he also didn't bother to read, did you Martin? It was a legal name change. So your legal name is now Cherri Creams, don't you just love it? It's so you," Ms. Parker giggled, and then added, "Oh yes Cherrie, your official title is Senior Broker and Office Pussy Licker. I guess we forgot to mention one of our most important new duties.

"Have fun now Cherrie," Ms. Mills laughed as I was manhandled into the wheel char, blindfolded, led out to a car and stuffed in the trunk. I lost all track of time, but we finally stopped and I was

wheeled somewhere. Then I thought I felt a jab in my arm and that's all I remember.

## **Chapter-10 Oh god no! This can't be me!**

I felt myself being shaken and groggily I woke up. Leaning over me was the assistant, Ms. Hamil. The first thing she said left me befuddled, but then the nightmare at the restaurant came back to me. I was to be turned into a woman and the last horrified words I remember hearing were, "We can do the surgery first thing tomorrow."

"I'm sure you'll be happy to know there were no complications with all the surgical procedures," she said cheerfully.

"Wath deth yuth du to meh?" I asked, becoming immediately aware that I now lisped so heavily I couldn't understand what I just said, my voice was suddenly weirdly high pitched, and the tip of my tongue felt incredibly heavy.

"Whath heb youb doeth to muh tonghuh?" I tried asking.

"I think you said, 'What have you done to my tongue? Oh, those are just the trainer studs the doctor put in. Eventually she'll put in the permanent ones, they're much lighter. And don't worry, you'll gradually regain out ability to understand you. She also altered your vocal cords to raise your voice," she added.

What I needed studs in my tongue for was beyond me, but I couldn't help trying to ask, fearfully, what procedures she was talking about.



“Let’s see, I think you asked what other surgical procedures did they do? Fortunately they finished doing your make-up and hair yesterday. Let’s get you up and to a mirror. I’ll help you as you’ll going to feel very, well, top heavy,” she said.

She was right, for some reason I did feel so top heavy that I nearly fell over when she got me on my feet and to a mirror.

When I looked in the mirror I wondered if someone else had entered the room. For staring back at me was a sexy, sluttish looking bimbo. The type every man wanted to fuck. She had blonde, shoulder length hair, enormous blue eyes, accented by the longest eyelashes I’d ever seen. Her cherry, red lips were pouty ones, the kind you’d kill to kiss. There was even a sexy mole of one cheek.

The thing, or things, I noticed were a truly enormous set of tits that jutted straight out with nipples that had to be a good inch long and each had a ring in it. When I moved my body slightly I noticed that the breasts in the mirror bobbed and giggled and simultaneously I felt my chest, for some reason, giggle as well. Then it hit me like a ton of bricks. The sexy, slutty bimbo with the huge tits in the mirror was me! In disbelief I raised one hand to touch one breast. Oh my god, it was me, not only that I suddenly had red fingernails that had to be an inch long and my medium, long brown hair now a trashy blonde that came down to my shoulders styled so I looked like I’d just been fucked. On my now obviously pierced ears dangled large, gold bells of all things. I was in such shock I was speechless.

“Well, Cherri, how do you like the new you? Ms. Conover thinks you’re the best she’s ever transformed. Don’t you just love your torpedo tits and

nipples? If you'll pardon the pun, they're truly outstanding. Now, let's get you over to this full length mirror so you can get the full effect," she said, and as she led me over to another mirror I heard the tinkling of a bell, like a cow bell, coming from somewhere.

As soon as I looked in the mirror I nearly fainted. I didn't have a dick or balls anymore.

"Oh, poor thing, did you think we cut them off? Ms. Conover never allows that, even if it's requested. Bend over Cherri," she ordered.

When I did I heard a click and when told to stand again I did so with the greatest relief. I still had all my equipment. My dick was still limply encased in the sheath which wouldn't allow it to get hard. But there was an addition which I didn't like at all. The tip of my penis had obviously been pierced as it now sported a ring, but even more humiliating was that a large silver, bell dangled from it.

"You see, it's all there. The bell was Ms. Clark's idea. She felt it would let them know when you were coming and going. Ms. Conover thought it was such a great idea that she's going to bell all new arrivals from now on. But, you're the first," she said, as she bent me over and re-attached it to a ring I now had between my legs.

"There, out of sight, out of mind. Now obviously since you're been turned into a girl this you'll refer to as your pussy," she stated.

Standing in front of the mirror again I listened horrified as she clinically described the other alterations they'd made to me.

"You'll notice your waist is now a lot smaller. You've gone from a thirty-three inch waist to

twenty-nine. But, once we get you corseted and laced down I'm sure we can get it a lot smaller," she assured me.

Seeing my dismayed look she said, "Oh don't worry, you'll eventually get used to being tightly corseted. And in your case it's really necessary. You're so top heavy, poor thing, that without one you'll simply keep tipping over. Now turn around and look back at the mirror so I can show you your greatly enhanced ass."

When I did I couldn't help it. I just started sobbing again. The ass I was looking at was not only a woman's ass, but one, that as a guy, I'd be simply drooling over.

"Don't you just love it? Your ass, when you were a man, measured thirty-five inches. You're now endowed with a truly stunning forty inch ass. The doctor is so proud as she's never enlarged one by more than forty two inches before. Now shake it please," she asked and when I did I saw it giggle and bounce outrageously.

"Your ass was obviously too much like a man's which would be a dead give away. So she first snipped a few muscles so it would wobble realistically. Then the inserts she added to each cheek she weighted an additional four pounds. So, even if you wanted to it's impossible to stop them from giggling, bouncing and wobbling about with each step you take. In a tight skirt you'll probably give more than a few men heart attacks. The doctor and Ms. Conover call it their 'hard on ass' as that's what you'll undoubtedly be giving men when they see your ass," she said, as I wondered if this could possibly get any worse. Unbelievably I was to find out it could.

“Now, of the other things you’ll discover about your new ass is that the doctor applied an abrasive to both cheeks and your tits that super sensitized them,” she said, running her nails over them and I couldn’t believe how suddenly sensitive they really were, and, to my shock, how exciting it felt. And when she fondled my breasts shamefully I felt the same reaction.



“There’s no reason to blush Cherri, all our new girls come to love how sensitive their titties are. See how they’ve suddenly perked up and how the nipples have become so erect?” she commented.

I couldn’t help it, this was all just too devastating to bear and I was wracked with uncontrollable sobs.

“Oh, you poor thing, this is all so new for you. I can well imagine what a shock this all must be. You just go ahead and have a good cry honey and don’t worry about ruining your make-up, it’s dyed on,” she said, giving me a big, comforting hug.

When I was finally able to bring myself under control I tried to say, “Please tell me this isn’t permanent,” but, of course, nothing but lisping gibberish came out.

“Let’s see, I think you tried to ask if this was all permanent, is that it?” she asked, as I nodded desperately.

“Well, naturally it’s permanent until your contract is up. But what I think you really wanted to ask is, is this all reversible, is that it?” she said.

“Yeth,” I just managed to get out.

“I’m sure you’ll be happy to know that almost all of it is. including your tits and ass, which I think you’re most worried about, aren’t you.”

“Yeth, I ambth,” I lisped out, in total relief.

“As to your make-up, as I explained, it’s dyed on, but we can remove it along with your glamorous eyelashes, and I’m sure she can redo your lips, if you really want. Although I’d find them super sexy even on a man,” she remarked. Thank god, I thought, this was getting a lot better.

“Now what we can’t do is anything about your waist, but I’m sure in jeans you’ll just look very slender. I’m sure you noticed how smooth and hairless your face is now, and for that matter the rest of you from the neck down. I’m afraid the nurse used a laser electrolysis method that permanently kills off all hair,” she said, then seeing my distressed look, added, “Actually I think you’ll come to appreciate that. As when you’re thirty-five I’m sure you won’t look a day over twenty-five. You wouldn’t mind that, now would you?” she asked, and actually I could see the benefit.

## **Chapter-11 Dressed as a total bimbo.**

“Now then Cherri, do you see the bar dangling above you with the cuffs? Could you reach up and put your hands in them please?” she asked so friendly that I did as she asked.

I saw her pulling on a rope and the next thing I knew I felt the cuffs tighten and I was being stretched up onto my tiptoes.

“A-Are you going to p-put that on me, Mith. Hamill?” I asked nervously as she approached me holding a very formidable corset of all things.

“Yes, trust me being so top heavy you’ll need all the support you can get, and it will definitely improve your figure,” she remarked, wrapping it around me, then started tightening the laces in back. Well, this isn’t so bad, a little snug, I thought, thinking she was finished. But then she started all over again, and now it felt quite tight. Which I made her aware of.

“Oh, I’m not quite finished,” she said, really yanking on the laces.

“P-Please Ms. Hamill, it’s really awfully tight,” I pleaded.

“I’m sure it feels like it, but you’ll adjust in almost no time,” she assured me, as I heard an ominous click. My god, did she actually lock it on me?

Next came sheer nylons with seams that she rolled up my legs and attached to the four suspenders on each leg.

“Now for your shoes,” she announced, which I was thankful to her as my arms were really beginning to ache. That is until I saw what she took out of a shoe box. Wickedly pointed black patent leather pumps with a stiletto heel so high they looked impossible to walk on.

“These are your beginner heels, they’re only five inches high,” she said as she forced each foot into them. They had a wide ankle strap, which she tightened, buckled and then producing paddocks locked them on my feet. I couldn’t believe it, I was locked in my shoes as well!

When she let me down two things occurred at the same time. I no longer felt like falling over. She was right about the corset. But, at the same time I almost lost my balance on the towering heels.

“Please Mith. Hamill, I could never walk in these, honest,” I meekly protested.

“What nonsense is this?” I heard a voice thunder, and when I looked around I suddenly got really scared. The voice had come from an amazon of a woman. Dressed severely she had to be six feet five or six in the booted heels she wore. But what fright-

ened me was the wooden cane she held menacingly in the one hand.

“You need to be very careful. This is Ms. Stern, your trainer. She looks for any reason to sue that cane on new students,” Ms. Hamill whispered urgently in my ear. I didn’t have any time to digest what she’d said before the woman was right in my face scowling.

“Did anyone give you permission to speak girl?” she barked.

“N-No Mith. Stern, Ms. Hamill and I...”was all I got out before she soundly slapped my face, not once but over and over. Oh god, it was just yesterday that Ms. Clark was slapping my face, but this hurt a lot more.

“Dumb (slap), Bimbo (slap), Sluts (slap) like you don’t open their mouths until we (slap) tell you (slap) your can (slap), get that (slap)?

“Y-Y-Yes Mtih. Stern,” I got out, now scared out of my wits. But what did she call me? A dumb, bimbo, slut? What in heaven name was that all about?

“Her figure is deplorable. What do you have her corseted to?” she asked.

“Three inches Ma’am. She says it’s really too tight.”

“Nobody cares what she says. Lace her another inch. I only have a month with her and by then she’ll have at least an acceptable figure, or else,” she stated flatly, and if I thought I was too tightly corseted I was soon in agony, barely able to breath.

“Now what did I hear her complaining about when I came in?” she asked.



“She was saying she could never walk in the heels I put on her.”

