



Her Boss Becomes Her Sissy
by Crystal Summers

Crystal Summers Classic TG Tales

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Her Boss Becomes Her Sissy

Part 1 & Part 2

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PART ONE

Chapter 1: His Secretary's Sissy Game

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No one would have noticed anything unusual this particular Friday if they had been watching Rick Allen working at his desk. Rick was furiously trying to complete a presentation he needed to give to a client in a few short minutes in the big conference room. As he completed the finishing touches, he ordered his secretary Helen to gather all the things he would need for the presentation. Like all boss-secretary relationships, he gave the orders and she followed them. There was nothing unusual to see here... *or was there?*

"I need ten copies of this," said Rick and he handed Helen a packet of papers.

"Got it," replied Helen and she raced out to the copier.

Meanwhile, Rick picked up his phone and called his boss Sarah Carter; she owned the company. "Ms. Carter? We're almost ready for the presentation," said Rick into the receiver.

"Good work, Rick," said Carter.

"I'm just putting the last of the packets together now."

"All right. I'll meet you in the conference room in five minutes."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Rick and he hung up the phone.

At this point, Helen returned from the copier. She placed the packets on Rick's desk in the appropriate folders for the presentation. Each person attending the presentation would get one of these folders. Each folder contained various documents including income projections.

"I have to be there in five minutes," said Rick as Helen assembled the folders.

"Okay," replied Helen indifferently.

"*Five minutes,*" repeated Rick nervously.

"Yes, I heard you," said Helen in a sing-song voice.

Rick looked at his watch anxiously. Time was racing by and he would need to leave any minute, but Helen just kept working on the folders. She hadn't even given him the key yet. He was starting to worry, but he knew better than to push her. She had proven already to be both stubborn and

reckless when he pushed her. Still, he had to say something.

He cleared his throat. "I'm running out of time," he said.

"Don't rush me," she sang back.

Rick bit his tongue. He knew that there was no reason she couldn't give him the key already except that she wanted to prolong his agony. She seemed to like to stretch out his agony as part of her game, and pushing her would only make her stretch it out even more. So he waited and he tried to stay calm as precious seconds ticked away. He began to sweat.

Finally, Helen finished the folders. "There," she said and she reached into a hidden pocket in her skirt. "I hope you enjoyed yourself."

Rick blushed. He wasn't sure how to answer that or if he even should. There was no doubt this had been exciting. It had given him a real adrenaline rush. Plus, the kinkiness of it all really turned him on too. In fact, he had been hard as a rock the whole time. On the other hand, this wasn't something he was supposed to like, not as a man, and the fact that he did like it made him feel weak somehow. Therefore didn't want to admit that he had enjoyed it. Admitting that could tell Helen about his weakness and give her power over him. That could cause him trouble, he thought. Still, it was over now and there was no reason he couldn't tell Helen the truth, could he? Maybe part of it, at least.

"It's been exciting... nerve-wracking but exciting," admitted Rick cautiously.

"But did you enjoy it?"

Rick shrugged his shoulders. He wanted to project an indifference to hide what he felt. As he did, Helen pulled a small silver key from her pocket. Rick saw the key and he instantly felt a mixture relief and sadness. He felt relief that he would soon be out of danger, but he felt sad because he didn't want to stop. Still, he needed to change; he had no choice. He had to be in the conference room in a few minutes, and he couldn't go the way he was, so he slowly scooted his chair back away from his desk and started to stand up. As he rose, he reached for the key, which Helen was holding for him across the desk. But just then, Rick froze mid-reach as his boss Sarah Carter showed up unexpectedly at his door. Apparently, she had not gone straight to the conference room as she said she would; she had instead come here. Rick immediately slammed himself back down into his chair and yanked his arm back to his side.

"Ms. Carter!" exclaimed Rick.

Helen dropped her hand with the key back to her side to hide it.

“Are those the packets?” asked Carter, apparently unaware of the nervous reactions of Rick and Helen to her sudden appearance. Carter was a beautiful woman. She wore a black-checked skirt suit with sharp black spike heels. Her skirt fell to just below her knees. Below her skirt, her gorgeous, shapely legs were covered in silky nylon. Above her skirt, her large breasts and her perfect hourglass shape were obvious despite her heavy suit jacket.

“Yes, ma’am, they are,” said Rick. His mouth went dry.

“Are they finished?” asked Carter.

She picked up a packet and flipped through it. Meanwhile, Rick carefully slid his chair back beneath his desk as quietly as he could and then did his best to sit calmly. He even pretended to take some last minute notes to try to appear busy. For her part, Helen moved next to Rick and stood silently with the key clutched in her palm, trying not to be noticed by Carter. Like Carter, Helen wore a suit, only her skirt ended just above her knees and it was tan. Her brown leather heels were an inch higher than Carter’s three-inch heels as well. They also had open toes and sling backs. Both women had red fingernails, though Helen’s nails had French tips while Carter preferred simple ovals.

“Excellent,” said Carter after flipping through the entire packet. She returned it to Rick’s desk.

“I’m glad you like it,” said Rick.

“I do. Why don’t we go to... no... let me get the tax projections from accounting and then I’ll meet you at the conference room,” she said and she looked at her watch. “Let’s say in about two minutes.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Rick.

Carter then turned on her heels and disappeared down the hallway. Rick and Helen both breathed a major sigh of relief as she left.

“That was close,” said Rick. His heart was pounding.

“Yes, it was,” agreed Helen.

“I had no idea she was coming down here,” said Rick. “If she had been a few seconds later, that could have been ugly. Plus, for just a moment there, I thought she was going to ask me to go with her to accounting.”

Helen giggled. “That would have been interesting.”

Rick glared at his secretary. “*Interesting*?! Maybe for you! For me, that would have been a disaster! This is nerve-wracking!” he said.

“I’m sure it is, but that’s why you like it... because nerve-wracking means exciting,” said Helen. “And you can’t tell me *that* didn’t excite you, not with Carter in here almost seeing your secret! I’ll bet you were hard as a rock the whole time she was in here, weren’t you? Yeah, I’ll bet you were wishing you could have stood up and shown her everything.”

Rick blushed. As much as he didn’t want to admit it, she was right. He had been excited. He had wished he could show Carter. And he was still hard. Rick loved the adrenaline that came from doing forbidden things, like his relationship with Helen, for example. Office policy forbade managers from sleeping with staff. Thus, he could get fired if their relationship was discovered. Yet, not only did that not stop him, it made their relationship all the sweeter. Moreover, it added to the excitement of every stolen touch and glance in the office. He loved the risk. *This*, well, this was a little different... but he did enjoy the risk, that much was undeniable.

Helen looked at his lap and saw his erection. She laughed. “I thought so.”

Rick felt his erection pushing hard against his pants. He blushed even more. “It’s not—I’m not—it’s not true!” he blurted out.

“Your dick doesn’t lie.”

“It is now!” he all but pleaded.

Helen rolled her eyes and shook her head dismissively. “*Anyways*, it’s time to get ready,” continued Helen and she held up the key. She went to the door and peeked outside to make sure the hallway was empty. Then she returned to Rick and she used the key to unlock the big drawer on his desk. From the drawer, she pulled out a pair of men’s dress shoes. There were the ones Rick had worn to work this morning. She handed those to Rick, who set them on the floor. Then she walked out of his office and stood in the hallway so she could see if anyone was coming.

The hallway was empty in both directions.

“All clear,” said Helen.

Rick pulled his chair back from his desk and swung his feet out from beneath it. On his feet, he wore hot-pink high-heeled sling backs with a wide open toe and a small bow design over the toes. These had five-inch heels. These were not men’s shoes. What’s more, each of his toenails was painted the same dark red color as Helen’s fingernails.

CLICK CLICK!

His heels tapped against the floor mat as he pulled them out from

beneath the desk. That sound made his penis jump in his pants and he reached down to stroke it through his suit pants. As he touched it, it released some precum, causing the pink panties he wore to become damp. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. While he had never had any fantasies before about wearing women's clothes he was admittedly finding this to be highly erotic.

"You should probably hurry," suggested Helen when she saw him touch his penis.

"Oh yeah," said Rick. His face turned red with embarrassment; he really didn't want Helen knowing that this had turned him on. That seemed so... *unmanly*. The last thing he wanted was his secretary thinking he had enjoyed it.

Not that she didn't know.

"There's time for that later," said Helen.

Rick nodded his head and let go of his penis. He reached down and yanked off the heels before placing them into the drawer and closing it. Then he slipped his feet into his own shoes and tied them. He felt relieved to be dressed like a man again... well, except for the panties and his toenails.

"Make sure you bring the charts," Helen reminded him.

"Got it," said Rick and he gathered the folders.

Helen then walked over to her boss and kissed him on the lips. "I have to say that I'm loving this," she said. She then spanked her boss on the rear with her open palm. "Get going, baby. Knock 'em dead!"

SLAP!

Rick's butt cheeks shook for a moment and he blushed. This was the second time his secretary had spanked his rear and both times now it made his penis hard. In fact, his erection was now obvious beneath his suit pants, which made Helen giggle, and he needed to adjust it to try to hide it.

"Hurry up," said Helen again.

Rick nodded his head again and then left the office. As he walked down the hallway to the meeting with the soft feeling of satin panties caressing his erection and the memories of this intensely exciting day fresh in his mind, he couldn't help but marvel that he was actually doing this. When Helen demanded that he do whatever she wanted for one day or else she would stop their affair, he almost told her to forget it. He didn't like being blackmailed and he didn't want her to be in charge, even if only for a day. But then his penis spoke its mind and he decided to give it a try. Indeed, he

realized that he was having too good of a time with her not to give her this once concession to keep things rolling.

“Besides,” he told himself, “it sounds like it could be fun. Plus, she only wants one day. How bad can it possibly be?”

He had no idea.

In any event, he agreed. Then he heard what she had in mind and he immediately had second thoughts. “You want to paint my nails?!” he exclaimed incredulously.

“Yes, but just your toenails,” she replied.

“And you want me to wear panties?!”

“Yes. Under your clothes.”

“Why?”

“Because it would turn me on,” she said.

Rick looked at Helen like she was crazy. How could this turn her on, he wondered? It certainly didn’t turn him on. He was a man, and men didn’t dress like women. To the contrary, that would be wrong... weird... creepy. Yes, that was the word: creepy. It felt creepy to him, and it should have felt creepy to her. This just wasn’t something he ever wanted to do nor could he understand why she did apparently want this.

“What’s wrong with her?” he asked himself.

He almost broke up with her at that point. But then he thought about it. He realized that he had enjoyed their affair a lot and he wanted it to continue, even if it meant doing this. And it wasn’t like this was that big of a deal, right?

“It’s just clothes,” he told himself, “and I really don’t want to give up our relationship. Helen’s a lot of fun and she’s great in the sack and it would be a shame to lose that over something this silly.”

He shrugged his shoulders.

“I guess I could do it. I don’t like it, but there’s really no harm. After all, it’s not like anyone will ever find out,” he reasoned to himself.

Finally, he took a deep breath and nodded his head. Then he looked his secretary in the eye.

“All right,” he said nervously.

Helen laughed at his cautious tone. “Don’t worry, baby. It won’t make your dick fall off,” she said jokingly.

“It better not!” he said in the same joking tone. On the inside though, he felt nervous. He didn’t want her thinking he was less than completely

manly, and it worried him what she would think of him and his manhood after dressing him up.

Meanwhile, Helen plowed ahead. Having won his agreement, Helen stripped Rick naked and painted his toenails dark red. She also put him into panties. When she was done, she took his picture “as a memento” and they had great sex... as usual. Then they went to dinner, where Helen barely mentioned what he was wearing beneath his clothes. This made Rick think this issue was essentially over, that she had gotten bored with cross-dressing him. When they returned to her apartment, however, she let the other shoe drop, and it was a high-heeled shoe.

“I want you to wear panties tomorrow to work beneath your suit,” said Helen.

“No way,” protested Rick.

“Please!”

Rick shook his head. “No. Not at work.”

“If you don’t, then I’ll show everyone the pictures I took of you,” said Helen.

Rick froze. “What pictures?”

“The ones of you wearing my panties with your nails painted. You were very cute. Do you remember those?”

Rick ran his tongue over his teeth. He had forgotten the pictures because he assumed she was only *pretending* to take them as part of a game or something. It never dawned on him that she might really be taking photos of him... photos she would keep and then threaten to share with other people. In fact, even more shocking than her keeping the photos was the very idea that she would blackmail him. He never would have guessed that she could have that in her.

“You wouldn’t!” he gasped.

“All I want is for you to wear them, that’s it. Think of how exciting it will be to do that... to wear panties and have painted nails in the office but only you and I know about it!” she said, evading his question.

Part of Rick had to admit that the idea of taking such a kinky risk sounded like fun. Indeed, it had been thrilling to wear panties to the restaurant tonight. But another part of Rick wasn’t too excited with the idea of continuing to wear women’s underwear. He had done it today and it was admittedly exciting in a naughty sort of way, but it was also embarrassing and the idea of wearing them outside the bedroom for any extended period

made him uncomfortable. More importantly though, he knew this was just too dangerous. This was the office, his place of employment, not some sexual playground, and if they got caught, he would be fired. What's more, the fact that Helen would try to blackmail him to do this scared Rick. It made him worry that there would be no end to her demands and that she could not be trusted.

Still, he told himself, he seemed to have little choice. If Helen showed people those pictures as she had threatened, then he would never live it down. Not to mention, he would get fired because company policy forbade managers from sleeping with the staff.

"Grr. I don't really have any choice, do I?" he asked himself.

The answer was no. Hence, he agreed.

That was how he ended up at work in panties and with his nails painted. How he ended up having to wear high heels at his desk was one of Helen's suddenly never-ending string of surprises. This surprise was dropped on him shortly after he arrived at work. He had only been settled for a few minutes when Helen walked into his office.

"Let me see your toenails," Helen had said.

"They're painted," assured Rick. "Just like you wanted."

"I know they are, but I want to see them."

"Why?"

"Rick... don't make me threaten you again," said Helen. "I want this to be fun for both of us. I don't want to fight you for everything. And since you know I will always win, let's cut to the chase and stop fighting."

Rick bit his lip. She was right. She would win every time, and the more he resisted, the more she seemed to push his luck. He decided to comply, so he swung his legs out from beneath his desk and he slipped one foot out of his oxfords. He bent over and pulled off his sock. His red-painted toenails came into view.

"There. Are you happy now?" asked Rick.

Helen shook her head. "Now the other one."

Rick pulled off his other shoe and sock. "Better?"

Helen smiled. She then grabbed his shoes and socks before Rick realized she was doing it. With one smooth motion, she dropped those into his desk drawer, which she had pulled open as she grabbed the shoes. She then closed the drawer, locked it, and yanked the key out of the lock. She started for the door.

“Hey! Wait! Where are you going?” exclaimed Rick.

“I’ll be right back,” she said.

Rick nervously watched her walk off. Without that key, he couldn’t get to his shoes and everyone would eventually see his painted toenails. He felt a sense of pure terror race down his spine.

Meanwhile, Helen stuck the key inside a hidden pocket in her skirt as she went to her desk. Once there, she grabbed a shoebox. She then returned to Rick a moment later with the shoebox.

“Put these on,” said Helen and she handed Rick the shoebox.

Rick opened the box and found a pair of very feminine pink high-heeled shoes with intense heels inside the box. His jaw dropped. He glared at Helen. “You’re kidding.”

“Nope.”

“But these are high heels!”

“Obviously. And if you want the key so you can get your other shoes back, then you need to put those on.”

Rick began to sweat. Images of everyone else in the office happening by and seeing him in these high heels flooded his mind. He felt sick, but also oddly turned on. This was too much to risk however, no matter how much it might turn him on. He looked sternly at his secretary. “Now look, Helen—”

Helen shook her head, cutting him off immediately. “Forget it,” she said. “Put them on or you don’t get the key. It’s that simple.” She waited for him to put the shoes on, but he didn’t move, so she started walking toward the door again as if she were leaving.

“Where are you going?” asked Rick nervously.

“I think I’ll go home... I feel a cold coming on,” she replied.

“Wait, wait, wait!” called out Rick, but Helen didn’t stop. “Fine, I’ll do it. Just give me the key.”

Helen stopped and pointed at the heels. “*After* you put them on.”

Rick swallowed hard. He’d never worn high heels before and this definitely was not the time or place to experience that for the first time. But it was clear too that he wasn’t going to get any option about doing this. With his shoes and socks where he could not reach them, and his toenails painted bright red, he couldn’t leave his desk without being exposed. That meant he had no choice but to do as his secretary demanded, unless he wanted to wait until way after work to race to the subway... which would not be a good experience. In fact, thinking about it, he couldn’t do that either. Besides, he

couldn't wait, he had a presentation!

"*Oops! The presentation!*" thought Rick. He ran his tongue over his teeth nervously. "Helen, I can't. I have a presentation this afternoon," he said.

"I know."

"I need my shoes back!"

"I'm sure you do," she replied in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Please, give me the key!" he pleaded.

"Put on the heels. That's the only way I'm giving them back."

Rick bit his lip. He really had no other choice but to do as she demanded.

"Put them on and then I'll give you back your boy shoes before the presentation," said Helen. "Otherwise, you better hope Carter sees the humor in you painting your nails and going barefoot to the meeting. Or I guess you could wear the heels if you think she'll like that better."

