



*Woman's Work
Part Two*

by Crystal Summers

Chapter Six: “Panty Boy”

Chapter Seven: “Housewife”

Chapter Eight: “Availing An Opportunity”

Chapter Nine: “The Dress Code”

Chapter Ten: “Who’s The New Girl?”

Chapter Eleven: “The Final Test”

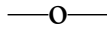
Woman's Work

Part Two

-
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Chapter Five: “His New Job”



Thomas grabbed his briefcase and stepped from the car. His fiancée was already a dozen steps ahead of him toward the building. She was surprisingly fast in her heels, and she always parked with the driver’s side pointed at the door. Thomas had to rush to keep up with her.

“Hello, Ms. Martindale,” said the receptionists warmly as Grace walked through the door. Both receptionists were gorgeous. Grace liked hiring attractive women. She also insisted that they dress well. All the women wore skirts or dresses and heels, and the men wore suits.

“Good morning, girls,” replied Grace.

Thomas followed a few steps behind. He felt self-conscious about wearing the panties. Could anyone see them? He worried that they could and he kept wanting to cover them with his hands, though that would be impossible.

“This is my fiancé, girls. He’ll be starting with us today.”

“Hello, Mr. Martindale,” said the two women.

Thomas blushed. “That’s not my name,” he said anxiously.

This was an area of embarrassment to him. When they first spoke of getting married, he told Grace she needed to take his name. She refused, saying she wanted to keep hers. He objected vigorously, but she brushed his objections aside, even telling him: “If you want us having the same name, then you take mine!” His whole body trembled uncomfortably when she said that, and he had to let the matter drop, but it still bothered him.

“I’m Thomas Snow,” he told the receptionists.

The two women smirked. “Welcome, Mr. Snow,” said one of them after a deliberate pause, which made Thomas feel even more embarrassed. The other seemed to ignore him.

Thomas thought about saying something, but Grace called him.

“Come along, dear,” said Grace, who had gotten a dozen steps ahead.

Thomas chased after his fiancée. As he did, the two receptionists giggled and one of them said under her breath, “See you ’round Mister Boss’s Wife.” Thomas didn’t hear this comment, but he would find out soon enough that a great many embarrassments awaited him.

“Keep up,” said Grace.

Thomas wanted to tell his wife not to speak to him like that in public, but she was moving too fast and he didn't want to cause a scene, so he stepped up his pace and said nothing.

Grace took Thomas to a small room packed with computers. At first, he thought this would be his office. He was less than pleased with that. The room was small and isolated compared to everything else he had seen and would have made a poor office indeed.

"Is this my office?" asked Thomas unhappily,

Grace laughed. "No. This is the training room. And this," said Grace pointing to a woman in a black pantsuit who had just entered, "is Miss Caroline. She'll handle your training."

Thomas nodded to her. "Nice to meet you."

"I'll leave you in the hands of Miss Caroline," said Grace. "Be a good boy for her." She then pecked Thomas on the cheek before walking off. The way she did this made Thomas feel like a small child left at school for the first time by his mother. That was embarrassing.

"I need to talk to Grace about how she talks to me in the office," said Thomas to himself unhappily. "If I'm going to be senior management at some point, the employees need to respect my authority and they won't do that if she talks to me like I'm some sort of child."

"Have a seat," said Caroline in an unfriendly tone.

Thomas sighed. This was going to be a difficult day.

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Thomas spent the morning in orientation training on all the systems the company used. This included word processors, spread sheets and filing systems. It also included a dictation machine and a transcription machine. It even included the copy machine. This struck him as a little odd as he assumed secretaries handled these things, but he understood they wanted everyone thoroughly trained, even if he would never use most of this.

The session itself was less than pleasant. Caroline stuck entirely to business and she was rather curt with him throughout. He felt she was talking down to him the whole time. He found this odd.

"Doesn't she know I'll be her boss soon?" he wondered.

Either way, she was not his favorite person.

When Thomas finished orientation, Caroline took him to his fiancée's

office. Grace had a gorgeous office with wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling windows. Her desk was enormous, and the room was nicely decorated with plants and framed photos showing the various makeup products the company sold. It was an impressive office.

“Have a seat,” said Grace.

Thomas sat in the small chair opposite his fiancée. He wore a conservative blue suit and black wingtips... and of course, the red panties. His fiancée wore a tight brown skirt suit. He couldn't see them behind the desk, but he knew she also wore brown slingbacks with tall, sharp heels.

Sitting next to Thomas was a woman in a pink skirt, pink spike heels and a white sweater. She had her legs crossed, letting her shoe dangle from her toes. In her lap, she placed a notepad and pen. Thomas assumed the woman would be assigned to him as his secretary.

“Claire, this is my fiancé Thomas,” said Grace.

The woman in the pink skirt nodded at Thomas. “Nice to meet you.”

“Thank you, same here,” said Thomas.

“Thomas has just finished the orientation and is ready to start,” said Grace.

“Oh good, we can use another hand.”

“‘Another hand’?” thought Thomas. “That’s an odd way to refer to your new boss. Between her, Caroline, and those receptionists, Grace has hired some women who don’t know how to address a boss!”

“I’m sure,” said Grace. “I know the Wilson project is keeping everyone busy. On the plus side, they’re selling a ton of our products through their agents. So far, I’d say that our first attempt to sell through third parties rather than directly has been quite a success.”

“It has indeed,” said Claire.

Grace rose to her feet and came around to the front of her desk until she stood directly between Thomas and Claire. She leaned her rear against the desk and crossed her legs at the ankle. Then she folded her arms.

“Thomas, you’ll be working for Claire,” said Grace.

“You mean with?”

