

A woman is shown from the chest down, wearing a white, long-sleeved, button-down office shirt and a short, pleated skirt with a black, white, and grey plaid pattern. She is standing against a rough, textured brick wall. Her right hand is resting on her hip, and she is wearing a dark beaded bracelet. The text 'OFFICE FEMINIZATION' is overlaid in large, bold, blue letters with a pink and purple gradient shadow effect.

**OFFICE
FEMINIZATION**

LADY ALEXA

**OFFICE
FEMINIZATION**

Lady Alexa

Copyright © Lady Alexa 2022

All rights reserved. No reproduction, copy or transmission of this publication or section in this publication may be reproduced copied or transmitted without written permission of the author.

This novel is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Contains explicit scenes of a sexual nature including male to female gender transformation, female domination, sex acts, spanking and reluctant feminisation. All characters in this story are aged 18 and over.

Strictly for adults aged 18 and over.

If you enjoy reading about forced feminisation and female domination, you can subscribe to my [Newsletter](#) to receive exclusive forced-feminisation and femdom stories, additional chapters from my books and free serialised stories not available elsewhere.

Go to ladyalexauk.com to subscribe to my FLR & Feminisation blog and Newsletter

CONTENTS

[Chapter 1 – An expensive error](#)

[Chapter 2 - The plan](#)

[Chapter 3 – Girl talk](#)

[Chapter 4 – Petticoat punishment](#)

[Chapter 5 - He's so much prettier](#)

[Chapter 6 - Missy, Lassie or Popsy.](#)

[Chapter 7 – Request to change](#)

Chapter 1 – An expensive error

It looked as if she might burst several blood vessels at once. She stared hard at him, her lips pulled back tight, like a cat about to attack. The pulsing veins in her temples transfixed him. She was sexy when mad.

Georgina Falkland did not suffer fools, and Jamie had been a fool. Yesterday afternoon, he'd typed a decimal point in the wrong place and lost the company \$56M in five microseconds of trading. He had spotted it when the trading went crazy. After a second of frozen horror, he moved the decimal point back to where it should have been. It was too late. The trades were done, all \$56M worth.

Georgina stamped around her office, head down, her face a bright shade of tomato red. She was tall and wore a black skirt suit and flowing black hair. She always wore black. Her staff called her the Black Widow. It was as if she'd devour anyone she got close to. But what a way to go, Jamie thought. He bit on his lip to avoid giggling.

Georgina was lost for words. He needed to calm her down. He wasn't a fool. He was careless.

"Georgina," he said to his raging boss. He pushed his hands through his hair. He liked it swept back. It flowed over his ears and collar. Not too long but not so short. Mousey but with the wet-look gel, he thought he looked like a rock star.

She stopped and swivelled to face him on the balls of her feet.

He tried a sympathetic smile. "These things happen, Georgina, it wasn't my fault." He spread his arms out wide. That usually worked. An open sign of honesty. She glared in reply. Not good but not bad either.

Maybe it was his fault but, come on, the company was rolling in money. \$56M was little more than a rounding error for Gilbert's Merchant Banking Services. They were the go-to banking company for businesses investments around the globe.

"Georgina." He spread his palms out again. Gilberts had profits of \$12bn last year on \$200Bn of revenues. \$56M was small change. We can recover it from somewhere, I'm sure."

Her face went a deeper puce. Was she going to have a heart attack?

"\$56M is not a minor rounding error," she said through gritted teeth. She was holding herself in check.

He was sure she'd get over it in time. He'd give her a few moments to bawl him out and it would all blow away. This was small change, despite what she said.

She marched to her desk and slid sat. There. It appeared she was calming down. He relaxed, his attention re-focussed on a vein protruding from her temple. It had filled with blood and throbbed. He imagined it bursting and the blood dripping from her immaculate coiffured temple and onto her expensive business suit. That would be some dry cleaning bill. The suit was not cheap.

She banged the desk with a fist and he jumped. She glared and growled. Maybe she hadn't calmed as much as he'd thought. She stood again and strutted back around the wide desk and pushed her face into his. An inch away. Her hot breath smothered his face. Expensive perfume wafted into his nostrils. She moved closer, the end of her nose almost touched his. He thought about kissing her but maybe it wasn't the best idea.

She towered over his small skinny frame. Her four-inch heels made her over 6ft 2ins. "I have never failed to make a profit by the end of the day. Until your stupidity."

Some spittle splatted against his cheeks and lips. Something was exciting about it. He pushed the thought away, reminding himself she was The Black Widow. She'll feel better once she's got it all out then it will be back to normal, he thought. He tried not to grin.

"You're sacked. Clear your desk and go. Now," she said, her lips barely opening.

That wasn't the reaction he'd expected.

Beyond the glass walls of her office, the other workers kept their heads down. They pretended they were busy while trying to hear what was happening.

Sacked? No. He guessed she was letting off steam, making herself feel better. He lifted his hand in a request to speak.

"What?" She screamed, more spittle rained into his face, the veins in her temples turned purple.

He closed his eyes. He hadn't had a woman spit on him before. It was kind of sexy. He thought it best not to wipe it away. "Georgina," he said.

"Don't you Georgina me you useless piece of shit, it's Ms Falkland. I'm still your boss."

A hint of doubt gripped him. Was she going to dismiss him? Georgina was overstrung, like most women. Except for his mum, of course. She was cool.

He had a large loan on a new car. A flash Mercedes. Soft top. Flat racing green. He needed the job. Maybe he should try to show contrition? He looked up at her, widening his eyes, trying to look cute. The girls loved that look. It might work.

“Please, Ms Falkland.” He coughed. That was difficult. Never mind, he had to press on. Show contrition. “I’ll do anything you ask to make it up. I’m sorry, it was a simple error. A slip of the finger. I spotted it right away and corrected it. It’s not my fault the system did so many auto-trades. It could have happened to anyone.” He twitched a little grin. That should melt Georgina Falkland. The Black Widow.

