

# *B2B: Boss to Bimbo*

*Getting Ahead in the Corporate World*

*Story by Michelle Young*



A cold autumn wind whistled through the waking streets. Ms. Rachel Sinclair walked briskly to the office as she did every weekday morning. She was late again; she confirmed glancing nervously at her watch for the umpteenth time. Dragging her body out of bed and to the office had become a chore the past few months. She wasn't sure how much more she could take. Just the thought of being in that office for the next twelve to thirteen hours filled her with dread. Taking a deep breath, slightly unsteady on her high-heels, she paused briefly to close her eyes desperately trying to push away the panic attack that was welling up inside. The problem was not her job. She had an executive level position, higher than average salary, not as much as the other company cronies, but still good enough for her little luxuries, and, up until a few months ago, she enjoyed her work. Becoming the Vice-President in charge of marketing in a rising firm exploring a lucrative niche market had been her dream come true. She worked hard and put in long hours on her own time to get where she was; she knew her position in upper management was well deserved, even if that cretin did not. Approaching the heavy glass double doors, she blinked furiously and rubbed her wet eyes with a tissue to stop the tears from welling up. It was too late. She would not let him get to her! "That bastard is not going to spoil my day today," she consoled herself. "I worked on this proposal until three this morning and the board is going to love it. I just know it!" She was proud of her work on the latest advertising venture into Asian markets. The idea had been hers and she had personally translated the English copy into Japanese. For a brief moment, she picked up her pace with a surge of confidence, only to falter a few steps later upon viewing words written in gold above the office doors: Goodwell Industries. "Who am I kidding?" she sighed deflated. "He's the boss and there's no avoiding him." She could just quit, but having strived so hard for so long to achieve what she had always dreamed of was just too difficult to pass up. Not to mention the new German roadster she purchased last week, another dream come true. A strong breeze blew her jacket open snapping her out of the melancholy. "Damn!" she cursed, her anger at the weather a mere manifestation of the frustration she felt. Her despair the result of seemingly never ending sexual harassment and behind the back sidelining she could barely endure.

The brisk cold caused a shiver and her nipples grew strained against her sheer blouse. A catcall from somewhere above told her the scene hadn't gone unnoticed. Sighing heavily she huddled her jacket closer. It didn't help matters that she had to wear such a flimsy silk blouse and tight skirt just because that asshole made it company policy for women -- secretaries and vice-presidents alike.

*Another Day at the Office*



*The 9 O'clock Board Meeting*

"Yeek!" she yelped, surprised by the sudden violation. She snapped around to slap away his hand; her cheeks flushed red from embarrassment. Ms. Sinclair glared at the offender while those seated around the table sniggered with mild amusement. Mr. Gordon Goodwell, her boss, was grinning from ear to ear. "Hey, sweet thing! Why don't you be a good lil' girl and get us some more coffee, honey bunch! The men," he smirked at the other board members, "have some work to do."

She barely got out a single word about the new marketing project she created for the company. Usually he would at least let her reach the end of the report before the leers and jeers began. She started to protest only to be met with a dismissive wave of Goodwell's hand. "Don't worry your pretty lil' head about the project, darlin'. Leave the thinking to us. After you get our coffee, you can sit over there and look pretty for us," he said with a lusty grin. "Oh, and why don't you let that hair down, gorgeous? There's no need to be so uptight around here. We're all friends."

She gazed hopefully around the table for some sign of support, but found herself confronted with jeering eyes and a few blushed faces. Sighing dejectedly, she walked slowly to the coffee pot. The scene seemed to repeat itself every board meeting. Once again, she would have to sit quietly biting her upper lip while Goodwell took all the credit for her proposal. The last time, he even had his secretary white over her name on the report cover and type his in. Ever since he took over Goodwell Industries from his father, she had been constantly humiliated and degraded just for being "a lil' woman," as he enjoyed calling her and most of the other female staff. "Oh, and Rachel, honey," he called after her. "Nice to see you keeping up with the company dress code. Lets us get a real good look at that sexy butt wriggling around under that tight skirt!" he joked to the audible amusement of the others. "Panties are optional, gentlemen! Company policy, you know." Scattered chuckling and a few murmurs at her expense could be heard around the room. "No wonder Daddy hired you, sweet cheeks. These morning meetings are so much more interesting with you to entertain us," he added one final insult.