Grace shook her head. “No, I mean for.”

Thomas was momentarily stunned. He found himself deeply confused. He had been sure this woman was to be his secretary. Apparently not though. Apparently, he would be working for her. Did that make her some sort of senior manager? What department did she run?

“How can she be a manager though? She looks so much like a secretary,” thought Thomas.

“You are to follow Claire’s orders and instructions to the letter,” continued Grace. “Do you understand? She’s your boss and you are her employee. Just because you are my fiancé does not get you any special privileges around here.”

Thomas felt slightly embarrassed to be spoken of as an underling in front of this woman. He felt embarrassed too at the assertion he had asked for special treatment; that seemed to get an eyebrow rise out of the woman, even though it wasn’t true. Once again, he wanted to talk to Grace about the way she was treating him. But as before, he didn’t get the chance. Besides, he would have felt a fool trying to have that conversation before this Claire woman.

“Don’t worry,” he told himself. “It will end soon enough and you’ll be co-manager of the company.” He then told Grace, “Yes, Ma’am. I understand what you’re saying.”

“Claire, you understand as well, correct?” asked Grace. “Thomas is my fiancé, but that doesn’t entitle him to special treatment in any way. Treat him like any of the other girls. Do you understand?”

“I understand,” said Claire.

““Other girls’?” repeated Thomas beneath his breath. “What does that mean?”

“All right, then. Let’s get to work,” said Grace.

Thomas thought about demanding a private meeting with Grace to sort through his growing list of issues. Not only did he think he needed to demand more respect, but demonstrating the power to push back against Grace would show Claire that despite Grace’s words, he was answerable only to her. But he didn’t get the chance as Claire immediately popped her heel back onto her foot and shot to her feet. She smoothed her pink skirt and stepped out away from the desk.

“Coming, Thomas?” she asked coldly.

Something about her voice... something about the strength within it, combined with Grace turning to face her computer made Thomas comply; his time in Grace’s office was over.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he said uncertainly.

Claire took Thomas down a hallway past several offices until they came to a sort of open space. It wasn't really an open space *per se*, as it was filled with chest-high cubicles, but structurally it had no walls or doors. These cubicles gave some privacy to the women sitting in them, but left their heads exposed so they could be seen. At the far end of the room was a glass wall which gave an excellent view of the downtown area, though this wasn't visible from the cubes.

She stopped before an empty cubicle.

Thomas looked confused. This was clearly a section for secretaries. Why were they stopping here? Was he to be assigned a secretary? If so, why had they stopped before an empty cubicle? Something wasn't adding up for Thomas.

"You'll be sitting here," said Claire.

"But these are for secretaries," said Thomas cautiously.

"Yes. That's what you are."

Thomas's jaw dropped. "What?!" he gasped.

"Didn't Grace explain this? You'll be working as a secretary. What did you think you were doing?"

"I— I— I thought lower management at least!"

Claire shook her head. "No."

Thomas saw red. He was angry. How could his fiancée make him a... a... *a secretary*?! This was *deeply* humiliating! Being a secretary was not something men did, and in this company in particular, there had never been a male secretary. Thomas stormed off to his fiancée's office. He wasn't going to take this indignity.

Claire sighed and followed.

"Shouldn't you be working?" asked Grace when Thomas burst through her door.

"We need to talk," said Thomas hotly.

Grace sighed. "About what?" she asked, though she knew exactly what had upset him. She had done this intentionally to wound his male ego. If he was going to try to take over her company, then he would endure as many indignities as she could think up along the way.

"You want me to work as a secretary?!" growled Thomas.

"Of course," said Grace without missing a beat. The speed of her response unsettled Thomas actually. "I started as a secretary."

“But you’re a woman!”

Grace glared at Thomas. “What is that supposed to mean?”

Thomas realized he’d made a mistake. He tried to backtrack. “It’s just that I’m the only man there,” he said.

“Then think about the panties you’re wearing and maybe that will help you fit in.”

Thomas stared at her in shock. Didn’t she see the problem here? Why was she making jokes?

“This is where you need to start,” continued Grace.

“But why?”

“Where else are you going to learn everything about the company?”

“What about some low-level management position?”

“Management is isolated in different sections. You’d never get the full picture there,” said Grace. “Besides, all managers make decisions in this company. You aren’t ready for that.”

“But Grace!” exclaimed Thomas.

“*You haven’t earned it yet. Have you, darling?*”

Thomas felt like she had just jammed a knife into his ego. He stepped closer to his fiancée so he could speak without being overheard by anyone. Then he aggressively whispered: “Only women are secretaries.”

“There is no gender requirement on the job,” said Grace dismissively.

“But they’re all women,” snapped Thomas.

“Except you.”

The words sent a chill racing down Thomas’s spine. His fiancée clearly knew how humiliating this was, she must have, and yet she wanted this to happen for some reason. Why? Thomas was dumbfounded. He couldn’t believe that she didn’t see the problem with this... or wouldn’t see the problem with it. How could she not understand how humiliating it was for him to be a secretary? He decided to try once more to explain it.

“Honey,” said Thomas.

Grace folded her arms. A severe look appeared on her face.

“I’ll be the first and only man ever to be a secretary at this company. That is going to be humiliating! What will the other employees think about me? Even worse, I’m your fiancée! What will that say about our relationship if you put me at the bottom of the company when you could have put me anywhere?”

“I don’t know, what will they say?” asked Grace indifferently.

“They’ll think I’m a total wuss. They’ll tell each other that you wear the pants in our relationship!”

Grace shrugged her shoulders. “And why is it so bad that I’m in charge in our relationship.”