Rick cringed. That would be a disaster. He would be fired for sure. He had no choice; he knew it too, so he reluctantly nodded his head. Then he took the shoes out of the box and slipped into them. They fit strangely. They were tight around the toes and at the ankle. They kept his foot at an unusual angle. They forced him to bend his toes in a way he only did rarely when he stood on tiptoe. What's more, even without standing up, he realized these shoes weren't stable because they kept tipping to one side or the other.

"There! I did it. They're on. Can I please have the key now?" he asked.

Helen smirked. "When I'm ready." She took his picture.

With that, she left his office and his ordeal began. For the next several minutes, he sat behind his desk, hard as a rock yet terrified at every passerby... terrified that they could see the pink heels beneath his desk... terrified that they would want him to stand up and come with them. This was the most terrifying and yet most exciting thing he had ever done. Finally though, Helen had returned the key to him with just enough time to sprint to his presentation.

Rick breathed a sigh of relief. His ordeal was over. It was time for the meeting. Then he would go home and strip off the panties and the nail polish and forget this day ever happened... though he might masturbate first, he thought.

He had no idea what was about to happen.

Rick's meeting with the client went well, but it ran long. By the time Rick returned to his office, everyone was going home. All the secretaries and junior staff were slowly making their way to the elevators as Rick headed back to his desk. That was fine by him though. He'd felt nervous wearing the panties before the client and he felt equally nervous wearing them before people from the office, so he was relieved they were leaving. That would make this easier... or so he thought.

His first sign that things weren't going to go the way he expected was when he found Helen still sitting at her desk, waiting for him. He had assumed she would go home with everyone else, and then he could go home and change back into his normal clothes. After all, her day of getting her way was over.

"You're still here?" asked Rick in a surprised tone.

She ignored his question. "How did the meeting go?" asked Helen.

"It went well. The client's happy and they've renewed the account for another year. Everyone was pretty pleased," said Rick.

"Nicely done," said Helen.

"Thank you."

"Now go back to your desk and change your shoes," ordered Helen rather loudly.

Rick froze. He felt a sense of panic rise up inside him and he looked around nervously to make sure no one heard his secretary give him this command as that would have been both highly embarrassing and very hard to explain. After all, how does one explain a secretary *giving* an order? Fortunately, no one seemed to be anywhere nearby. He breathed a major sigh of relief. Still, his heart was pounding.

"What are you doing?" he whispered at her aggressively.

"I'm telling you what to do next," she said in a voice that was again far too loud.

Once more, Rick's eyes shot around nervously, looking to make sure they had not been overheard. "Will you please keep it down?!"

"Go back to your desk and change into your *high heels*," countered Helen even more loudly and more firmly. She emphasized the words "high heels" to such a degree that she almost yelled them.

Rick felt a sense of terror fill him; he was sure she had spoken loudly enough this time that she had been heard by someone. He again looked around nervously. Fortunately, they were still alone.

“Please be quiet!” he whispered.

“*Now!*” she growled.

“Look, Helen, our game is over. You had your day!”

“No, it’s not over,” she said simply.

“Yes, it is. I’m done.”

Helen shook her head. “You’re not done until I say you are... that is unless you want me showing everyone the photos of you in your office in your pretty little high heels.”

All the color left Rick’s face. “Was she serious?” he asked himself.

“Now go change into your shoes,” continued Helen. “They’re under your desk, where I left them after you went to meet the client.”

“You *left* them?”

An evil smirk crossed Helen’s face. “Yes.”

Rick shuddered. If she left them there, then anyone who happened to come into his office for whatever reason might have found them. He raced to his desk. Sure enough, she had left them right under his desk, right where anyone could have seen them. They weren’t even pushed back. They just sat side-by-side beneath his desk right at the front opening for anyone to see.

“How would I explain that?” he asked himself.

Helen entered the office behind him. Rick turned on her.

“Helen, you need to be more careful. You’re taking *too* many risks,” said Rick nervously.

“Risk turns you on,” responded Helen in a matter-of-fact tone.

“Risk maybe, but I don’t want to get caught!”

“And you weren’t. Now stop being such a pussy and sit down and put on your heels,” said Helen. She went around the desk and sat in his chair.

Rick took a deep breath. He realized that arguing with her was pointless. Right now she had him over a barrel because of the photos, and she seemed intent on having some fun with him. There was nothing he could do about it except go along with it and hope that she got bored and stopped. That meant putting on the heels. Hence, he sat down and he very reluctantly slipped off his own shoes. Once more his red toenails came into view. Then he slipped into the pink high heels once more. They tapped against the plastic mat beneath his desk and chairs.

CLICK CLICK!

“At least,” he thought, “everyone in the office has gone home or is going home, so the risk to me is minimal this time.” True, he had enjoyed their game earlier, but the risk of getting caught had made him very nervous.

“Cute. You look good in heels,” said Helen.

Rick blushed.

“Now give me your oxfords.”

Rick handed Helen his male shoes and she stuck them back into the drawer again, but she didn’t close it this time. “There’s one more thing,” she said.

“What’s that?”

“Stand up.”

Rick stood up, as ordered: ***CLICK CLICK!*** He had never worn heels before today and he hadn’t stood in them yet, so he used the desk to brace himself so standing up was not too difficult. Still, he could tell that balancing in these shoes would be rather difficult if his secretary made him walk in them.

Helen rose from the chair and came around the desk. She grabbed Rick’s pants and unbuckled his belt before unzipping the pants. She then pulled his pants open and let them fall to the floor, exposing Rick’s delicate pink panties and his hard penis standing tall beneath them.

“What are you doing?!” asked Rick.

“Take off your pants.”

“What?!” Rick couldn’t believe his ears.

“I said, take off your pants.”

“But we’re in the office!”

Helen giggled. “I know. Isn’t it exciting? Now step out of them!”

“No way!” exclaimed Rick reflexively.

Helen grabbed Rick’s penis with her hand and dug her fingernails into it. Rick instantly doubled over, but Helen maintained her grip. What’s more, when Rick doubled over, she leaned over his back and spanked him hard with her open palm:

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

“Step out of your pants!” demanded Helen.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

Rick couldn't believe the sensations he was experiencing. On the one hand, he was hyper-turned on. All of this was way beyond anything kinky he'd ever fantasized about and that was really exciting to him. Seriously, to be spanked by his secretary in the office while she held his penis and he wore high heels was just mind-blowingly kinky for him.

On the other hand, it was also terrifying that someone could see this display as he stood there in panties and heels, with his pants around his ankles as his secretary spanked his ass. At the same time, he felt physical pain too because Helen's nails hurt as they dug into his penis. The slaps on his rear actually stung a bit too, though those were more humiliating than painful. All of this created a strange mixture in his head where part of him actually wanted more, but the rest of him wanted this to stop.

Helen wasn't going to stop though.

"The more you fight this, the worse it's going to get," said Helen.

"Let me go!"

"Take off your pants!" she insisted.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

"Let me go!" he squealed embarrassingly.

"Not until you step out of your pants! Pants are for real men, not little sissies like you! Now do as you're told, *sissy*, or I'll tell your boss what you've been doing in the office!"

Rick felt like he'd been smacked in the face with a brick. "You wouldn't?!"

"Try me."

Rick winced and bit his lip.

"Do as I say!" commanded Helen.

Rick ran his tongue over his teeth. The idea of going without pants terrified him. This was way beyond anything he had ever considered and it sounded like far too much of a risk to do it; the last thing he wanted was to lose his job. What if someone happened by and caught them? That would be a nightmare. But even if he wasn't spotted now, could he even trust Helen to keep this secret if he did it? Strangely, all of this formed a potent cocktail of terror and excitement, which made him feel intoxicated, it made him rock

hard and it caused him to tremble.

“You better make up your mind fast,” said Helen. “Are you going to follow my orders or do I see what your boss has to say about your love of pretty panties?”

Rick grimaced.

“You better think fast too or someone’s going to come down the hallway and see you. Then the choice will be out of your hands,” added Helen.

Rick suddenly imagined voices and footsteps coming down the hallway toward his office and, in his mind, he saw Helen racing out to show them pictures of him in the feminine items and to direct them to come look at the heels on his feet. His nervousness overwhelmed him. “I can’t do it,” he whined.

“You better. Or I *will* expose you!”

“Helen, please. I don’t want to do this anymore.”

Helen folded her arms and tapped her foot. Her message was clear.

Rick swallowed hard. He knew what he needed to do. “All right, I’ll do it!” he blurted out unhappily.

Helen laughed and let go of Rick’s penis. She felt a tiny tremor along her pussy lips at her victory. She was definitely finding this intensely exciting to be in control of a man, especially when that man was her boss. This was the most exciting thing she’d ever done. Indeed, the feeling of power she had was amazing.

“Strip,” she commanded.

Rick grabbed his pants and lowered them. Helen felt a warm glow pass over her as Rick stepped out of his pants. She savored her victory. Then she picked up his pants and placed them in the drawer along with his male shoes. She closed the drawer and locked it as Rick watched helplessly.

Click went the lock.

Helen was ready to have real fun with him now!

Chapter 2: His Boss's Office

—o—

With Rick dressed in the high heels and the panties and without pants, Helen was ready for the next phase of her game. First, she went to her desk and grabbed a shopping bag which contained various items she would need. Then she reached into her purse and pulled out a leather leash. She ran it through her fingers; it felt soft and strong. She giggled at the thought of her macho boss on a leash.

“He’s going to *love* this,” she said sarcastically with a snicker.

Meanwhile, Rick waited in his office. He had sat down and slid his chair as far under his desk as it would go so as to hide his legs. He didn’t want anyone having the slightest chance of seeing his panties or his heels should someone happen by. He also didn’t want anyone seeing his massive erection. Explaining that would be rather humiliating. Helen returned to his office a moment later, and Rick noticed the leash in her hand.

“What is that?” asked Rick nervously.

“This,” said Helen and she let one end of the leash drop from her hand as she spoke, “is your leash.”

“*My leash,*” repeated Rick incredulously.

“Yes. We’re going for a walk.”

“No way!” said Rick.

Helen shrugged her shoulders. “Fine. Then I’ll go home and you can cower behind your desk all weekend in your little pink high heels and your sissy panties hoping nobody happens by... like the cleaning staff,” said Helen. She turned and started walking out of Rick’s office.

Rick had no time to think. All he knew was that if he stayed here dressed like this, then he would be spotted and that would lead to disaster. What’s more, he couldn’t flee either because there was no way to leave the building in panties and heels or even in bare feet with his painted nails. He would get arrested or worse if he tried that. Moreover, there was no way to get his own pants and shoes back out of his desk.

“Good luck getting home,” said Helen with a laugh as her right foot stepped out into the hallway. Her left foot lifted off the ground to follow. She would be gone in less than a second and Rick would be stuck.

“Wait! I’ll do it!” exclaimed Rick desperately.

Helen stopped. She smirked. Then she walked back over to her boss.
“Stand up.”

“Why?”

“Because I said so. Don’t test me, Rick, or I will leave. No second chances.”

Rick swallowed hard and stood up.

“Now we put you on your leash,” said Helen.

Rick cringed. The humiliation of being leashed was intense. Still, he could do nothing about it, so he closed his eyes and he presented his neck to his secretary. Helen ignored his neck. Instead, she crouched down with the leash. She took his testicles in her hand and gave them a slight tug, which made Rick wince – he always worried that she might damage his testicles when she did that. This was just the beginning, though. Without a word, Helen wrapped the leash around his testicles and his shaft in such a way that the leash was secured in place and would yank on his testicles when she tugged on it. That meant Rick would have no choice but to go where she led him on the leash. This was worrisome for Rick and it was humiliating, and even more embarrassingly, it made him hard as a rock.

“Now what?” he asked.

“Now we go for a little walk,” said Helen and she gave the leash a test tug, which yanked Rick’s testicles forward. Rick, in turn, automatically took two steps forward in response.

“Perfect!” thought Helen.

“Where are we going?” asked Rick.

“Wherever I want,” said Helen smugly.

Rick felt a fuzzy weak submissive feeling pass over him. He didn’t know if this was an exciting feeling or a sickening feeling. It was probably a little of both, he thought. In any event, it made him feel helpless, and he didn’t like that. Despite having fun with her the last day or two, he ultimately liked being in control.

“Come with me, sissy boy,” said Helen and she yanked on the leash as she started toward the door to his office.

Rick immediately felt a sense of panic. Here he was, wearing high heels and panties and no pants, and now his secretary intended to take him for a walk *around the office* on a leash attached to his testicles, right out in the open for all to see! This was too much to take. He couldn’t resist though, not with his testicles tied by the cord.

“Wait! There might still be people in their offices!” he exclaimed anxiously.

“Yeah, so?”

“So what if someone sees me?!”

Helen shrugged her shoulders. “That’s the chance you’ll have to take, sissy.” Helen was enjoying this immensely. It had always been a fantasy of hers to emasculate a male boss or boyfriend. She couldn’t believe she had gotten this far with Rick at this point, and she couldn’t wait to see how much farther she could get. That said, however, she had unbeknownst to Rick made sure that the office was empty before she started this. After all, she didn’t want to be fired anymore than he did.

“Can I at least take off the heels?” he asked.

“Why?”

“In case we run into someone.”

“Why does that matter?”

“So they don’t see me in women’s shoes!”

Helen let out a withering laugh, which made Rick feel very small. “Oh honey, I don’t think taking off the heels is going to help your reputation, not if we run into someone. Trust me, when they see you being led around the office by your dick on a leash and in panties, that’s going to be enough to kill your reputation. The heels would just be the cherry on top of that cake.”

Rick blushed. What she said really brought home to him how humiliating all of this was. He couldn’t believe he had ever gone along with any of this and he contemplated putting an end to it right now and calling her bluff on exposing him... assuming it was a bluff.

“It is a bluff, right?” he asked himself. Unfortunately, he wasn’t so sure.

“Come on, girly,” said Helen.

Rick didn’t budge.

Helen immediately tugged on the leash. In the towering, unfamiliar heels, Rick had no chance to resist her tug, especially with his testicles taking the force of the tug. Hence, whether he wanted to or not, he quickly found himself tottering, or more accurately *stumbling*, forward out into the hallway. A moment later, he stood fully exposed in the hallway in the pink panties and the pink high-heel shoes, with the leash wrapped around his testicles. Rick’s heart was pounding. His mind was screaming: **DANGER!!** He wanted desperately to dash back into the relative safety of his office, but it

was not to be.

“Come along, sissy!” proclaimed Helen and she started down the hallway.

Before Rick could even catch his balance, Helen yanked the leash hard and pulled Rick after her. Rick couldn't resist her tug in the heels and with his testicles bearing the tug of the leash, so away they went. He felt terrified as he started down the hallway.

“Anyone can see me!” his mind screamed.

His heart raced as they passed the first office next to his. Rick held his breath and nervously turned his head and looked into the office as they passed it. His worst fear was that he might see his neighbor sitting at her desk, staring back at him. Fortunately, it was empty.

“Oh thank God!” he exclaimed.

His relief was short-lived however, as a moment later, they came to the next office, and then the next. Each time, Rick's eyes darted around nervously as he would look inside, terrified that he would see someone staring back at him with their jaw wide open as they laughed behind an accusing finger:

“Ha ha! Look at Rick the sissy!”

“Look at Rick in his girly high heels!”

“Pink heels and panties! What a sissy!”

He heard all these calls and more inside his head as he passed each office. And when he wasn't peering into offices, Rick trembled at the idea that, up ahead, someone might stick their head out of a door to see who was making the incredible racket coming from Rick stumbling along down the hallway in the high heels: **CLICKCLICKCLICKCLICK!!** He sounded like a herd of women the way he was struggling to maintain his balance.

Helen, on the other hand, was loving this. There was just something about having power over a man which excited her and seeing the terror in Rick's eyes, and knowing that she had put it there, made her super wet. She was so wet, in fact, that her juices had soaked her panties and now were sliding down her thighs, making the tops of her stockings sticky.

“Keep up, sissy,” sang Helen loudly enough to make Rick shudder; anyone in the office could have heard her.

This did not sit well with Rick. Indeed, he almost screamed at her to quiet down, but he knew that would only make her louder. Besides, if anything brought people to look, it would be the pounding of his high heels

against the hard floors; that was the real problem.

As an aside, his high heels were giving him tremendous trouble. For one thing, being yanked along on a leash doesn't help one's balance, especially when the leash is attached where this particular leash was attached. For another, Rick had precious little experience wearing high heels: outside of wearing them as he sat behind his desk this morning, he had never worn them before. Plus, these were particularly high and narrow heels. They were so high and narrow that he would have struggled with his balance even in perfect conditions, and being jerked along by a leash while terrified of exposure could hardly be called perfect conditions.

Helen, by comparison, had no such trouble. She had long ago mastered heels and was quite comfortable in hers, even though they were quite high. Hence, she had quite the advantage.

"Come on... keep up, princess," said Helen.

Rick felt the warm glow of humiliation fill him once more as his secretary called him "princess" and he realized that he could do nothing about it. Between that, the fact he was struggling along in pink high heels and the periodic tugs on his leash, Rick felt utterly emasculated. He felt like Helen had stripped him of his manhood and put him on display as an object of amusement.

"This is really humiliating," he said.

Helen snickered. "I bet."

"Can't we just go back to my office?" pleaded Rick.

Helen ignored him and yanked on his leash once more. Soon, she was leading Rick through winding hallways and past cubicles, more offices, break rooms and conference rooms. She was enjoying this and she started sashaying down the wide hallway past the secretarial desks and the smaller offices, swinging her rear and making a big show of walking her boss. She felt like a star on the red carpet.