Rachel's stomach churned in knots. Fuming inside, she struggled to swallow the bitter anger his words created. She tried to tune him out by concentrating on pouring coffee, but even the coffee pot trembled in her unsteady hands. Things had been much better before he came. She had a promising career, but more importantly, she had the respect of the board and the company president. Not now, though. She was the twentieth floor "cute ass," as Mr. Goodwell liked to call her, some eye candy for him and his 'yes men' cronies.



Without his little group of sycophants around to entertain, Goodwell was a little easier to talk to, if only because it gave him a chance to steal the ideas of his underlings. Rachel hoped he would hear out her ideas about a budget increase for an on-going project that would certainly increase overseas revenue. She knocked and entered timidly after the usual "What is it, babe?" wasn't heard through the office door. About to leave the proposal on his desk, something a little strange in the top drawer caught her eye. "Wait a minute, Rachel," she mused to herself. "Is that what I think it is? No... it can't be!"

She turned her head twice to make sure the coast was clear and walked around to the other side for a better look. Her jaw dropped. "Oh, my!" she whispered, "It is!" To her right, the LCD screen was fully covered by a picture of Mr. Gordon Goodwell himself, his lips wrapped around the biggest cock she had ever seen! Bewildered, she covered her mouth with her hand stifling a gasp. Then she remembered the drawer and pulled it fully open. The grotesquely large sex toy slid to the left revealing a stack of magazines and photos showing men entwined with each other's muscular bodies, giving blowjobs or taking it all in from behind. For a few moments she just stood there staring, searching her thoughts. Leafing through several editions of "Boner Stud," she picked up September's issue of "Tranny Tran," the magazine third from the top. Her red lips began to form a thin smirk. If life were a cartoon, a light bulb would have snapped on above her head.

"Why, Gordo, my little man. Is this why you're such a bastard?" she pondered quietly aloud. "Are you jealous that I'm a beautiful woman and you're not?" She couldn't help but to giggle softly. "Gordon Goodwell, company president and sissy little cocksucker! This is too good to be true, Rachel!" her eyes twinkled with self-satisfied amusement. "I wonder just what else we have in here," she added, rifling through his drawers and cupboards.

*Later That Morning...*



*Hello Miss Goodwell!*

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Waiting for "Mr. Panties are Optional" was so much fun. Not a drawer or cabinet was left unexplored. Under all the magazines, Rachel discovered lipstick, dildos, lacy lingerie, and heaps of Polaroids showing "sissy pants" himself all dressed up like a two-bit whore. His PC files were even more interesting. She found tons of stuff in his 'confidential' files, including some self-made videos of the starlet himself dressed in pink lingerie sucking on the big black dildo.

"Oh my Ga..." she shrieked, clicking the right mouse button. A late-night scene in Gordon's office began to play on the three by three inch movie panel. Gordon was bent over at the waist gripping his desk with both hands, frilly pink panties down around his high-heeled ankles.

"You like to be called Rachel, huh?" said Jimmy Smith, the college intern from accounting.

"Yes, oh yes... call me Rachel, Daddy!" Gordon squealed with glee.

"Well, Rachel... I got something here to make you feel like a girl!" Jimmy whispered into Gordon's ear, stroking his cock with some slippery lube.

"Hold all my calls, darlin'. I don't want to be disturbed for the whole afternoon. Got it, sweetie?" Gordon's arrogant tone echoed through the hall. Rachel jumped at his voice and clicked the movie closed. She didn't want any distractions for what would happen next.

Everything she discovered was strewn around the room. She had been overwhelmed by the sheer amount and diversity of porn he managed to secret in his office. Finding herself strangely aroused by it all and feeling a bit warm, she had earlier loosened her own clothes and let down her hair, just as Mr. Goodwell suggested earlier that day.