Thomas blushed. He realized he was walking on very dangerous ground. He wanted to scream, “You’re not in charge!” but the evidence suggested otherwise. Then he wanted to explain to her that the husband should always be in charge, but he knew she wouldn’t like that. That left him unsure what to say.

Grace wasn’t as unsure. “Is there a reason a man can’t defer to his fiancée?”

“Well, no, but—”

“But you’re embarrassed about deferring to me? Is that it?!”

Thomas bit his lip. The dangerous ground had turned into a minefield. “That isn’t what I meant,” he said.

“And what did you mean exactly?”

Thomas bit his tongue. He had no idea how to answer that.

“I think you need to get back to work, Thomas,” said Grace when Thomas didn’t answer, “and I think you need to think about the roles of men and women. You seem to think that men are naturally in charge, but keep in mind that a woman runs this company and you obey her, and your boss is a woman and you will obey her, and since you are the low *man* on the totem pole, you will obey the orders of any woman here.”

Her tone wasn’t angry yet, but it was stern and trending toward anger. Thomas knew that continuing to push would be a problem. Besides, she had boxed him in and he had no way to say what he was thinking without saying something that would offend her greatly. He was trapped.

Ironically, her speech made him hard and made him want to masturbate, though he didn’t know why. In any event, with no choice left, he said the only thing he could: “Yes, Ma’am.”

“Oh, and before you go, I think you owe Claire an apology.”

Thomas cringed. “Why Claire?”

“You stormed off without permission,” said Grace. She pointed behind Thomas.

Thomas looked over his shoulder and saw Claire standing behind him. Her arms were folded and she was tapping her foot against the floor angrily. He suddenly felt sick at the possibility she had heard Grace’s comment about

panties.

“Go ahead, Thomas,” said Claire.

Thomas bit his lip. This was embarrassing. “I’m sorry,” he said.

“It needs to be better than that,” said Grace. “Let’s try it again, *humbly*, or I’ll make you do it on your knees.”

Thomas’s eyes pleaded with his fiancée not to make him do this, but she would have none of it.

“Anyone else would have been fired for what you did, Thomas. Be thankful your day did not end in that disgrace. Now apologize. Turn around,” said Grace, and she spun one finger in the air. “Face Claire to apologize. Hang your head and humbly ask her forgiveness.”

Thomas shuddered. This was humiliating.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have run off,” said Thomas humbly.

“That’s better,” said Grace, “but we clearly need to work on your apologies. Now go with Claire and get to work. I don’t want to hear about any more trouble or I may have to give you a lesson in obedience.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Thomas.

Once more, he felt like a child. He felt like a child scolded by his mother before a girl he wanted to impress. He had been humiliated. And he realized in that moment that it would be difficult for him ever to stand up to Claire after that, even after he was promoted to manager.

Chapter Six: “Panty Boy”

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With Thomas’s plea to his fiancée falling on deaf ears, Claire once again marched Thomas down the hallway to the cubicles. They were about chest-high and arranged in three rows of two each, side-by-side. There were four sets in each row, making for a total of twenty-four cubicles. Between each row ran a walkway.

“You’ll be working here,” said Claire and she pointed to a cubicle right in the middle of the group.

Thomas bit his lip and looked around. All of the neighboring cubicles were filled with women – gorgeous women. There wasn’t a man in sight. “Here?” he asked nervously.

“Yes, here.”

“Can’t I have a cubicle in a corner?”

Claire ignored him. “Everything you need is at your desk,” she said.

Thomas stepped into the cubicle. Claire was right, it was all here. He had a computer, a phone, a calendar and all the other bits of office equipment that secretaries possess.

“Since you don’t have a current assignment, you’ll essentially float.”

“Float?” asked Thomas.

“Go where needed. You’ll answer directly to me, but at you’ll help out the other ladies with whatever jobs they have. When you do that, you’ll be taking orders directly from them as well.”

Thomas cringed. He would be taking orders from the other secretaries? This was getting worse all the time. In fact, it suddenly occurred to him what this meant. He wasn’t even a true secretary. He was basically an office girl, the lowest of the low in any office.

“At some point, we’ll get you assigned to one of the managers and you’ll work directly for them,” said Claire.

That didn’t make Thomas feel any better. His ego had been deeply bruised. He saw himself as a business man, a rising manager, a potential star executive, and one day the owner of this firm. Yet, he had just taken about as big a step backwards as he possibly could in the business world. He had been made an office girl. He now worked for and answered to the lowest ranking women in the firm. What’s more, his job was a woman’s job. How had this

happened?

“This is humiliating,” he said beneath his breath.

“Any questions?” asked Claire.

Thomas shook his head. He didn’t even want to think about this.

“Good. On your desk, you’ll find some paperwork. Start with that.”

With that, Claire left him to his duties.

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As Claire returned Thomas to his cubicle and Thomas started performing his menial duties, Grace picked up the phone and called Jenny.

“I did it,” said Grace into the phone. “I turned my fiancé into a secretary.”

Jenny laughed. “How did he react?”

“Exactly as you might expect,” said Grace. “He’s humiliated and upset. He freaked out about being given a ‘woman’s job.’ He also thought he deserved something in management. He came screaming back into my office demanding that I change my mind when he found out.”

“Well, of course he did. He wants to be in management so he can figure out how to take the company from you. You’ve put him about as far away from taking over the firm as possible, and you’ve embarrassed his ego in the process. I’m glad you thought this up. He deserves every humiliating moment.”

“That he does,” said Grace. “And there are more surprises coming.”

“Oh?”

“Oh yes,” giggled Grace. “In the meantime, there’s one more piece I thought you might like to know.”

“What’s that?”