“Get out you moron. Clear your desk. Go. I don’t want to hear any more of your nonsense. You’re sacked.”

The cute act hadn’t worked. Obviously. She was too wound up. Maybe he should try some logic. “I have one month’s notice, Ms Falkland. I could use the month to show you how I can make it up to you. I’ll do anything. Please? Give me another chance? I’ll recover the \$56M with some clever trading. Please give me this chance.” His head dropped to one side. Girls liked his vulnerable look.

Georgina opened her mouth as if to reject his overtures but stopped on the point of telling him to go. Something had intrigued her. He wasn’t sure what.

“Jamie.” Her voice warbled a little but sounded calmer. She was intrigued. “Employees have one month’s notice, except in cases of serious misconduct. Losing \$56M is serious misconduct. Even an idiot like you can see that. Can’t you?”

She wasn’t shouting any more, that was a positive. He’d got her to discuss this problem more reasonably. He’d promised he would make it up to her, he’d do anything. That had piqued her interest for some reason. Time to press on. The cute look had failed.

“Yes, Ms Falkland.” Using her surname was a clever idea, she liked respect. “Give me one month to make it up to you. I’ll do anything you ask and I’ll commit myself to being conscientious. I’ll follow your instructions and I’ll learn to be a better person. Honestly.” He held off pulling his cute wide-eyed face, choosing the serious furrowed forehead look. “Let me

know what you want me to do and I'll do that. I'll work extra hours, weekends, whatever. I'll get the money back." He punched the air to emphasise his commitment.

He hoped he hadn't been too grovelling but he had to pay the car loan and there were girls to impress. There was no way he could live without the latest sports Mercedes, it wouldn't be right. He'd keep his head down. Because she was busy, she'd forget about him after a while and everything would be back to normal. He wasn't in her circle of sycophants and hangers-on. Yes, she'd forget about him. Again.

Georgina's face creased in thought then softened into a smile. "Jamie." She pursed her lips.

He shuddered as her expression made him think of a black widow coming in for the kill.

"You may have had the first good idea in your useless little loser's life." Her eyebrows raised and her swollen temple vein returned to normal. "I'm going to give you a chance to redeem yourself."

Jamie shuddered. Something wasn't right. It was too easy, even for a charmer like him.

Chapter 2 - The plan

He shook off the feeling of Georgina ensnaring him in her web. This was going to be fine. She'd give him the chance to recover the \$56M and that was it. What else could she do?

He straightened his neck. "Thank you, Ms Falkland, thank you." Don't forget, call her Ms Falkland, he told himself. "I'll make sure you don't regret giving me this opportunity." He was confident he had won her round. His charm still worked after all. How he'd recover \$56M was a problem to face another day. He'd worry about that when he got back to his desk. Steve would help him manipulate some numbers to make it look like he'd recovered the lost money through clever trading. Steve. What a guy.

Her face hardened. She looked him over as if analysing him for something. "I repeat, idiot, you have one chance and you will do whatever I tell you to do. Anything, however unusual. Without question. If you hesitate, if you question me, if you don't follow my instructions to the letter, our agreement becomes void. I will dismiss you. On the spot." She drew herself up to her full height. "Do you understand me, idiot?"

Jamie swallowed hard. He ran his fingers back through his long gelled-back hair again. He wished she hadn't started calling him an idiot. There was something not right in her voice, a gloating sense of victory. No, he had misjudged things. He had won. He had recovered the situation with his charm, smooth chat and promise to recover the money. What's the worst she could do? He'd play along and make her feel important. She loved feeling important. The Black Widow. He ran his fingers through his hair and stroked the back part where it flicked over his collar. He loved the feeling. It calmed him.

"Yes, Ms Falkland. Of course, I agree." She hadn't mentioned recovering the \$56M.

A broad smile swept across her face. He shuddered again, the mental image of a black widow eating him alive surged through him. Another few moments of silence passed as she chewed over his reply. He imagined her with eight legs wrapped around him.

"Good boy," she said. "Come and see me here in my office this evening, once everyone has left. I have a plan. We'll start this evening."

He shuffled in front of her, a sense of unease at the thought of being alone in the spider's lair that evening. "Yes, Ms Falkland. I'll come with a plan for how I'll recover \$56M for Gilberts."

He relaxed. It was a good move to mention 'a plan'. Clever. Managers loved plans — Recovery Plans, Business Plans, Growth Plans, Strategic Plans. Any plan. He'll need to give it a clever business name. He pondered the idea for a moment. *Tactical Recovery Plan*. Excellent. She'll go for that. Things were looking up.

"I have an idea how we can make things better," she said. "Forget the \$56M. I can give that project to someone capable. In the meantime, stay away from anything to do with financial trading."

He looked into her eyes and shivered. He did not like the leer on her face one bit. Or the suggestion he wasn't capable. He'd show her.

Chapter 3 – Girl talk

He had never been in the office this late. What was wrong with these people who hung around? Did they have no home life? Sad. He supposed they were sticking around to look good to Georgina Falkland. Suckers, boot lickers and wimps, the lot of them. It didn't help her office was in the corner of the open-plan office and had glass walls. He watched her, head down at her desk working through a large file. A single anglepoise light glowed over the papers.

He had nothing to do. He had been through Facebook and online Sudoku. He flicked at the two page '*Tactical Recovery Plan*' with a subtitle '*Generating \$60M of profit.*' He was full of great ideas. He added a further \$4M to the title to show what a great trader he was. She'd like that. Even if it was all bullshit. Managers liked hyperbole.

He knew her well enough, work obsessed her. She had nothing else in her life it seemed. She was in the office when he arrived and there when he left. She was going to love his plan. Well, to be honest, it was Steve who'd knocked the plan up. He'd put his name, Jamie Ellery, under the plan title. Steve was a great guy. He owed him a pint. Or three.

And he felt a little apprehensive at what Georgina was going to do. She had seemed enthusiastic at her idea. That was the bit that worried him.

His desk phone rang. He lifted the receiver to his ear. "Come to my office." Georgina hung up.