"Yes, sir. You won't be disturbed, Mr. Goodwell," answered Sherry Singleton, his secretary. "But, Mr. Goodwell, Ms. Sin..." She was cut off by Gordon's dismissive hand waving in the air.

"No interruptions!" he called out reaching for the doorknob.

Rachel had slid into the sofa, crossed her legs, and let her glasses casually twirl between two fingers. Swaggering through the door, Goodwell stopped like he had just walked into a brick wall his eyes grew wide in disbelief. The blood drained from his face and pooled at his feet. "Why hello, you sexy little thing!" she cooed sweetly. The look on Gordon's face was priceless. She smiled a wicked smile letting the situation fully wrap around his head. "It's not very nice to keep a lady waiting, Gordon Goodwell. Do come in and close the door behind you, honey bunch," she said, waving the door closed. In shock, he stammered, "Wha... what... what are you doing in here?" His eyes quickly darted to the left and right and back again in quiet despair. Everywhere he looked was another magazine, another Polaroid, another tube of lipstick. His expression went from shock to dismay. "Aw, poor thing," Rachel pouted her lips, "I wish you should see the look on your face right now, sweet cheeks. Too bad we don't have your Polaroid camera. I'd love to get a shot of that right now," she reveled in her newfound authority and power. "Looks like you and I are going to have a little chat today, Mr. Gordon Good... Or perhaps we need to find something more appropriate to call you. Little Miss Sissy Slut maybe? Definitely not Rachel!" she toyed with him, enveloped by her own delight and the fear-stricken face of her boss. "You have so many names for the woman around here. Isn't that right, lil' candy ass?" She licked her lips and rubbed her thighs together. "Oh yeah, you like it better when I let my hair down, don't you, sugar bottom?"



*The Trap*

"You've got quite a little collection here!" she stated, smiling sweetly with a glint in her eye. She stood slowly adjusting her skirt and grabbed the big black dildo. "Looks like the secretaries... well, just about everybody for that matter, except maybe Jimmy Smith, will have something very, very interesting to gossip about today," she announced, turning as if to leave the office.

"No! Please... no!" Gordon squeaked. "Whatever you want, Rachel! I'll give you anything... Anything! Just name it. Please don't tell anyone, please! Not ma... my... my father! My wife!" he pleaded on his knees. Rachel paused for effect, bracing her hand on her hip. She pretended to consider his offer. "Anything, huh?" she paused again. "Nah, not after all your demeaning insults and ass grabbing. I think it'll be much more fun letting the girls in on your little secret, Mr. Fancy Pants!" she said, resuming her walk toward the door. The incriminating rubber toy playfully swaggered in the air. Sweat dripped down Goodwell's face and dampened his starched white collar. His voice was shrill. His lips trembled. "I'll do anything, Rachel, please... anything! I know I've teased you a little. It was all in good fun. You know, like joking with friends, and... and I'm sorry, okay! You're just... just so beautiful, Rachel!" She smirked for an instant so only she could tell, and then turned to leer down at the whiny little man cowering at her feet. "Teased!?! Sorry!?! You'll be sorry when everyone knows your secret! And don't you dare call me that again!" she scolded. "You will address me as Ms. Sinclair at all times. Not Rachel. Not honey pants. Not sweet lips." The look of sheer terror on his face was precious. She closed her eyes and wished this moment could last forever. The feeling that rushed through her every vein was like nothing she had ever felt. She couldn't believe it, but her thighs were tingling and crotch getting moist.

Rachel could have sworn she heard him sob out loud. "Well, I shouldn't give you an ounce of compassion, but I'll tell you what... Since panties are optional, Miss Gordon... Let's see if you're keeping in line with the company dress code and I'll reconsider my options!" she said, savoring every second. Thankful for the momentary respite, he fumbled briefly with his fly and quickly jerked his pants down to the floor. Rachel couldn't help but giggle out loud. "Good girl!" she cooed. "Perhaps Ms. Singleton would like to come in to see Miss Pink Panties too!" She couldn't help but prolong the torture. It was just too satisfying.

"No... please, Ms. Sinclair... please," Gordon gulped.