“Remember the panties?” asked Grace. “The red lace ones I showed you the other night? Well, before we came to work, I handed those to him and told him I wanted him to wear them.”

Jenny laughed out loud. “Outside of the house?”

“Yep. First time.”

“That must have been funny to see. He must have been squirming when you showed them to him.”

“He was. It was funny, but not as funny as watching how self-conscious he became when he slipped into them! Or how embarrassed he

was when I paddled him to make him wear them.”

“*You paddled him?!?*” gasped Jenny.

“Yep.”

“Oh my God! How did you do it?”

“I just told him to bend over. Then I paddled his balls with my sandal.”

“*You paddled his balls?!?*”

“Yes.”

There was silence on the phone.

“You’re kidding,” said Jenny finally.

“Nope.”

More silence.

Grace giggled at Jenny’s shock and she thought about how foolish Thomas had looked. Although, she also thought there was something oddly sexy about a man being paddled, especially seeing his balls jump as she struck them.

“Do you know what else? Even more embarrassing, he got hard as a rock as I did it! How funny is that?!?” said Grace.

“Oh my God! I can’t believe this. You have to let me come see this!” squealed Jenny.

“Don’t worry. You’ll get your chance. This is just the beginning. If he wants to take my company, he’ll need to work for it really, really hard for it... no pun intended,” said Grace.

Both women laughed.

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It didn’t take long for Thomas’s fears to come to life. After Claire left, Thomas got to work. The work was menial and required little attention, but he didn’t mind at the moment because that let him think about what had happened to him as he worked. He needed time to settle into the job and the situation.

Thomas took the first set of papers and inserted them into the hole puncher. He pushed down and holes appeared in the documents. He set the papers aside and grabbed the next set. He mindlessly repeated this action once more... and then again... and again. In the meantime, his brain was pouring over all that had happened.

“How did she make me a secretary?” he asked himself. “I don’t recall

agreeing to that!”

Thomas punched the next set of holes.

“This is really humiliating,” he told himself.

“True,” he countered, “but you still need to make the best of it if you ever want to own this business. If you refuse to do this or get nasty with Grace, she’ll just cut you off.”

Thomas punched the next set of holes.

“This has to be a test of some sort. She must be looking to see if I’m... what? A hard worker? Loyal? An idiot? There must be something she’s after. I need to figure out what that is and give it to her so I can get out of this stupid job and into management before my reputation gets ruined.”

Thomas punched the next set of holes.

“That’s the real problem: my reputation. If I’m ever going to run this firm, I need to keep the employees’ respect. This is not the way to do that, doing this damn sissy job!”

Thomas placed the current set of documents onto the pile and slipped more into the hole puncher. He didn’t notice a small crowd of women gathering nearby. The women were curious who he was and why a man had invaded their world. As they watched from around corners and behind water coolers, Thomas heard whispers in every corner and he knew they were aimed at him.

“Can this day get any worse?” he wondered.

Thomas looked around. He saw glimpses of eye corners watching him and heads peeking around corners, only to disappear when he turned in that direction. He felt like a curiosity, like he was in a zoo.

“I should quit,” he told himself, though he knew this was an impotent threat. His fiancée wasn’t going to let him quit and he had nowhere else to go in the event of a breakup. No, he was stuck here for now.

Thomas sighed. Then he turned back to his assignment. He finished the first set of documents. He looked at the stack of documents on the floor next to him. It was almost two feet high. He felt deflated, but he kept going. He stood up, pushed his chair aside, bent over and grabbed the huge stack from the floor next to him. As he did, he heard a feminine voice behind him.

“Oh dear,” gasped the young lady.

Then she and another woman started giggling... giggling hard.

Thomas looked over his shoulder. He saw two women Jenny and Ally standing behind him in the walkway between cubicles. Both wore skirt suits

and heels. They were clutching each other's arms, almost as if they were supporting each other or hugging each other. Both were giggling uncontrollably and their faces were bright red. Jenny was pointing her manicured nail at Thomas's rear.

Thomas felt intensely insecure suddenly.

"What are they laughing at?" asked Thomas of himself.

He craned his neck farther and glanced at his back to see if he could spot what had so amused them. His shirt seemed fine as far as he could tell. Then he saw his pants... *and his panties!*

"Oh my God!" exclaimed Thomas in his head.

He knew right away what had happened. When he bent over, his pants pulled downward and his shirt came out of his pants. That meant the bright red lace panties Grace had made him wear had become visible. That's what the women had seen and what they were laughing about now.

"No!!!" thought Thomas.

Thomas jumped straight up into an erect standing position, pulling his pants up and his shirt down as he did. It was too late though. Jenny and Ally had seen his panties. There was no doubt about that. What's more, they had taken pictures with their phones! His humiliation had been recorded.

A red-faced Thomas raced off to his fiancée.

"What is it now?" asked Grace. Her patience was wearing thin.

"You will never believe what just happened to me!"

"Go on."

"I was busy working on the new project when I bent over to get some files. Apparently, my pants slipped down slightly on my rear as I did and those panties you made me wear were exposed! Two of the secretaries saw them!" he said in a higher-than-normal pitched voice. He was clearly upset.

"And?" asked Grace calmly.

"What do you mean 'and'?" asked Thomas sharply.

Grace closed the accounting book she had been examining and put her hands on her desk. Her expression was implacable. "I mean, what do you want me to do about it, darling?"

"I don't know! Do something!"

"Like what? Command them to forget what they saw? Do you think that will work?"

Thomas blushed. He knew that would never work. "Well, no, but there has to be something!"

“Like what?”

“I don’t know. At least stop them from showing anyone the photo!”

Grace let out a cynical snicker. “You let them photograph you too?”