Suddenly, Helen stopped. "Here we are," she said.

Rick looked up for the first time. His jaw dropped. They stood right before his boss Sarah Carter's office! "B—but this is Ms. Carter's office."

"Yes, I know."

"But this is *Ms. Carter's office!*" he repeated.

Helen laughed. "Yes, it is," she said and she yanked his leash and led him inside.

Rick had been inside his boss's office many times before, but never like this. This time, he felt like a trespasser... for obvious reasons.

"Couldn't we do this in my office?" asked Rick.

"Nope," said Helen.

"But—"

Helen kissed him. "Relax, sissy, it's going to be ok."

Rick felt instantly more calm, though being called "sissy" added a twinge of humiliation to what he felt.

Meanwhile, Helen walked around Carter's desk and sat down in her chair. She set the shopping bag next to the chair. Then she looked beneath the desk and saw several pairs of high-heeled shoes, something most professional women keep beneath their desks in the event they need them. She had an idea how to make use of those. She also saw a spare purse.

"Oh, bonus! That could come in handy," thought Helen.

As Helen surveyed the desk, Rick stood very still, afraid to touch anything. He scanned the room, particularly the built-in shelves. They were packed with books and the knickknacks his boss had collected. Some of the books were management books. Some were books on art or architecture. A handful looked like fiction books, though Rick didn't recognize the titles. They actually suggested erotica, though he couldn't be sure. As for the knickknacks, they tended to be things that clients handed out as trinkets, like models of their products. There were also photos. Carter seemed to have a great many attractive female friends.

"All right," said Helen finally. She was smiling. "Let's have some fun."

"What kind of fun?" asked Rick suspiciously.

"Come here."

"What are we going to do?"

"Come here," repeated Helen and she tugged on his leash.

Rick came to her; he had no choice, not with the leash. She then ordered him to remove everything from Carter's desk and set it on the floor, which he did as well, though he wondered why.

"Why am I doing this?" he asked.

Helen ignored him and motioned him to continue cleaning the desk.

When Rick finished cleaning off the desk, Helen gave his leash another

tug to get his attention. Embarrassingly, a tiny bit of precum dripped out of his penis when she did this. This made her smirk, and it made Rick feel very small.

“Someone’s excited,” said Helen. She then pointed to his chest. “Take off your shirt and jacket.”

Rick raised an eyebrow. “Now? Here?”

“Of course, now. Of course, here.”

“But this is my boss’s office!” he protested.

Helen laughed. “Rick, honey, you’re wearing panties and high heels and a leash, and your boner is pointing all over the room. I don’t think taking off your shirt is going to make this any worse. Stop being such a pussy.”

Rick frowned. She was right, he realized that, and now he felt silly. He removed his jacket, shirt and tie without further complaint. Then he gave those to Helen, who placed them into the shopping bag. She then pulled out a black corset.

“This is so lovely,” said Helen. “It’s going to do amazing things for your figure.”

“Is that what I think it is?” asked Rick anxiously.

“It’s a corset.”

Rick had seen corsets before, but it never occurred to him that he might one day wear one. What’s more, he’d heard from several women that they were very tight and, believe it not, part of him was curious to see if the complaints were legitimate. That said, the vast majority of him would have preferred never to find out. It wasn’t his choice though. Indeed, a moment later, Helen moved around behind Rick and made him raise his arms so she could place the corset around his torso. As she did, his penis visibly throbbed. This made Helen chuckle.

“Somebody likes this,” she sang. Then she said, “Take a deep breath, sissy.”

Rick ignored her first comment and did as commanded as Helen pulled the corset around him. She then pulled the strings to tighten it snugly and she clamped a hook at the top and at the bottom.

“That’s not *so* tight,” thought Rick. He was actually a little disappointed that it wasn’t tighter. “So much for all of the complai—”

Rick’s thought stopped midway as Helen gave the laces a really hard yank, pulling the corset as tightly as she could. Suddenly, the corset was suffocatingly tight. In fact, Rick couldn’t believe how tight it was. It was so

tight that it almost brought him to his knees and to tears. And as he struggled to breathe, Helen made it even tighter by pushing the clamps several notches further along to hold the corset in place. Then she tied off the laces and she connected a row of hooks along the spine of the device. Rick was now strapped into the corset and he wasn't getting out again without her letting him out.

"There! Sissy's first corset," said Helen and she smacked him playfully on the rear: **SLAP!** The vibration from this blow made his testicles swing back and forth.

"It's too tight," said Rick, who couldn't even focus on his testicles because of the corset.

Helen laughed. "No, it's not. Now get up on the desk."

"What?" asked Rick who was still struggling to breathe.

"Up on the desk, sissy boy."

"The desk?" he asked incredulously.

"Why is this so hard to understand? Yes... *on the desk*. On all fours," she said and she mined him hoping up onto Carter's desk and then getting on all fours.

Rick looked at the desk. It was a large enough desk for him to do this and, strangely, he did find the idea oddly exciting, though he worried about damaging his boss's desk. How would he explain that to Ms. Carter? What if they were caught?

"Now!" exclaimed Helen and she yanked his leash again.

Rick felt his testicles squeezed by the leash and decided to comply with her order before she did something that might hurt him. Thus, he slowly climbed up onto the desk and then got down on his knees on the desk, which wasn't easy in the corset and the heels; they gave him no traction.

Helen was enjoying this immensely.

"Now rotate yourself like this," said Helen and she showed Rick how she wanted him. What she wanted was Rick on his hands and knees, with his hands on the right side of his boss's desk and his knees on the left side. There would be about two feet of space left between his hands and the edge and another foot between his high-heel encased feet and the other edge.

Rick did as she asked.

"You're such an obedient sissy boy!" said Helen with a chuckle and she patted him on the head. She felt a tingle in her pussy that the man who was her boss, the man the company thought should be in charge of her, was

feminized and on his knees on a desk on display *for her*. She felt so intensely powerful at this moment.

“I’ve never felt this wet!” she thought.

Rick, on the other hand, felt more and more like a toy, like property, like a thing... something much less than a grown man. This made him feel small and weak and insignificant, feelings he did not like. He was used to being the powerful man who got his way and this whole experience was unnerving and humiliating.

“And now for the fun part!” said Helen.

As she said this, Helen pulled down his panties all the way to his knees. His erect penis poked straight toward his face, running parallel to his stomach beneath him. She took his balls in her hand and she yanked on them gently. This made Rick gasp. She let go of them again and push them around with her fingers like one might a tiny boxer’s bag. Rick felt himself throb as she did this and he realized he might cum any second. But then she stopped.

“You look so cute!” exclaimed Helen and she giggled.

Rick felt himself get just a little harder.

Helen patted his sack with her hand and came around before him. She kissed him on the lips. She then backed away from the desk and pulled out her phone. She took several photos.

“What are you doing?” asked Rick nervously, though he knew the answer. He felt his stomach tie in knots. The more photos she had, the more power she had. And having a photo of the feminized Rick kneeling on his boss’s desk with his erection showing was just about as bad it could get.

“I want something to remember this by,” said Helen.

“Please delete those,” said Rick.

Helen laughed. “Are you kidding?! I love these pictures.” She paused to take more. “Besides, this is great blackmail material,” she said with a wink. “You better be good to me in future! Consider yourself at my mercy, sissy boy!”

As she said this, Helen actually felt a surge of energy race over her body which made her feel strong and completely in control. She had the power to do *whatever* she wanted to this man, and that thought and feeling resonated throughout her body. She even felt her pussy tighten as if she were about to orgasm. Then she felt her juices slide out of her into her already wet panties and make her thighs even slipperier.

“Maybe,” she added while still on this power trip, “I’ll get these printed and hang them in my apartment.”

Rick was at a loss for words now. “I—”

“Or I’ll put them at my desk for everyone to see!” Her lips tingled at the thought of this and how Rick would beg her to take them down.

“You wouldn’t?!” gasped Rick.

Helen laughed and walked over to him and grabbed his chin. She held up his head and kissed him on the lips. “I guess you’ll have to see. In the meantime, you better be good to me ‘boss’!”

That sent a chill down Rick’s spine, which simultaneously made him tremble and made his penis throb. He couldn’t tell if she was serious or if this was all some sort of game. Either way, he felt terrified... and strangely turned on.

Helen let go of his chin. “Let’s complete your look,” she said.

“How?”

“With makeup!” exclaimed Helen excitedly.

She reached into the shopping bag and pulled out a small makeup kit. She opened it and got to work on Rick’s face. Within a few minutes, his lips were red, his eyes were blue with black liner outlining his eyes, and his cheeks were red with blush. He didn’t look particularly feminine, but that wasn’t really her goal. She wanted to leave his identity obvious, even as she appeared to feminize him. She thought that would heighten her thrill. She was right. She was amazingly turned on by all of this.

“There!” she said when she was finished.

“How do I look?” he asked pensively. He wasn’t sure he wanted to know.

“Like Rick in drag,” she said with a laugh and she held up the makeup mirror so Rick could see. Rick felt something stir deep within him that made him shudder in a fundamental sort of way. Yes, the makeup was garish, but it was exciting to see his face as something other than masculine. It was exciting to see himself *de-maled*. He couldn’t explain it, but it was. That didn’t mean he liked it, but it was thrilling.

Unfortunately for Rick, things were only getting started.

Chapter 3: Humiliated By His Secretary

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Helen tied Rick's leash to the coat rack, which left Rick with a taut leash pulling on his testicles. This kept him from moving around too much. She then looked through her bag of toys. From it, she pulled a butt plug and a container of lube.

"What is that for?" asked Rick, who had never worn a plug before.

"This goes in your butt to make you into a sissy. Every sissy needs something in their butt to feel natural," said Helen.

"I don't want to be a sissy!"

"Oh yes, you do." As Helen said this, she walked to Rick's back side and she spread his cheeks with one hand. She poured some lube on her finger and dipped it just inside his rear so she could spread the lube around. This was the first time Rick ever felt anything inside his rear and it felt really strange; there was definitely some pain as her finger pushed its way inside, but there was an even greater sense of pleasure. In particular, the presence of her finger seemed to cause more blood to flow to his penis and make his erection that much harder.

"Ready?" she asked.

"For what?"

Without answering, Helen stuck the tip of the plug into Rick's rear. Rick lurched forward to escape the massive thing trying to shove its way into his butt. It felt like Helen had rammed her entire fist into his rear while wearing a metal glove from a suit of armor. Of course, the thing was nowhere near that large, but that's how it felt to Rick initially.

"Oh my!" he gasped. He clenched his jaw.

"Not as easy as it seemed when you were the one doing the shoving, is it?" asked Helen with a laugh.

"No," said Rick through gritted teeth.

Helen pushed the plug even further. As she did, the pressure increased many times for Rick, who now felt like his rear might rip apart. It was a painful and yet pleasurable feeling he couldn't even describe. He honestly had no idea if he loved it or hated it.

"This is really uncomfortable," said Rick.

"You'll get used to it, sissy," said Helen.

“I hope so,” said Rick.

“Oh, I didn’t mean today,” said Helen and she wiggled the plug, which made Rick cringe and caused all of his muscles to tighten. “But you will get used to it *eventually*. Of course, the moment you do, I’ll just use a bigger plug... and when you get used to that, I’ll get a bigger one yet.”

“Hardly,” thought Rick. “This is the last time you’re doing this!”

Helen pushed the plug a little farther into Rick.

“Is it in place yet?” asked Rick, who was struggling to come to terms with what he was feeling. This thing was very large and somewhat painful.

Helen snickered. “You mean is *this* in place?” she asked and she shoved the butt plug, which had been only halfway inside him, all the way in.

Rick’s eyes shot open. Not only had the plug spread his hole wide when it was pushed inside him, but when the plug reached all the way inside him, it tapped his prostate, which sent a shock of pain and a blast of pleasure racing throughout him. It also simultaneously made him eject a small dash of cum, which fell to the desk, without his penis even being primed for ejaculation. He felt no orgasm and didn’t even know it had happened, but now his boss’s desk had a spot of cum on it.

“Oh, you bad sissy!” said Helen mockingly.

“What?” asked Rick. “What happened?”

“You came on your boss’s desk!”

“I what?!”

“You came on your boss’s desk,” repeated Helen. She dipped her finger in the cum and held her finger up for Rick to see. “I hope this doesn’t stain.”

Rick could only imagine what would happen if he stained his boss’s desk with his own cum; it wouldn’t be good. He felt a sense of panic. “We need to clean that!” he exclaimed.

Helen laughed. “You sound afraid.”

“She’s my boss!”

“So? You’re my boss and look at you. I’m not afraid of you. I’ve practically got your balls in my purse,” said Helen smugly.

“She’s different! She’s not like that.”

“It sounds like she has your balls in her purse too.”

Rick glared at his secretary. To his mind, this was the time to clean the desk, not the time to make jokes or argue about balls in purses. “She does not have my balls in her purse—”

“Really?” asked Helen doubtfully. “We’ll see about that.”

Helen bent over and reached under the desk. She pulled Carter’s spare purse from beneath the desk and opened it. It was empty. She then took the purse and slipped it around his penis and balls and closed it as best she could. The spring in the purse cause it to grab his penis.

“She does now,” said Helen and she giggled.

“Ha ha,” said Rick. Nevertheless, he felt tremendous shame wash over him. He looked between his legs. He couldn’t believe Helen had stuck his dick, which was spewing precum, into his boss’s purse! What if he dribbled out more precum?! “Now take it off before it gets dirty!”

Helen laughed. “Nope.”

“Take it off,” he repeated. He reached between his legs to remove it.

“Don’t you dare!” exclaimed Helen.

“But it’s my boss’s purse!” he protested.

“Yes it is, and I put it there. I’m your boss now, and if I want you to wear it, then you’ll wear it. So until I say otherwise, you will wear it around your penis and balls,” said Helen.

“But what if I cum?”

Helen snickered at the thought. “I would recommend avoiding that.”

“Seriously, if I cum, she’ll *fire* me.”

“Or worse.”

“What could be worse?” asked Rick in exasperation.

Helen giggled. “I’ll show you.”

Once again, Helen bent down and reached beneath the desk. This time she grabbed a pair of black high-heeled shoes. These were black strappy sandals with a four-inch spike heel. She set one aside. Then, holding the other shoe by its heel, Helen showed the shoe to Rick.

“Where did you get that?” he asked.

“It belongs to Carter. It was beneath her desk,” said Helen.

“Put it back!”

Helen chuckled. “Why?”

“Because it belongs to Ms. Carter! Do you know what she’ll do if she ever finds out we were playing with her shoes and her purse?”

“Are you planning to tell her?” asked Helen with a chuckle.

“No, but—”

Without warning, Helen raised the shoe into the air and she brought it crashing down against Rick’s rear with a loud **CRACK!** Rick lunged

forward, barely catching himself before he fell off the desk. The leash yanked on his testicles.

“What are you doing?!” he demanded,

“I’m spanking a naughty boy for sticking his little pee pee inside his boss’s purse,” said Helen and she raised the shoe and brought it down again.

CRACK!

The shoe landed with intense force compared to her hand, and with the hard sole striking Rick’s unprotected rear, it not only left a mark, but it stung. What’s more, it shook the butt plug when it landed, which triggered little bursts of pleasure and pain within Rick as the plug moved about. This sent pleasure signals to his brain along with the pain signals. His brain quickly felt overwhelmed.

CRACK!

The shoe came down again. As it did, Rick winced at the pain and gasped at the pleasure. His penis throbbed and thrust forward.

CRACK!

Again, Rick winced and gasped and throbbed.

CRACK!

CRACK!

These blows came quicker, which made Rick’s penis throb even faster. It was starting to build up toward cumming.

CRACK!

CRACK!

By now, Rick’s rear was bright red and hot. It pulsed. This added to the mixture of emotions Rick felt.

CRACK!

CRACK!

Rick winced. His rear stung. It was truly painful. Yet, his penis was throbbing and throbbing. It seemed to throb on its own without even being touched and, because Rick had never felt that before, he felt a strong desire to see what would happen even as he wanted his secretary to stop spanking him with the shoe.

CRACK! Came the next blow.

Helen sensed that Rick was about to cum based on the motions she saw his body go through. She decided to make one more change before that happened. First, she reached between his legs and pulled the purse from his penis. Rick barely noticed this because he was so focused on his enflamed

rear, on the dancing butt plug, and on the throbbing of his penis. She then took the other black sandal and held it up to his penis, where the purse had been.

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

She struck him three more times. The third time was the charm: he came. Indeed, he shot a ton of cum straight into his boss's black high-heeled sandal which Helen held up to his penis. He didn't notice where his cum went, however, because Rick was too busy riding the warm, happy wave that surged over his body, relaxing all of his nerves and generally making him feel like a million bucks as every last drop of cum squeezed and dripped out of his penis.

There was a moment of silence. Everything was calm.

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Rick's moment of calm ended with the sound of Helen slowly chuckling. Her chuckle had an ominous tone to it.

"What?" asked Rick. "Why are you laughing?"

"Oh, Ricky, you've been such a bad sissy!" said Helen smugly.

Rick blushed. The shame of what he'd done just hit him like a hot wave. Not just the way he was dressed or the fact he was still on a leash, but he had cum because this woman had spanked his ass with his boss's high-heeled shoe. That was it. She hadn't stroked his penis or licked it or anything else to it; she hadn't even touched it. He came simply because she played with his rear. That was truly humiliating.

"What would Ms. Carter say if she knew that you let me spank you with her shoe?" asked Helen.