"You're not only a dirty little pervert. You're a pink sissy boy too!" she laughed. Gordon's face turned crimson red, the thought of Ms. Singleton entering the room and the realization that Rachel could tell anyone at anytime finally sunk in. His fate was sealed.



*Now For the Really Fun Part*

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Rachel couldn't resist touching herself. The whole affair was just too much to handle. She thought about the morning walk to work and the wretched feelings that caused her eyes to tear. The board meeting and pouring ten cups of coffee was still fresh in her mind. Now, she could only imagine the feelings surging through Gordon. She wished they were ten times worse than what she felt only a few hours earlier.

One thing had led to another and Gordon was becoming quite the little sissy boy before Rachel's twinkling eyes. First, she demanded he twirl around a few times to show off his pink panties. Next, she tossed a lacy bra on his lap. "This will go nicely with your panties, don't you think, sweetie?" she teased. Finally, a heavy smear of bright red lipstick to complete the look. "That will get those pretty lips ready for some cocksucking. Can I see you make kissy faces like a hungry little slut?" She quizzed, trying to hold back the giggles. It was working out better than she dared hope. Gordon, or "Miss Pink Panties" as she now called him, was readily agreeing to anything she demanded. With the threat of exposure hanging over him, he was caught on a slippery slope, slowly but surely being drawn deeper and deeper into her trap. She stifled a slight moan from escaping her wet lips. As delicious as the tingling sensations coursing through her body were, she carefully maintained a stern expression and authoritarian demeanor. Her first thought upon discovering Gordon's perverted collection had been simple revenge; she would just expose the asshole for what he really is. Now, though, seeing him on his knees obediently smearing lipstick all over his face, the fear unmistakable in his eyes, her revenge wouldn't be so hasty. The possibilities that developed were so much sweeter and delicious. This wouldn't end anytime soon. Rachel would see to that. This could become a permanent arrangement. "Good girl!" she mocked him. "Now that you've put on your pretty lipstick, why don't you slip into a nice short dress. That one over there will do nicely. It is company policy for women, remember?" She was teasing him relentlessly and loving every minute. "Oh my, Miss Pink Panties... Who would have thought that you could be such a pretty little thing? I bet you're getting all hot and bothered right now, aren't you? Slut!" she taunted, sliding her fingers discreetly deeper between her legs.

He was obviously aroused on one hand. There was little the thin pink material could do to hide the stiff member hanging between his legs. Yet he was confused and scared on the other hand. This was something he had always dreamed about, but now that it was real it wasn't fun and playful like he imagined. Rachel was serious, and exposure could ruin his life. His wife, the job, the expensive cars, the weekends at the Framptons in their beach house, the clothes, the expensive dinners at La Clique all could be gone if Daddy found out about this.

Rachel slapped his face playfully with the end of the thick dildo snapping Gordon out of his thoughts. "Such a big toy you like to play with, darlin'!" she giggled. "I wonder if it fits all the way in!"

"Please, Ms. Sinclair... I... I only use that to su... to suck!" Gordon pleaded.

"Oh, you might get to suck it when I'm done, sweet cheeks!" Rachel taunted him. "Now, put on those pretty high-heels over there and prance your sissy self over to the desk."

Gordon could only stare in terror; his hand slipped slightly smearing the lipstick.



*Learning His Lesson*

"This is so much fun! Don't you think, sweetie?" she giggled, standing directly behind her new conquest, legs spread apart. Her thumb toyed with his sensitive flesh pressing firmly just above his waiting hole. "You just can't wait to get your little sissy pussy all filled up, can you?" Rachel teased. "Keep writing, slut!" she ordered, her tone less playful. "I know you can hardly control yourself, but just because I'm rubbing your pussy isn't any reason to ignore my instructions!" She earlier demanded that Gordon begin writing down an essay about his desire to be a sissy boy. "Every detail, Miss Pink Panties... or you will really be sorry. From the time you first put on your Mommy's pantyhose and mascara right up to the last time you wrapped your lips around this big toy. Got it, hot bottom?"