“Listen to me. What’s this one’s name anyway?”

“It’s Cherri Ma’am,” Ms. Hamill said.

“Well listen to me Bimbo/Slut Cherri. These little heels are nothing compared to the ankle breakers you’ll leave here wearing. If you can stand, you can walk. Now get her dressed in her training attire and bring her in to my classroom. If she utters even one sound, gag her,” she ordered.

Which was hard not to do when she had me dressed. I couldn’t believe it. A skin tight, black sleeveless dress. The tiny skirt came just above mid-thigh and was ungodly tight. My legs were virtually locked together. But that was hardly what caused me to cringe when I saw myself for not only was the rear end cut out displaying my now huge, naked ass, but so was the front completely exposing my tits!

Then she attached large, diamond shaped earrings and from each dangled three tinkling, silver bells. God, they were so heavy. Then, what she did next, horrified me, for she clipped bells to the rings on my nipples that were twice as big as those on the earrings.

Finished she led me to what she called the training room and I quickly found out just how treacherous and terrifying the heels were to walk in. I stumbled, and tripped with every step, almost falling several times. My feet so severely arched it was almost impossible to maintain my balance.

And with each step the bells on my ears, on my tits and most humiliating the one fixed to my penis/pussy tinkled and giggled crazily. Each time I

heard it “clang” it reminded me that I no longer had a functioning dick, I now had a pussy.

## **Chapter-12 No one’s turning me into a damn Bimbo/Slut!**

When we entered the training room I was shocked to see two other, I guessed guys, although they no longer looked like guys, they looked like me. I stood in line with them as ordered. In front of us was the trainer, Ms. Stern and two girls similarly dressed, who couldn’t have been more then twenty-one or twenty-two.

“These are my assistants. The one with the paddle is Ms. Worth. The one with the cane is Ms. Post. You will do precisely as I tell you. Hands folded in front of you. Shoulder back so your tits are always sticking out as far as they can. Heads bowed, eyes fixed on the tips of your toes. Your head is never to be raised in the presence of any woman, including when you speak. In the presence of women you are not to annoy them, or bring attention to yourselves by fidgeting. Which means you don’t dare move so much as a toe. If we hear your bells Ms. Worth will spank you five times. If Ms. Post sees so much as a muscle twitch she’ll cane you three times. Do you understand?” she hollered.

“Y-Yes Mith. Stern,” we all quaked, and I was suddenly scared shitless.

“Now, I would like to welcome you to The Conners Institute. You three have been enrolled in our Bimbo/Slut program. It’s a highly specialized program in which you’ll be trained, conditioned and turned into Bimbo/sluts. When you graduate you’ll

be the dumbest, sexiest Bimbo/Sluts that men will absolutely drool over. They won't be able to take their eyes off your tits, your asses or your legs in your fuck me pumps. All they'll think about when they see you is wanting to fuck your obviously hot pussies, or see you down on your knees sucking their cocks for all your worth. You'll be trained and conditioned to look, act and think like the dumbest, sexiest Bimbo/Sluts any man has ever seen," she declared.

My immediate reaction was, No fucking way? They could try their damndest but they weren't going to turn me into what she'd described. I didn't care how I looked, inside I was all man and nothing on this earth was going to change that.

She obviously could see by the looks on our faces what we were thinking. "Right now you're thinking there's no way she's going to turn me into a dumb, sexy, Bimbo/Slut. In fact you're right. I'm not going to, you're going to do it completely voluntary. You'll attend classes all day long that will include such lessons as Obedience Training, Proper Posture for Bimbo/Sluts which will include walking and sitting like proper sluts. Then there's Make-up and Hair Styling for Bimbos, Proper Slut Etiquette and Gestures, Speech Therapy for Bimbos and, of course, the most important ones of all. Foot Service, Pussy and Ass Worship," she informed us.

## **Chapter-13 Oh god, she was dead serious!**

"Now at the end of each class the one who we judge the worst get five with the cane. The one who comes in second gets ten with the paddle. You're

undoubtedly thinking you've gotten worse. But remember you now have big, fat, sexy asses that we've treated to that they're super sensitive. As always a demonstration is in order. When I say, 'ankles' you will instantly spread your legs as far as you can, grab your ankles and stick your asses as high as you can. The one who is slowest gets the full treatment. If you let go of your ankles, I see a knee bend even slightly or you raise your head you get two more. Very well, 'ankles!' she hollered, and I bend over, spread my legs and grabbed my ankles as fast as I could.

"Ms. Worth I believe you can start with the paddle," she instructed.

When it came my turn I was nervous but not really fearful of five measly spanks. However by five I was yelling my lungs out, I couldn't believe how just five could hurt so badly.

"Ms. Post, three with the cane if you will," she instructed. I couldn't believe it, just three with the cane was so much worse than ten with the paddle. My ass was literally on fire.

When she finished all you could hear was the hysterical sobbing and crying coming from the three of us.

"Just think what ten, not five, with the paddle is going to feel like, and five, not three, with the cane. And this will occur at the end of each and every class, and you'll have nine classes every day. So you see, in effect, every hour of every day you'll be voluntarily turning yourselves into the dumbest, sexiest Bimbo /Sluts simply to avoid being punished," she smirked.

“Now then a few basic rules before we go on. You will never argue, contradict or question anything you’re told or told to do,” she stated. Where had I heard that before, I thought dismally.

“As Bimbo/Sluts you are too dumb to think on your own. So others will do your thinking for you. That means you don’t eat, drink, stand, sit, pee or shit without permission. You will always agree with everything you’re told, understand Bimbos?” she demanded to know.

“Y-Yes Mith. S-Stern,” I heard myself say along with the other two.

“Bimbo/Sluts never annoy anyone by ever speaking without asking permission, which you do by raising your hand. If granted permission to speak and it’s judged frivolous or unimportant you’ll be gagged the rest of the day.

“And, of course, if you hesitate, even a fraction of a second to do as your ordered you’ll get not three, but five with the cane. Do you Bimbo/Sluts understand?”

“Yes Mith. S-Stern,” we quaked.

“Well, lets just see how well you understand. One of us is going to stand in front of each of you. Then I’m going to order you to kiss our shoes by snapping our fingers. The last one to start licking gets three with the cane. The second slowest gets two with the cane. Alright,” she said and snapped her fingers.

I didn’t want to but what could I do except get down on my hands and knees and start kissing. Suddenly I felt two searing slashes on my poor, beaten ass. I couldn’t believe one of the others had beaten me.

I kissed as if my life depended on it, then I heard an unbelievable order.

“Now sluts when we snap our fingers again you’ll lick our shoes sparkling clean. And, of course, the two slowest will be caned,” I heard her say as I started licking for all I was worth.

“We’ll repeat this little exercise many times a day till I’m satisfied,” she stated.

## **Chapter -14 Basic posture for Bimbo/Sluts.**

“Now first I’ll instruct you on basic posture for Bimbo/Sluts. We’ll start with standing. Shoulders back, stick those tits out as far as you can. Hands on your hips pushing those asses out. Now spread your legs as far apart as you can. You’ll feel your skirt ride up, but then you always want to show off the tops of your stockings and suspenders. If drives men wild. Always keep your legs spread as invitingly far apart as they’ll go. Other women modestly keep their legs together, but sluts always want to show off how available they are, don’t they sluts?” she asked.

“Yeth Mith Stern,” we gave the only answer we knew she’d accept.

“Now we’ll tackle the basics of how bimbo/Sluts sit, and we’ll pretend there are men in the room. Behind each of you is a chair. When I tell you to sit the first thing you will do is face the chair bend as far over as you can with your ass facing the man, or men. Now pretend to wipe dust off the seat. You’ll feel your skirt ride well up your ass. Just imagine the inviting spectacle you’ll make showing off your

ass to all the men. You'll have them positively drooling," she chuckled.

"After you've dusted off the chair sit, but on the very edge of your seat. Shoulders back, lean forward so your tits are jutting out as far as they'll go. Now spread your legs. I want to see those ankles outside the legs of the chair, then turn your feet out as far as you can. This will give the men a clear view of your pussy, or pantie, if you're allowed to wear them. If your ass hasn't stiffened their dicks the clear shot they have up your legs most assuredly will, don't you think so sluts?" she demanded to know.

"Yeth Mith Stern," I replied with the others, truly wanting to die. I couldn't believe this is how I was going to be forced to act in front of men.

I don't know how many times she made us practice sitting until she was satisfied, it felt like a hundred.

## **Chapter-15 The Slut Strut.**

"Now you're going to learn the most important thing that all Bimbo/Sluts need to learn and perfect. How to walk, we call it, 'the slut strut.' In front of you you'll see three white lines going across the room. Each of you stand at the beginning of one. First the arms, straight out at your sides, hands up, fingers spread. As you walk everything will move except those arms. The heel of each step must be precisely in front of the other. This will make your ass gyrate, bounce and giggle. But to exaggerate your asses swishing from side to side your toes will be pointed out. With each step your heels must stay on

the white line and your toes must be outside of it. When I tell you to 'walk' you'll walk on your line to the end, pivot and repeat twenty times. You can take your time however you can't stop or even hesitate. You'll make twenty trips up and back. The assistants will note each time your arms move, hands aren't bent, fingers aren't spread, an elbow bends, your heels don't land on the white line or your toes don't land outside of it. They will also note each time your ass doesn't wildly gyrate, bounce or giggle enough. Now the one with the most faults will immediately do another twenty trips. The one with the second most faults will do an additional ten. The one with the least will be allowed to sit. Alright sluts 'walk!" she ordered.

"Oh wait, I almost forgot, the books girls, she said to her assistants. And I'm sure to all our disbeliefs they put three heavy books on top of our heads.

"Naturally you'll get a fault for every book that falls. They keep you from looking down and train you to be graceful even if you are just sluts," she said, then ordered us to walk.

It was virtually impossible to remember to do everything as dictated. I stumbled and tripped my way down the white line, although I had no idea if I was even on it. And it seemed like every fourth step all the books fell. God, this was impossible!

Then to make it worse she said, "When you bend down to pick up your books sluts, remember to stick your asses up as high as you can."

As we walked down our lines all we heard was constant criticism:

"Gyrate those asses sluts!"



“Keep those damn arms straight out Slut Suzette!”

“Get those toes pointed out Slut Tiffany!”

“You, Slut Cherri, I want those heels precisely one in front of the other,” she hollered at me.

“My goodness girls, slut Cherri is already giggling her ass like a pro already. I’m sure you’ll have every man’s dick stiff as a board once they see that ass of yours bouncing back and forth,” she declared.

That, I positively didn’t want to hear, but the truth was I couldn’t stop my ass from bouncing and giggling all over the place much to my dismay and I wondered why. Then I remembered Ms. Connors saying that they were going to clip a few muscles in my ass to really make it wobble.

Trying to walk in towering heels up and down the room was pure torture. I don’t know how I ever make it twenty times. But you couldn’t imagine my relief when she announced that slut Suzette had the most faults and would do another twenty. Which was cut miserably short when she said, “And you, Slut Cherri will do another ten.”