He looked up. She had her head down in paperwork. He wandered to her office. Her door was open and he strode in. She closed the file she'd been working on and picked up her mobile phone. With her face on the phone screen, she motioned for him to sit in the chair facing her desk.

He sat, grasping his *Tactical Recovery Plan* as a rolled-up tube of paper. The silence bit into him. What could he do? Give him extra work? He watched her tense face, her pursed lips, as she attacked the screen with a rigid finger. She finished typing and looked up at him.

"Let's get started."

He shifted in his seat. "Er, yes, Ms Falkland." He unrolled the plan. "I know you said not to worry about the \$56M but I put together this outline plan. It demonstrates how I will make up the money and add another \$4M

to the amount I bring in.” He ran a hand through his hair. It felt greasy. Maybe he’d been a little too heavy on the wet-look gel that morning.

Her forehead creased hard. “You will address me as Mistress.”

Mistress? What was that about? She wanted to make him feel small. To humiliate him by making him use odd titles. OK, if that’s what it takes to keep the job, so be it. He steadied himself. It wasn’t going to be easy. “Yes, Mistress.” He squeezed the words out through tightened lips. This was ridiculous. His nails dug into the Tactical Recovery Plan. It creased up and he smoothed it down. Presentation was important. A screwed-up document didn’t look professional even if the contents were pure bullshit.

Her mouth twitched. She studied him. “I’m going to give you a one-month trial. If you do as I ask, I’ll review things and decide if I’m going to keep you on or not.”

One month. That was not as clear a reprieve as he’d hoped. He’d have to accept it. He had little option.

“What should I call you?” she said.

She was acting odd? “Jamie?” he said, then remembering he had to keep her happy. “Mistress.” This was bizarre but, if it amused her and he kept her job, it was worth a few odd conversations with her. He leant forward and placed the curled up plan on her desk. He smoothed it down and flicked over the title page. “I thought you’d like to read through my plan for how to recover the money that got lost.”

Her lips twitched once more, the hint of a smile. She swiped the papers off her desk and they floated to the floor. “It didn’t *get lost*, you lost it through your stupidity. Anyway, I’m not interested in your pathetic attempt to placate me with a plan drawn up by your friend Steve. Did you think I’d fall for your ridiculous plan? And then you hoped I’d forget after a few days due to other priorities.” She shook her head.

A large white-faced clock ticked loudly from her office wall. He stared at the papers laying on the floor by the side of her desk. She’d seen through him.

“I don’t like the name, Jamie. It’s too... I don’t know.” She looked at the white-tiled false ceiling. “It’s too?” She continued to stare at the ceiling as if seeking inspiration. “It’s too masculine.” She looked back at him, unblinking. “I don’t like my boys masculine. It’s unpleasant.”

Her boys? Masculine? Jamie was his name, what else would she call him? She had lost her mind. This wasn’t going the way he’d expected. He

hoped she would like his recovery plan and then use him to make her coffee and run around for her. He assumed she'd use her power over him to show who was in charge. She liked that kind of thing — being the boss and the centre of attention. She loved to use her power to make people feel small.

“Ellie,” she said.

What? Who's Ellie? Had he missed something? “Excuse me. Mistress? Who's Ellie?” He found himself leaning towards her, his hands between his knees.

Her eyes locked into his. “You're Ellie. I took out a couple of letters from your surname.” She sat back and rested her hands behind her head. “Excellent. I'm going to call you Ellie. It's more appropriate.” She grinned. “It's feminine and I find males so much more pliant when they become more girly.”

He took a moment to process what she'd said. This was a joke. Right? It was her idea of a humiliating joke.

Georgina got up and pulled her chair around to the front of her desk and sat down next to him. “Ellie, kneel and kiss my feet.” She pushed a glossy black high heeled leather shoe forward.

Jamie gawped at the pointed shoe. He opened his mouth to object.

She raised a finger in his face. “Remember, Ellie. One single failure to do exactly what I order, one hesitation, one microsecond of hesitation or anything doesn't show me complete obedience and you're sacked. Instantly.”

He froze. She twisted the finger from his face to her shoe. He slid off his chair instantly, knelt and put his lips to the shoe. He kissed it. Then the other. The smell of leather, feet and dust.

“Good girl.” She smirked.

He jerked back in shock at what she said. He swallowed the urge to say anything.

“Nearly, Ellie. You need to be careful.”

This was going to be tougher than he had expected. He didn't imagine her great idea was to call him Ellie and make him kiss her feet. She was clearly mad.

“Now, Ellie. Get up and pull down your trousers and underpants.” Her eyes pierced down into his, daring him to object.

This was turning into a world of weirdness. He jumped up and undid his belt and buttons, crossing his fingers in the haste to not fail the task. He

pulled his trousers down and then his underpants. His throat closed in embarrassment. Was his job worth this humiliation? It was. He had no choice. The Mercedes Sports loan payments. His penis hung limp with the utter shame of what he'd had to do. Her eyes washed over his penis.

“What a little tinky you have, Ellie. But tell me, what’s a girl doing with a male tinky, however small?”

He bit on his lip. She was testing his limits. Don’t say a word, he told himself.

“It looks like a clitty. You are a girl, after all, Ellie. It seems I don’t have to do too much after all. Would you like to become a pretty sissy girl for me?.”

He shuddered. There was a reaction in his penis. She noticed it jerk to life.

“Oh my, you like it. Look at your clitty, she’s excited. You’d like to become a sissy girl. How marvellous.” Georgina stood up and walked around him. “Tell me your name and tell me you want to be a girl. She fluffed at his hair, pulling the sides forward and over his ears. She looked at the effect and nodded. “And remember, if I ever have to ask you to do anything twice then that’s the end of your job here. Or did I say that twice already?” She put a finger to her lips in thought. “I’ll give you a lifeline, this one time.” She giggled. It sounded like a witch’s laugh.