"Pa... Paleeze, Ms. Sinclair. I promise I'll treat you better. I... I'll give you a raise!" Gordon stammered. Rachel reached over his back and depressed the call button on the intercom. Gordon's heart stopped. Being caught with porn in his drawer was one thing. Getting caught made-up like a slut bending over his own desk waiting to get poked was another.

"Yes, Mr. Goodwell?" Ms. Singleton's voice buzzed through the box.

"I... I'm writing, Ms. Sinclair," Gordon whispered, fearful Ms. Singleton would be able to overhear.

"I'll be getting a raise, alright," she whispered to Gordon before answering the intercom. "Oh, sorry Sherry. That was an accident... Um, would you mind staying by your desk for a while? We might need you to come in later," Rachel answered, pushing her thumb harder against Gordon's soft pink spot and pressing the thought of exposure deeper into his mind.

"Of course, Ms. Sinclair." Sherry replied. Gordon let out a long sigh of relief. He pursed his lips shut holding back the urge to scream, and returned to the paper and its growing story of sissyness. "You look so natural with your ass sticking up like this. I bet you've done this before," she continued her teasing. "Maybe we'll have to show the board of directors how cute you look at tomorrow's meeting!" she whispered in his ear.

Rachel had earlier sat comfortably in the overstuffed sofa while Gordon went to work setting up his video equipment. It was amusing to watch him teeter in his high-heels and the chain leash dangle between his legs with every movement. It wasn't anything he hadn't done before. Rachel wondered how many times Gordon boy locked the office door on those "busy" afternoons and played dress up with tape rolling.

"Is that it? You can write much more than that!" she chided, pressing the dildo firmly against his tight hole to drive her point home. He just whimpered and began writing some more. Her gaze drifted down to the chain hanging from his cock. She made him lock it on himself. There was no way she was going to touch that filthy thing. Who knew where it had been? She smiled to herself while she gave it a short jerk, knowing the significance of the chain wasn't lost on him.



### *An Offer He Can't Refuse*

Gordon shifted nervously in his chair, still sore from Rachel's attentions earlier that afternoon. "Well... I'm waiting! Are you going to sign it or do I have to send this tape to channel 8? Just imagine the morning stock report!" She let her words sink in a moment, and then gave the chain a sharp tug.

"Rach... um, I mean Ms. Sinclair... this is totally outrageous! I can't sign over the entire company to you. My Daddy made me the CEO and president! That's my name on the door of the building for heaven's sake! Yeow, please!" Gordon shrieked, another sudden yank on the leash told him Rachel was getting impatient.

"That's your father's name on the building," she scolded. "I'm sure he wouldn't want it, and the company's reputation ruined when I send this tape in!"

Rachel was actually going through with it. Before dinner, she made Gordon type out a seventeen page contract agreement that detailed the turn over of company ownership, revenue, stocks, and all assets to Rachel Sinclair, and identified her as sole president and CEO of Goodwell Industries. Her graduate degree in business law finally paid off. "You can't do this to me," he moaned.

"Really? Well, you don't have to sign anything you don't want to, sugar lumps," she teased. "Hmm... Now, where did I put that essay you wrote this afternoon? Did I leave it on Ms. Singleton's desk before we left? You know how she likes to work late. No... I've got it... I left it with the briefing papers for tomorrow morning's board meeting."

"Okay, okay... you win! You'll pay for this, Ms. Sinclair," Gordon seethed. "I want everything destroyed once I've signed, Okay? Yikes!" His words were cut short when his cock was practically yanked straight out of his pants this time.

"Shame on you, Miss Pink Panties. I don't think you can tell me what to do any longer. At least not when I've got this tape of you enjoying my dildo and shrieking like a little girl. Oh, no... these, my little sweet candy ass, are going in a very safe place for a very long time," Rachel beamed with self-confidence.

The waiter stole a curious glance at the commotion only to walk away chuckling loudly. He must have seen Gordon's pink bra poking out from under his shirt, or maybe the chain hanging from his open fly. Gordon looked up nervously and noticed other patrons glancing over. His eyes fell to the table in utter defeat and his signature was scribbled across the dotted line.