## **Chapter-16 We learn the most important duties of a Bimbo/Slut**

“I’ll now introduce you to the most important duties of a Bimbo/Slut. First you’ll learn how to kiss, lick and tongue a woman’s ass. Then you’ll learn how to service their pussies. Now, when we snap our finger and point to our asses you immediately get down on your knees, hand behind you and start kissing our asses. When we thrust our asses into

your face you start licking, and when we snap our fingers again you start tonguing for all your worth. And by that I mean you get your tongues as far up our asses as you can and start tonguing. Any lack of effort and you'll get the cane as a prompter," she said, and they snapped their fingers.

I'd never kissed, licked or tongued any woman's ass. Real men never lowered themselves to such a debasing act. But in an instant there I was on my knees licking and kissing Ms. Post's ass, who couldn't have been more than nineteen at the most. I was disgusted by what I was doing and apparently I wasn't giving it my all for all too soon I felt several sharp cracks with her cane on my already inflamed ass and I was quickly licking and kissing for all I was worth.

I kept it up for I don't know how long. Then she snapped her fingers and I was tonguing her ass.

"Get that fucking tongue in there, slut!" she screamed at me, giving me two more with the cane.

When my face was finally pushed away, sounding disgusted, she said, "That was pathetic, you'd better do better or you won't be able to sit for a week. Stand up!"

"Now Sluts, it's time to begin learning how to service a woman's pussy. When we snap our fingers and spread our legs you get in there and start tonguing like your life depended on it, or your asses," she ordered.

"What you're going to learn we call, 'the heel and toe' method. Your tongue will precisely and instantly mimic the movement of your trainer's toes. What she wants your tongue to do, how fast, how slow, how deep and how stiff. The heels will be applied

whenever you're not instantly responding, if she feels you're not giving it your best effort and to urge you on when she feels you're slacking off or growing fatigued. We'll start with just forty-five minutes, then add five minutes each day until we have you up to one-and-a half hours," she declared, snapping her fingers.

So now I'm kneeling between Ms. Post's legs and as soon as I did she locked her legs around my head so tight it felt like it was in a vice. Honest to god I tried mimicking what her toes were doing but it was so hard to react so fast.

But my concentration and reaction improved dramatically when I suddenly felt her sharp heels painfully jabbing me several times. And each time I failed to precisely mimic her toes, or was even a fraction of a second slow she spurred me viciously with her heels.

Forty-five minutes seemed like an eternity and when I finally felt my head being unlocked I damn near collapsed.

"Miserable, pathetic but I swear you'll do better next time won't you slut?" she demanded to know.

"Yeth, Mith P-Post," I replied, my poor, abused tongue just hanging there.

## **Chapter-17 Time to lose some of that fat.**

"Get them dressed for the treadmill, and keep them on it for at least an hour, then bring them down to dinner," she ordered.

To my great relief the tortuous corset and heels were removed. Which didn't last long as what I was

forced into was a really heavy, black rubber body suit. So tight I felt squeezed on every part of my body. Only my head and for some reason my nipples and impossibly long fingernails were left free. Then to my dismay a heavily boned rubber corset was laced on me, ungodly tight. Ordered to put my right foot up on a chair she forced it into the oddest shoe. To my disbelief it had no heel at all and at least a four inch rocker sole. It laced up to my ankles.

When I put my foot down it dropped to the floor like a dead weight it was so heavy. She then attached weights to my wrists which were so heavy I actually didn't think I had the strength to lift them. Pulling my un-protesting arms behind me she locked the weights together causing my shoulders to immediately sag.

She led me over to a treadmill, my feet so heavy I could barely put one foot in front of the other. And the rocker soles made it almost impossible to maintain any balance. Once on the treadmill I couldn't believe what she did next. There were two short strap dangling from the front of it with rings at the ends. She put each ring around my nipples and then tightened them making sure they couldn't be pulled off.

"It's time you overweight Bimbo/Sluts shed all that excess fat and muscles. When you leave here you'll be nothing but tits and ass," Ms. Stern declared, then started the treadmill, then added, "Would one of you turn the heat up to at least ninety?"

I was so relieved that when it started it was at a really slow walk. Which I could have easily managed if it weren't for these damn, bizarre shoes. They were just impossible to walk in.

Even at the slow pace I was terrified of what would happen if I stumbled, tripped or couldn't keep up. Jesus, if they didn't yak my tits right off me it was going to hurt like hell. With that foremost in my mind I gradually learned to walk, if you could call it that. There was a clock in front of me that I couldn't help staring at. She'd said an hour and I watched the minutes pass by torturously slow. After just five minutes I could feel sweat starting to pour down me. Then, to my alarm, when the minute hand hit fifteen minutes the pace started to pick up and I had to make a real effort to stay with it. Then when it hit thirty it picked up again, this time to a quick walk. I couldn't help panicking as I strived with everything I had to pick up the pace. I struggled, my feet now like lead and as started falling back I could feel the leashes starting to yank on my poor nipples.

At forty minutes, oh god, the pace picked up yet again and I was nearly running. Which is when I stumbled and lost my balance. I could feel my nipples and breasts being really yanked painfully as I frantically tried to regain my balance finally managing to do so. Thankfully the leashes had some elastic in them.

I was never so glad to see the assistants return and shut off the damn treadmills. I was so exhausted I could barely step off the treadmill. Sweat was literally pouring off me as the exercise outfit was shed. As she struggled getting me out of it she cheerfully said, "I know you cant wait till tomorrow, that's when we'll take you out to do 'walkies.'"

I had no idea what she was talking about, but whatever "walkies" were I was sure I wasn't going to like it.

## **Chapter-18 That evening and yet more humiliation.**

I couldn't believe what came next, a bath! But not just a bath but a heavily perfumed bubble bath. I didn't care, it felt so wonderful that I nearly fell asleep.

But all too soon I was gotten out and dressed. And it was actually worse than what I had been wearing. It consisted only of a pink, satin corset that pushed my boobs even further up and out. I was laced just as torturously tight as before. Sheer, seamed nylons with pink bows at their tops came next and then pink heels, just as treacherously high as the others, with bows on the toes were locked on my feet. The only other adornments were a pair of long, dangling, pink earrings with bells, a pink collar and a huge bow pinned on top of my head.

Led over to a mirror Ms. Post declared, "My goodness, don't you just make the most adorable Bimbo/Slut? I'm sure you'll impress all the women."

What women? I thought before I got a good look in the mirror. Oh my god, women are going to see we like this? Please, no! For I did make the most adorable Bimbo/Slut in the trampiest, most revealing sort of way. Nothing covered my sexless front and my ass looked, if possible, even bigger. The pink collar had a big, silver bell dangling from it and a plaque on it that read, "Bimbo/Slut Cherri."

As a final insult the three of us were heavily sprayed with perfume that the assistants, giggling, said was called, "Sinful Slut."

When we were brought into what she described as the viewing room I just wanted to die. For there

was Ms. Conover and eight other women sitting around having drinks.

We were lined up and told to introduce ourselves. When it came my turn I tried my hardest to sound understandable. "Myth name ith Cherbie. I'm a dumth, sexy, bintho sklut."

After we'd all introduced ourselves and they'd finished laughing Ms. Stern said, "When your name is called walk to each woman. Lean forward so she can inspect your tits, then turn so she can check out your ass."

It couldn't possibly have been anymore humiliating. And as I went from one woman to the next my tits and ass were fondled and pinched and commented on.

"My god, I haven't seen torpedo tits like this one has for years, and just look at the size of those nipples!" one remarked as she pinched them.

"True, but just look at the ass on her. How it bounces, giggles and bobs about so crazily. Put her in a tight skirt and every ass man will positively drool over her," another chuckled, and then shocked me when she asked, "Are you going to put this one up for sale?"

"No, apparently she has some skill the company she works for is in need of. Her official title will be Office Pussy girl," Ms. Conover said.

"What about the other two?" the woman asked.

"Bimbo/Slut Suzette is going to be trained as her ex-wife's personal maid. She caught her cheating on her for a third time and decided she needed more than a little revenge. Oh, poor thing, you didn't know you'd been divorced. Oh yes, she now owns

your company and she's living with some hunk of a guy who I'm sure you'll meet when she takes you back. She specifically wants you trained to meet all his needs as well."

"Now this last one Bimbo/Slut Tiffany was an especially abusive husband. Battered her around for two year before she finally had enough. She doesn't want her back and told us to just sell the slut. I'll put her up for auction for the fall showing. There's a woman that's looking for a full time cock sucker. Wouldn't you enjoy sucking cocks all day long, 24/7 girl?' she asked, and out of the corner of my eye I could just make out the terrified look on poor Tiffany's face as she violently nodded, "No."

"Then I suggest you apply yourself to become the best pussy licker there ever was in hopes of attracting a woman buyer," she warned, then added, "Alright you can put them to bed now."

The three of us were led to an ultra frilly bedroom that had as centerpieces three oversized cribs. I was undressed and I can't describe how heavenly it felt without the corset and torturous heels. Which, to my dismay, didn't last long for I was soon being laced into what they called my night corset that, unbelievably, extended all the way down past my knees. It was rubber and the only good thing was she didn't lace it quite as tight.

"Your night corset is worn so that you don't lose your figure. Now sit down and hold your feet out," she ordered. When I did she put the most bizarre boots I'd ever seen on my feet. They were mid-calf in length and laced up, but what was so bizarre was the boot forced my toes pointing straight down. As she laced them on my poor feet screamed in protest at how severely arched they became.



These are your night training boots. They'll help train your feet to adjust to your heels. Tomorrow when your heels are put on I'm sure you'll be able to walk much better after a night in these," she assured me.

"Now today was probably a bit traumatic for you. However now you know how it's going to be, and what Ms. Stern expects of you. So if we have to punish you it'll be your own fault, won't it?"

"Yeth, Mith Posth," I miserably had to agree.

"I wish I could be lenient with you and the others, but Ms. Stern absolutely forbids it," she said, trying to be nice, which I really appreciated.

Patting me kindly on my cheek she added, "I'm sure it will all turn out fine. I agree with Ms. Conover, you really do have the makings of one of our most gorgeous Bimbo/Sluts."

Oh great, just what I wanted to hear, I thought miserably.

"Now lean your head toward me please, so I can put your sleeping mask and earplugs in and mittens on. We want to make sure you get a good, restful sleep. And don't stay up all night gossiping," she said, putting a sleeping mask on me, enclosing my hands in very stiff mittens, making them totally useless, then inserted earplugs.

This is how I was supposed to get a good sleep? But strangely I fell almost dead to the world within minutes.

## **Chapter-19 The next morning and it only gets worse.**

It seemed like I'd just fallen asleep when I was suddenly shaken awake. As she removed my ear-plugs and mask she said, "It's five-thirty time to get up. Now, every morning when I wake you up you'll say, 'Thank you for waking Bimbo/Slut Cherri,' then you'll get immediately get down and kiss my feet, then you'll go over to Ms. Worth and, after kissing her feet, say, 'I promise to try as hard as I can to be the dumbest, sexiest Bimbo/Slut that I can today.' Then I'll get you undressed and potty you."

Potty me, what the heck did that mean?