“I didn’t ‘let’ them. They just did it.”

“And you want me to do what? Put out a company-wide memo telling everyone, ‘Please don’t post pictures of my fiancé’s panties.’ Is that what you want me to do?” asked Grace.

There was a moment of silence. Thomas realized now that he had been foolish. There was nothing his fiancée could do about it. She couldn’t un-ring a bell any more than anyone else could. They had seen what they had seen and they would never forget, and they would never delete the photo. That left him only one option: escape.

“Then, in that event, if there is nothing to be done, then I want to quit and go back to my old job,” said Thomas.

“No.”

The word was short and simple, yet powerful. It not only put an end to the discussion, it put an end to Thomas’s hopes of escaping this humiliating world into which he had fallen.

“I at least need to take off the panties,” he insisted.

“No.”

“I’m not wearing those anymore!”

“Yes, you are.”

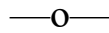
“But why?”

“Because I want you to. It’s not my fault you were careless with them,” said Grace.

That was the end of the conversation. Grace dismissed him and Thomas returned to his cubicle. Everywhere he went, he swore he heard voices whispering and women giggling and phone photo galleries lighting up. He would not live this one down any time soon.

There was worse to come, however. Much worse.

Chapter Seven: “Housewife”



Thomas had been utterly humiliated his first day at work. He felt like Grace had emasculated him and did so very publicly. He didn't understand why she would do that. Why was she making him wear girlish clothing at home and now she had given him a woman's job? This made no sense. Sure, she had a point that he needed to learn about the company from the ground up, but there are better ways. No one was going to respect him now!

Unfortunately for Thomas, things were only just beginning.

When Thomas and Grace got home that night, Thomas decided to revisit the chores issue. He really wanted to talk about the secretary thing, but the way she acted earlier told him that was off-limits at the moment, so he returned to the chores issue. Now that they were both working again, it was time for her to take back her half of the chores!

Grace wouldn't hear of a change, however. “I see no reason to make a change at the moment,” said Grace.

“But I work too now, you know?” said Thomas.

“Yes, you do, but there's no comparison—”

“What do you mean no comparison?!” demanded Thomas.

Grace chuckled. “Oh don't be silly, Thomas. My work is so much more important than yours. I work to support us. Without my income, we couldn't afford any of this. What's more, it's hard to do what I do. I work long hours. The work is complicated and involved. It's stressful. You... well, you're just a secretary right now and that's hardly stressful.”

The “You're just a secretary” stung, but Thomas ignored it. He shook his head. “It's a LOT more stressful than you think?”

Grace snickered, which tore through Thomas's ego. “How can it be, darling? You're just putting holes in papers and sticking the papers into folders. An intern could do that.” She shook her head. “No, my job is the stressful one, so you should keep doing the housework.”

With that, Grace walked off to their bedroom to change.

Thomas watched helplessly as his fiancée walked away. He wanted to tell her to stop and to put his foot down, but what could he say though? It was hard to argue that being a secretary was the same as running the company. And it was true that she did bring work home and he didn't see

how he ever would. Still, that didn't make this any better. He went to change into his girly clothes.

And like that, Thomas's role as "housewife" was affirmed.

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Later that night, Thomas came to the bedroom after finishing cleaning the kitchen. It had been a long, hard day and he was looking forward to putting it behind him. Being discovered wearing the panties was humiliating and he couldn't get that out of his mind all day.

Grace already lay in bed. She was reading a book.

Thomas unbuckled his wedges and let them fall to the floor with a *THUNK!* He stepped out of the hot pink shorts next and pulled the loose blouse over his head. He replaced both with a babydoll nightie Grace had bought for him. She insisted it was a nightshirt, but he knew better. He just wasn't in a position to argue at this point. Besides, it was comfortable, so he wore it.

Finally, he slipped off the hated red-lace panties and tossed them into the hamper. Then he lay down on the bed next to his wife. As he lay there, the nightie tickled his penis which reminded him that he was wearing women's clothing. This resulted in his penis becoming erect.

Grace giggled. "Still excited by your girly clothes, I see," she said over her book.

"I am not," said Thomas.

Grace closed the book and leaned against her husband. She slipped her hand under his nightie and wrapped her fingers around his shaft. She started stroking him slowly.

"Apparently you are," she said.

"I am not," insisted Thomas.

Grace chuckled and loosened her grip on his erection. "Do you want me to stop?"

"No!"

"Then stop complaining."

Thomas took a deep breath and lay back against his pillow. Grace stroked him. All the signs that he would soon cum were starting to appear. His breathing became harder. His penis throbbed. He could feel pressure building deep inside.

“Oh yeah, very excited,” said Grace.

She let go of his penis and pulled her hand out from beneath the nightie. Then she grabbed his erection through the nightie and continued stroking. The soft silk against his skin felt electric.

“So darling, we need to talk,” she said.

“Huh? About what?” he asked between hard breaths.

She kept stroking.

“I want to make you a manager of my company,” said Grace, which initially made Thomas very happy, but then she continued, “but you are not giving me any confidence that you can handle it. The childish way you handled your current assignment really makes me wonder if you’re right for the company... and me.”

Thomas bit his tongue.

Grace stopped stroking him. “I need you to give me that confidence.”

“How do I do that?” asked Thomas.

Grace smiled softly. “Here’s the thing, Thomas. I need you to prove to me that your ego isn’t going to get in the way of our relationship. I need you to accept being a secretary—”

“But that’s woman’s work!”