Gleefully, Rachel grabbed the signed contract and pointed out a small print clause at the bottom. She had done some tweaking after Gordon finished typing. "I'll be managing your salary and living expenses from now on. Just enough for new clothes, cosmetics, and high-heels, of course. Real sexy stuff... You know, company policy and all," she whispered. "You won't need very much to eat... Maybe some rice cakes and carrot sticks for lunch. We want to keep that girlish figure nice and tight, don't we? The board, after all, needs to be entertained!" she smirked, watching the color of his face drain to pale white. "You see, darlin' you're going to work as my new secretary. But don't worry your pretty lil' head... it'll be our secret!" She winked conspiratorially. "No one will ever know..."

His eyes pleaded with Rachel, but he knew better than to protest.



## A New Girl at the Office

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The inter-office memo stated that Mr. Gordon Goodwell had stepped down as company president to pursue his lifelong dream of living with the monkeys of Mumbabumbu, and that Rachel Sinclair had been chosen as his successor. There was a small blurb about the shake-up in the business section of the city newspaper. Gordon would be staying on for a few weeks to pass his business savvy onto Ms. Sinclair. Moral in the office hallways was at an all time high. Mr. Goodwell was not liked or well respected, by men and women alike. Under his leadership, last quarter's earnings report was dismal and stock shares plummeted to all time lows. Shares had risen four points in the day's trading just with the announcement of his leaving, and company personnel holding profit sharing contracts were delighted. Even Grantforth Goodwell III, the company's founder, phoned Ms. Sinclair to congratulate her. Gordon answered the call like a good secretary should.

Behind closed doors, Rachel kept her new secretary busy by humiliating him the way he once humiliated her. Relinquishing his office to Rachel, he now occupied a tiny desk by the door. He still came to work every morning in a business suit and tie, but would later change into whatever Rachel set out for him. Rachel had so much fun ringing up the company charge accounts with new clothes for Gordon. The hemlines kept getting shorter and shorter and the heels higher and higher. His bottom had grown sore from constant slaps, smacks, and pinches. Between meetings and deals that would turn the company fortune around, she delighted seeing Gordon bend at the waist in short skirts and struggle to do the most simplest of tasks with those extra long false nails he was learning to manicure. Monday was blue nail polish, Tuesday pink, Wednesday silver...

It wasn't long before Ms. Singleton caught on to what was happening in Ms. Sinclair's office. She used to eavesdrop on every conversation Mr. Goodwell had through the intercom. One day she just decided to walk in after hearing Rachel say: "Oh, Miss Pink Panties, fetch me my morning coffee, you know how I take it... And then I'm going to take you!" Sherry was barely able to breath, laughter consumed her, when she witnessed Gordon Goodwell bent over the desk with a large black rod thrusting deep into his body. Rachel gave her a twenty thousand dollar raise and put her in charge of Gordon's secretarial training. Before he could go home, Ms. Singleton finished each lesson by reminding him of his new life with the same dildo he once kept hidden in the top drawer. Humiliated wasn't the appropriate word. This was much worse than his friendly "teasing" had been toward the women employees. His whole life had been taken away. He still couldn't believe he had been tricked into signing that contract. None of that mattered now anyway. Contract or no contract there was no way out. "She can't possibly keep this up forever," he consoled himself wishfully. He still had off-shore accounts and shares in other companies Rachel overlooked. He would escape this and tell the board he had been blackmailed. Those photos and tapes are fakes!

"Am I going to wait all morning for my coffee, sugar smacks?" Rachel's sharp tone interrupted Gordon's wishful scheming. Trying to maintain the little esteem he had left, he teetered over on high-heels to his former desk, carefully balancing the coffee cup. Ms. Sinclair's name plaque mocked him. "Just set it down, honey," Rachel said, smiling in amusement.

"Yes, Ms. Sinclair," he replied in his best high pitched shrill. Rachel had demanded he do his best to sound like a girl too.

"You know, sweetums... others are beginning to wonder why they never see you leave this office." Rachel continued. "I don't think we can keep this up much longer. I think it's time."