When all three of us had been undressed three potties were produced and we were ordered to sit on them. There were rings we had to put our feet in. Then our arms were pulled behind us and our wrists strapped together.

We were then told to bend forward with our heads on the floor and our asses sticking straight up in the air. Suddenly I felt a pair of hand pulling my cheeks apart and holding them open and to my shock I felt my asshole being lubricated followed by something, quite long, being inserted. What on earth was going on, I wondered, but I soon found out.

"Time for your morning, two quart enema sluts. A daily enema, as you'll find out, is rather debilitating from a psychological and physical standpoint. It's sure to put you in the right frame of mind. Now you'll be required to hold it for twenty minutes. If you don't you'll receive an additional punishment enema. It's also an excellent method to get you obedience trained," we were informed.

I couldn't remember the last time I had an enema. By the time it was all in me I felt pregnant and already desperate to relieve myself. But, I had to hold it for twenty agonizing minutes, and I didn't make it. The clock on the wall showed just twelve minutes up when I violently emptied it all over and over till I thought I'd faint.

"For disobeying a direct order you'll all now receive a punishment enema. Not two quarts but three into which we add a liberal dose of perfume and several seltzer tablets," she said.

I truly thought I was going to explode by the time all three quarts had been forced into me. Ordered to bend forward I felt something much larger being inserted, and, oh god, it was getting bigger!

"Back down on your potties. It's just a retention plug. We'll remove it in thirty minutes," she said.

I wanted to shit so bad, but I couldn't. and then I felt my insides stinging and I was getting the most awful cramps. By the end of thirty minutes I was bathed in sweat, silently begging for them to remove that awful thing up my ass. When they did I simply exploded over and over damn near fainting.

She was right about it being mentally and physically debilitating. I was a wreck and so exhausted I had to be helped off the potty.

"Treadmill time, sluts," Ms. Worth cheerfully, to my disbelief.

Fifteen minutes later I was in the oppressive, rubber body suit, the weird, weighted boots and attached by my nipples to the machine. I couldn't believe after two horrible enemas that left me mentally and physically drained that they put us on the treadmills. I half wondered if they were trying to kill

us. But then heaven, another perfumed, bubble bath that they allowed us to soak in for a full half hour.

## **Chapter-20 Off to Bimbo/Slut classes.**

After we were dressed we started on the classes that were to turn us into Bimbo/Sluts. Each lasted an hour and I tried as hard as I could in each, for the two that did the worst were either caned or spanked.

First came Speech Therapy for Bimbos. We were made to recite humiliating lines over and over. It started with, "I'm a silly, slutty, sexy, scatterbrained Bimbo/Slut." Apparently I wasn't trying hard enough, and I guess I wasn't.

"Apparently you need an incentive," I heard, and was suddenly bent over and felt something being attached to my dick, I mean my pussy. I quickly found out what it was as each time I didn't improve my poor pussy got a healthy shock! God, did I try after that.

We practiced that over and over then we got our next line. "I'm a busty, booby, brainless Bimbo/Slut." Over and over for an hour. In the end I could almost understand myself.

Then it was an hour of ass licking and tonguing followed by another hour of pussy servicing. My sides hurt like hell as she mercilessly used her dagger, sharp toes and heels on me. It felt like my tongue was dragging on the floor by the time we finished, and without pause it was time to practice our slut walk.

Only this time it was different, horribly so. Taken into a room we were evenly spaced between each other in a large circle. Dangling down from an overhead track was a chain that split into a “Y” each with rings. I was afraid I knew where they were going, and I was right, on my nipples.

“Well Sluts, time to strut your stuff,” she declared, going over to the wall and pressing a button. Suddenly I was being pulled forward by my nipples and I had to struggle to keep up. The overhead track was motorized forcing us to walk round and round. Only one of the assistants stayed to supervise us.

“Heels on the line, toes to the outside, arms out and gyrate those asses,” she barked, and each time I didn’t I got the cane on my ass, the back of my legs or the palm of my hands. Like yesterday it was impossible to concentrate on everything, but I did notice, after an hour, that I actually stumbled and tripped a bit less.

## **Chapter-21 Makeup & Hair Styles for Bimbo/Sluts.**

The next two classes were a relief, but only because we did them sitting at vanity tables.

“Your gorgeous Bimbo Pink makeup, as you know, has been dyed in. However today you’ll learn how to enhance your look and then change it to match whatever you’re dressed in,” we were told.

So we sat there applying lip gloss, rouging on cheeks and powdering our noses.

“We always want to see your lips looking luscious, glossy and ever so inviting. So you’ll carry

your lip gloss, rouge and powder in your purses. There's a mirror you'll use to check that you look like perfect Bimbo/Sluts at all times. You'll learn to check it every hour with this," she said, putting a rhinestone studded, pink wrist watch on our wrists. When I heard it click I knew it was locked on.

"Now then as Bimbo/Sluts the only thing you ever think about is showing off your tits and ass, isn't that right?" she asked, and, of course, we said, "Yes, Ms. Stern."

"And so that they always look perfect and enticing, especially for all the sex starved men out there I want you to powder your tits and nipples then rouge them, you never can tell when your employer, mistress or owner will want you to show them off" she instructed. When we had she said, "Now pick up your compacts and inside you'll find a mirror. I want you to stand and using your mirror first powder your asses and then evenly rouge your cheeks."

God, I hated this, how utterly humiliating. I couldn't ever imagine Ms. Clark ever wanting to do that. It wasn't in my job description, or so I hoped.

With our tits, nipples and asses powdered and rouged she said, "Every hour your watches will chime. Whatever you're doing you stop powder your face, gloss your lips, powder and rouge your tits, nipple and asses."

You can imagine how I felt powdering my tits and ass so I could show them off to men. I prayed I'd never have to. I think I'd want to die first.

Then it was on to new hairstyles she said was perfect for Bimbo/Sluts like us.

First we were taught how to put our hair in pony-tails, high up on our heads, then tie a huge bow in

it. After we practiced that over and over we were taught how to put our hair in pigtails and with ribbons tied in big floppy bows to fasten them. I looked more like a dumb Bimbo with my hair in pigtails and, of course, I hated how I looked.

## **Chapter-22 Lunchtime and I'm starving.**

Looking at the clock she said, "Well, that's enough hairstyling, it's time for lunch.

Lunch? Oh great, I was absolutely starving. They must have forgotten that we hadn't eaten anything today, or even yesterday. I couldn't wait.

When we were brought into the dining room the whole staff was there, and were being served by the sexiest maids. I couldn't believe they had once been men, which I found out later.

I grew concerned as there didn't seem to be any chairs for us. Then they began to eat with no gesture to join them. So I tentatively raised my hand.

"Yes, Bimbo/Slut Cherri, you have something to say?" Ms. Stern asked.

"Yes M-Ms. Stern, I-I was just wondering about our, ah, lunch?"

"Oh, but don't you admit how grossly overweight you are and your need to diet?"

"Yes, Ms. Stern, I am, I-I mean do," I replied.

"Well, your diet includes fasting for your first few days and then every third day. You were brought for what we call, 'under the table' duty. You get under the table in front of Ms. Conover's chair. Bimbo/Slut Suzette you get under the table in front

of Ms. Worth's chairs, and you, Bimbo/Slut Tiffany get under the table in front of Ms. Post. As soon as you're properly positioned by each of us you'll begin servicing our pussies. When you hear a bell you immediately go to the next chair to your right until you complete a full circuit of the table. Each of us will grade you and the one who does worst gets another hour on the treadmill," she stated.

Oh god, I simply couldn't do another hour on the damn thing. Imagine, just a few days ago I was this high powered executive, owner of my own business, big time ladies man. Now I'm on all fours scrambling under the table wanting nothing more than to get a higher score servicing at least eight pussies better than the other two.

When I finally completed a circuit all the way around the table I was so relieved when Suzette was graded the worst. I wouldn't wish another hour on the treadmill on anyone, I was just glad it wasn't me.

## **Chapter-23 Our next class, Foot Care, whatever that was.**

"In this class you'll learn the proper way to care for the feet of those in charge of you," she said.

"Step one you've already learned. When any woman taps her foot that's your signal that she wants her shoes cleaned, with your tongue, of course," she instructed, and in moments I was licking Ms. Post's shoes. Just a few short days ago if anyone had told me that I'd soon be down on my knees licking clean women's shoes I would have laughed myself silly at them.



“Now if she taps her foot again it means she wants her shoes removed. Then if she taps again it means she wants her nylons, pantyhose or socks removed. You’ll have to get under her skirts to very carefully remove them,” she said, and fortunately Ms. Post had stay ups which weren’t so difficult.

“Tapping her foot again is her signal to lick her feet up to her ankles. Make sure to lick her soles and between each toe,” she dictated. I actually sort of enjoyed it, she had great, perfectly formed feet, although they were a bit sweaty. Then as I was licking between her toes I remembered, I was a guy and here I was licking and sucking a girl’s toes who couldn’t have been more than eighteen or nineteen. After I’d licked her feet there was yet another step.

“If you hear another tap it means she wants her feet massaged. Listen very carefully to my instructions as every time you do it incorrectly you’ll hold up your hands so they can be spanked,” she warned.

Needless to say a few painful spanks on the palms of my hands and I did everything I could to do it precisely as she dictated. After completing the entire process several times of an hour’s time she declared our efforts, “Barely acceptable.”

“But don’t worry you’ll be doing it every day,” she promised.

## **Chapter-24 Doing “Walkies”**

I was a bit puzzled when Ms. Stern unexpectedly asked what the temperature was outside and was told it was ninety-one.

“Oh, that’s perfect weather for, ‘walkies.’ Let’s get the Bimbo/Sluts ready,” she instructed.

To my dismay I was sealed into the awful rubber exercise suit, laced into a rubber corset and my poor feet crammed into the weighted, torture boots. My arms were brought behind me and weights fastened my wrists together. The boots, I was told weighed twenty pounds as did the weights on my wrists.

Then she clipped the leash to my nipples and stumbling after her was led outside. “Walkies” turned out to be just that. They leisurely walked down a brick path chatting to each other while the three of us desperately struggled to keep up and keep from stumbling and falling on the rough, brick path. All most immediately I started sweating heavily. It wasn’t just hot, but humid. Soon sweat was literally pouring down the inside of me. And then to my terror they suddenly picked up the pace. Then just when I thought the corset would cause me to completely lose my breath thankfully they slowed.

Mercilessly they would pick up the pace till we were almost jogging then just as we were reached our limit they’d slow again. Over and over they did this only occasionally stopping to rest us, which was all too short.

By the end of an hour of “walkies” I was beyond exhausted. I thought if I had to take another step I’d end up crawling back. I didn’t, but collapsed in a chair while she removed the boots and rubber exercise suit. I nearly passed out in relief when put in a perfumed, bubble bath and allowed to soak for half an hour.

## **Chapter-25 I learn to type, the hard way.**

I was totally surprised at what my next class was to be. “Your employer has asked me that you attend a special class in typing. Apparently you’ll need it in your position there,” she stated, as she sat me down at a computer.

I didn’t know why they thought I couldn’t type. I could and was pretty fast. Then I looked down at my fingers. Oh god, how am I ever going to type with one inch nails? Well, I soon found out.