Rick blushed even deeper at the thought of what his boss would say if she were here. Indeed, he imagined his boss standing over him now. She would look irate and he imagined her pulling out a pair of scissors and holding those to his balls. He didn't want to imagine the rest.

"Even worse," continued Helen, "what would she say if she knew you had cum in her shoe?"

Rick raised an eyebrow. "What?! What are you talking about?"

"Oh, didn't you know?"

“Didn’t I know what?” he asked cautiously.

“You came in her shoe,” said Helen with a snicker.

Rick’s jaw dropped. “I don’t believe you.”

“Do you believe this?” asked Helen and she shoved the shoe into Rick’s face. Inside it, he could see an old insole in which his boss had worn a footprint. The name of the designer was even slightly worn away. On top of it all, slowly sliding around as Helen tipped the shoe in one direction or another, was Rick’s creamy, white cum. “See what you did, pervy boy?! You filled your boss’s shoe with cum!”

“Oh my God!” exclaimed Rick.

“Uh huh,” said Helen and she wiggled the shoe before his face.

“We need to clean that up fast!” He reached for the shoe, but Helen jerked it away before he could get it. She held it just out of reach where he could not get to it because of the leash.

“Yes, you do need to clean it,” said Helen.

“Let me have it, I’ll wipe it clean!”

Helen shook her head. “Oh no. There’s only one way for a sissy to clean cum out of a shoe like this.” She wiggled the shoe again.

Rick ran his tongue over his teeth; he knew he wasn’t going to like this. “And how is that?” he asked.

A wicked smile crossed Helen’s face. “You need to *lick it out of there*, sissy boy,” said Helen. She paused to savor the shocked look on her boss’s face. “With your tongue.”

Rick’s jaw dropped. “There’s no way!”

“It’s the only way.”

“Helen, give me the shoe,” said Rick and he reached for the shoe again, but Helen easily jerked it away before he could reach it.

“Nope.”

“Well, I’m not licking anything out of that stinky old shoe!”

Helen shrugged her shoulders. “Then I guess I’ll just have to tell Ms. Carter what you did.”

“You wouldn’t?!” gasped Rick.

“You keep saying that. Do you know me?”

Rick bit his lip. “I think you’re bluffing,” he said cautiously.

Helen taunted him by jiggling the cum-filled shoe before his face. “Do you want to take that chance?” As she said this, she pulled her phone out of her pocket and took another photo, this time of the shoe in the foreground,

with the cum inside, and a shocked looking feminized Rick in the background.

Rick swallowed hard. He honestly didn't know what Helen was capable of, but he had become concerned that she really was capable of turning him in to Carter if he didn't do what she wanted. That would be a disaster. Hence, he decided he had no choice. Helen had forced him into this.

"There is no other way," he told himself.

Still, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

"Last chance," said Helen and she wiggled the shoe in his face once more.

"All right, I'll do it," he growled. A disgusted look appeared on his face.

Helen held Sarah Carter's sandal up to Rick's face. He could smell the dried sweat and leather from the shoe. He saw his own cum slowly sliding around inside the shoe. The whole thing looked disgusting.

"Go on, sissy boy," said Helen.

Rick stuck his tongue out toward the shoe, but he found it hard to bring it close enough to actually touch the shoe. He tried again and again failed. He didn't know if he could do this.

"I can do this," he told himself.

Rick dug down deep inside. Then, very, very slowly, he moved toward the shoe. Finally, his tongue touched the shoe. He could taste the musky leather and sour sweat, and the salty, sticky cum. It was disgusting, but at the same time, somehow this was exciting. For reasons he would never understand, his penis instantly became rock hard again and throbbed even though it had just cum.

"Look how hard you are!" said Helen with a giggle. "You must really like this!"

Rick kept licking.

"Look at the little sissy licking a powerful woman's shoe. Do you like the taste of your own cum? Does it take like shame?" asked Helen and she laughed.

Rick blushed, but he kept licking. He had to clean the shoe... the whole shoe. So, for the next minute or so, he licked and he licked until he cleaned almost the entire shoe. Just as he was about to finish, however, Helen pulled the shoe away while there was still one tiny patch of cum left around the toe

prints Sarah Carter's feet had worn into the insole.

"We'll leave that," she said.

"But we need to clean her shoe," protested Rick.

Helen chuckled. "No, I'd rather that stayed there. Do you know why?"

"Why?"

"Because it will dry and she'll never know it was there. Then, every time you see Ms. Carter wearing these shoes in the future, you'll remember what happened here, and you'll know that she's standing in your cum. That's right. Your dirty, little cum is being squished beneath her toes. And you will remember how you humiliatingly licked your cum out of this dirty old shoe along with her sweat, and how hard you got doing it, and you'll realize that you are lower than a woman's shoe."

Rick felt deeply ashamed at her words, but he also felt highly turned on by the idea. He imagined seeing Carter walking down the hallway with her confident, sexy walk in these very shoes and knowing that his seed was being crushed beneath her toes with each step. It felt like emasculation over and over, which seemed to turn him on for some reason. In fact, he was stunned at how much all of this was turning him on.

"You should remember too, the next time she carries this purse," said Helen and she held up the purse, "that your dick was in here too. Your boss had your balls in her purse." She giggled. "Does that excite you?"

Rick didn't answer, though his erection spoke for him.

"Apparently, it does," said the stern voice of Sarah Carter from the door.

Chapter 4: Ricki Is Born

—o—

Neither Rick nor Helen ever expected to be caught, least of all by the firm's owner and Rick's boss Sarah Carter. But now they had. Carter, a beautiful woman in a black-checkered skirt suit and sharp black spike heels, stood in the doorway with an angry scowl on her face. This was obviously not going to end well for either Rick or Helen.

"What the hell is going on here?!" demanded Carter.

Rick and Helen both jumped. To say they were startled would be an understatement. Panic was a more accurate word to describe what both were feeling at this point.

"Ms. Carter!" exclaimed Rick, who remained on all fours on Carter's desk and was held in place by the leash around his testicles. "We can explain!"

"Nothing you can possibly say can explain this!" growled Carter.

Rick tried to slide off the desk, but his first attempt was frustrated by the leash, which remained tied to the coat rack. He then grabbed for the leash to free himself. Carter saw this and ordered him to freeze.

"Hold it! Stay right where you are! You too, Helen," said Carter. "If either of you moves, then I'm going to call security and have you both taken into custody by the police. Got it?!"

Rick and Helen shuddered and shot each other terrified glances. "Yes Ma'am," both said simultaneously.

"What you've done here is shocking, just shocking! I can't imagine what could have possessed either of you to do this. Seriously, how could either of you have thought this was an acceptable idea?"

Helen bit her lip. "I'm sorry, Ma'am. It was my idea."

"That may well be, but Rick is your boss. He is ultimately the one in charge here and he should have known better. Not only should Rick not have been fooling around with a member of the staff, but he certainly *should not have done it in the office*. But even those violations of our policies pale in comparison to the way you're fooling around *with my property*! What do you have to say for yourself, Rick?!" demanded Carter.

Rick swallowed hard.

"Well?!"

“I— I don’t have anything to say, Ma’am,” said Rick. “I know this was wrong. I’m sorry. I can’t explain why I did it.”

Carter glared at her manager. “Obviously, I made a mistake in hiring you. You did such a good job on the presentation today, but then I find this. And I wonder how long this has been going on and what else you’ve done?!”

“This is the first time,” said Helen.

“I’m sure,” said Carter doubtfully. Her face now turned red with anger. “And what possessed you to use my office *and my shoe* for your sick little game?!” she growled at Rick. “*MY* shoe!”

“It was just something unusual, something kinky,” said Rick nervously.

“It was my idea,” repeated Helen.

“Yeah, it was,” said Rick reflexively. He knew he shouldn’t have said that the moment the words left his mouth, but it was too late to retract them. And as the words rolled off his tongue, Carter’s glare sharpened.

“*You* are the manager, Rick. You can’t blame this on a subordinate,” she growled. She then folded her arms tightly and tapped her foot angrily. She looked at her phone as if she planned to call security, but then an evil grin appeared on her face. Slowly, her entire composure changed from angry and upset to, for lack of a better word, menacing.

Her expression sent a shiver down Rick and Helen’s spines.

“Clearly,” continued Carter, “you were never meant to be a manager, were you Rick? You don’t have any leadership skills. Indeed, it strikes me that Helen is a better leader than you are.” She paused. “In fact, let me put this to you. Answer my question honestly: don’t you agree that between the two of you, *Helen* should be *your* boss and not the other way around?”

A tense silence followed.

“But I’m her boss,” said Rick carefully a moment later.

“Yes, but that was clearly a mistake,” retorted Carter.

“But... but,” said Rick before pausing. Then he sighed. “I don’t know how to respond.”

Carter snickered. “Of course you don’t, but I do. I’m giving you two choices. First, I can call the police and have you arrested. You can both go to jail and I’ll see to it that no one ever hires either of you again.”

Rick and Helen glanced at each other and then both swallowed hard.

“Alternatively,” continued Carter, “we’re going to run a little experiment. I want to see how Helen does as your boss.”

“You’re going to promote Helen to be a manager?” asked Rick

incredulously.

Carter let out a loud, cynical laugh. “Hardly,” she said. “Neither one of you is management material. So no, I’m demoting *you*. You will now become Helen’s assistant... a mere office girl. She will work for me as my personal secretary and you will work beneath her. You will obey her, as you will every other secretary. You will be the lowest person around here in rank. As for Helen, I will expect her to treat you firmly and to keep you in line, and to get excellent work out of you. If you fail, then she fails with you.”

Rick cringed. This would be intensely humiliating. Then something hit him, given the way he was dressed. “When you say, ‘office *girl*’ is that an expression?” he asked cautiously.

Carter paused for a moment. In truth, her first thought had been just to humiliate him by making him work with the office girls, the lowest position in the entire company. These were a group of girls who essentially spent their days fetching things and serving coffee. She had not meant to imply feminization. In fact, despite how he was dressed, she hadn’t even considered it. But his comment now sparked that idea within her and her evil grin became a few degrees more evil.

“No, it’s not an expression,” she said smugly. “Since you seem to like being a sissy, you will dress as a woman to perform these duties.”

Rick and Helen both gasped.

“What’s more,” continued Carter, “you better be passable. I’m giving both of you the weekend to make Rick passable. If he shows up Monday morning and he doesn’t look like a woman to such a degree that no one recognizes him, then I’ll have both of you put in jail. Got it, Helen? Got it, Rick?”

Rick and Helen swallowed hard. They both nodded their heads too.

“That’s the deal. You’re both in this together. Either you turn Rick into a passable woman and then Rick works as an office girl under your supervision or you both go to jail.”

What little color was left in Rick and Helen’s faces vanished. This was going to be difficult, to say the least. And the threat of jail scared them. They would do this and they would do their best to avoid jail. They knew that. But there was one more question they needed to know the answer to before they could decide how to handle this, and Helen asked it just a second before Rick did.

“How long will this last?” asked Helen.

“Until I think you’ve both learned your lessons,” replied Carter.

“Then what?”

“Then Rick can go back to being a male manager, you can be his secretary again, or you can leave the firm. At that point, I don’t care. But until I am satisfied that you have suffered a real punishment for what you’ve done here, your choices are compliance or jail,” said Carter.

“Why are you doing this?” asked Rick.

“To teach you both a lesson that you cannot use my office as a personal sex toy without consequences, and because I want you to feel just how humiliating it felt to discover you playing sex games with my belongings,” said Carter coldly.

This comment made both Rick and Helen shudder.

“Now, do I call the police or will you two do as I say?”

Helen and Rick looked at each other again. They were both clearly worried, and both also knew that the only choice they really had was to do as Carter wanted. They had gotten caught doing something they never should have done and now they had to pay the price, no matter what it was.

“We’ll do as you say,” they both said.

“Good. Let’s test your commitment,” said Carter. She walked over to the corner where the coat rack stood and she picked up a flexible plastic pointer that she sometimes used in presentations. She handed it to Helen. “You’re going to cane Rick’s rear with this until I say you can stop.”

Rick’s jaw dropped. He never expected this.

“And Helen,” continued Carter, “remember that you are being tested too on how well you can control your sissy assistant. If I see you going easy on Rick, then I’ll have to rethink our deal.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Helen.

The look in her eye told Rick that Helen took Carter’s warning to heart and that she intended to give him as hard a caning as she was capable of giving. This was going to be painful.

Helen moved around behind Rick and took a practice swing in the air.

Whoooooosh!

Meanwhile, Carter moved to the front of Rick and crouched down so she stood face to face with him. He was still held in place by the leash around his testicles and that made him feel trapped as Carter stood right before him mocking him with her eyes. She motioned Helen to start.

“This is going to be painful, Rick,” said Carter.

Whoooooosh! CRACK!!

The plastic pointer slammed into Rick’s rear. It stung worse than anything that had ever struck Rick before in his life. All of Rick’s muscles involuntarily tightened and he cringed. Fortunately, Helen was careful to avoid striking the butt plug or this could have been much worse.

“But you’ve earned the pain,” continued Carter.

Whoooooosh! CRACK!!

Again, Rick tensed and cringed. A tear appeared in the corner of his eye and he ground his teeth.

“And this is just the beginning. I plan to humiliate you to teach you how wrongly you’ve behaved,” said Carter.

Whoooooosh! CRACK!!

Once more, Rick tensed and cringed and writhed. “I’m sorry,” he blurted out.

Carter took Rick’s hands to hold him in place. She didn’t want him escaping his punishment. “I know you’re sorry, dear, but sorry isn’t enough. I want you to learn. And that’s not going to happen—”

Whoooooosh! CRACK!!

“—that’s not going to happen without a lot of effort on Helen’s part. Indeed, I expect her to break you and to teach you what true submission is.”

Whoooooosh! CRACK!!

“And when it’s all over, I may just give you to her as a gift,” said Carter with a cruel laugh.

Whoooooosh! CRACK!!

Rick could hold it in no more. Tears began flowing from his eyes. “I’m sorry!!” he exclaimed. “I’ll do anything you want! Please stop hitting me!”

Carter held up her hand to stop Helen. “Are you going to obey me?”

“Yes, Ma’am!”

“Are you going to obey Helen?”

“Yes, Ma’am!”

“Without resistance or question?”

“Yes, Ma’am!”

Carter chuckled and took a moment to consider this. She stroked his hair. “All right, Rick. We’re going to stop your correction for now, but if you ever think of misbehaving, remember this moment. Remember how it

felt. Remember that I could do this to you at any time and I don't need to stop."

Rick cringed at the threat, but felt incredibly happy that the caning would stop. Those six blows had entered his memory as something to fear. They made his already red butt pulsatingly hot, bright red, and they had covered it in marks. He would not be sitting comfortably for days.

Carter took the pointer from Helen and returned it to the corner. She then untied Rick's leash from the coat rack and handed that to Helen.

"Bring your sissy and follow me," said Carter.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Helen.

Helen motioned Rick to get off the desk. He hesitated. When he did, she yanked the leash to remind him who was in charge. That worked and Rick quickly slid off the desk. He now stood before the two women in the pink high heels, with his panties around his knees, with his flaming red rear, and with the leash around his neck. He still wore the corset and the makeup, but was otherwise naked.

"Come along," called Carter as she started toward a tiny desk in the corner of the office about fifteen feet from her own office.

They reached the desk and stopped.

"From now on, Rick, this will be your desk," said Carter.

"My desk?" he asked incredulously. "But it's so small."

"I know. That's because you aren't a manger anymore, remember?" asked Carter rhetorically. "Do I need to explain it again? Or should I call the police instead?" She truly was an intimidating woman when she was angry.

Rick swallowed hard. Visions of himself being violated in prison by large men passed before his eyes and he decided that anything would be better than that! His knees were trembling. The enormity of what was happening finally was starting to sink in for him. He cast his eyes to the ground.

"No, Ma'am. I understand," he said.

Carter smirked and rubbed his enflamed rear. "I thought you might." With that, she turned on her heels and started toward the elevators. As she went, she called back over her shoulder: "See you Monday morning, bright and early *Ricki*."

PART TWO

Chapter 5: Rick Gets Feminized

—o—

Rick and Helen were at Helen's apartment. They were both unhappy and nervous about what had happened and about Carter's threats. Neither wanted to go to jail, so they knew they would comply with her demands, though Rick was still struggling to come to terms with it.

"Are we really going to do this?" asked Rick.

"Do we have any choice?" countered Helen.

"At least you're getting off easy," said Rick. "You don't need to turn yourself into a woman and endure all the humiliation."

"Yeah, but I get punished if you fail."

Rick sighed. "What if we just quit and deny that anything ever happened?"

Helen shrugged her shoulders. "I don't see how that would work. She has photos of us and video of us and I'm sure it shows our faces clearly. All she has to do is give that to the police and we're sunk. And I don't know about you, but I don't want to go to jail!"

Rick shuddered at the thought. "Yeah. And even if she didn't have us arrested, she has contacts everywhere. We'd never find new jobs."

"Like I said, we just don't have any choice."

Rick sighed again. "Yeah."

"What worries me though," added Helen, "is making you passable."

"Why is that?"

"Because that's not easy. It's not easy at all to make a man look like a woman. The shape is wrong. The features are wrong. The mannerisms are wrong. And none of that is as easy to hide as it sounds."

Rick cringed at the thought. It was bad enough to wear the high heels and the makeup as he had, but dressing all out as a woman would be completely humiliating. And going out in public dressed like that? That was terrifying. Even worse, now he would be required to pass himself off as a woman. That was unnerving in addition to being humiliating! This thought

frustrated Rick and started to make him angry that he was even in this position. He glared at Helen as he thought how this was all her fault. His anger began to boil over.