"Um... what? Time for what, Ms. Sinclair?" he stammered, squirming uncomfortably from the unforgiving corset squeezing his waist. "Sit down and take a memo for office circulation," she ordered, ignoring his query. Gordon sat with a worried look on his face. "Take this down," she started between sips of hot coffee, "November 15th. Mr. Gordon Goodwell has rethought his life's ambition and has now decided that the best way to contribute to the firm would be to serve as a personal assistant to Ms. Rachel Sinclair, the CEO and President. This was a difficult decision to make, but Mr. Goodwell no longer feels the need to hide his secret desires to be a woman. He would now like to be officially known as Miss Pink Panties, or Miss P.P. for short." Rachel laughed out loud at her own joke. "I... I can't, Ms. Sinclair? Ms. Singleton? Please!" Gordon babbled. "I just can't be seen like this! We agreed..."

"You have no choice, young lady!" Rachel snapped. "Ms. Singleton and I have decided you are much more productive for this company as a girl. We all know you never did anything for it as a man! Now run along like a good lil' girl and type that up," Rachel dismissed any further protests with her hand. "I'll expect it to be distributed company wide before the morning's meeting."



*There's Going to be Some Changes Around Here*

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"I trust all of you have received this morning's memo about my new secretary?" Rachel quizzed the assembled board and didn't wait for a reply. "There will be some long overdue changes now that I'm the boss, gentlemen," she stated, tugging the chain in her hand a few times.

Miss Pink Panties followed the leash and obediently stepped forward with a notepad at the ready, now the center of everyone's attention.

"You all know Miss Pink Panties," she said, pausing to fully appreciate the nervous giggles and hushed tones heard around the room. "Gentlemen, if you want to keep your jobs," she went on, "I'm going to require your assistance to make Miss P.P. here feel more like a girl. More on that later. It's painfully obvious she has been secretly jealous of me for being a beautiful woman. This jealousy is the reason for her previous indiscriminate and lewd behavior." Rachel looked around the room at open mouths. "I'm sure none of you approved of that treatment." Her query was met by a murmur of incoherent sounds and a few cleared throats. "One good turn deserves another I always say. I can have secrets too. My secret is Miss Pink Panties here has been taking feminine hormones for several weeks now without her knowledge," Rachel announced, smiling at her own devilishness. "Did you take your vitamin C this morning, honey?" She tugged again at the chain.

"What! Tho... those are hor..." He yelped.

"Shut up, slut!" Rachel cut her off in mid protest. "You're a sissy boy now. A lot like a girl, but not quite a woman," she giggled. "Now, remember your place!" Miss Pink Panties, bit her upper lip and stared at the floor unable to make any eye contact with her former golf buddies. "As I was saying, it's intolerable to treat women the way Mr. Gordon Goodwell did. If I ever catch any of you treating the female employees in this company like that, you will be terminated!" She soaked in the shocked looks staring back at her.

"Now, gentlemen, since Miss Pink Panties is not really a girl, and never will be, I think he, I mean she deserves the same kind of treatment I was afforded not too long ago. Don't you agree?" She let her words hang for a moment. All eyes were fixed on the chain dangling from under Miss Pink Panties's short skirt. "Mr. Rodslittle, how about you? How do you like your coffee again? It was two creams and one sugar, correct?"

"Uh... ahem, yes," Mr. Rodslittle cleared his throat. "Can you get me some coffee, please, Gord... I mean Miss Pink Panties?" the Director of Finance said tentatively from the far end of the table.

Gordon felt hot daggers of shame rip through his flesh. It was the first time anyone other than Ms. Sinclair or Ms. Singleton had used that name, a name he had grown to loath. Rachel smiled, but then corrected Mr. Rodslittle. "No, no... that's not how you tell this slut to fetch coffee!" She gave the chain a hard pull and Miss Pink Panties almost fell over, struggling to maintain balance on the new platform heels Ms. Sinclair picked out that day. Rachel slipped her hand up Miss Pink Panties's skirt and felt her quivering skin through sheer pink panties. "Be a good lil' girl and make yourself useful. After you get the entire board coffee just the way they like it, sit over there and look pretty for us," she said, glancing at the board members. "These morning meetings will be so much fun with you around to entertain us..."

**THE END!!!**