Handed a paper with three long paragraphs she said, “Let’s see how fast you can type in one minute. Ready? Begin.”

When time was up she checked the word count and it said I’d typed forty words in a minute.

“That’s it, forty words? So we’ll start there. You’ll start typing again, which you’ll do for five minutes. When time is up you will have typed an average of forty-two words a minute. For each word under that you’ll hold out your hands, palms up, and they’ll be spanked twice. Then for each mistake they’ll be spanked once,” she declared.

Naturally I typed like mad. But at the end of five minutes I’d only typed thirty-nine words a minute, and I had twenty-one mistakes!

I won’t go into detail but for the next hour I typed as best I could, had my poor, burning hands spanked repeatedly, and started all over. By the end of the hour I did manage to type exactly forty-two words a minute and improved t just twelve mistakes.

“You see what you can accomplish with the right incentive. Tomorrow you’ll average forty-four words a minute,” she said matter-of-factly.

We had another hour of learning what she called, “the slut strut.” Then an hour of obedience training. I couldn’t keep track of the number of times I got the cane. But finally it was over, or so I thought. We were prepared for dinner. Not ours, of course, even though I was truly starved. No, while they ate we made the circuit under the table servicing their pussies.

## **Chapter-26 The end of the week review.**

“Today Bimbo/Sluts is Saturday. Which means your weekly progress will be reviewed. The one who does best gets all of tomorrow off. The one who does second best gets half a day off. The one who comes in last has classes all day, after she’s been suitably punished,” we were informed.

Oh man, I’d do anything for even a half day off, I thought, as we were put on a scale to be weighed. I couldn’t believe I’d already lost eleven pounds!

“Don’t worry, we’ll have you down to all you are is tits and ass in no time,” she assured me, and miserably I believed it.

Then we were graded from one to ten on just about everything. Sissy Speech, Make up and Hair Styling, Foot Care & Massage, Ass Licking, Pussy Licking and Sitting and Standing.

I couldn’t help wondering why several categories had been left out, but I shortly found out when she

said, "You'll be graded in all other categories by the judges."

Then I couldn't help panicking when she announced that while I'd come in second I was just barely above Tiffany who'd, poor thing, had come in last.

Well, there was no way I was going to come in last. I'd show those judges, probably the rest of the staff, who the best Bimbo/Slut was. Christ, what am I thinking? But I was determined I wasn't going to come in last. I desperately needed even a half day off.

So I stood there as again I was dressed, or undressed, all in pink. Bells were attached to my nipples and ears. God, I hated those bells!

When we were all ready we minced into what they called the display room with a warning. "You'll line up facing the judges and do precisely what you're told. Any hesitation and you'll be marked down for lack of obedience."

Mincing into the room I was so shocked I stumbled, nearly tripped and wanted nothing more than to run out of the room as fast as I could. For sitting there were three of the biggest, macho looking men I think I've ever seen except maybe in a gym pumping iron.

"Well, don't just stand there, step forward and introduce yourselves to the judges," Ms. Stern barked.

Riddled with shame and utterly humiliated I stepped forward and lisped, "My name is th dumbth, sexthy, Bimbho/Sluth Cherrie." Then I heard a tapping foot. Oh god, I couldn't believe what I did next. It was utterly degrading. Yet there I was kissing the tips of the first guys boots. Then, oh no, a second

tap and I couldn't help it, I was licking the fucking guy's boots, and they were filthy.

"The judges will now decide who has the best cock sucking lips and also check your teeth, then will determine who has the best tits and ass. When called forward step between each judges legs. Lean forward and don't move. You, bimbo/Slut Cherrie, you're first," she ordered.

Degrading as it was I didn't hesitate. And it was worse than I could have imagined.

He checked my lips, then I had to show him my teeth. I wanted to back away as he fondled and pinched my tits, but I didn't dare move.

"I love the bells, you should add even more," he commented, then added, "Great tits, usually you see big, wobbly melons, but these really stand straight out, and the nipples, pardon the pun, are outstanding."

God, this is beyond mortifying, I was thinking, when she said, "You're not smiling, I want to see the biggest, cock sucking smile you have on that face! Now present your ass to him!"

Not thinking to hesitate I turned, bent over and grabbed my ankles. As I held my pose he fondled, pinched and felt my ass. Then shockingly I felt him spreading my cheeks and couldn't help gasp as I felt a finger go partly up me.

"Ah, nice and tight, a virgin then?" he asked.

"Oh absolutely. We guarantee that all our girls are virgins. We know how special their first time is," she said, and hearing that I swear I nearly passed out.

“Well, this one is acceptable. Although a couple of teeth need whitening and her lips are way too thin. I wouldn’t want this one, with those lips, around my cock,” he stated.

“Oh course,, I’ll se that both are rectified,” she assured him.

I got similar comments from the other two and when the horrible ordeal was finally over I was in tears, but smiling.

## **Chapter-27 I’m declared the worst Bimbo/Slut of the week.**

One by one we were called forward to learn our fate. I was the last. As I stood there she read off my grades.

“Poise & Posture- Fair”

“Make Up- Acceptable”

“Hair Styling-Fair”

“Speech-Poor”

“Obedience-Unacceptable”

“Typing-Poor”

“Ass Licking-Fair”

“Pussy Service-Poor”

Oh god, this didn’t sound good, I thought, and it got worse.

“The judges evaluation is as follows:

“Tits-Outstanding”

“Ass-Good”

“Slut Strut-Poor”

“Well, unfortunately you didn’t apply yourself, or try as hard as you could. You came in last, the worst Bimbo/Slut of the week,” she declared, which absolutely devastated me.

“As the worst Bimbo/Slut you will, of course, be punished. First by the judges. Ann hand her the paddle,” she ordered.

As she did she whispered, “ Go over, get on your knees and present the paddle. When you do say, as contritely as you can, ‘Please sir, I’ve been a bad Bimbo/Slut and I deserve to be punished.’ Then get across his lap and raise your ass as high as you can. With each spank count and say, ‘Thank you sir.’

When he’s finished with his twenty spanks say, ‘Thank you for punishing me, sir.’ Then go on to the next. I know this will be hard, but please do exactly as I say or they’ll switch to a cane.”

What could I do but as she whispered. The first judge didn’t spank me too hard, but the second one really laid into me and I was soon frantically kicking my feet, yelling and sobbing. By the third one I couldn’t help gasping and screaming, tears flowing with each smack.

I was a painful wreck when they were through spanking me and so relieved it was over. But, so much worse was to come for I was led over to a small platform and made to kneel. When I did my legs were secured, then my arms were drawn behind me and fastened to my ankles. Next a most severe posture collar was buckled so tightly on me that I couldn’t move my head in any direction. I had no idea why I was being bound in such a way but I was getting more and more scared by the second.



Suzette was then stood in front of me with her “pussy” mere inches from my face. A spreader bar stretched her legs out and her arms, like mine, were fastened behind her.

“Bimbo/Slut Suzette you’ve earned a reward for being judged the best Bimbo/Slut of the week,” she declared, the said, “You can unclip her pussy now.”

When they did it instantly sprang erect, actually touching my nose.

“Now you can attach the pussy stimulator, she instructed, and I saw what appeared to be a thick, rubber ring slid down her pussy. Strangely it looked like it had a small antenna fastened at the top.

Her instructions to Suzette certainly puzzled me. “When you feel your pussy is about to do creamies you must instantly inform us by saying, ‘Please, may my pussy do creamies now?’ If you do creamies without getting permission you will take Bimbo/Slut Cherrie’s place. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Ms. Stern,” she said, although by her tone of voice it was evident that she was as confused as I was.

I couldn’t move my head, but out of the corner of my eye I saw Ms. Stern pick up something that looked like a TV remote and while pressing a button, chuckled, and said, “Watch, you’ll find this most amusing.”

I wondered what she meant when I suddenly I heard Suzette gasp. Turning my eyes back I was shocked to see her pussy rapidly start growing and getting stiffer by the second. Suzette’s gasps turned

to moans as her pussy began twitching and bobbing up and down.

I finally realized the awful, horrible truth of what was about to happen when Suzette urgently said, "Please, my p-pussy is about to do creamies."

She was going to do creamies on my face! Oh no, god, don't let it happen," I silently begged.

"Oh my no, we want you to really enjoy your reward. We'll let you know when," she was told.

Every time she urgently announced her pussy was going to do creamies I just shut my eyes thinking

Here it comes.

Finally she said, "Very well, you can do creamies now."

And no sooner that she spoke I was getting coated with Suzette's creamies. All over my face. Christ, I didn't think she ever stop! When she did her disgusting stuff was dripping off my nose and chin, streaming down my cheeks and forehead coating my eyes.

Well, I thought, the worst was finally over. When nothing happened I wanted to scream, "get this tuff off me!"

"Take her away. You can clean Bimbo/Slut Suzette's creamies off her face tomorrow when you put her to bed," I heard her say. I couldn't believe it, I'd just sunk lower than I ever thought possible.

## **Chapter-28 I learned my lesson.**

I won't go into details of the following day, but it was horrible. When they finally wiped Suzette's caked on creamies off my face I was completely broken. My only goal for the next week was to kill myself trying to be the best Bimbo/Slut there was.

I did every humiliating thing I was ordered to do without the slightest hesitation. The better I became the less I was punished. That, in itself, was a reward.

I even gave Ms. Post her first orgasm that she complimented me on, and how much better my ass licking was.

"You're really getting your tongue up my asshole like I knew you could if you really exerted yourself," she said, patting me on the head like one would a pet. Stupidly I actually felt a sense of pride.

And by the end of the second week you could actually understand what I was trying to say, although with a heavy lisp.

There were two things I really didn't like that occurred that week. The first thing on Monday I was strapped into one of the salon chairs, and could do nothing as they made my lips bigger and fatter.

"Now that's what I call a great set of cock sucking lips. I'm sure the judges will be most impressed," Ms. Stern remarked with a smirk, the last thing I wanted to hear.

Still in the chair a dental technician was called to whiten my teeth.

"I think I'll also add a polish that will really make them sparkle when she smiles," she said, adding

something I definitely didn't want to hear, "You should think about filing down those two front teeth and rounding them off. They'll just get in the way when she sucking a really big cock."

Fortunately Ms. Stern only said she'd take it under consideration.

## **Chapter -29 My reward for best Bimbo/Slut of the week.**

As I said, I certainly had learned my lesson, so at the end of the week, when it came time to perform in front of the judges I never hesitated a moment to do everything I knew I was expected to do as eagerly and enthusiastically as I possibly could. Hating every minute of it.

For which I was rewarded by being named the best Bimbo/Slut of the week.

"Oh thank you, Ms. Stern, thank you," I gushed out, but moments later became disgusted with myself for being so relieved and grateful.

So, I was stood in front of poor kneeling Tiffany, who'd unfortunately come in last. The rubber thing was put on my dick, I mean my pussy, and it immediately started getting stiff when Ms. Stern started in vibrating. In seconds I was stiffer than I could ever remember being. My pussy was pulsating, bobbing up and down as the damn bell clanged madly.