“If *you* hadn’t wanted to dress me up as a woman—” he growled.

Helen glared at him and cut him off: “Now is not the time, *office girl*,” she growled back.

Rick felt an emasculating tingle run all over his body. Just the thought of becoming an “office girl” made him wither, and it was clear that part of this excited Helen. Still, he held his poker face and he didn’t back down, and so they both glared at each other for several seconds.

“This is pointless,” said Helen finally. “We need to get you dressed to see if we can make you passable. That’s all that matters now.”

“Fine,” said Rick sourly.

“Lose the attitude, Rick, or I won’t help you.”

They glared at each other for several more seconds. They were clearly upset at each other, Rick because he blamed Helen for this entire problem they now faced and Helen because she didn’t like Rick accusing her of this and she didn’t like him trying to shift the blame to her before Carter. Rick probably should have thought this through however, seeing as how Helen was about to become his boss and how his future depended on her ability to make him passable, but he didn’t and he would pay for his mistake soon.

In the meantime, they both managed to calm their anger because they were in the same boat. They agreed to get to work.

“All right, let’s get started,” said Helen.

Rick nodded his head.

“Fortunately, I used to have a roommate who was about your size and she left a large amount of clothing here because she took a job overseas. Why don’t we see what she had that might fit you?” said Helen. “If we need anything else, then we can buy it later.”

Rick agreed.

Helen then took Rick to the second bedroom in the apartment. The room contained a bed, a dresser, a desk, and of course the closet. The closet was packed with clothing. It contained dresses, tops, skirts and capri jeans. On the floor were shoes of various shapes and styles. Most of them were heels. The dresser contained bras and panties and stockings.

“A lot of these should fit,” said Helen and she ran her fingers over the dresses.

Rick took a deep breath. "Ok, what do I put on first?" he asked.

"First, you need to shave all the hair from your body. When you're done with that, then come back to me."

Rick twisted his lips. "Shave all my hair?"

"Yes, all your hair, except what's on your head."

"You mean my legs? My chest?"

"Yes, all of it. Everything you have except for the hair on your head. Women don't have hair in those places, remember? And if you show up with hairy legs, Carter will call the cops the moment she sees you."

She was right, and Rick knew it, so he went to the shower. He removed his suit along the way, which Helen picked up, folded and stuck into the dresser. He would not be needing it this weekend. She also collected his shirt and his underwear, all of which followed the suit into the dresser.

As Rick showered, Helen gathered the items she would need. She grabbed tweezers for his eyebrows, nail polish for his fingernails and toenails, and makeup for his face. Most importantly, she grabbed a corset for his frame. If Helen was going to make Rick passable, getting him into a corset would be key. Fortunately, her roommate had been into shape training and left several corsets that would fit. Helen also found an old wig she had worn one Halloween which would help disguise his masculine head and face. This was a brunette wig with long curly hair and thick bangs, which would hide his face.

Meanwhile, Rick was in the shower. Normally, he loved showers, but not today. Today was humiliating. Today, he had lathered his entire body in shaving cream and he was busy removing every last hair from his frame. He never would have done this *ever*, except that Carter's threat about being passable scared him, and he would do anything to avoid going to jail. And part of "doing anything" meant going all out. The last thing he wanted was to humiliate himself by dressing like this and then get arrested when he reported to work just because he still looked mannish in some minor way. He would not make that mistake. Not to mention, he didn't want to be recognized either, so being passable was important to him to protect his reputation too.

"I could never live it down if people spotted me," he told himself and he imagined all the members of his former team pointing at him as he stood there in a dress and laughing. He cringed at the thought. Rick shook it off though and focused on shaving his body. Soon enough, he finished and he

returned to Helen.

“Let me check your body for hair and then we’ll start with some makeup,” said Helen.

“Makeup?”

“Of course. Did you think you could be the only woman at the office who didn’t wear makeup? You’d be spotted in a second. Trust me, Rick: makeup will be your best friend for pulling this off,” said Helen.

Rick bit his lip. He knew this was coming, but it still made him shiver to hear it spoken out loud. Somehow, none of this had been truly real to him until now. It all had seemed so theoretical, like an exercise they needed to consider and then get a passing grade on and move on from. It was only now starting to sink in to him that he really would be doing this... he really would be dressing as a woman *and reporting to work en femme!*

“Makeup,” he repeated unhappily. He began a checklist in his head. “What else?”

Helen shrugged her shoulders. “Dresses, heels—”

“Heels!” exclaimed Rick, remembering the trouble he had in them only a few hours earlier.

“Yes, heels.”

“I can’t walk in heels!”

“You’ll need to learn.”

“Wait a minute. Not all women wear heels. Why can’t I wear flats?” he asked.

“Because you’ll stick out like a sore thumb. Every woman at the office wears heels, especially the office girls,” said Helen. This was true. As the owner, Carter set the tone for the women by establishing an unofficial dress code with her own style. She loved heels and suits, so almost every woman in the office emulated her. The office girls too wore heels, though they tended to go for a younger, more risqué look because they were mostly college age girls who were there to attract the men as much as they were there to work.

Rick thought about his sore feet. “Heels! Blech! This is going to be even more unpleasant than I thought,” he told himself.

“Before we do any of that, however, we need to get you feminized.”

“Feminized?”

“Yes, we need to make your body more feminine. So let me start by checking your body for hair,” said Helen.

With this, Helen yanked away Rick's towel. Much to his embarrassment, Rick was hard as a rock beneath his towel. This made Helen giggle.

"Aww, somebody's hard," cooed Helen.

Rick blushed.

"Does somebody like being turned into a woman?" asked Helen in a childlike voice and she grabbed the head of his erection and shook it. Almost instantly, precum leaked from its tip. "Yes, he does!"

"No, I don't," grumbled Rick.

Helen felt rather amazed that she suddenly had the nerve to do this, but then, she did have considerable power over Rick suddenly. So she kept shaking his erection, causing precum to splatter onto her hand. "Oh yes, you do."

"No, I don't!"

"You can't lie to me, *office girl*, not with this little guy telling me the truth." As she called him "office girl," she noticed that his erection almost jumped in her hand. Clearly, she had hit a nerve. "Oooh, you liked that, did you? Do you want me to call you 'office girl' from now on?"

"No," said Rick sourly, though his erection seemed to grow.

Helen giggled. "Your little guy says you do, *girly*," she said and she laughed. Once again, his penis jumped.

"I'm not girly!" he protested.

"You will be soon," said Helen with a wink.

A cold chill ran down Rick's spine.

"All right, back to it," said Helen. "Stand still." She circled her former boss, running her hand over his legs, his butt, his testicles and his chest. All the hair was gone. He had done a good job. "Nice work."

Rick didn't respond. He was trying to focus on making his erection go away, but it wouldn't.

"Now, sit down so I can do your nails," said Helen finally.

Rick sat down in the chair by the desk and the mirror. Helen whipped out the same red nail polish she had placed on his toenails when this adventure began, and she went to work on fixing the polish which remained on his toenails and then doing his fingernails as well. Rick had felt tingly when she painted his toenails earlier, but that was nothing compared to how he felt as he watched his fingernails turn red and he knew that he would be wearing this nail polish out in the open. This time, he felt electric all over

and his penis strained against its full length. This all troubled him; he should not be excited by having his nails painted.

“There. Very girly,” said Helen.

Rick looked at his finished nails. His penis throbbed in his lap. Images of his own hands with their painted nails caressing his erection passed before his eyes and he found that surprisingly erotic. He tried to think of something else, but nothing seemed to help. He was definitely turned on.

“Now we work on your face,” said Helen.

As Rick’s nails dried, Helen took the tweezers and went to work on his eyebrows. This hurt considerably as Rick had never had this done before and as Helen took dozens and dozens of hairs. Soon enough, his eyebrows appeared femininely narrow and arched. This changed the entire shape of his face which now became much softer and more feminine. He definitely looked unusual for a man now.

Helen smiled. “Perfect! Very pretty,” she said.

“I don’t want to be pretty.”

“You better be, because that’s your best bet to avoid being ‘Rick the cross-dresser who tried to come to work as a woman’,” said Helen.

Again, Rick shuddered.

After this, Helen grabbed a needle. “This may hurt,” she said and before Rick knew what was happening, she jabbed the needle through his earlobe twice. She covered it with a towel to stop the bleeding.

“Ouch! What was that?!” demanded Rick.

“I pierced your ear,” said Helen.

“That really hurt! Why are you doing that?”

“Because all women wear earrings.”

“Can’t you just clip some on or something?”

“No real woman would wear clip-ons, Rick,” said Helen, and then she did the other ear. She then placed studs in his ears so the holes would heal properly.

“That really does hurt.”

“Stop being a baby, Rick.”

Rick glared at his former-secretary who was now his boss. Helen ignored him.

“Ok, now comes something you won’t like,” said Helen.

“As if I’ve liked everything so far,” countered Rick sourly.

Helen snickered. Unlike Rick, she was really beginning to enjoy this.

She loved having power over her former boss and getting to feminize him against his will was proving to be quite a turn on.

“Stand up,” she said.

“Why? What are you doing now?”

“Now we give you a feminine body.”

“A feminine body?”

“Yes, curves,” said Helen.

Rick reluctantly stood up. As he did, Helen moved to the bed, where she had laid out some clothes and she grabbed a black leather corset. She opened the back of the corset and then wrapped it around Rick’s torso.

“Another corset?” asked Rick.

“Yep,” said Helen. “You need this so you have curves.” She yanked it tight.

Rick immediately winced. “That’s too tight!”

“It’s only just beginning.” Helen yanked on the laces to pull the corset even tighter. As she did, Rick found himself sucking air, trying to breathe. The corset definitely made that harder. Helen didn’t stop tugging though.

“I can’t breathe! I can barely move!” gasped Rick between breaths.

“You’ll get used to it.”

He shook his head. “There’s no way. I can’t wear this!”

“You’re going to have to because this is what will give you a believable feminine shape. Without it, you’ll always look like a man in a dress. Without it, you’ll never be passable. Is that what you want?”

Helen gave one more yank. She finally got it where she wanted it and she closed the latches. Then she tied off the laces. As Rick continued trying to adjust to the corset, which was a good deal tighter than the one she had put on him in the office earlier, Helen examined his new shape. He actually did have a credible female shape in the corset. Up to now she hadn’t believed that making him passable was really possible. She feared that no matter what they did, he would always still look like Rick in women’s clothes, but with the corset and maybe a wig, she now thought this could be done.

“This might just work,” she told herself.

Interestingly, this not only gave her a sense of relief, but it also seemed to excite her. Indeed, despite the tension of the situation, she now found herself increasingly turned on by the idea of seeing Rick feminized. She had always wanted to do this to a man and now Rick was her puppet. The thought made her wet.

“This better be worth it,” said Rick between shallow breaths.

Helen chuckled. “It will be,” said Helen, before adding beneath her breath, “for me at least.”

With the corset in place, Helen handed Rick some black satin thong panties. Rick took the thong in his hands. It felt wrong just to hold this piece of feminine finery, not to mention thinking about wearing it.

“Pull those up your legs,” said Helen.

Rick looked at the thong. He didn’t want to do this, but it was something he needed to do, so he gathered his courage and he slipped it over his feet and up his legs. The silky feel as it slid up his freshly shaved legs was electric, but it was also humiliating.

“They look good on you,” said Helen.

Rick shuddered at the thought.

“Now let’s do the dress,” said Helen. She picked up a simple black dress with a broad skirt which would hang to Rick’s knees. The bodice was fitted and fit around the corset perfectly. The hips were flared slightly, which would have looked silly except for the work of the corset. The dress was sleeveless and had a rounded collar. All told, the dress looked appropriate for an office, but it was definitely meant for a young woman without much authority; it was not something a female manager would wear. It would be perfect for an office girl.

Rick took a couple steps to make sure the dress fit properly. He was immediately struck by how feminine he suddenly felt. *He was wearing a dress!* And it felt like it too. There was cool air coming up between his legs. He felt the dress dance around his thighs and his knees. He felt it tug on his shoulders and wrap itself tightly around his chest. These were not experiences a man should ever have!

“This is humiliating,” said Rick.

Helen snickered. Her former boss’s humiliation filled her with a sense of control, which she liked very much. In fact, seeing Rick slowly feminized was turning her on intensely. And the fact that he had been rude to her and accused her of causing this only made it a little sweeter for her to see him brought down, and to be the one who got to take him down.

“Ok, now let’s add the stockings,” said Helen a moment later.

She handed Rick a pair of nylon stockings and told him how to roll them up to get them on his legs. Rick then sat down and did as she instructed. As he slipped the first one over his toes and pulled it up his leg,

he felt an amazing feeling. It was a sense of being encased in silk and it felt warm and soft and weak. This made his penis throb. He then repeated this with the second stocking. Then he stood up and rubbed his toes into the carpet. Seeing his painted toenails beneath the stockings and feeling the nylon against the carpet was thrilling in a way he did not understand. Was it just the naughtiness? He didn't know. He didn't want to know.

As Rick seemed lost in the feelings he was receiving from his stockings, Helen slipped a garter belt around his waist. This garter belt was part girdle and would further help shape his hips. It also helped hold his stockings in place when she attached them to the garter straps.

"Now walk for me," she said.

Rick walked across the room and back. Again, he was amazed at how different women's clothes felt. They were so much lighter and so much more delicate, though at the same time items like the corset felt almost like bondage gear. They also required him to move carefully, delicately and properly or else he would pull something out of place and then, like a run of dominoes, everything would end up out of place. It was all very strange.

"Now we add the heels," said Helen, snapping Rick back out of his thoughts.

"Again, why can't I wear flats?"

"Three reasons. First, everyone in the office wears heels and you would stand out like a sore thumb if you wore flats, especially as an office girl. Secondly, Carter will expect you in heels. You know that too. She wants you to suffer in your femininity and you know that if you show up in flats, she'll be angry at both of us. Third, this is what I want you to wear and I'm in charge."

Rick glared at his ex-secretary. "You're not in charge. We're both in this together."

"Maybe," said Helen doubtfully. She had begun to wonder if she really was in the same level of trouble as Rick. After all, Carter hadn't really punished her in any way here. To the contrary, she could almost call what happened a promotion, and Helen began to think that if she just did her best and showed Carter what she was worth, then this supposed setback might prove to be an opportunity in disguise... for her at least. In any event, she wasn't going to let him take charge. She had him by the balls and she liked that, and she was going to use that, so she continued: "And whatever you believe, that doesn't change the fact that this is the way it's going to be if you

want my help. You do have more to lose than I do, so unless you want to do this by yourself, then I'm in charge." She finished with a sort of determined smile.

Rick furrowed his brow, but he realized right away that she was right. He was the one Carter was most angry at because he was the one who went much further than she had. He's the one who was naked, and it was his cum in Carter's shoe and on her desk. Not to mention, he was the one who would lose a coveted manager position; Helen was merely a secretary. She could find another secretarial job much more easily than he could ever find another manager position if push came to shove. And most importantly, he could never do this without her help.

"Fine," he growled. "Give me the heels."

Helen snickered to herself. It was definitely becoming clear that she held the upper hand here. She decided right then and there to take advantage of this. And her first act in that regard was to swap out the heels she was going to give him. Initially, she planned to give him basic black pumps with three-inch heels, so that he would have some level of comfort so that he wouldn't fight her as much. But now she was going to go with the ones she wanted to see him in. These were strappy black sandals with five-inch heels. They were very sexy and difficult to walk in, and he would struggle greatly. They would be perfect for what she wanted of Rick!

"These?" asked Rick incredulously.

"Yes, put them on."

Rick bit his tongue. These shoes were going to be trouble. He could see that, but this is how it had to be. So he bent over and slipped his feet into the shoes. Then he buckled the straps and stood up. Wearing these was even harder than the heels he had worn before, but this time he had some practice so at least he wasn't in any danger of falling down; in fact, they practiced about two hours. Still, he was hardly graceful in them.

"You should wear those all weekend so that walking in them becomes second nature to you," said Helen.

"All weekend?"

"Yes. You look like a man in heels. You're going to need to practice *a lot*," said Helen. "In fact, you should probably accept the idea that you're going to need to stay dressed as a woman until this is over. You need all the practice you can get and you're going to have a really hard time going back and forth."

Rick furrowed his brow. "Why?"

"Several reasons. Your eyebrows, for one. I had to narrow those. Next, your earrings. You can't take those out. You're not going to be able to keep painting your nails and then removing your nail polish either every time you go to or leave work. Also, where do you plan to change? You can't do it at work. So you will need to drive home dressed like a woman, which is a problem in and of itself, and walk into your house dressed as a woman only to emerge as an effeminate man until the following day when you'll suddenly look like a woman again. If you want to stay hidden, then that's not the way to do it at all."

Rick bit his lip. He hadn't thought of any of that. As a practical matter, it definitely sounded like it would be a lot better for him if he stayed dressed as a woman until this was over. But where could he do that? He couldn't do it at his house. How would he explain a woman who looked a lot like him suddenly living at his house? But where else was there? Then it hit him. He had the perfect place he could stay.

"I should stay here!" he said.