He swallowed hard and closed his eyes. “My name is Ellie and I want to be a girl for you.” His voice was a hoarse whisper. His penis grew to an erection. “Mistress.” He remembered in time.

Georgina stopped behind him. He felt her fingers comb his hair to one side. She pushed his head down and he bent in two. *Thwack*, he jerked up after her hand came down on his bare bum. He went to stand but thought better of it. *Thwack*, she slapped him hard again and the sound echoed off the glass walls. She spanked him four more times, tears formed in his eyes as his erection stood out firm and hard.

She pulled him up by his hair. “I’m going to speak to HR about you.”

Panic filled him. “But, Mistress, I’ve done everything you asked, you said you’d wait a month and then review my behaviour.”

She leant down and into his face. She looked at him like a cat about to pounce on a mouse. “I’m not going to ask them to dismiss you, Ellie.” She tapped him on the end of his nose. “Silly girl. I’m going to tell them you came into my office this evening to inform me you want to improve

yourself. How you want to transform yourself to become a new person. And how I'm reassigning you."

What did that mean?

Georgina's grin widened. "And tomorrow you will move to sit at the desk outside my office. This is so I can keep an eye on you and you can do little chores for me. I'm not going to risk you pouring another \$56M down the drain."

He wasn't sure why she wanted to tell HR he wanted to improve himself. He supposed this was a good thing. As for moving desks, he'd guessed she would make him run around for her. Any excuse to show her power.

She strode back to her desk. "You may pull your clothes back up. And cover up your nasty little clitty."

He pulled his clothes back up, tucking his erection into his underpants with difficulty under her amused gaze. Why did she have that satisfied smirk on her face? The thought of her as a stalking cat came back into his mind.

She sat behind her desk and opened the file she'd been looking at when he arrived. "You may go." She waved her fingers in a shooping motion.

He got to the door.

"Oh, and Ellie?"

He turned back. "Yes, Mistress."

"Two things. Firstly, come to the office tomorrow with your legs and groin shaved smooth."

"Excuse me?"

"And two, no hideous gel in your hair. Comb it down straight at the sides and to one side on top. Do not sweep back."

He looked to the floor. Why would she insist on that?

"I will be checking you've shaved your legs. Now be a good girl, be here tomorrow at 8 am sharp and close my office door as you leave."

He slinked out in a daze.

Chapter 4 – Petticoat punishment

Jamie sat at his new desk outside Georgina's office, his head down. Yesterday evening had been a weird experience. His hair fell around his cheeks and was fluffier. It had more body without the gel. It was also a lighter shade.

He hoped this was the end of it. She'd called him Ellie. And spanked him. That was weird. He didn't relish the idea Georgina might call him Ellie in the office. He guessed she'd had her fun, humiliated him and now it was over. Apart from having to sit outside her office. And the likelihood she'd get him to run embarrassing office errands.

He had arrived at 8.00 am. As the other workers arrived, they threw glances at him and his new location. Steve slid in next to him.

"What are you doing sitting here, mate?" said Steve. His face was ruddy. His hair was short, fair and side-parted. He wore a thick button-down collar shirt with bold blue stripes. He gave off a faint odour of stale alcohol.

Jamie mumbled that Georgina wanted to keep an eye on him after the mistake.

"You missed a great night last night. Lots of booze." Steve suddenly noticed his hair. "Your hair looks a bit girly today, mate. What did you do to it?"

Jamie pushed it back. "Nothing, I didn't have time to gel it this morning, that's all."

"OK, mate," said Steve looking unconvinced. "Anyway, do you fancy a beer or ten this evening? We're going to the Dog and Hound, it's the new pub by the station. It's always great fun there. Lots of girls."

"Yeah, sounds good." It might be a good idea to get drunk and forget Georgina Falkland for a while.

Steve continued to look at Jamie's hair. "And do something with your hair, mate. It looks a bit feminine. People might think you're my date or something."

"Very funny," said Jamie.

Steve slapped his back, grinned and left, mouthing *hair* and blowing a kiss. Sometimes Steve could be a pain.

Georgina hadn't yet arrived which was unusual, especially as she'd told him to meet him half an hour ago. She was never this late.

He had nothing to do so he killed time surfing the web for sports articles. Two hours later, she still hadn't arrived. It was time for a break from the internet and to get a coffee.

At that moment, Georgina breezed into the office. Her long black hair flowed in her wake, her heels clipped on the hard floor. A small black leather handbag flailed from a thin shoulder strap. Her pencil skirt stressed tight against her slim firm legs. She stopped at Jamie's new desk. The office hushed, everyone waited for her pronouncement on his fate. His cock-up was common knowledge. Ms Falkland took no prisoners, they were surprised he was still in employment.

"Ellie," she announced in a voice several decibels too high in the silent office. His head shrunk into his shoulders. "Get me a coffee and bring it to my office." She folded her arms and glared. "I've been with HR to explain your situation. I'll tell you about it once you return with my drink."

Why was she doing this in the open office? He shrunk down as far as possible, feeling dozens of pairs of eyes on him. She went into her office and closed the door behind her.

Jamie scanned the room from the corner of his eyes; a couple of sniggers sounded. Steve blew him another kiss and fluttered his eyes. Jamie might give the pub a miss, he was not sure he could stand Steve's jokes about his hair. Others pretended to get on with their work. Everyone was relieved it was him in Georgina's cross-hairs and not them. But they hadn't lost the company millions of dollars.

Jamie slid his chair away and scurried to the small communal office kitchen to make his boss's coffee. He felt his trousers soft against his smooth legs and his hair bouncing around his face. At least no one knew about the shaved legs. Georgina was unlikely to check but it was best to be on the safe side. Especially after the weird spanking incident the previous evening. Don't make her ask twice was the rule.

Scores of eyes tracked his hunched progress across the office. Steve blew another kiss. He was becoming a giant pain. Jamie made the coffee and scurried back to her office door. He knocked, waited for her to say, "Come," and entered.

"Good girl, close my door and put the coffee down on my desk." She indicated a round silver coaster without looking up.