I'd never felt sensations like I was feeling. I desperately wanted to unload, I mean do creamies. But she seemed to delight in torturing me. Every time I asked permission to do creamies she stopped, leaving me in a state of utter frustration.

Finally I was given permission and she obviously turned it up full blast as I instantly started shooting great gobs of creamies, over and over like I'd never done before. I was totally oblivious to where it was going. I couldn't have cared less, all I wanted was to keep spurting and spurting. When the last gob was forced out of me I was bathed in sweat, totally exhausted, too weak to even stand on my own.

“Very good, excellent in fact. See how nice things happen when you're a good bimbo/Slut? Well, lock her pussy up and put her to bed,” she instructed laughingly.

### **Chapter-30 My third week and big changes.**

When we were weighed in at the start of my third week in this bizarre place it was noted that I'd “only” lost another nine pounds. God, if I kept losing at this rate I was really going to be nothing but tits and ass I thought in dismay.

I was then carefully measured everywhere. Arms, legs, waist, even my legs. Then I was told to make a muscle and that too was measured.

Leading me over to a bar bell I was told to lift it as high as I could. Two weeks ago I could easily lift it over my head. After all it was just 30 pounds. However by the end of just the first week I had to really struggle to get it up to my chest. And, alarmingly, by the end of the second week, struggling with all my might I barely got it up to my knees. Which they thought was excellent progress.

“Try this one, it's ten pounds lighter,” I was told and with some effort managed to get it up to my tits,

but that was all. Obviously I was on a program of muscle loss not gain, and I was really concerned.

Equally distressing were the damn weighted boots. They were having the same draining effect on what was left of my strength. At first when I was put on the treadmill I could barely make it through the hour. But by the end of the week I was down to forty-five minutes and then just thirty before I pleaded that I couldn't do anymore. And the same result when we were taken out for out daily "Walkies."

"You can kneel for a bit, you're making excellent progress," I was told. Gratefully I did, but could only go another ten minutes before collapsing once again.

Which brings me back to the present.

"Well, put her in her new corset and heels, then get her dress," she ordered.

"One inch, Ma'am?" Ms. Post asked.

"No, two, we've only got this one for another two weeks. And she won't leave here without at least an acceptable figure," she stated flatly.

Over the past tow weeks my corset had gone from unbearable to just barely tolerable. But by the time she was finished lacing me into the new corset it was so tight that I was near fainting.

"Well, I hope she approves. It's only laced to twenty-three inches. I hate to have her tell me to tighten it even more, poor thing. Now for your new shoes," she said, forcing my feet not into five inch heels but, I was sure, impossible to walk in six inch heels, which she proceeded to lock on me.

“It’ll take you a bit to adjust to them, but you’re eventually adjust to them,” she remarked, as I tried just standing up.

“Time to get you all dressed up,” she declared. When she finished dressing me gone was the degrading training outfit. Instead I was dressed in what she called the “perfect” outfit for a bimbo at the office.

It was almost as humiliating as what I had been forced to wear. The white satin blouse was skin tight, thrusting not only my tits but my nipples out straining to burst through. It might have been an appropriate blouse for the office as it had a dainty, pussy cat bow at the high collar. But then there was the big oval cut out coming almost to my nipples and showing off my enormous cleavage.

Then there was the skirt. A tight, pink, pencil skirt to just above mid-thigh that had buttons in front up to the waist. At the waist she buckled a wide, pin, patent leather belt that showed off my alarmingly tiny waist.

The shiny, pink heels she’d put me in had big, floppy bows on each toe. The earrings with the three bells stayed and did the seamed stockings.

She then snapped four cheap, chunky, plastic bracelets on one wrist, four on the other and added three equally cheap rings to each hand. To my dismay the rings on my index fingers also had bells dangling from them.

## Chapter-31 Advanced Slut Training.

When I was led wobbling, terrified in the staggering high heels into the next room I was shocked to see how Suzette and Tiffany were dress.

Suzette, who was going to be turned into a maid to her now ex-wife was dressed in a scandalous French Maid's uniform. The skirt and volumes of petticoats were so short they only half covered her sheer, ruffled panties. While her tits were covered the top was sheer and you could see right through it.

And poor Tiffany was in tears dressed outrageously as a street walking hooker. She wore a shin, patent leather animal print, plastered on mini skirt so short you could see the bottoms of her cheeks. A gold, tube top stretched over her tits to the max. On her legs were fishnet stockings and on her feet shoes that had to have at least three inch platforms with open toes and nine inch heels. Her lipstick, nails and toes were painted orange.

"You've been taught the basics of how to walk and sit like the over sexed sluts that you are. This is a class in advanced slut training. First, as you turn to walk away from a man, or men, turn, look over your shoulder, toss your hair and flutter your eyelashes six times looking straight at his crotch while giving him your sexiest, 'please fuck me, I want it so bad' expression. Every ten steps stop and repeat. When you're seated with your legs spread adjust your tits by cupping them and pushing them up twice. Then adjust your neckline by ever so slowly pulling it down just short of your nipples.

In your case Bimbo/Slut Cherrie after you've adjusted your tits slowly unbutton the top two buttons



so that they nearly pop out. Then as you're wearing a tight skirt slowly unbutton all the buttons starting at the bottom. Which will allow you to spread your legs so the men can have a clean view of your sexy panties, if you're wearing any, of course," she chuckled.

God, this was so degrading! It made it look as if I was just begging to be fucked. There was no way I was going to do this in from of a man, or men. No way!

"Now even though you're sitting there's no reason not to continue entertaining the man, or men, is there?"

"No, Ms. Stern," we replied, of course, as I wondered what humiliation next awaited us.

"So, as you're just sitting there take out your gloss and really lay it on thick, then slowly insert your middle finger sucking it as you seductively thrust it in and out, at least six times. You, Bimbo/Slut Cherrie will use a pencil and I want to see it go all the way in up to the eraser. You're act like that finger, or pencil, is a big, fat, juicy cock. Now while you're sucking bat your eyelashes and cross your legs making sure you keep them as wide as possible," she instructed, making us practice over and over at least two dozen times.

## **Chapter-32 Put to the test.**

"Now let's see how well you've learned. Jeff, you can come in now," she called out, and in came this huge, muscle bound guy in the tightest jeans.

"Very well Sluts back to your starting positions. I suggest you try your hardest to impress Jeff. You

see you'll be performing for him over and over until one of you is so hot you give him a raging hard-on. That lucky Slut gets to sit down. The one who almost got his dick stiff will crawl over to him and lovingly give his crotch a long, lingering kiss. And the one Jeff thinks couldn't possibly get his dick up will crawl over to him and lick his crotch until he tells you to stop. When he does you'll greedily say, in your sexiest voice, "thank you for allowing me to lick your crotch, Sir," she said.

I wanted to cry as I strutted my stuff for this man who was everything I wasn't, perhaps never really had been. Even when I was a guy he dwarfed me. I wiggled my ass, batted my eyelashes, adjusted my tits, unbuttoned my blouse, then my skirt, spread my legs and sucked on the pencil trying as hard as I could to pretend it was a big, fat cock. I hated having to perform like a slut in heat, but the one thing foremost in my mind is I didn't want to get any where near his crotch, let alone lick it.

We walked and sat I don't know how many times before I heard him say, "I give up, one of them has finally got my dick stiff."

"Well, it took long enough. Which one?" Ms. Stern asked.

"The one on the right, I think she could get any guys dick standing straight up," he remarked, leaving me terrified as I was the one in the middle.

When she asked him came in second I nearly fainted when he said, "The one in the middle."

"Alright slut crawl to Jeff and give his crotch a nice, long, greedy kiss," she ordered. As I crawled across the room I couldn't believe what I was about to do.

It was disgusting, humiliating beyond anything I'd been forced to do up till then. Me, a guy, greedily kissing another guys crotch. Worse, my lips couldn't help feeling the enormous hard on he had. And here I was kissing it, only thankful for the jeans that separated me from the real thing.

I could just imagine what poor Suzette must be feeling, not kissing his crotch, but forced to lick it.

I was just grateful it was finally over, except it wasn't.

"Naturally we'll practice this little routine until the poor guy frankly admits it's a tie. Oh yes, if one of you is ever judged the least sexy slut two days in a row you won't be licking his crotch, you'll be licking the real thing," she dictated.

She had us and she knew it. Every day a different hunk came in and we were forced to compete against each other to be picked as the one that gave him a hard on. It was beyond degrading, but what else could we do?

### **Chapter-33 Bimbo dumbing down.**

"Now in this class you'll learn just how dumb, scatterbrained and clueless a Bimbo, like yourselves really is," she said.

"Bimbo Suzette, what is two plus two?" she asked.

"It's four, Ms. Stern," she replied.

"Very good. However you sounded so confident, didn't you? Not at all like a dumb, brainless Bimbo. When asked a question your face should register a

puzzled, clueless expression. Then you should say something like, 'Oh my, I'm not really sure, but I think maybe the answer might be four, Ms. Stern.' Now what is three times six?" she asked.

"Oh my, I think, but I-I'm not sure that maybe the answer is eighteen," Suzette struggled to say as dumb as she could sound.

"No, no, no. Bimbo's can't count, multiply or divide above ten. Remember that all of you," she instructed.

"You are also totally clueless when it comes to current events, the world, geography, history, politics and anything in the news. So, Bimbo Cherrie, what is the capital of the United States," she asked me.

So doing my best to look clueless and batting my eyes I said, "The C-Capital of our United States? I-I'm so horribly sorry, I'm sure I know it, b-but I can't think of what it could be, really, honest."

God, I hated myself for sounding so brainless. I had, after all, a masters in economics. Now I was supposed to be too dumb that I didn't even know the capital of the United States.

"Well, lets have a little quiz so you can show us all what dumb, brainless Bimbos you really are. When I ask you a question if you don't sound like the total, clueless Bimbo that you are your face will be slapped twice. When I ask you another question and you don't sound as dumb as we all know you re your face will be slapped three times, and so on," she stated.

So we stood there for a full hour being quizzed. When I'd had my face slapped five times I was des-

perate to sound like the most brainless Bimbo on the planet, and I finally succeeded.

## **Chapter-34 Special hairstyles and make-up just for Bimbos.**

Seated at our vanities for our class in make-up and hairstyling Ms. Stern said, “You’ve learned the basics of make-up and hairstyling. Now it’s time to teach you some variations and we’ll start with the Beehive. It’s horribly out of date and no self respecting woman would be caught dead in it. But it’s the perfect style to truly bring out the bimbo in you.”

One look at me with a beehive and I swear I hated it almost as much as my hair in pigtails. To match it we painted our nails and lips the brightest bubble gum pink with matching eye shadow.

Then it was on to another style. “Now this style is for the slut in you. We call it the, ‘I’ve just been fucked’ look,” she chuckled. What we were taught was how to tease our hair into what she called, “big hair.” When I looked in the mirror I had this wild Farah Fawcett look. I really did look like I’d just been royally fucked. To match we painted our nails and toes the same color.

It didn’t matter what I style I put my hair in. I either looked like a brainless bimbo or the trampiest slut on the street. I just wanted to break down and cry.