Helen pursed her lips. She wasn't in a particularly good mood regarding her former boss at the moment, and the last thing she wanted was for him to move into her apartment with her. She was just about to tell him that too when a thought occurred to her: this was a golden opportunity to extract a little revenge for the way he had been treating her like this was all her fault. Not to mention, here was her chance to extend her feminization fantasy. She had always wanted to feminize a man ever since she tricked her bother into a skirt when they were children and here was the absolutely perfect chance to do that on a full-time basis!

Of course, the more she thought about it, there was a practical side to this too. Having him move into her apartment was the best way to maintain control over the situation as it would allow her to keep a fairly strict control over what he was wearing. If she didn't do that, then she ran the risk of him showing up with a two-day old beard or wearing pants or something else that might lead to his exposure. That would hurt her chances of winning over Carter.

Everything pointed in one direction.

She didn't want him knowing that she liked the idea, however, so she raised an eyebrow and folded her arms. She exhaled a deep breath. Then she tapped her foot in its high-heeled shoe against the floor, just to make a show

of this decision being difficult for her. In truth, she was very wet at the thought of feminizing Rick full-time, but it was better if he thought he was imposing on her.

“All right, I can agree to that, *but there are conditions*,” she finally snapped.

“What conditions?”

“For one thing, you need to stay dressed as a woman the entire time,” she said.

Rick shuffled uncomfortably on his feet, which were already feeling sore as a result of the high heels. He didn’t like the sound of that condition, but he didn’t see what choice he had. He had nowhere else he could realistically go. Besides, he needed her instruction, he knew that, and staying with her was the best way to get that, and staying dressed as a woman was the best chance to get through this successfully, though he would have preferred some time off here and there.

“Ok,” he said cautiously.

“And to short-circuit any arguments right now, you will do anything I tell you while you are here. Consider me to be your superior and you will obey all of my orders without question and without protest. If you fight me in the slightest, I’ll send you home right then and there. Got it?” she added.

Rick liked this less and less, but again, he didn’t have much of a choice. “Fine,” he said reluctantly.

“And one final condition,” said Helen.

“What’s that?”

“You will be my maid the whole time you are here.”

Rick’s jaw dropped. “Are you crazy?”

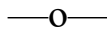
Helen immediately shrugged her shoulders. “Fine! Go home and figure all of this out yourself, *girlfriend*. Good luck passing Carter’s test.” Having said this, she went to the front door of her apartment and opened it.

Rick looked out into the empty hallway. He couldn’t leave. He knew that. If he left, he was doomed. If he stayed, at least he had a fighting chance to satisfy Carter long enough for her to let him return to being himself and get his old job back as a manager. What’s more, he could do it without getting noticed. But if he left, then all bets were off. He knew he didn’t know enough to turn himself into a passable woman and that meant certain failure and likely exposure.

He shuddered.

“Fine... I agree.”

Chapter 6: Rick Reports As An Office Girl



Monday morning finally came. Rick had been dreading this all weekend.

“This is going to be a nightmare,” thought Rick as he climbed out of Helen’s car in the parking garage. A moment later, he and Helen began their walk across the concrete floor to the elevator. The sound of their high heels echoed throughout the garage, seemingly mocking Rick. Would he be passable? There was no way to know until they reached the office. They’d run a quick test this weekend at a fast food restaurant, but that didn’t really tell them much because no one there knew him and he doubted anyone there would care about a man in a dress. Hence, he remained nervous. Indeed, his nerves made him sick to his stomach and his knees trembled as he forced himself to take step after step... getting further and further away from the safety of the car.

“Now comes the moment of truth,” said Helen who was nervous as well. She wasn’t so much concerned with going to jail anymore, as she no longer believed Carter had that in mind for her, but she wanted to show Carter what she was capable of. She now saw this as an opportunity, and she didn’t want to waste it.

The elevator door opened and they both held their breaths. This could be the first test.

It was empty.

Both exhaled a sigh of relief and they climbed aboard. The elevator began moving. When the elevator reached the lobby, however, it stopped. Rick froze in terror. Helen too tensed up and gritted her teeth. This was it. Both new a crowd of people would get on at this point. Rick would pass or not right here and now.

The door opened.

A dozen eyes settled on Rick in his little black dress and spike-heeled sandals. He began to tremble. Had they spotted him? Why weren’t they moving yet? Rick braced himself for an accusatory finger to point at him any moment and then for the crowd to burst into laughter.

It didn’t happen.

Instead, everyone’s eyes shifted from Rick to Helen and then they

stepped onto the elevator and turned to face the door. No one said a word about the brunette in the little black dress. They had all seen him, and they looked right through him without noticing anything unusual or deciding that he wasn't what he was trying to pass himself off to be. Rick breathed again.

The door closed again and the elevator started its journey to the higher floors.

As they rode up, Rick noticed a couple of the men sneaking glances at his legs, his feet, and his breasts. He felt a little dirty when this happened and an image appeared in his mind of a man sliding his hand beneath Rick's dress. Rick imagined his penis growing beneath his dress as the man's hand came closer and closer to it. Rick watched this image in horror, but simultaneously felt excited by it. Suddenly, Rick realized what he was imagining. He tried to shut the image out of his mind and shake it off. He succeeded, but he felt rather humiliated that he had imagined it at all.

"Wow. How could I think that?" he asked himself. His face turned bright red and he noticed he was trembling again. Fortunately, people were getting off the elevator and that gave him something else to focus on.

A minute later, the elevator finally stopped on their floor and Rick and Helen made their way to their new desks. Helen's desk was to the left of the door to Carter's office. Carter's long-time secretary sat to the right. Rick's desk was about ten feet away, in the corner, behind Helen's desk; Rick found a nametag with the name "Ricki" on it sitting on his desk and he pinned that to his chest like the other office girls. Then he set down his purse and he returned to Helen's desk.

"Are you ready, '*Ricki*'?" asked Helen with a smirk.

Rick's face burned red with shame at Helen mocking his name tag, but that was the least of his worries. "I'm as ready as I'll ever be," he said. His voice shook.

Helen knocked on Carter's door. Carter called them to enter.

"Ms. Carter? It's Ricki and Helen. We're here," said Helen.

Carter, who wore an off-white suit with brown and tan accents and brown and white spectator pumps rose from her chair and came around her desk. As always, she looked very professional and rather sexy. She closed the door and then she circled Rick like a shark. She examined his little black dress, which hung loosely around his knees. It was sleeveless and had a rounded collar. She crouched down and ran her finger up the back of his thigh, looking for hairs, and checking his stockings to make sure they were

straight; her touch made his heart race. She snickered when she examined his high-heeled shoes.

“Your feet are going to be very sore today, *Ricki*,” she said with a laugh.

“I know, Ma’am. I can already tell,” said Rick with a strong hint of disapproval.

“I take it you didn’t pick those?”

“No Ma’am. Helen did.” The way Rick said this implied that he was trying to shift blame to Helen for his choice in footwear. Carter did not like hearing him try to shift the blame to Helen a second time; this made her angry at Rick. Ironically, she was actually going to offer him an olive branch regarding his heels. She assumed Helen had picked them to impress her and she was going to suggest that he wear flats or low-heeled shoes in the future. Now she changed her mind.

“Well, Rick, as you probably have seen, a lot of the women in the office like to take off their heels from time to time, especially when they sit at their desks. *You* won’t be doing that, however. *You* are not allowed to take off your heels, even for a moment. I don’t want to catch you ever with your heels off in the office. Understand?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Rick unhappily.

“And I think these heels are a good height for you too. Make sure all your shoes have heels this high.”

Rick bit his lip. He did not want to hear that. “Yes, Ma’am,” he said nevertheless.

Carter then brushed back the bangs on his brunette wig with her fingers. “Good. This is good.” She examined his makeup next. “You are quite passable. Whether or not you get recognized, I guess we’ll see. But you are passable.”

“We did our best,” said Helen.

Carter looked at Helen and smiled. “You did an excellent job.”

“Thank you.”

Carter returned to her side of her desk. “Janet Fielding has a large copy job this morning. I expect you to help her. Then, this afternoon, you will serve coffee in the large conference room. Do not be late.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“You are dismissed,” said Carter.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

With that, Rick and Helen both turned to leave. Carter, however, ordered Helen to stay. She had additional instruction for Helen, plus she wanted to know what arrangements Helen and Rick had made. Helen explained how Rick was staying with her, which Carter thought this was quite smart on Helen's part. Helen then explained how she had gotten Rick to agree to act as her maid in exchange for letting him stay there. Carter laughed openly at this.

"I'm glad you're getting something out of this," said Carter with a chuckle.

"Thank you, Ma'am."

"It doesn't excuse what you did last Friday, but I am willing to forgive it if you serve me well in the office. Do your job and everything will be fine. And don't forget that your job includes making sure that Rick becomes a very submissive, helpful office girl," said Carter. "He needs to learn a lot of respect before I let him return to being his old male self."

Helen smiled. "Yes, Ma'am. I can do that."

Carter chuckled and nodded her head. "Good. I look forward to seeing it happen. Keep me in the loop."

—o—

While Helen and Carter were discussing his future, Rick went to the copy center to see Janet Fielding. Despite having made it from the car to his desk without incident and despite Carter declaring him passable, he was nowhere near calm yet. He felt like everyone could see right through him. And Fielding would be his first real test as she knew him well as a male.

Rick felt very pensive as he entered the copy room.

"Hi, I'm Ricki. I was sent to help," said Rick and he bristled at using *that* name.

"Oh good," said Fielding. "Have I got a project for you!"

And she did. Fielding had a massive copy project on which she put Rick and another girl to work right away. To that end, she gave him five boxes of papers and told him to make two copies of each sheet and then to sort them all into binders. This was a very menial task, far below anything Rick had ever been asked to do as a manager, and that admittedly tweaked his ego. It would take hours too.

Making this even worse, Rick had to do this in the outrageous heels and

the short dress. By comparison, Fielding herself and the other office girl both took off their high heels and parked them next to the wall as they worked in stockings. Rick couldn't do that, however, because of Carter's threat, and he quickly learned that these shoes definitely were not meant to be worn for a project like this. Indeed, within just a few minutes, Rick's feet and calves began to hurt, and it only got worse as the morning progressed. Soon, he was having problems just walking. And as his difficulties walking became more obvious, Fielding noticed.

"You can take your heels off, sweetie," said Fielding.

Rick blushed. "Thank you, but I'd prefer to keep wearing them."

"For Heaven's sake! Why?!"

Rick shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

Fielding then shook her head and chuckled derisively. She walked over to Rick, out of earshot of the other girl, and spoke quietly in his ear. "Listen, *girlfriend*, I get it. But if your goal is to look all attractive for the boys you know are going to be coming by to check out the new girl—"

"Boys?" asked Rick and he swallowed hard.

"—then this isn't the way to go about it. They don't care if you wear heels or not, they just want to see your body. And besides, you'll have plenty of chances to do your best slinky walk past them. You don't need to do it all in one day and you don't need to do it in my copy center."

Rick bit his lip. That wasn't why he was wearing heels at all, and the prospect of doing a slinky walk for the men in the office frankly terrified him. But he couldn't tell Fielding the truth, not without answering far too many questions he could not answer. So he needed to think of something.

"It's not that. I, uh, I have a condition in my foot which requires me to wear heels," lied Rick.

"A condition which makes you wear high heels?" repeated Fielding doubtfully. "What kind of condition?"

Rick blushed. "I'd rather not say."

"Look-at-my-sexy-walk syndrome?" asked Fielding sarcastically.

Rick shook his head, causing his long hair to wiggle around his face.

Fielding looked him up and down and then shook her head slowly. She laughed cynically. "All right, it's up to you. I can't make you use common sense. Just remember that foot pain won't be an excuse to quit working."

Rick breathed a sigh of relief. He had dodged a bullet, but at a heavy price. If he truly had his way, he would not be wearing high heels right

now... *or ever*. But he would not have his way, so he got back to work in the heels even though his feet were killing him. It would only get worse too with each passing minute.

Half an hour later, Rick discovered what Fielding meant when she said that the boys would come check him out. The first were two young men from the mailroom. Rick knew both and often chatted with them about sports. Now they stood in the doorway ostensibly asking if Fielding needed anything from the mailroom. That was just a pretext however, as evidenced by both of them keeping their eyes firmly on Rick the entire time. Indeed, he could almost feel their eyes burning every curve and crevice on his body into their memories. He had little doubt he might end up a masturbation fantasy. That filled Rick with shame.

Of course, they weren't the only ones either. One by one, half the men in the office came by to take a look at the new girl. Each had an excuse, but it was obvious why they were really here. Soon enough, he was the talk of the office... the sexy young thing in the copy center.

As an aside, Rick had done this himself once or twice in the past when a new girl arrived, and he regretted that now that the shoe was on the other foot. This was utterly humiliating for him to feel like a sex object, and he regretted making the other young women feel this way.

Finally, Rick finished with the assignment and he returned to his desk. He could barely move on his feet anymore, so Helen decided to give him a rest and she sent another girl to handle the coffee in the conference room. Helen had considered making him handle it anyway as a punishment, but she didn't want his failure to reflect poorly on her with Carter, so she let him rest. She also saw this as an opportunity to push him to work harder at his own feminization.

"See, that's why you need more practice. You need to be able to stand in those heels for hours if you're going to work this job," said Helen.

"I understand," he said.

"I hope you do. I won't be as nice to you in the future."

—o—

The rest of the day, Helen had Rick sit at his desk filling envelopes. He was lucky that his desk kept him out of the main hallway, so the number of males who dropped by to see him fell off sharply. It was still enough to make

him cringe and feel deeply emasculated, however. After all, no matter how he was dressed, he was still a man, and he did not want other men leering at him sexually. The thought was pure humiliation; it shook his manhood to the core.

The next few days at work were just as bad as the first. Rick was given menial assignments which took up all of his time and generally required him to stand around in the overly-high high heels. Consequently, his feet were killing him each night by the time they got home, though he was getting accustomed to the heels little by little and his feet hurt less each night.

Just as bad as the pain, Rick spent his days in terror that someone he knew from the office would spot him. He constantly feared that someone or other must have recognized him and was racing to expose him, though no one ever said a thing so far. Even worse, it seemed that no matter how long he went without getting spotted, the fear of discovery just never lessened. Indeed, he had assumed that it would be nerve-wracking the first couple days, but then the fear would pass and being dressed as a woman would just become “the new normal.” But that hadn’t happened. To the contrary, Rick found that he *always* feared being spotted and he struggled accordingly. He struggled carrying himself. He found himself ducking behind cabinets and into bathrooms to avoid groups. Even getting dressed was a problem. Indeed, each new outfit felt like a new challenge: was it enough or wasn’t it, did it hide his masculinity enough or didn’t it? And every single encounter made his heart race: had he missed something? Would this be the one who finally noticed the single clue that told them who he really was? Day in and day out, there was no rest... no comfort... no safe zone. He risked discovery every single time he met another person.

Unfortunately for Rick, his home life wasn’t any less tense, though it was tense for a different reason. Helen had decided to begin requiring him to be her maid almost immediately. This was part of their deal after all and she wanted to experience having a maid very badly. Hence, Helen would drive Rick to her apartment (he couldn’t drive dressed as a woman, after all) after work and she would require him to go change into the maid costume and begin his maid duties as the first thing he did. Essentially, he spent his days working as a submissive office girl for Helen at the firm and his nights being her submissive maid.

He hated this; it was deeply emasculating.

Rick's examined himself in the mirror. This was his first night acting like Helen's maid and she had gone out of her way to make this embarrassing for him. He tugged at his skirt. This was nothing like what a real maid would wear; this was meant as a sexy costume designed to turn on some horny boyfriend... or Helen. Indeed, a real maid would never wear a dress with a top meant to show off her cleavage, or a skirt that barely covered her panties, or fishnet stockings, or five-inch high-heeled sandals. But that is what Rick wore now. Of course, a real maid would never wear a corset either, but Rick was no longer allowed to remove that. This was all meant to humiliate him, and boy was it working.

"Come along, *Ricki*," said Helen happily.

Rick cringed at being called "Ricki." Helen used that name exclusively for him now and it always made him feel emasculated. He had asked her several times to call him Rick when they were alone, but she just ignored his request. To the contrary, she seemed to go out of her way to call him "Ricki."

Helen led Rick to the kitchen and showed him a broom closet. "This is where the cleaning materials are stored. The vacuum is in the hallway closet. I expect you to keep the apartment spotless. That means vacuuming carpets, washing floors, cleaning up any messes and removing stains. I expect you to cook me dinner—"

"I don't know how to cook," interjected Rick.

"Then you'll need to learn."

Rick glared at his former secretary.

"You'll do laundry too. Put simply, you will cook, clean, polish, and do laundry. You'll make the beds, polish my shoes, do the dishes, and whatever other chores need to be done... and you will do it in your uniform."

Rick exhaled angrily. "Why do I need to do this again?"

"For one thing, it will help teach you submission, which is a key trait Carter wants to see from you at work. Until you learn that, she's not going to let you go. But the real reason is more simple than that. The real reason is that you will do this because that is what I want and you need to keep me happy if you want my help."

"I'm thinking your help isn't as valuable as you want to believe," growled Rick.

Helen chuckled. “Is that so? Well, you know where the door is. Why don’t you go on home then, sissy boy? Let’s see how you handle having to apply your own makeup, picking your own clothes, and fixing your own mannerisms. Oh, and good luck explaining to your neighbors who the woman is who now shares your house with you and just happens to look a lot like you in a dress. Think it over, *Ricki*.”

“You know, this is all your fault, and you better remember that, when this is all over, I’ll be your manager again,” said Rick menacingly.