“That’s exactly the attitude I need you to get over,” she exclaimed. “But, sadly, it doesn’t look like you can.” She started to turn away. Thomas was sorely tempted to let her go. He didn’t like the emasculated feeling she had inflicted upon him this day, but at the same time, he realized that this was possibly his chance to put all of this behind him if he could give her whatever assurance it was she thought she needed. Then she might drop her crazy ideas. And when they were married, it would be easier for him to assert himself.

“Wait! Wait!” said Thomas. “Give me a chance. What do I need to do?”

Grace took a deep breath.

“Seriously, tell me what to do, I’ll do anything,” said Thomas.

“You’re being sincere?”

“Absolutely.”

“All right,” said Grace. “For starters, I want you to show me that you can handle the role of secretary without trouble. I also want you to show me that you can handle taking care of the home, again without complaint.”

“Fine, I’ll do that,” said Thomas.

“There’s one more thing,” said Grace.

“What is that?”

“I need you to help me with something.”

“What is it?”

“I’m not going to tell you. I want you to prove to me that you can do this, whatever it is, just because I asked, not after you’ve considered what it is because that’s how husband and wives are, they do things for each other because they love each other, not because they like the idea. That said, I will warn you though that you won’t like it, but it’s important to me, and that should be enough for any husband. Do you agree?” asked Grace.

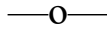
Thomas bit his tongue. He didn’t like surprises and he didn’t like being given surprise tasks, but if this was what it would take to end this silliness and get him into management, then he would agree.

“Fine, I agree,” he said.

Grace smiled. “All right. We’ll talk about it tomorrow. Don’t disappoint me, dear.”

She then kissed him on the lips and turned out the light. She rolled over and went to sleep. She did not finish stroking him. That night she dreamed that he would pass her test and they would live happily ever after. His dream was a little more greedy.

Chapter Eight: “Availing An Opportunity”



It had been a few days since Thomas started at his fiancée’s firm. Things had calmed down as everyone became accustomed to “the boss’s wife” working as a secretary and Thomas slowly became old news. He still found it embarrassing being a secretary and he was still the company laughing stock, but at least most people stopped actively making fun of him.

Grace’s demand that he help her with a problem was all but forgotten by Thomas.

“I’m not going to remind her,” he told himself.

She hadn’t forgotten though.

Thomas stood in the kitchen stirring a pot of soup. He wore the pinkish hotpants, a white t-shirt with a rounded collar and flowers on the short sleeves, and the new white wedge-heeled sandals his fiancée had just bought for him. He found them quite comfortable despite the heel being five-inches high and rather narrow. Happily, they made him taller than his fiancée, which was nice. They just weren’t the most stable of shoes.

Grace entered the kitchen. She still wore a black pantsuit and spike heels from work. Her golden hair was up in a bun on the back of her head. She had been working in the study since they got home.

“Hiring you may turn out to be the smartest decision I’ve made,” she said.

Thomas raised an eyebrow. This was certainly a change from the snide, condescending and disappointing comments she had lobbed at him earlier. Thomas wondered what had changed her mind.

“Why is that?” he asked.

“Because you can help me with an issue I’ve been dealing with,” said Grace. “This is what I need help with. Here it is.”

“What issue?”

“The dress code.”

“What about the dress code?” he asked suspiciously.

“As you know, my company has a dress code. I want people looking their best. When you look good, you work harder and you project a better image to customers,” said Grace. “But I’ve had several complaints.”

“Complaints about the dress code?” asked Thomas.

“Yes. From time to time, a female employee or two will complain about the requirement to wear heels. They say heels are uncomfortable and put them at a disadvantage to males who get to wear flat shoes.”

Thomas looked down at his own heels and blushed.

“That’s never amounted to much,” continued Grace. “But currently, we’ve got two young men who are complaining that it’s unfair that they need to wear suits and ties when it’s so hot outside while the women get to wear loose dresses and skirts. They want to wear shorts.”

Thomas felt confused. What did this have to do with him?

“Normally,” continued Grace, “I wouldn’t let complaints like this bother me, but these two men have threatened to file discrimination complaints. They’ve even hired an attorney.”

“How does hiring me help you with that?”

“Simple,” said Grace. “Their claim is based on the idea that men and women are being treated differently. I’ve told them that’s not true. I’ve told them that both dress codes are valid for either gender and the employees can participate under either dress code if they wish. They just need to pick one or the other.”

“What does that mean?” asked Thomas.

“It means they can wear dresses if they wish.”

Thomas’s eyebrow rose. A smirk appeared on his lips. “You told them they could work in dresses?”

“Essentially yes, though if they choose that dress code they must comply with all of it, which includes dresses, heels, makeup, etc.,” said Grace. “It’s either-or, not pick-and-choose.”

Thomas laughed. “That’s brilliant!”

“I’m glad you think so,” said Grace in a tone which gave Thomas his first nervous twinge. Something big and horrifying was coming. He didn’t know what it was yet, but when Grace started speaking this way, she had some plan up her sleeve that he wouldn’t like.

“Why is that?” asked Thomas cautiously.

“Because you’re going to help me prove it.”

“Prove what?!”

“Their attorney countered that I had invented this idea to humiliate them and says that the dress codes aren’t really co-optional because no one has done it. Basically, they’re saying that since no one else avails themselves of this opportunity, the opportunity isn’t real,” said Grace.

“And you want me to—?”

Grace smiled at her fiancé like the cat who cornered the canary. “You’re going to disprove this. You’re going to avail yourself of the opportunity.”

Thomas’s jaw dropped. “Me? No way!”

Grace nodded her head. “Yes, you.”

Thomas shook his head vigorously. “No! I can’t! Everyone already thinks I’m a sissy or something because you made me a secretary—”

“All the more reason this won’t be a problem.”

“How is that?” asked Thomas in disbelief.