## Chapter-35 A special class just for me?

“Ann bring this Bimbo/Slut into the wardrobe room. She need to be fitted for a special outfit her employer has ordered and taught how to act in it,” she said, pointing to me. I had no idea what special outfit they were talking about, but I soon found out.

“Loosen her corset two inches and then put this on her,” she ordered, handing Ms. Post a bra, of all things, while my corset was being loosened.

“Why are we loosening her corset and putting a bra on her?” Ms. Post asked.

“Apparently she has some skill that will necessitate her actually inter-acting with respectable, decent women and they don’t want her looking like the Bimbo/Slut she actually is. So, the first thing we need to do is get her dressed down. Then more appropriate make-up and hair,” she said.

What surprised me once the bra was on is it didn’t enhance my breasts, it served to flatten them by at least half. Then after they’d gotten me dressed, made-up, or down, and my hair restyled and I was stood in front of a mirror I really didn’t recognize myself. I was no longer a Bimbo/Slut. They’d transformed me into a dowdy looking, mousy plain jane.

The brown jacket I wore was shapeless. The matching skirt fell unfashionably just below my knees. Under the jacket was a plain, white blouse with a black pussy cat bow at the ruffled collar. On my legs weren’t sexy, seamed nylons but tan pantyhose. And on my feet were brown pumps with only a little heel and flat bows on each toe.

But it was my face and hair that I had to keep looking at, not believing it was really me. No longer

the face of a bimbo or slut. My pink lips were covered so it appeared as if I weren't wearing lipstick at all. The garish, pink eyes shadow was gone. Darker rouge actually made my cheeks look somewhat hollow. And my hair was done up in a painfully tight bun. Gone too was the pink polish on my nails.

I was then taught how I was to conduct myself in the presence of respectable women.

"When you walk do so in tiny steps. Don't put one foot in front of the other and don't turn your toes out. Whatever you do, do not wiggle your ass, even a little. Walk with your hands laced behind you. Sit modestly with knees and feet together, hands folded on your lap. When you introduce yourself do so in barely a whisper and say, 'I'm very pleased to meet you, my name is Mary Jones.' Then shake her hand lightly.

"Why did you change her name? It sounds so plain," Ms. Post asked.

"Imagine a decent, respectable woman's reaction if she introduced herself as Cherri Cream," she snorted.

I practiced over and over every day acting like a mousy, dowdy plain jane. One thing I noticed that really alarmed me was how my feet and legs hurt after walking in such low heels after just a few minutes. Once my contract was up I seriously wondered if I'd ever be able to walk in my old shoes after a year in the towering heels I was being trained to walk in.

## **Chapter-36 Finally I'm leaving, thank god!**

When my one month of being brow-beaten, spanked, caned, humiliated and degrade in front of real men they'd done what I didn't think possible. In just one month they'd turned me in a dumb, sexy, brainless Bimbo/Slut, both mentally and physically.

"Your employer is coming to fetch you at ten, so we need to spend the time getting you really gussied up for her," Ms. Post said.

An hour later she proclaimed me ready. I was dressed in one of several outfits that Ms. Clark had sent over that would be my office wardrobe. And I truly did hate this one in particular. It consisted of a tight, pink, short sleeved sweater at least two sizes too small. My tits and nipples appeared ready to burst out of it at any minute. The scooped neckline came almost down to my nipples. The short, red, patent leather mini skirt was so short it just barely covered my ass and clearly showed the tops of my seamed nylons and the six suspenders on each leg. They'd kept shortening the skirt till if I bent over even a little it rode half way up my ass. Obviously meant to give every lecherous guy a clear shot at my sheer, pink, ruffle trimmed panties. But at least I was wearing panties for the first time.

Much as I hated the top and the skirt it was the damn pink, high heeled, platform shoes that I hated the most. The platforms were at least four inches high with heels a staggering nine inches. Walking in six inch heels I'd almost could navigate in. Then they put these insane, towering hooker shoes on me. Trying to walk in them I was terrified that I'd trip and break an ankle with every step I took.



With my hair looking like I'd just been fucked, with bells on my ears, trashy make-up and inch long fingernails there was no mistaking me for what I was.



I was obviously relieved to be leaving this wretched place. But showing off the results of a month here to Ms. Clark was sure to be utterly humiliating. I cringed just thinking of her reaction when she saw me.

I was led into what they called the viewing room and positioned on a pedestal. I stood there nervously for nearly twenty minutes before Ms. Conover, Ms. Stern and Ms. Clark walked in.

“Oh my god, she’s perfect! Even better than I thought she’d turn out. What every office needs, their own Bimbo/Slut on staff. She’ll have every red blooded male positively drooling over her tits, or her ass or her legs. Really they won’t know where to look first, will they?” Ms. Clark chuckled.

“Well, aren’t you going to great your employer?” Ms. Conover demanded.

Leaning forward to show off my tits, as I’d been taught, I said, “Oh, Ms. Clark, I’m ever so excited to see you again!”

“I don’t believe it, she even sounds like a bimbo, lisp and all,” she laughed.

“Don’t you have something to say to Ms. Clark, girl?”

“Oh yes, I’m ever so thrilled that you decided to send me here to be properly trained. I simply adored and cherished every minute of it,” I recited what I’d been told to say.

“You really enjoyed every minute of it,” she asked, amused.

“Oh yes, Ms. Clark. I’ve learned so many wonderful things.”

“She actually sounds sincere. Did she actually enjoy every minute of her time here?” she asked.

“Oh no, of course not. What real male would enjoy being turned into a dumb, brainless bimbo and sexy, shameless slut with those tits and ass? Right now she’s just acting. Because she knows what will happen to her if she doesn’t. That’s why I really like to have them for a full three months. By then they really do become mentally transformed into true Bimbo/Sluts. Which is why you can’t let up on her training in the slightest. In any case I’ll give you a training manual for whoever you decide to take over training, which she should religiously follow,” Ms. Conover stated.

“Of course, I have just the person in mind. Now I’m just dying to learn how you went about transforming him, I mean her,” Ms. Clark said.

“Well, as the ladies in your office requested we gave her thirty-four D torpedo tits. A bit retro but the men we bring in to inspect and grade them rated them the best tits they’ve seen in a long time,” she commented as they walked around inspecting me as if I were some prize horse Ms. Clark was thinking of buying. It was totally degrading but I didn’t dare make a sound or so much as move a muscle.

“You have real men come in and inspect her?” she asked, sounding amused.

“Oh yes, once a week for their weekend review. They grade her tits and ass, her legs and figure. Then they grade her on what call the slut strut and then on a ritual she’s learned to perform in front of real men. The one they pick as the best Bimbo/Slut is the one who gives them the biggest hard-on,” she explained.

“You’re kidding? But how perfect for one of the duties she’ll be performing at the office,” Ms. Carter said, and I could only wonder in dread what she had in store for me.

“Now unbutton your sweater and lean forward so your employer can inspect your tits,” she ordered, and, naturally, when I unbuttoned the sweater both tits fell out.

She noticed the rings right away.

“Yes, they have several uses. You can attach bells or tassels or a leash to them. The bells do make a delightful tinkling sound,” she remarked.

“You know what would be so amusing and undoubtedly drive men crazy would be to cut little slits in her sweater or top and then attach bells to her nipples,” Ms. Carter chuckled.

“Oh what a fabulous idea. I’ll have to remember that,” Ms. Conover said, “so let’s move behind her and I’ll show you her ass. The doctor is so proud of it. Lift your skirt up and hold it up.”

“The best she’s ever been able to enlarge a male’s ass is three inches. So, you can image how proud she is that she was able to increase her ass by a full five inches. She’s gone from a thirty-five inch ass to a mouth watering forty inches. But to ensure that she’ll have men drooling over it she snipped a few muscles to give it a wonderful wobble. Then she added four pounds to each cheek so that it twitches, bounces and giggles uncontrollably. Show her your best slut strut,” she ordered me.

“Oh my god, if she doesn’t give every guy a raging hard-on with a walk like that I’d be shocked. Absolutely perfect for her new position,” Ms. Clark pro-

claimed to my utter shame. Which I didn't think could get any worse, but it did, a lot worse.

Speaking into the intercom she said, "Ask Rob to come in now."

And shortly in came another of those muscular, super macho men I'd been made to perform for before. Oh no, she wouldn't, please tell me, but of course, she did.

"She's been taught a little performance to put on whenever there's a man, or men, in the room. Well, there's a real man, what are you waiting for?" she barked.

Hating that Ms. Clark would witness this I nevertheless walked over as sexily as I could, bent over making sure he could see down my tits and said, in my dumbest, sexiest, lisping voice, "Hello Sir, my name is Cherrie Cream and I am soooo delighted to meet you. I'm here to serve your every need whatever that may be."

Batting my eyelashes and wetting my lips as invitingly as I could, I turned and walked to the chair. Stopping to bend over pretending to adjust my stockings, but with my skirt riding all the way up my ass. Then I went to the chair, sat with my legs spread so he could see up my skirt, adjusted my boobs, unbuttoned my sweater and started sucking on a pencil like it was a big, fat dick. I was disgusted with myself, but what could I do?

"I-I've seen enough," the guy gasped, "Please tell me this is one you've trained to give blow jobs, I could really use one."

"Sorry Rob, not this one. If you're really in need go down the hall and ask for tiffany," Ms. Conover

said. Oh poor Tiffany, I was thinking, when I heard a new voice I thought I recognized.

## **Chapter-37 Please tell me this isn't who I think it is.**

“Oh my god, did he, I mean, of course, she just give that poor guy a stiff dick. That’s just too hysterical, Sally, the bimbo receptionist I had always given such a hard time because she was so dumb and scatterbrained.

“A typical bimbo,” I’d once told her, causing her to break into tears.

“Yes, and in record time. It only took you a little over three minutes to coax a hard-on out of him. Isn’t that exciting,” Ms. Stern asked.

“Yes, Ms. Stern,” I replied, hanging my head.

I was already humiliated enough acting like a sex starved slut getting a real man’s dick stiff, but to see that Sally, the office bimbo, had seen it too made it so much worse. I didn’t think it possible, but then it got horribly worse when Ms. Clark said, “Let me introduce Sally Green from my office. I’ve selected her to see to our newest girl’s continued training. If you could fill her in I’m sure she’d appreciate it, and any tips you can give her.”

I swear if it hadn’t been for her voice I would never have recognized her. Gone was the sexy, bimbo look. Instead I saw an elegantly made-up, well coiffed woman in a sharply tailored business suit and heels. Until now I hadn’t realized just how tall she really was. Even in my slutty, impossible platform shoes she was still a good foot taller than

me. I hoped she was still as dumb as I always thought she was. It would make my life a lot easier. There was no way she had the will, balls, to tell me what to do.

But, I soon started to have my doubts when I heard Ms. Carter say, "Sally is taking management courses and has been attending an assertiveness training seminar. I'm really proud of her, she's really blossoming and studying to become a broker. Something her ex-boss never thought to do."

"Now, as I started to explain to Ms. Clark she's only partly trained and conditioned, and not nearly as dumbed down as she should be. And she has yet to reach certain goals that I consider a minimum requirement before they graduate," Ms. Conover said.