He put the coffee mug down and stepped back, his cheeks and neck burning red at her calling him a girl.

Georgina stared at the PC screen. A ping announced an incoming email. “Excellent,” she said and clicked with her mouse. Long red fingernails lipped against the plastic.

Georgina read for several minutes. She took several sips from her coffee. Jamie’s discomfort rose with each passing minute. Finally, she pushed the mouse away and looked at him.

“Ellie.” She pondered the name. “Ellie,” she repeated. “Such a pretty name, I can see why you like it.”

He opened his mouth and stopped himself from replying.

She thought about it some more. “In my experience, Ellie, and I’ve had a lot, miscreant males, such as yourself, can be cured. It takes a good dose of petticoat punishment.” She looked serious.

What the hell was she talking about now? Petticoat punishment?

She looked up amused at his expression. “Oh I see, you have no idea what I’m talking about.” She sniffed a laugh. “Petticoat punishment means I’m going to improve your behaviour by softening your ways.” She watched him trying to let this sink in. “And how do you think I can soften your macho behaviour, Ellie?” She put a finger under her chin. Her eyes widened waiting for an answer.

Jamie squirmed and shuffled his feet. “Petticoat punishment?” Whatever that was.

“Exactly, Ellie.” She sat back against her chair, hands behind her head.

He was relieved to have found the right answer but cringed at hearing her use her new name for him. Ellie. A girl’s name.

Her smile broadened. “Petticoat punishment doesn’t mean I’m going to hit you with a petticoat.”

She laughed out loud. It was like a hyena shriek and Jamie jumped a little in surprise. He’d never seen her smile and laugh so much in all the time she’d been his boos.

“Petticoat punishment means I’m going to put you in feminine attire and make you look like a girl. I don’t believe it will be too difficult, you’re not exactly a strapping muscular man.” She picked up a pencil and tapped it on the desktop. “Petticoat punishment will improve your behaviour so you should embrace it. Not that you have much choice as it’s this or the sack.”

This sounded bad.

“Your hair is much prettier today, good girl. I have some other ideas but in the meantime, you will grow it longer so no cutting. Did you shave your

legs as I asked? I hope so otherwise, it's the sack."

She typed a couple of strokes on her keyboard and the Venetian blinds around the two glass walls of her office closed with a whir. The windows of the two external walls remained open to the light.

She got up from her chair and walked to Jamie and clapped her hands once. "Trousers down, let's see those pretty and smooth legs of yours."

He froze for an instant.

"Was that a hesitation, Ellie? I hope not; you know what hesitation means. No job for Ellie." She tapped his nose lightly.

"No, Mistress, I was waiting to see if you had any further instructions."

"I'll believe you but only as I'm having so much fun." She clapped twice. "Trousers down, there's a good girl."

He ripped his belt open and his zip down. His trousers fell to his ankles.

She leaned in and rubbed a finger against his hairless thigh. "Nice and smooth like a girl." Her forehead and lips creased. "But oh no. This won't do."

He looked down at his legs in a cold panic. Had he missed some leg hairs? Had he forgotten something?

"You're wearing male underwear, Ellie." She stroked his thigh again with her fingertips. Goosebumps raised over his entire body.

"Take them off, naughty girl."

He ripped his underpants down and stepped out of his trousers and underpants. His penis sprung to attention. Georgina returned to her desk and leaned down to open a side drawer. She returned with a packet in one hand.

"My, my, isn't little princess excited." She bent over to look closer at his erect penis and ran a fingernail down it. "She likes being a clitty and I have exactly what little miss clitty needs."

She stood up and passed the packet to Jamie. He took it and looked inside. Seven women's panties in pink, white and yellow, each with a tiny bow on the front.

"Slip a pair on over the little princess, put your trousers back on and go back to your desk."

He gulped, chose a white pair and pulled them on. His erection tented the front of the small panties. He manoeuvred his trousers over his erection and did them up.

"Petticoat punishment, Ellie. I expect you in pretty panties every day." Georgina folded her arms. "How do you feel, emasculated?"

He flushed hot. "I feel strange."

"Strange? Not feminine? That won't do. Come to my office tomorrow morning at eight sharp." She fluffed at his hair. "You're now my Administrative Assistant. You'll be responsible for answering my calls, arranging my diary, filing, photocopying and doing some of my emails. You'll also support my team. Do you think you can manage that without making any silly mistakes, Ellie?"

Jamie looked to the floor. "No, Mistress, I won't make any mistakes." What else could he say? This was worse than he imagined. Admin. Assistant? That's a girl's job, isn't it?

"Good girl. I can't go giving you anything involving money, can I? This should be a safe job for you."

He continued to look at the floor

"And I will have another pretty present for you tomorrow morning. I can't wait."

He didn't like the look on her face.

Chapter 5 - He's so much prettier

He did not like the early starts. It was a little after eight in the morning. There was a sprinkling of other workers in the office and Georgina in her office. Yesterday had been humiliating. He'd had to arrange her meetings and appointments and put up with continuous teasing from Steve.

"Ellie, come into my office." Georgina's head poked around her office door.

Jamie slid his chair back and stood. He remembered her words about having a pretty present for him today. Several pairs of eyes watched him. He heard one person say to their neighbour, "Did Georgina call Jamie, Ellie, or did I mishear?"

The other hunched across and whispered, "She must have called him by his surname, Ellery. You misheard."

The other shook his head. "I'm sure I heard Ellie."

Jamie walked into Georgina's office. This was going to be difficult, he'd have to ask her not to call him Ellie in the open office.

"Close the door behind you, Ellie," said Georgina without looking up from her phone.

Her office blinds were shutting. That was a bad sign. He stood in front of her desk. He had to get the name thing sorted out.

"Mistress," he said.

"What?"

He shuffled on his feet, he held his hands together in front of his body. "Please could you not call me Ellie in the open office."

She looked up, surprise on her face. "Why ever not, Ellie's your name now."

"The others heard you."

"So?"

"It's embarrassing."