This angered Helen a good deal and she added this comment to the case she was slowly building in her head against letting her former lover and boss return to being a man; she was beginning to think that she liked him much better as her underling... and as a submissive woman. But that was a decision for later and, in the meantime, she was determined to enjoy having a feminized man at her beck and call.

“Well, in the meantime, you belong to me,” she said.

Rick glared at her, but it was an impotent glare.

“Now get to work,” said Helen. She then spent the next hour or so watching him totter around the house working like a sissy at various chores for about an hour. She *LOVED* this! Of course, she wanted more too. She decided to have a little more fun with her helpless ex-boss. “Come stand before me, *Ricki*.”

Rick exhaled his frustration at being called “*Ricki*” once again. Nevertheless, he set down his duster and walked over to Helen. “Yes, Ma’am?” asked Rick in a condescending tone. She had instructed him to call her “Ma’am” when he was acting as her maid. She liked that a lot; he didn’t.

“I want you to raise your skirt, lower your panties and then jerk yourself off,” said Helen in a matter-of-fact tone. She was dripping wet as she said this. She had never spoken to a man like this before and it was exciting.

Rick’s jaw dropped. “You what?”

“I want you to jerk yourself off.”

Rick raised an eyebrow. “And if I don’t?”

“In that event, I’ll resume your caning.”

Rick’s resistance collapsed instantly. The caning had hurt a good deal. In fact, he still couldn’t sit without pain, and he didn’t want to experience that again. Hence, within seconds, he pulled out his erection and he started stroking away as fast as he could. He wanted to cum and get this over with.

Unfortunately, that wasn't happening. For while this was all very exciting sexually, the embarrassment of doing this was keeping him from reaching the high he needed to be able to cum, so he stroked and he stroked and he stroked and he kept stroking for a long time, but nothing happened.

Helen loved this. She felt intensely excited and very wet as she watched her former boss jerk himself off at her command. It felt amazing to have the power to make a man do this, and it felt twice as amazing to make him do it dressed the way he was. This was incredible and she wanted more. In fact, what she really wanted was to see just how far she could push him to become feminized and submissive. That was what she wanted when she first pushed Rick to let her paint his nails, though she held out no hope of that really going anywhere. She was shocked when he agreed and she was amazed when she had been able to continue it. Now with what Carter had done, she was practically living in a fantasy of hers.

Rick, on the other hand, wanted to go back to being a normal man. He felt intensely humiliated being dressed as he was and being under the command of women he viewed as inferiors. Besides, he really wanted to stop wearing high heels. What's more, he dreaded what else could be on Helen's mind. It was clear that she was starting to get into this and that scared him. Add in Carter throwing in her crazy ideas about punishment, and Rick truly feared where all of this could be headed. He needed to escape... but how?

This was what was going through Rick's mind as he fruitlessly stroked himself for Helen's amusement. It would take quite some time before he finally came, and when he did, it would be just one more bit of humiliation to add to his growing list.

Unfortunately, things were about to get much worse for him.

Chapter 7: Ricki Trapped

—o—

Something Rick didn't realize right away, but which Helen did, was that the more Rick acted submissively, the more he was starting to become submissive for real. Indeed, the thought processes Rick needed to adopt to be able to act submissively were nearly the same thought processes that involved genuine submission, so little by little, his reflexes began to change so that his first impulse always became to follow orders rather than to choose his own path. It would take months yet for this to set in permanently as a trait, but the seeds were being put into place from the very beginning.

Helen realized this as she observed his changing personality, and she began to wonder if she couldn't make Rick into a submissive woman of sorts. She thought she probably could if she had enough time... and the right kind of help. And the person who could help her was her boss Sarah Carter. Helen decided to raise this idea the next time she and Carter spoke about Rick, which was typically every day. Indeed, Carter loved to hear about Rick's latest humiliations. She had not forgiven him for his invasion of her privacy.

"I'm thrilled with the results you're getting," said Carter. She had called Helen into her office to discuss Helen's progress with Rick this first week. She had on several occasions this week expressed her pleasure at how Helen managed the situation with little or no difficulty. "It's most impressive."

"Thank you," said Helen.

"The feedback I've gotten is good too. I've heard that he's been an excellent employee... very demure. No one seems to realize that he's a man either. In fact, in my interactions with him, he's come across as very feminine. I wouldn't have known either if I didn't already know who he is."

"Yes, Ma'am. He's fitting in well."

"Yes, you've done a great job of training him and making him over."

Helen blushed. "Thank you."

Carter smiled. "I like too how you've got him in those super-tall high heels and how you have him doing menial tasks. He seems quite uncomfortable, both physically and emotionally."

"Yes, Ma'am, he is."

“Good, because he deserves it.” She paused. “He seems rather submissive already too,” said Carter.

Helen nodded her head. “He is coming along. That’s actually something I wanted to talk to you about: his progress.”

“Oh?”

“Yes. I think he’s making good progress, but you could help me make better progress,” said Helen.

Carter raised an eyebrow. She had realized that Helen was coming around to the idea of helping her get what she wanted from Rick, but she hadn’t expected her to come around this quickly. Was she perhaps faking, wondered Carter. Carter was curious what Helen would suggest next. Would it be something that would truly help her teach Rick the lesson she intended or would it be something more likely to free Rick from her lesson? Whose side was she really on, Carter wondered.

“I’ve been thinking that I could make him more submissive much quicker with your help,” said Helen.

“How?”

“I would like you to promise him that he can be released—”

“Released?!” exclaimed Carter and she shook her head. This didn’t sound right to Carter and she instantly became suspicious.

“Yes, Ma’am,” continued Helen. “I don’t mean to really release him.”

“What do you mean then?”

“It would just be bait to get him to train himself to be submissive. It would be like a carrot you dangle before a mule. Basically, it would help me a great deal if you would promise him that he would be released once he demonstrates that he can be truly submissive at work. I was thinking that you could tell him that you’ve had complaints because he’s still too controlling or aggressive, and that he needs to prove to you that he can really be submissive. If he does that, then you promise that you will let him go back to being his old male self again. Naturally, the promise would just be an illusion,” said Helen.

Carter raised her eyebrow again. “How so?”

“Well, the idea would be to give him what appears to be an easy way out. All he has to do is act submissively. But to act submissively, he will need to train himself to adopt a submissive *persona*. That will actually start to make him submissive because it requires the same kind of thought process. And with the promise being vague enough that it never needs to be

granted, this will become like chasing a moving target. Each time he gets more submissive to earn his release, we just move the goal post further back requiring even more. That way, he has to keep getting increasingly submissive. By the time he realizes the promise is fake, *if he ever does*, it will be too late and he will have become submissive.”

Carter’s jaw dropped. This was truly devious. She loved it! “That could actually work,” she thought. “That could actually trick him into training himself to become submissive! And best of all, he would be doing it to himself... all of it! That’s pure genius!” She smiled.

Helen smiled back at her cautiously.

“Why are you suggesting this?” asked Carter.

Helen blushed again. “I guess because I like having him under my thumb. Plus, I love having him as my maid at home, and I’d like to keep him that way.”

Carter’s smile grew. She waved to the chair before her desk.

“Have a seat, Helen,” said Carter. “You and I have a lot to discuss.”

—o—

As Carter and Helen planned Rick’s future and how to trap him as a submissive office girl and a maid to Helen, Rick was busy working. Today, he found himself finally assigned to the most fundamental job of any office girl: serving coffee.

Rick looked at the clock. It was time. He rose from his desk, smoothed his little black dress, and made his way to the nearby break room. Once there, he followed Helen’s instructions for how to prepare a coffee service set. This included finding a silver service tray, and preparing two pots of coffee and one pot of hot water for tea. He also gathered tea bags, sugar and creamer, each of which went on the tray. The cups were already in the conference room.

As he worked, Rick found himself surrounded by a group of young women. This would have terrified him normally, only they were all too busy to notice him. Most of them were gorgeous, and they each dressed in a most sexy manner. That excited him and he struggled to keep his erection in check beneath his dress; when one young woman reached past him to get a cup out of a cabinet and draped her breasts on his back, he actually came. This gave him pause, but he kept working.

Soon enough, Rick was ready. He picked up the tray and started down the hallway. Balancing in the heels was a good deal more difficult with the tray in his hands, but he was improving every day and he managed to make it to the conference room without incident and without looking like a man in heels in the process.

He knocked softly and entered the conference room.

“Oh good, the coffee’s here,” said one of the sales managers as Rick entered the conference room.

Rick set the coffee tray down on the counter in the back of the room. He then took a moment to look around the room. The conference room was packed. On one side of the table sat a group of people who appeared to be the sales team for an electronics company. On the other side, however, sat four members of the sales division, a manager and two secretaries. Rick’s jaw dropped when he saw them. *These had been his own team!!*

“Oh my God! Please, don’t let them recognize me!” thought Rick and his mouth went dry. His knees began to shake. He felt sheer terror, which was followed by a wave of humiliation as he realized that he would be serving coffee and tea to his own former subordinates.

Then it got worse.

A moment later, the manager turned around. Rick immediately recognized her as Samantha Lake. Rick flinched! Lake was the woman Rick had beat out when he was promoted to his position as manager, and she had not taken it well at all. Indeed, she held a grudge for quite some time against Rick and, even now, she still didn’t like him much. He prayed she wouldn’t recognize him as that would be highly embarrassing and potentially dangerous.

“Please don’t let her recognize me!” he thought.

Rick tried to make himself small and disappear into the background. He turned away from them and began working on the coffee. Specifically, he pulled cups and spoons from the cupboard beneath the counter. Then he began pouring coffee and tea into the cups and setting those onto the tray, all without ever turning around. As he worked, however, he could feel a number of eyes caressing his rear and the backs of his legs, undressing him. This made him burn red with humiliation to be looked at sexually by this group of men who had been his subordinates.

Then everything got way, way worse.

Owing to the sexual tension of this situation, as Rick struggled with the

idea of being ogled sexually, Rick's penis began to grow. Within seconds, it was hard as a rock beneath his dress and standing straight out like a pole! Unfortunately, while Rick's panties had been enough to contain his penis in the past by pinning it flat against his body, this time, they failed... they did absolutely nothing to hide anything.

"Oh no!" thought Rick as he looked down and saw his penis tenting out his dress at least four inches. "What do I do now?"

This was the question, and Rick had no answers. Obviously, he needed to do something as he couldn't just walk around the room with an erection, but what? There was nothing he could put over his dress like an apron or a dishtowel to cover it. He couldn't tuck it in either. For one thing, there was nothing to tuck it into; there was just the panties and those had already failed to hold it. Nor could he stick it between his legs, as that would require serious adjustment, and he couldn't very well raise his dress and then fumble around with it as he prepared coffee. He couldn't leave the room either as he had a duty to perform and because he was sure it would be spotted before he could reach the door, which was on the other side of the conference room! All he could do was wait it out, but he had no idea how long it would take to go away, or if it even would go away given the kinky thrill he was feeling from this situation. What's more, he couldn't wait very long because he needed to start serving coffee fast. He had a problem.

"What do I do?" he asked himself again.

Rick felt his knees buckle. His body trembled. He even felt dizzy. But his penis just kept getting harder and harder it seemed. He tried thinking of something very unsexy, but it didn't work; all his thoughts kept coming back to his erection and images of himself walking around the room with his penis exposed as everyone pointed and laughed.

"Maybe I can force it down," he thought.

As he said this, he leaned forward and pushed his penis as hard as he could against the counter. He hoped that crushing it would make it flaccid, but it didn't. It just made it harder. Rick looked around desperately for anything he could use to hide it, but he found nothing.

"There's nothing to cover it with either!"

He ground his teeth.

Rick looked around one more time to make sure, but there was nothing. There was only the tray and a handful of paper napkins. Those would never work. Rick bit his lip. He was doomed, he knew it.

“Wait a minute,” he thought.

Rick had an idea. It was the only idea that came to his brain as it spun helplessly from useless idea to useless idea. What if he could use the tray? He could try to hold the tray in such a way that it hovered just above his erection and hopefully hid his erection in its shadow, so to speak. Rick had no idea if this would work or if everyone would spot his erection the moment he turned around, but it seemed to be his only option as he needed to start serving the coffee.

“Ok... I’m going to try it,” he said nervously.

Rick finished putting all the cups on the tray. Then he lifted the coffee tray. He carefully moved it over his erection and lowered it until it sat right on top of his erection, with both touching, at a level where he hoped his erection would disappear into the shadow cast by the tray and appear to be nothing more than the hand he used to hold up the tray. Unfortunately, to hold the tray at this level, he would need to bend forward slightly, which would show off his fake breasts and the little bit of cleavage Helen had managed to obtain for him. That would make it look like he was inviting everyone to stare at his breasts, but he was willing to accept that if it hid his penis.

“I’ll just have to deal with that,” he told himself.

Rick adjusted the tray slightly and took a deep breath.

“Ready? Ready,” he said.

Rick braced himself and then turned around.

Nothing happened. No one pointed, no one laughed.

“So far, so good,” he told himself. Still, he knew he was nowhere near out of the woods on this one yet.

Rick walked over to the table and began handing out cups of tea or coffee. As he did, he kept holding the tray right above his erection. With each step, it bounced up and down against the tray. This made a faint thumping noise. It also made his erection tingle.

“Coffee? Tea?” he offered.

Everyone accepted. Some took the cups directly from the tray while others waited for him to hand them their cups. Those who took the cups from the tray caused the tray to wiggle a bit as its weight changed. This caused the tray to push against his erection, which felt like they had touched his penis. This made Rick even harder.

Slowly, Rick made his way around the room. Finally, he came to his

nemesis, Samantha Lake. Rick swallowed hard. Here was his biggest test yet and this was a doozy.

“Coffee? Tea, Ma’am?” Rick asked.

She looked up at Rick. As she did, a curious look crossed her face and Rick could see her eyes scanning his face in detail, trying to figure out where she had seen this “woman” before.

“Are you new here?” asked Lake.

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Rick. His mouth was dry and his voice cracked.

“I swear I’ve seen you around here before,” said Lake.

“Uh, no Ma’am. I just started last week.”

Lake looked at his name tag. “Have we met somewhere before, Ricki?” she asked. As she asked this, she placed her hand on Rick’s free arm to hold him in place and keep him from slipping away. Her touch caused his penis to grow even harder. It was pointing right at Lake now.

Rick blushed. “No, Ma’am. I don’t think so.”

“That’s strange, because you look very familiar to me somehow.”

Rick bit his lip. “I’m not sure.”

Lake eyed him for several seconds. She even looked him up and down, which sent a shiver racing down Rick’s spine as he worried that she might be at the perfect angle to spot his erection. But she didn’t, or she didn’t seem to.

“Ok, finish serving the drinks,” said Lake. She then turned her attention back to the others at the table, though she kept one eye on Rick as he moved about. This made Rick very nervous.

Finally, Rick was finished with the drinks. His tray was empty except for one cup of coffee. He was glad there was an extra or he would have looked very strange holding an empty tray the way he had. He started back toward the counter at the back of the conference room.

“Oh Ricki,” called out Lake suddenly.

Rick swallowed hard. He stopped and he turned to face his former nemesis. “Yes, Ma’am?”

“Come here please,” she said.

Rick had no idea what she wanted and that scared him. He didn’t want to go. He wanted to bolt from the room. But that would be the worst thing he could do. Instead, he told himself that this had nothing to do with her spotting him and he walked back over to Lake.

“She just wants coffee,” he told himself. Though, she had a strange look on her face, like a cat who swallowed a canary as he approached. “Yes,

Ma'am?" asked Rick when he got to her.

"I think I'll have that drink," she said and she reached out and took the drink. Rick started to turn to leave, but she stopped him. "Hold still."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Lake sipped the coffee and then set it back on the tray. She then pulled back her arm, only, rather than pull it back to her side, *she instead slipped it beneath the tray!!* An instant later, Rick felt her fingertips press against the underside of his erection!!

"Oh my God!" thought Rick and he almost jumped.

"Don't spill the coffee!" whispered Lake with a laugh.

Rick clenched his jaw and did his best not to move an inch. He felt Lake slowly stroke the underside of his cock through his dress. He saw his tray vibrate just slightly as tiny waves were created in the coffee cup. Fortunately, at the angle that they were at, no one else could see what was going on. It just looked like Lake had helped stabilize the tray.

"That's a beautiful tray, isn't it?" asked Lake.

"Yes, Ma'am," replied Rick. His mind was frozen in sheer terror.

"I especially like the *feel* of it. It has a very hard feel to it, doesn't it?"

"Ye... yes, Ma'am."

"I think I know where I know you from now," said Lake. As she said this, Rick felt her fingers start another stroke. Only, this time, she used her sharp nails rather than her soft warm fingertips. This sent major shockwaves of pain racing from his penis to his spine.

He bit his lip.

"I knew you looked familiar," said Lake with a laugh. There was a hint of cruelty in the laugh.

Rick blushed bright red. He was terrified that she was about to reveal who he really was to everyone. She hadn't yet, however. Instead, Lake smirked and stroked his shaft again with her sharp nails. The only thing keeping this from being too painful was the material from the dress and the panties between her nails and his skin.

"In fact, I'm sure now where I know you from." She paused to let this sink in. "You should drop by my office after this meeting and we can talk about it, *Ricki*," she said. Her voice sounded pleasant enough to the casual observer, but Rick heard the menace within.

"Yes, Ma'am," he said reluctantly. His voice was tiny.

"Good choice," she said. "Now why don't you go change before

someone sees the spot on your dress?”