"What goals does he, I mean of course, the Bimbo/Slut still need to reach," Ms. Green asked, obviously loving our reversed positions.

With the four of them walking around me she said, "There's her figure we've only managed to get it down to just twenty-three inches, and I normally don't allow a student to graduate with anything less than a twenty-one inch waist."

"You said that was the minimum?" Ms. Green asked.

"Yes, however there's no reason to stop her figure training. One woman with one of our maids reported getting her waist down to eighteen inches, corseted, of course."

Oh god, what was I in for? I wondered, but I soon found out.

"Then there's her weight. At 121 pounds she's still far too overweight. I'd put her ideal weight at

around 114,” she commented. I couldn’t believe it. I’d lost thirty-one pounds in just a month and she still thought I was overweight!

“Another problem area you’ll have to deal with is she still has some muscle tone. Especially in her legs,” she said, pinching me painfully in one thigh. It was so unexpected that I let out a yelp and couldn’t help jerking my leg.

Immediately she brought her cane down as hard as she could on the offending leg.

“What are you supposed to do when standing in the presence of women?” she demanded to know.

“I-I’m not supposed to fidget, b-because women find it distracting, a-and it draws attention t-to me...”

“That’s right (crack) and are you to so much as to utter a sound in their presence? (crack)”

“N-No Ms. Stern,” I quaked.

“Lean forward,” she ordered, and slapped my face as hard as she could four times.

Turning to Ms. Green and Ms. Clark she said, “You see, as I mentioned she’s only partially obedience trained. You’ll really have to use this on her without hesitation until she is.”

“Oh, I definitely have no problem with that,” Ms. Green said. I couldn’t think of a worse scenario, or a more humiliating one, than to be caned or spanked by my former bimbo receptionist.

“Then there’s her heels. Unfortunately with just a months time we’ve barely got her walking in six inch heels,” she said.



“So what height should she be trained to walk in?” Ms. Green asked.

“Oh my, why nothing less than an eight inch heel. Leg men will go crazy over how long her legs look. Then too the higher the heel the more her ass will twitch and wiggle for all the men. We call it the ‘fuck me wiggle.’” She stated.

“Eight inches. God, I can’t stand even walking in four inch heels,” she proclaimed.

“Some women find it amusing to see just how high they can train their bimbo or maid to. Even going to the extent of training them to walk in ballet shoes or boots,” Ms. Conover commented.

When Ms. Green asked what those were Ms. Conover said, “They arch the foot straight down until they’re walking on virtually their toes. It takes forever to train them, but a lot of women take it as an amusing challenge.”

“Well, that’s something to definitely explore after I’ve got her trained to eight inch heels,” she said, then evilly whispered in my ear, “I can’t wait to see you trying to walk on just your poor tippy toes.”

“On the good side, as requested, we sharpened up her typing skills and is up to 65 words a minute with four mistakes. Although, obviously, there’s room for improvement,” she commented.

“I can’t imagine anyone even typing 65 words a minute with those nails. I think I’ll set goal of 100 words a minute for her,” Ms. Green stated.

## **Chapter-38 Ms. Clark makes sure she's getting what she paid for.**

"Well all this is nice, but what about the most important areas? After all those will be her main duties," Ms. Clark wanted to know.

"Her pussy and licking services? Oh, I think you'll find her more than adequate in both. Since she'll be attending to the needs of your entire staff we've worked her stamina up to just short of an hour-and-a-half. However we also trained her in what we call a 'quickie.' It almost guarantees you an orgasm within five minutes. Of course you'll have to teach your staff the heel and toe response method, but I'm sure they'll quickly get the hand of it," Ms. Conover assured her.

"Can I try her out? I'd just like to satisfy myself that the girls won't be disappointed," Ms. Clark said.

"Oh certainly. All you need to do is snap your fingers and spread your legs. I am glad to see you more stilettos. However I suggest the other ladies and you get ones with the sharpest toes. Then have steel tips put on them and the heels. She'll respond much quicker, trust me," she said, and sadly for me it was all too true.

I spent about twenty minutes under Ms. Clark's skirts and did everything I could to give her the best pussy licking she ever had. When she finally pushed me away, gasping, she said, "Y-Y-Yes, t-that was quite adequate. You try her out Sally and give me your opinion."

In seconds I was under Ms. Green's skirt tonguing away like mad. God only knew what she'd do if she wasn't satisfied. However it didn't take her long to get the hang of toeing and heeling me and I suf-

ferred for it. She seemed to jab away with a vengeance.

"I'm not hurting the poor thing, am I?" she said in obvious mock concern.

"Oh, probably a bit. Just keep it up until she understands what you want," Ms. Stern callously directed.

"O-O-Oh god, the girls are going to love this!" she declared, barely able to catch her breath.

### **Chapter-39 Ms. Conover explains my future training.**

"Well, now that you appear pleased, here's her training manual. In front there's instructions on how she's expected to act. Then in the next chapter there's a list of various punishments and disciplining you'll find useful in correcting her faults, behavior, attitude and lack of obedience," she said.

"I think I'll read that chapter first," Ms. Breen declared, and all I could think of was I should never, ever have called her a dumb bimbo.

"Of course she comes with our standard, one year warranty. If you find she has recurring problems simply send her back and I guarantee we'll straighten them out," she declared. Jesus, I felt like I was nothing but a new car under warranty.

"Before we take her back do you have any suggestions or comments?" Ms. Green asked.

"Well, what we've found is that when they leave they think they're going to have things easier. They

tend to forget their training, obedience and have a tendency to develop an attitude problem.

And sometimes you even catch them thinking,” she said.

“Oh my, we can’t have that, can we?” Ms. Green said, looking at me.

“I (slap) said (slap) we can’t (slap) have that (slap) can we (slap)?” she asked, punctuating each word by slapping my face as hard as she could.

“N-No Ms. Green,” I sobbed.

“Since I basically own your fat ass you’ll address me from now on as, ‘Mistress Green’ and Ms. Clark as, ‘Ma’am’, understood?” she demanded to know.

“Y-Yes Mistress Green,” I meekly replied.

“An excellent start. However my strong suggestion is that as soon as you get her back cane or paddle her quite thoroughly. And then, at unexpected times, say two or three times a day, for no reason, take a paddle or the cane to her. The best way to keep them in line is to be as severe they actually come to wish they were back here,” Ms. Conover advised heartlessly.

“I don’t think I’ll have any problem with that,” Mistress Green declared.

“Now, as to specific suggestions. While we had her here her daily regime included an hour on a treadmill and an hours of what we call, ‘walkies.’ Done in a special rubber exercise suit and boots to aid in reducing her weight and eliminating her muscle tone. Obviously this won’t be possible so I suggest putting her in the exercise suit and boots all day on Saturdays having her doing mostly outdoor chores.

On Sundays I'd tighten her corset another inch and keep her in seven inch heels all day to begin getting her trained to wearing them permanently," she added.

"It doesn't sound as if she'll have any time off," Ms. Clark commented.

"Oh, heavens no. At least not any scheduled time off. Time off, and it's just my philosophy, is that it has to be earned. For example some women give their Bimbos, Sluts or Maids time off credit in fifteen minute segments if they've performed a chore especially well. Or a guest comments on how well they performed, or how they look or served. Several women give them time off credit if a man comments on their tits, ass or their legs. And a full hour off if they give a man a hard-on. One woman gives her maid two hours off if she gives her date's cock a rock hard stiffie, as she calls it," she chuckled.

"Yes, those all appear excellent suggestions. I especially like the last ones," Mistress Green declared.

"Reserve Sundays for any free time, and make certain she's not allowed to do anything which will cause her to actually think. Knitting or embroidery, reading trashy romance novels or games suited for, let's say ten to twelve year olds are perfect. At the back of the manual you'll find testimonials from women on various creative ways they use their Bimbos, Sluts or Maids as well as equally creative ways they punish or reward them. Some of them are so outrageous. I'm sure you'll have fun reading them,"

she laughingly added.

“Oh, I just have to read those,” Mistress Green said, then to me gloatingly asked, “Who’s the dumb, Bimbo/Slut now?”

“I-I am, Mistress Green,” I half sobbed, hanging my head.

## **Chapter-40 Home at last.**

I didn’t think my homecoming was going to be a joyous one, at least not for me. And, of course, it wasn’t.

As soon as I minced into the living room in what had been my house the two junior brokers, who I’d always looked down at while trying to figure out how to get them into bed, and our accountant fell out of their chairs laughing so hard they couldn’t catch their breath.

“Well, introduce yourself,” Mistress Green barked.

“Hello Ms. Parker, Ms. Mills, Ms. Graham, I’m your new Office Pussy and Ass Licker, Bimbo/Slut Cherrie Creams,” I lisped.

“I can’t believe you really did it. If ever there was a dumb, sexy Bimbo/Slut she’s certainly it,” Ms. Graham laughed.

“When do we get to try her out?” Ms. Parker excitedly asked.

“At dinnertime,” she said, then turning to me added, “Breakfast, lunch and dinner your place will be under the table, got it?”

“Y-Yes Mistress Green,” I replied, thinking this was going to get worse, and it did.

When Ms. Mills commented on how perfectly my outfit fit my image Ms. Clark said, “I picked out all her outfits, one for each day at the office and several for here. I know let’s have a fashion show, I’m dying for you to see what she’s going to be wearing.”

“Absolutely, however first I need to go over how she’s expected to act,” Mistress Green said, and proceeded to detail precisely how they were to expect me to act.

“You mean she can’t eat, stand or sit, even pee or shit without getting our permission?” Ms. Graham asked.

“Oh god no, she’s too dumb to do anything on her own, we’ll do all her thinking for her,” Mistress Green declared, then went over all the finger snapping commands, and for the next thirty minutes they had fun, at my expense of course, snapping their finger forcing to mince, as fast as I could from one to another kissing their feet and licking their shoes.

Which gave Mistress Green an inspiration. “How about this for a new rule. As soon as one of us comes in the house or office she immediately gets down and licks the dust and any dirt off them,” she asked, and naturally they all thought it was a great idea.

## **Chapter-41 My Welcome Home spanking.**

“Now, just one other matter to get to before our fashion show. Get your paddle. When you have it go to each of the girls and say, ‘Please spank me so I’ll always remember to act like a perfect Bimbo/Slut.’”

As you're spanked count each spank and say, 'thank you,' she ordered.

I prayed that they would go easy on me but no such luck. They actually egged each other on.

"Oh come on now Jill you're just giving her love taps."

"Put your arm into it and really whack her. Pretend you're hitting a serve."

"Lots better, she even let out a nice, little scream."

"Oh goodie, just listen to her screaming now. I can't wait till she gets to me."

By the time all five were finished spanking me I was a sobbing wreck and my poor behind was in flames.

"The institute advised us throughout the day to unexpectedly spank her for no reason at all. Just to keep her on her toes, and trying desperately to act like the Bimbo/Slut that she is. So feel free," Mistress Green said. God, now I was scared to death of all five of them. I'd been humiliated, laughed at, made to lick their shoes and spanked. It couldn't possibly get any worse, could it?

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