"Don't be silly, it's a pretty name."

"It's a girl's name."

She stared hard. "Exactly."

She stood up and walked around her desk to face him. She held a plastic shop bag. It was emblazoned with a shop brand name — *She and*

Her, fashion for young ladies. She held it up to his face. “ I have some presents for you, Ellie.”

His legs wobbled. Whatever was in the bag was certain to be another humiliation for him.

She pulled out a white shirt and a pair of black trousers and held them out to him. “Put these on, Ellie. My new Admin. Assistant should be well-dressed. I had to guess your size but you’re about the same size as my niece so I went with that.”

This wasn’t so bad although what was wrong with the dark-blue trousers and light-blue shirt he had on?

“Trousers, tie and shirt off. Pretty Admin. Assistants don’t wear ties.”

He undid his tie and unbuttoned his thick Oxford cotton shirt. He slipped the shirt off. Georgina ran a hand across his chest. That felt good.

“You have a few hairs here and under your arms. Remove them for tomorrow.” She shook her head. “How can you be a girl when you have hairs under your arms. Tut, tut, it won’t do.” She passed him the white top.

He turned it in his hands. The collars were longer and it was shaped. Great, he liked a neat fit. He pulled it on. The cuffs were longer and had three buttons. This was a weird shirt. Odd, the buttons were the wrong way round. It’s a blouse. He held the front out to Georgina.

“Yes, Ellie, it’s a woman’s blouse. Do it up so I can see how it looks.”

“I can’t wear a woman’s blouse.”

“Yes, you can. And yes, you will. So be a good girl and do the buttons up.”

Maybe no one will notice. It’s white. Tucked in with a tie and his suit jacket, no one will see it’s a blouse.

He grabbed his tie.

“No ties, Ellie. Ties are for men and you’re a girl. Leave the top three buttons undone.” She stepped back and looked him over. “Excellent fit. Pretty.”

His face burned with shame.

“Now the trousers.”

He undid his male suit trousers, stepped out of them and pulled on the black trousers. They fitted well too but hung low on his hips. The zipper was on the side though and the front was flat and the legs much wider than his usual trousers. He looked up at her.

“Yes. Girl’s trousers.” Georgina beamed.

“You’ve given me an entire girl’s outfit, Mistress.”

“Not yet. I have some shoes for you too.”

She went back behind her desk and returned with a pair of black shoes. The large square buckle sparkled in the light. They had a thick one-inch heel. “I guessed your size but I’m sure these will be fine.”

He opened his mouth and shut it again.

She passed him a pair of knee-high tights. “take your socks off and use these, they’ll look much better in the shoes.”

“Mistress, I know everything is plain, but the clothes are obviously feminine. Everyone’s going to see I’m in girl’s clothes.” He opened his arms, pleading with her.

“Yes, isn’t it great?”

He stamped a foot. She lifted her eyebrows in response. He stamped again.

“I’m not going out there dressed as a girl.”

“That’s your choice, Ellie.”

He was confused. “My choice, Mistress.”

“Absolutely. You may put your male clothes back on, slick your hair back and leave my office.”

This was great news. His face lit up. “Thank you, Mistress. In that case, I choose to put my male clothes back on.”

Relief coursed through him. She was teasing him. Getting her revenge by pretending she was going to make him look like a girl. She wanted him humiliated and contrite. It had worked. “I promise to work my hardest, Ms Falkland. I’ve learned my lesson. Now. I’ll put on my male clothes and get back to work right away.”

“That’s fine. Put on your male clothes and walk out of here.”

He nodded, a smile on his face.

“And keep on walking out the door as that’s the end of your employment here.”

His eyebrows knotted.

“Or keep the pretty clothes on, put the tights and shoes on and go back to your desk and stay in the job.” She folded her arms. “Your choice.” She returned to her desk and sat.

Jamie struggled for breath. Heads he lost, tails he lost. He hesitated then removed his socks and pulled on the thin tan tights. He pushed his feet

into the shoes and did the buckles up. He looked down. His trousers were shorter than his normal ones. They flapped around his ankles. This was bad.

Georgina grinned. “Good girl. Think of it as I’ve set you a uniform code. This is your office uniform.” She held out a pile of papers. “Now you’re in uniform, go and photocopy these and take them to Accounting on the next floor.” He took the papers. “Close the door when you go out.”

He held the papers and looked down his body. He felt sick with embarrassment. What was Steve going to say now?

Chapter 6 - Missy, Lassie or Popsy

Steve belly laughed so loud, snot fell from his nose. He held his stomach. Everyone in the office was watching.

“You look like one of those transvestites. Look at you.” Steve flicked at Jamie’s hair then stood back and looked him up and down. Really, mate, you look like a girl. Georgina did a number on you, mate.” Steve resumed laughing. “Maybe I shouldn’t say mate. More like miss. Or Lassie. Or Popsy.” Steve dissolved into more laughter.

Jamie held his arm. “Steve, she gave me no choice. It was this or lose my job. She forced me to wear these clothes and change my hairstyle. Once she gets bored with humiliating me, I’m certain she’ll let me go back to wearing my usual clothes.”

Steve controlled himself a moment. “At least she didn’t put you in a skirt.” “I couldn’t bear to see your skinny hairy legs.” That caused Steve to laugh until he coughed.

Jamie slunk away. There was no way he was going to tell Steve his legs were no longer hairy. Jamie kept his head down for the rest of the day, focused on the PC screen at his desk. Georgina sent him work by email but didn’t bother him.

The office staff started to drift away and Jamie wished he could leave too. The problem was, he was in female clothes, albeit trousers and blouse and wide black shoes. They were clearly feminine. He had to speak to Georgina. He got up and went to her door. It was ajar. He tapped on it and looked around at Georgina sitting behind her desk. She ushered him in with a wave. As he entered, she gesticulated for him to close the door.

“What can I do for you, Ellie?”

He stood straight to look as if he was confident. He wasn’t. “Mistress, Can I have my male clothes back. I need to go home.”