“If they already think of you as a sissy, then you have nothing to lose,” said Grace.

“But I’m not a sissy!” protested Thomas and he petulantly stamped his high-heel encased foot against the floor, which made Grace bite her tongue not to laugh at the irony. “I don’t want them thinking that, and this would confirm it to them! I don’t want that!”

“This will hardly confirm it.”

Thomas shuddered and began to tremble. The image of him walking through the front door into the office in women’s clothes shook him to his very core. He saw the other employees all staring at him and laughing. This was too much. It was bad enough they knew about the panties! “I can’t do this!” he said firmly.

“Do you recall promising me you would help me? ‘I’ll do anything,’ you said, Thomas.”

“Yes, but—”

“Are you really going to try to back out of that now?”

“But—”

“This is what I want and this is what you will do, or our relationship is over,” said Grace firmly.

Thomas cringed. He couldn’t let their relationship end. But, at the same time, this was so... so... so public! Everyone would see him! He would be completely and utterly humiliated. This went well beyond anything she had asked up to now, and she had asked for a lot so far. Suddenly, Grace put her hand on her fiancé’s shoulder. She then continued in a softer tone.

“Look, honey, you want to get into management, right? Do this and you can stop being a secretary.” She said this in a way which sounded as if she were trying to convince him, but at the same time let him know that the

decision had been made and he would not escape it – all he could hope to do was justify it in his head.

Thomas stared at his fiancée. “Grace,” he said in a pleading tone.

She shook her head.

He wanted to put up a fight, but he glanced down at the feminine clothes he wore and he thought about how easily she had turned him into an office girl and how he had nowhere to go. Then he realized that he was going to lose this fight as well. He also realized that the best he could do right now would be to get some concessions from Grace, so he tried that.

“I want to pick out my own clothes,” he said, demanding his first concession. He assumed she would agree to this just to get her way. She didn’t. She shot him down immediately.

“No. I’ll be picking out your clothes,” she said.

“But why?”

“Because it’s what I want. Also, this whole thing will require a delicate balance to send the right message, so I need to make the decision.”

“Fine, but no heels,” insisted Thomas.

“Of course heels. Heels are one of the main points of contention.”

“Then low heels.”

Grace shook her head. “Hardly.”

“But why?”

“Because I’m not going to lose a lawsuit just because you wanted to wear low-heeled shoes rather than high-heeled shoes. You wear high heels at home already, so you can wear them at work as well. We are making a point here, Thomas. We can’t make half a point,” said Grace.

Thomas shuddered at how easily she said he wore heels. It was true, but he didn’t like to be reminded of that.

“All right. But *wedges*,” he said next. Thomas had come to realize that wedges were more comfortable, and while he realized that eight hours a day at work in stilettos would be difficult, he knew that eight hours in wedges would be much easier for him to bear.

“Maybe on Fridays, but not during the week. The week is stilettos,” said Grace.

“How many days do I need to do this?” asked Thomas.

“All week.”

“Three days,” countered Thomas.

Grace folded her arms and tapped her foot against the floor. “*All*

week.”

“Fine, but just for one week.”

“Until it ends.”

“Two weeks.”

“*Until it ends, Thomas.* Now stop fighting me on this,” said Grace.

Thomas seemed to run out of steam at this point. He had tried to refuse and that had failed. He demanded any number of concessions and all he got was the possibility that he could wear wedge-heeled shoes on Fridays instead of stilettos. This had not gone well.

His first day would go even more poorly.

Chapter Nine: “The Dress Code”

—o—

Thomas trembled as he stood before the assembled employees. Everywhere he looked he saw shocked expressions, laughing eyes and mocking grins. They were all getting a kick out of this. He couldn't believe he had let Grace do this to him, even with the power she had over him. He should have stood up for himself.

“I'm never going to live this down,” thought Thomas.

Thomas glanced down at the outfit he wore. He couldn't bear to take a long look. His glance was enough though. There was the white frilly blouse. He wore it beneath a maroon jacket with one button and three-quarter-length sleeves. Beneath the blouse, he wore a pink lace-up corset.

Continuing down his body was a tight maroon skirt. It stopped right at his knees. It matched the jacket. His legs were encased in tan stockings, which gave them a feminine sheen. On his feet were open-toed maroon stiletto pumps with five-inch heels. His clothes were picture perfect for the modern business woman as well as the company dress code.

The changes didn't stop at his clothes either.

To prepare for today, Grace had Thomas's hair dyed a golden blonde. She also had his ears pierced. Dangly golden earrings hung from those now. His fingernails and toenails had been painted a similar maroon to the suit. His face was made up with lipstick, eye shadow, blush and foundation. Around his wrist, he wore a woman's watch and several golden bangles which matched his earrings.

From head to toe, every item he wore was feminine and he wore all the feminine items women wore.

“Look what the boss's wife is wearing,” went a whisper Thomas heard.

“Oh my God, how humiliating!” said another.

Giggling began to Thomas's left. Now he heard it on the right.

“All right, settle down,” said Grace who stood next to Thomas in a black pantsuit and spikes. “Settle down, everyone.”

The assembled employees grew silent.

“You may have noticed that my fiancé Thomas is dressed a little differently today than most days,” said Grace.

A giant murmur arose from the crowd as each of the employees

commented to the others around them about Thomas's choice of clothing. It died down a moment later as Grace held out her hand and motioned them to silence. Though a few snickers lingered even then.

"I know some of you think this may be unusual. Some of you may think this is strange. Perhaps you see it as a sign that Thomas isn't comfortable with his masculinity, or perhaps as a statement on our marriage. It's none of those things. What you are seeing is simple. Thomas has made the decision that he is more comfortable following the dress code set out for women than he is the one set out for men. It's nothing more or less than that. And since our dress codes are not gender specific, meaning that any one of you can choose to follow either code, this is how Thomas will dress for work from now on."