Rick didn't know what spot she meant, but he assumed this was just a way to let him leave without being discovered. Either way he was happy to take the opportunity. He raced to the counter, set down the coffee cup, held the tray in his hand like a book and used it to hide his penis. He sped out of the room back to his desk. Once there, he crashed down in his chair and began to think of things he could use to hide his erection for when it happened again, which apparently it would.

As he looked down at his lap, by the way, he noticed that he had leaked precum and that had created a wet spot on his panties *and his dress*. That was the wet spot she mentioned. His face turned bright, bright red.

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The meeting in the conference room ended an hour later. Rick waited nervously at his desk, watching his phone. Sure enough, it rang a few minutes after the meeting ended. It was Samantha Lake. She wanted to see the new “office girl.” Rick swallowed hard. This was not going to end well, but he had no choice in this, so he reluctantly made his way to her office. He did not tell Helen what was happening.

“Close the door,” said Lake after Rick walked into her office.

Rick felt his penis grow beneath his dress. This time, he'd shoved it back between his legs as best he could and pulled the panties very tightly over it. This made walking and sitting somewhat difficult, but it did keep him from having another exposure-threatening bulge so far.

“So tell me, *Ricki*,” started Lake, “what in the world are you doing?”

Rick decided to play dumb just in case she didn't actually know who he was. “I'm sorry, I don't understand, Miss.”

“Ha!”

Lake rose to her feet and came around to where Rick was standing. She placed one hand on his shoulder to hold him in place; in the heels he lacked the balance to fight back. Then in the same motion, she grabbed the hem of his dress with her other hand and she yanked it up, pulled down his panties, and yanked his erection out where they could both see it.

“Still want to act like you're just an office girl named ‘Ricki’?” asked Lake coldly.

“What do you want?”

Lake laughed. “Oh, there is so much I want. But first, I want to know why in the world you’re trying to pass yourself off as an office girl.” She folded her arms and waited for Rick to tell her what she wanted to know.

At first, Rick thought about feeding her a lie, only he couldn’t think of a lie that worked any better than the truth. Indeed, there was no story he could think of that made sense to explain this and still left him with any dignity. Besides, mentioning Carter might get Lake to back off.

“Carter is punishing me,” he finally said.

Lake raised an eyebrow and her smirk grew. “Carter?”

“Yes.”

“She knows about this?”

“Yes.”

“And what is she punishing you for?”

Rick shrugged his shoulders. “For fooling around with one of the secretaries.”

The smirk on Lake’s face began to glow. “*That... is... hilarious!*” She let out a loud laugh. “So now you need play the part of the office girl until what? Until she’s satisfied that you’ve learned your lesson?”

Rick nodded his head.

Lake chuckled. “That is fantastic! Well, I’ll tell you what. Carter may or may not decide to release you sooner or later or somewhere in between, but I’m not letting you go that easily.” As she said this, she pulled out her phone and took Rick’s photo. “From now on, you’re going to report to me right here every morning. I’m going to have some fun. You won’t, but I will. Secondly, I’m going to keep thinking of ways to use you, and you’re going to do whatever I tell you. And if you don’t, then I’ll expose you to everyone and I’ll tell Carter that I caught you jerking off in my office or something. Got it?”

Rick felt his heart sink. Even if he cleared things up with Carter now, he had another problem. He sighed and told himself, “One problem at a time.” He nodded his head in agreement.

“Yes,” he said.

Lake smiled. “Good. Now let’s have a little advance on that fun. Get on your knees.”

Rick ground his teeth. He was not happy about this. It was scary, not knowing what this woman had planned. After all, she had made it very clear on several occasions that she did not like him and that she wouldn’t mind a

little revenge for what she saw as a sleight when he was promoted and she wasn't. It was humiliating too. Rick saw himself as a leader, a manly man, a strong man with a strong will. And yet, here he was again, dressed like a sissy, about to be on his knees before a woman who had nearly absolute power over him. None of this sat well with his ego.

"Down," she said.

Rick slowly lowered himself to the floor and his knees. This was not easy in the heels and while trying to maintain some semblance of modesty in the short little black dress. Lake chuckled as she watched him sink to his knees. Rick's face turned red with shame as she did. With Rick on his knees, Lake then came around to the front of her desk and slid her rear up onto it. She crossed her legs and let one foot dangle out before her. It hung just below the level of Rick's face.

"Take off my shoe and worship my foot, sissy boy," said Lake coldly.

Rick cringed. This was going to be disgusting.

"Now!" she added when he didn't move quickly enough.

Rick bit his lip, but did as he was told. He reached out and pulled her high-heeled shoe from her foot. These were basic black pumps with a pointy toe. She had been wearing them all morning and her foot was sweaty and smelly. He could feel the moisture in the shoe from her sweat; the inside of the shoe was still warm from her body heat. He then leaned forward and placed his lips on her big toe. Her toenails were painted pink. Her foot smelled of sweat and leather. He moved his lips to her next toe and planted another light kiss on that toe as well.

"I said worship," growled Lake.

"I am," he replied.

"Hardly! I want to see your tongue working those toes. Get in between the cracks. Stick them in your mouth!"

Rick didn't want any of that, but what could he do? He reluctantly stuck out his tongue and began licking her toes. He even tried to push his tongue between her toes, though her nylons made that very difficult. Finally, he slipped his lips around her big toe and then coated it with his tongue. As he did this, Lake pushed her other toes into his mouth.

He gagged.

"That's better," said Lake.

Rick winced. This was the most disgusting thing he had done yet. He hoped it would end soon. Lake, however, was reveling in the feeling of

power she felt at having this particular man on his knees before her, sucking on her toes. She wiggled her toes in his mouth, pressing down on his tongue and causing the saliva to fill his mouth. It tasted horrible and it felt humiliating.

Worse though was the fact that Rick was once again hard as a rock. Lake even noticed this and she slid forward so her other foot could reach the floor. Then she pinned his penis to the floor with that foot as if she were working a gas pedal. If Rick thought he felt humiliated before, he had no idea. This was many times worse. And it was made all the worse in that every time she pressed down on his penis, it spilled precum out into his panties and onto the sole of her shoe. Finally, Lake had enough of having her toes sucked. She withdrew her foot.

“That was good. We’ll see if you’re any better tomorrow,” she said.

Rick cringed. He didn’t want to do this again, but from the sound of it, she planned to do this a lot. At least, he thought, he was finished with this humiliation for today... only, he wasn’t.

Lake slid off the desk and walked over to her shelf. From it, she grabbed a tiny brass baseball bat. “Do you know what this is?” she asked.

“No,” replied Rick. His mouth was dry and nasty and smelled and tasted of sweat and leather.

“This is the award they gave me after they promoted you. It was meant as a sort of consolation prize for not getting the job that I deserved.”

“I deserved the job!”

“Says the man in the dress and high heels on his knees on my floor.”

Rick blushed and shut his mouth.

Lake swung the bat gingerly in her hand. “This was supposed to make me happy. It was supposed to be a substitute for not getting the bigger office, the bigger paycheck, or for being on the management track. I’ve often thought about what it would be like to smack you on the head with it, but now I realize that I’ve been thinking about this all wrong. This little toy was meant for some other part of you,” said Lake ominously with a wicked grin on her face.

Rick swallowed hard. He wasn’t sure where she was headed with this and it made him nervous.

“Stand up,” said Lake.

Rick rose to his feet. He smoothed his dress and stood before Lake with his feet together. His erection stood out before him, though still beneath

the dress.

“Now grab my desk with both hands and spread your legs, *girly*,” said Lake.

Rick nervously stepped forward to the desk, leaned over, and placed his hands on the desk. Then he spread his legs as wide as he could in the dress and heels. As he did, Lake came up behind him and yanked down his panties. This exposed his penis and his rear. It also let his balls slip out of the panties and they now hung straight down beneath him, swaying gently.

“Much better!” said Lake with a laugh.

She then ran her finger over his rear and up his crack.

“I’m so going to enjoy this,” she said.

A moment later, Rick felt the brass bat force itself into his butt. If the butt plug felt like Helen’s entire fist wearing an armored glove, this felt like a tree trunk. Rick was in no way prepared for Lake to ram this inside of him. Perhaps, if she had done it slowly, then he would have been better able to handle it, but not with the deliberate speed she chose. Fortunately, she had at least managed to lube it with some Vaseline before attempting to slide it in.

“Oh my God!” gasped Rick and he clenched his jaw tightly.

The discomfort was intense. It felt like his butt had been ripped apart and was enflamed. But then, Lake grabbed the handle of the bat and jiggled it inside him. As the bat poked and touched everything nearby, it sent an intense mix of pain and pleasure racing up to his brain. Hence, while he winced and his knees buckled and he thought he might collapse, his penis also shot to attention, became super-hard and throbbed out a shot of cum straight to the floor.

“That’s how it felt to get this bat,” growled Lake. “And now it’s yours.”

Rick had no idea what to say, if he could even speak.

“Here’s the deal, Ricki *girl*. I’m going to find out who is your boss and I’m going to tell them that I need your help every single morning. Then you’re going to come here and humiliate yourself for my pleasure. Maybe I’ll make you masturbate and then lick it off the floor. Maybe I’ll make you sit under my desk and lick me to orgasm. Maybe I’ll do something much, much worse. And if you misbehave, then I’m going to shove this bat up your ass. Got it?”

Rick nodded his head.

“I want to hear you say it,” she growled and she jiggled the bat again.

“Yes!” he gasped.

“Call me, Ma’am.”

“Yes, Ma’am!”

With that, Lake yanked the bat back out of his rear. Rick collapsed to his knees. He was breathing hard. As he caught his breath, he noticed a puddle of cum beneath him. He had no idea he had cum that much; he didn’t even recall an orgasm. All he knew for sure was that he would not be sitting again today.

Lake then handed him the bat with orders to clean it and return it to her. After that, he could return to his duties. He decided not to tell Helen about this.

—o—

Later that afternoon, Rick stood in Carter’s office. He was glad to stand, despite the heels, because his rear still hurt. In fact, it throbbed. Helen stood next to him. Carter flipped through a file.

“By and large, you’ve done a good job of passing yourself off as an office girl this week,” started Carter. “There were a few failures, but I’m sure those can be worked out over time. At least no one noticed that you were a man.”

Rick cringed at the mention of failures as he thought about Samantha Lake. He wondered what Carter would say if she knew that he had been discovered by Lake and was now being blackmailed by her. “Best not to mention that,” he told himself. “What Carter doesn’t know won’t hurt her.”

Carter continued. “There have been some complaints as well about your pushiness. You are clearly not handling the ‘submissive’ part of ‘submissive office girl’ well.”

Rick bit his tongue. He thought he had been.

“If you want this punishment to end, then you will need to embrace submission, Ricki,” said Carter. “Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Rick.

“If you can do that, then I’ll set you free.”

Rick perked up. “If I can do what?”

“If you can prove to me that you can embrace being submissive, then I will let you go.”

He smiled. “That’s all I need to do?”

“All?!” repeated Carter with a laugh. “You make it sound easy. It won’t be. You need to prove to me that you can obey any woman in this office who gives you a command, without the slightest hint of resistance. Do that and I’ll set you free. But be warned that I need to see genuine submission, not faked submissiveness meant to trick me into believing you have learned your lesson.”

“No Ma’am, I understand,” said Rick.

Carter smiled and chuckled. “Very well. I wish you luck. You’re both dismissed.”

As they returned to their desks, Rick was all smiles. “This is going to be easy. I’ll be free in a week,” said Rick.

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” said Helen.

“Trust me, it’s true. All I have to do is trick her into thinking I can be submissive and this whole nightmare will end!” said Rick.

“‘Trick’ her?”

“Yeah, she’ll never know the difference!”

“That’s the Rick I know,” Helen told herself sarcastically. “Good riddance.”

“Trust me, I’ll be out of this in no time!” he said.

Helen smiled at Rick and said, “Well, good luck. I hope you can do it.”

Rick chuckled. “Of course, I can!” With that, he tottered back to his desk.

Helen smirked. If she was right, Rick would now do her job for her. And before it was all over, he would trap himself as a submissive office girl and maid and he would belong to her forever. Life had a funny way of working out sometimes.

The End

Check Out Some Of My Other Classic Feminization Stories

Here are some of my other tales of feminization. These are cautionary tales of men who find themselves delving into the world of femininity, sometimes by choice and sometimes by chance, but mainly against their wills. Check out my homepage for all of my stories!



“Feminizing Her Husband”

Before they married, Dave swore to Kate that he was sexually adventurous. But after they married, it quickly became clear to Kate that he wasn't. Kate decides it's time for a change. Unfortunately, to make that change, she has to find a way to break Dave's need to control everything about their relationship. What better way to break his need to dominate her than to feminize him?

This 14,500 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, pegging, power exchange, chastity, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Caught By His Roommate”

When Peter met Lisa, he thought he'd found the perfect roommate. She was cute. She was friendly. She had a closet full of feminine clothes and very high heels. And she was just about Peter's size. Peter couldn't wait for her to move in so he could explore her wardrobe. Unfortunately for Peter, she catches him doing exactly that and she's not happy about it. Peter's life is about to change in a very big way.

This 19,200 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, pegging, oral, power exchange, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Cross-Dressed At The Halloween Party”

Jack’s girlfriend Terri wanted to take him down a peg and give her something she could hold over him whenever he started acting like a sexist. She came up with quite the idea. After a little convincing, she got Jack to dress as a woman for a costume party. Only, this party wasn’t a costume party.

This 14,500 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, oral sex, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Sissified Husband”

Sam got way more than he bargained for when he followed his wife to the club where she worked. What Sam did not know was the true purpose of the club, but he would find out now. Can Sam escape before he’s feminized? Will he want to?

This 16,500 word story includes female domination, partial gender transformation, forced feminization, anal, breast growth, a shrinking penis, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife”

Tom never expected his wife Heather to come home when she did. He thought he would have the entire afternoon to play around in her closet. He was wrong. Now he will pay a heavy price for his mistake as Heather forcefully feminizes him, strips him of everything he owns, and turns her dominant husband into her submissive sissy.

“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife” is a cautionary tale of a dominant man made submissive by his wife when she catches him cross-dressing. This 9,000 word story includes forced feminization, erotic humiliation, pegging, spanking, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“The Sissy Maid”

Katie accepts a position as the personal assistant of a powerful business woman. She soon learns that this woman has a mysterious maid, and that she doesn't mind humiliating her maid. Who is this maid and what is her secret?

This 13,700 word erotic story includes female domination, forced feminization, sissy maid, spanking, oral, erotic humiliation, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Putting Her Husband In Skirts” (Part One: Reporting For Work *In Skirts*)

Gwyneth needs to whip her listless husband Sam into shape. He does nothing around the house and he won't find a job. So she finds a job for him. When Sam tries to escape his wife's efforts to make him take the job, his own deception gives her the idea of making him report for work in a dress! Naturally, this will spin out of control for both partners as the reality sets in that Sam makes a better woman than a man. Things are about to change for both of them!

This 14,500 word erotic story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, small penis humiliation, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Putting Her Husband In Skirts” (Part Two: A Change of Wardrobe)

As Sam reports again to work for Harriet Weinstone, her crew have a surprise for him. The ladies want to give him a more appropriate wardrobe, and they intend to put it on him personally. Meanwhile, Gwyneth’s boss Phillip learns about Sam’s feminization and sees this as an amazing opportunity to make love to a woman while her humiliated husband watches helplessly. He thinks the sense of power that will give him will be the ultimate high.

This 14,400 word erotic story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, sissy husband, small penis humiliation, cuckolding, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

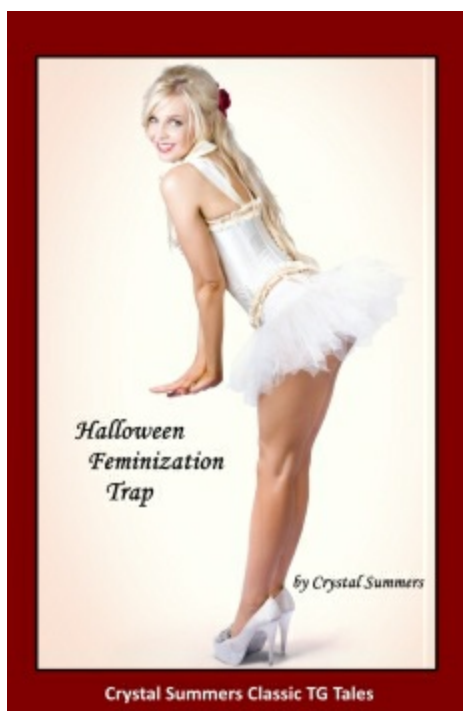


“Putting Her Husband In Skirts” (Part Three: Tables Turned)

In this concluding part of “Putting Her Husband In Skirts,” Sam finds himself at the mercy of his wife’s lover Phillip who is looking forward to humiliating him. But things go wrong for Phillip when Gwyneth decides he would look good in heels too. Soon Phillip joins Sam as a feminized plaything for Gwyneth’s amusement. Will either male escape? And what’s going to happen at this mystery “adult fancy dress” party?

This 14,900 word erotic story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, erotic costumes, sissy husband, small penis humiliation, cuckolding, pegging, spanking, paddling, oral, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Halloween Feminization Trap”

Josh is planning to sneak into a girls-only costume party being thrown by the hottest sorority on campus. To do that, he and his friend need to dress like girls. Unfortunately, the women of the sorority know what he’s planning and they may have plans of their own for Josh.

This 13,000 word erotic story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, erotic costumes, pegging, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only