She looked confused. “Go home then.”

She was being obtuse on purpose, he thought. “I can’t go home in female clothes.”

“Why ever not?”

It was a good question. There was no law against it. “It doesn’t feel right.”

She stood up and walked around her desk to him. She put an arm around his shoulder. Weird.

“Ellie, you have to get accustomed to wearing female clothes now.”

“But I don’t want to become accustomed to it, Mistress.” A lump came to his throat and an incipient erection at the talk of wearing female clothes.

Her face pulled tight. “I see this isn’t working.”

A glimmer of hope. It was not working and she agreed. “No, it’s not working,” he said.

She pursed her lips in thought. “I was going to make this gradual but it doesn’t seem to be working. I will need to rethink my approach.”

He looked up at her. “No, it’s not working. A rethink would be good, Mistress.”

She removed her arm. “Excellent.”

Her sudden change of tone shocked him. She appeared pleased at him raising his concerns and she was going to do something about it.

“I bought you a few things.” She walked to a coat stand in the corner and removed a black jacket. “Here you are, Ellie. It goes with the trousers.” She went behind him and slipped it over his arms. It fitted well.

It was short and shaped. “It’s a girl’s jacket.”

She slapped him playfully on the arm. “Of course it is. Silly girl.”

“But I thought you were going to rethink this?”

She walked round to face him. “I have. I was going to do this gradually but now we may as well go straight for it.” She went back behind her desk and picked up a plastic bag. It was the same style as the bag yesterday. She and Hers.

She pulled out a short black skirt and held it up. “I guess it’s time.”

He stared in abject horror. “Surely you don’t expect...” His voice trailed away.

“I most certainly do expect. Now slip it on and let’s see how pretty you look.”

She held it up with the widest grin he’d ever seen. He glanced behind him. Her blinds were open and there were still a couple of people in the office. He looked back at her. She was serious.

The skirt was no more than eight inches long. It gathered into loose pleats from a small elasticated waistband. He swallowed hard. His throat closed. His penis shot to an erection.

“Come on Ellie, this is so exciting. Your first skirt. I can’t wait to see it on you.”

“Oh no. No. I can’t.”

“Nonsense.” Georgina flicked open the side button on his trousers and tugged the zipper down.

His trousers flopped around his ankles. He shot a look behind him. The remaining office workers were not looking. That was something.

“Oh look.” Georgina was pointing at his erection, sticking out from the tight panties. “You love it. Don’t deny it, Ellie. Here, I’ll help you, you’re shy. You need a little push.”

She knelt and lifted one of his feet. She pulled off his shoes and knee-high tights and trouser leg. She did the same for the other leg then threw the trousers to the side of her office. “You won’t be needing them again.”

She pulled the little skirt over his feet and pulled up to his waist. He swooned. The office went black around him.

He woke up slumped in the chair in the corner of Georgina’s office. He must have fallen asleep and dreamt his boss had put him in a short skirt. Georgina stood over him, along with two of the money traders from the office. Stuart and Jane. His legs were cold, he must have lost the flow of blood. He tried to sit up.

“Careful, Ellie. You fainted. I guess it was the excitement of your first skirt.” She turned to Stuart and Jane. “Thanks, guys, she’ll be fine now.”

They left, smirks on their faces. Jamie sat up and looked at his cold legs. They were bare but for the black female shoes. He looked closer. He was in ankle-length white socks with a little pink frill around the top. What was this? He staggered to his feet with Georgina’s help. He was in the skirt.

“I say. You look lovely.”

The little skirt bunched out from his waist, a couple of inches below the bottom of his panties. He turned instinctively to the open office door. Stuart and Jane stood grinning broadly. Steve stood behind them, his eyes like saucers.

“You’ll be fine now, Ellie. Off you go and I look forward to seeing you bright and early tomorrow morning in your pretty new skirt.”

He looked down at his bare legs and skirt. He swooned again.

Chapter 7 – Request to change

“Feminisation improves all men. Although I called it petticoat punishment, I didn’t want to alert you to the full extent of my thinking. I prefer to say feminisation because petticoat punishment sounds temporary. And it’s more an improvement than punishment.” She sat back. “And I prefer to think of these types of changes as long term.” She thought again and looked at him with a piercing stare. “As in permanent.”

He shifted in his seat and pulled at the little skirt. She had gone mad. “I’m sorry, Mistress, I thought I would be getting my old male clothes back once you’d punished me. I don’t understand.”

She sniffed. “Of course you don’t, you’re an idiot. What I said was, the only way to cure maleness is by feminisation. By turning boys into girls. Once they’re in pretty little skirts and dresses, all their hostility and bad behaviour melts away.” Georgina stared wistfully into the air. “I remember my dear husband. What a useless piece of shit he was. Was being the word. He’s now a well-behaved housemaid. An exceedingly good girl. As you will be.”

Jamie rocked back. “Your husband has become a girl?”

“Yes, of course. I turned him into a sissy girl and everything improved immeasurably.” She continued to stare into space. “Now my house is clean and tidy and the dinner is ready when I get home. It’s served with a respectful curtsy.”

His head swam with the ridiculous things she was saying. This was madness. She was mad.

“Then there’s Sophie. She wasn’t always the office cleaner.”

His mind switched to Sophie. Tarty Sophie. He loved it when she came to empty his bin and wipe his desk over. Her tight micro skirt rose whenever she bent over and exposed her little white g-string and cute bum. He loved her tits. They were massive and almost falling out of her low tops. He never understood why someone who bent, stretched and cleaned wore such inappropriate clothing.

Georgina read his thoughts. “She wasn’t always sexy slutty Sophie. No, she was like you, before your time. Sophie was a naughty lazy boy who made an expensive mistake. Like you. But I changed her for the better and even treated her to those sexy breasts. Cost me a fortune.” She let it sink in.

“I’m sure I could help you too in that area....” Her words hung heavy in the room.

Jamie cringed. Sophie was male? He’d spent hours watching her, trying to get a glimpse of her bum and her breasts as she worked. He’d even tried to get her drunk at the Christmas party so he could have his way. He shuddered and was pleased Steve got off with her. Or was that him? Then it came to him. Steve had been more reticent than usual when he spoke about female conquests. Steve? And a man?

“And so many others.” Georgina locked eyes with Jamie. “I get results. If there is a weak link, I fix the weakness. You are a weak link and I’m fixing you. And you’ll grow to love it, like my husband. And slutty Sophie.”

This was surreal. Georgina’s husband was a feminised housemaid and Sophie the cleaner was a feminised man?

Georgina interrupted his thoughts. “I’ve spoken to HR about your request to transition. And that you want us to call you Ellie. They will provide you with all the assistance you require during your transition. They are supportive, there will be nothing to worry about.”

Jamie stood and pushed his chair back. His legs wobbled and he sat down again. “I didn’t request a transition.”

Georgina’s hand waved in the air. “Details, details. It’s what I want and you do too. You don’t realise it yet.”

Her eyes fell on his short skirt. “I don’t recall ever seeing men wear skirts at work, a blouse, high heels, stocking and a pretty feminine hairstyle. Do you, Ellie?”

“But...” He couldn’t think of anything to say. This couldn’t be happening.

“HR has amended your records to show your name as Ellie Ellerby and that you are female. We’ve changed your job title to Administration Assistant to the VP of Business Development. Me. The cleaner role was taken by the last problem so it’s the admin job.”

Georgina nodded to herself. “I can’t trust you to perform a business development role following your \$56M disaster. I’ve allocated you permanently to a role more appropriate to your skills. I’ll keep your salary at the level of your previous role but you’ll be marking time. This means you’ll receive no pay rises until you’re down at the level of an Admin

Assistant. It will take some time. You'll be making coffee, running errands, taking minutes, typing and looking after my calendar. And looking pretty."

His mind raced. Was this happening? She wanted him to become a girl? Was it a test? She was punishing further him for his mistake. It had to be a set-up. His questions were answered as if Georgina had read his mind. She had checkmated him.

Georgina moved her metaphorical queen for the final move. "After lunch, you'll report to the conference room on the 8th floor. You'll meet Deborah who will be helping you with your new look. She's employed by the company full-time as a consultant to help people like you. People who need to be improved within the company. She did a great job with Sophie, among others."

Jamie gasped. Was this happening? It was a test. Or a bad dream.

"Once you've finished with Deborah, you'll come back here and carry on your work. I need you to take notes at the team meeting. A great opportunity to explain to your colleagues. Off you go." She waved him out of the door.

This was a test, it had to be. Georgina was playing with him to teach him a lesson. Wasn't she? She wasn't going to feminise him. Surely not? That was illegal. Wasn't it?

Chapter 8 – All Change

Deborah held Jamie's hand as they waited in the corridor outside the office doors. He had spent three hours with her. She'd dyed his hair blond and styled it in a Jennifer Anston look from Friends. His nails were now bright pink and she'd applied makeup and false eyelashes to his face.

Through the glass doors, he watched the other office workers at their desks. A young lady co-worker brushed past without recognising him and strode into the office.

It was 4 pm. He never knew there was a medical room on the 8th floor, near the conference rooms. The room had a shower and a medical-style bed. Deborah was an attractive blond wearing a white nurses' dress. She had first told him to strip naked. She shaved his entire body.

While still naked, she had applied the pink varnish on his toe and fingernails. She had applied make-up and squirted sweet perfume. He wore a matching padded white bra and panties, a pink and yellow-flowered mini skirt, sandals and a tight white top. She told him Georgina would be helping him to fill the bra properly in time.

"Come on, Ellie," said Deborah. "You have to do it sometime, let's go for it. I'm here for you and the entire office knows you have asked to become Ellie."

He looked at her longingly. She was kind but naive. "I didn't want to become a girl, Deborah. I had no choice."

"Nonsense. When I saw you about three hours ago you were in girls' clothes, a pretty little skirt and with a female hairstyle." She smiled and pulled him into the room.

The office workers stopped work instantly. Georgina stood in the open doorway of her office, arms folded, her face with the cat and cream look. All eyes were on her as she glided triumphantly across the room to where Jamie stood.

Georgina guided him through the desks to his desk by her office. He was struck by the flow of the small light cotton skirt around his smooth thighs. The perfume wafting around his nostrils made him swoon. The tautness in the muscles in his smooth legs in the wedge heels was invigorating. He felt heady. He stood by his desk, his face burned.

Sophie the office cleaner stood by him. Sophie tottered on high heels, utterly inappropriate for her job. Her panties were on view from below a tiny pleated white tennis skirt that failed to cover a tiny bulge. How had he not seen that before?

Sophie pressed against him and she hugged him tightly, pressing her erection into him. She whispered in his ear. “Welcome to your new life, Ellie. Believe me, you’re going to love it once you accept it. You’ll see Georgina was right. She sees something in us we don’t.”

Sophie pressed harder hugging Jamie affectionately. Her huge bosom pressed against his chest. Her penis pressed below against Jamie’s penis.

Sophie pulled away. “Anytime you want to talk, here’s my number.” She placed a piece of paper in his hand. “I’m sure we can become good friends.” She looked into his eyes. “Maybe more?”

Jamie sat at his desk, head in hands. Sophie wandered away and shot a glance over her shoulder. Deborah waved and left. The office workers went back to work. Jamie touched his hair. It was long and soft and wavy. He touched his keyboard to check his mail. Pink nails clicked against the keys.

This was crazy. It all happened too quickly. He couldn’t focus his mind. He hated it. He loved it. He had become someone else. Someone he didn’t even know existed. But Sophie was right. Georgina had found a better person lurking inside him. He could get used to that.

THE END

I hope you enjoyed Office Feminization. Please
leave me a review.

You can find my real-life FLR and Feminisation
blog at www.ladyalexauk.com

Subscribe to my newsletter from my blog link to
receive exclusive feminization information and offers