The room went dead silent.

This was awful as far as Thomas was concerned. Jaws had dropped everywhere. Disbelief was written on every face! Several of the secretaries had covered their mouths to stifle giggles. Some of the men looked almost hostile... humiliated in a strange sort of way by the actions of their fellow male. Others just couldn't believe Thomas would humiliate himself like this.

Thomas withered under all their piercing glares.

"Any questions?" asked Grace.

"Can we mix and match?" asked one woman.

"No."

"So it's either all male or all female?"

"Yes."

Penny raised her hand. She was grinning maliciously from ear to ear. This worried Thomas, but Grace called on her next. "What do we call, Thomas, when he's dressed like this? He or *she*? And does he have a feminine name?"

Grace snickered. "I guess we hadn't discussed that." She looked her feminized fiancé up and down. Thomas tried to look away. He wasn't going to take part in this and end up feminizing his own name. "I suppose, 'he' would be most appropriate as will 'Thomas'."

There was another murmur. The room felt tense to Thomas.

"Where did he learn to walk in heels?" asked Penny.

"Thomas has been wearing heels at home for the past few weeks. He finds them comfortable."

Thomas's face turned bright red. This was so not true, but she had said

it and now he didn't know how to unsay it. Once again, she had crushed his reputation. He hung his head.

“Will he dress like this every day?”

“Yes. From now on,” said Grace.

More giggles arose.

“Are there more questions?” asked Grace. No one spoke up. “Very well, let's all get to work.”

With that, everyone was dismissed. They all took one long last look at Thomas before returning to their desks. Words cannot describe how emasculated Thomas felt in that moment or as he walked back to his own desk. He could feel the eyes of the others watching him from behind cubicles and hidden in offices.

Chapter Ten: “Who’s The New Girl?”

—o—

Thomas found it rather uncomfortable to work as a woman in the office. Not only was it a bit of a pain to wear stilettos and pantyhose and a corset, but everywhere he went, the other employees ogled him. He was an object of curiosity and an object of derision. So he did his best to work in his cubicle away from the others as much as possible and avoid running into the other employees. Unfortunately, this wasn’t always possible.

“Hey, who’s the new girl?” asked Rick, who could only see the very top of Thomas’s head. Rick was a marketing manager who had been away for a week. He was also the office’s resident playboy.

A group of three secretaries gathered around the woman Rick had asked, which was Penny. Penny crossed her legs and shook her leg excitedly. An evil smirk appeared upon her lips.

“The new girl? She’s nice, you should go talk to her,” said Penny. This made the other women giggle.

“What’s wrong with her?” asked Rick suspiciously.

“Why do you think anything’s wrong?”

“For one thing, your friends are giggling like school girls with a secret here. Secondly, you normally try to keep me away from the new girls. So why are you steering me toward her?”

“We don’t steer you away, Rick!” protested one of the women.

“Yes, you do,” said Rick.

“No, we don’t when the fit is right, and she’s exactly your type,” said Martha.

“My type, huh?” asked Rick. He looked toward Thomas’s cube, where he still could only see the very top of Thomas’s head as Thomas was bent over the hole puncher looking to open it and remove the cut holes. “I don’t know. Something tells me you’re up to something.”

“Who us?” asked Kayla.

“Oh come on, Rick,” said Martha. “You know you’re going to ask her eventually; you ask all the secretaries. That’s what we like about you. Why not do it now before someone else does?”

“Somebody else?” asked Rick.

“Yeah, she’s going to be really popular. Better act fast, Rick.”

“Don’t be afraid, Rick,” added Penny.

“Now I *know* there’s something wrong!” exclaimed Rick.

“We’re just teasing you, Rick. There’s nothing wrong *her*,” said Martha.

Rick looked at them suspiciously for a moment, but saw nothing in their eyes to confirm his suspicions that this was a trick of some sort. Besides, what could be so bad about her, thought Rick.

“All right. I’ll go check her out,” said Rick. He started toward Thomas’s desk.

“Wait,” said Kayla. She grabbed some flowers from her desk which her boyfriend had sent her the day before. She handed those to Rick. “Here. These might help.”

Rick laughed. “All right.”

The women gathered together to watch Rick walk over to the unsuspecting Thomas. They did their best to stifle their giggles, but several still slipped out. Fortunately, for them, Rick didn’t hear them.

When Rick came within a few feet of Thomas’s cubicle, he held out the flowers so he would lead with them. A few steps later, he extended the flowers into the cube and then popped his head around the corner.

“Pretty flowers for a pretty lady!” he said.

Thomas saw the flowers and heard the playful, amorous tone in Rick’s voice. He felt sick to his stomach. The idea that he would be mistaken for a woman was humiliating, and the idea that another man would make a pass at him was deeply emasculating! All of this reinforced how bad it was for him to have this job. Thomas cringed and shrank as all of his strength seemed to flow out of him.

Then it got worse.

Rick suddenly froze. He looked Thomas up and down: heels, skirt, blouse, makeup. It was all there, but somehow it was wrong. “Wait a minute.... what’s your name?”

“Thomas.”

A look of horror appeared on Rick’s name. “You’re a man!” gasped Rick.

Thomas braced himself.

Rick jumped back. “*You’re a man?!*” he exclaimed

Behind Rick, the women who had goaded him into this started approaching. They were laughing. Meanwhile, all around them, female

heads popped up out of cubicles all over the area. Everyone was staring at him and the slowly retreating Rick with amused looks on their faces. This had been a very public joke.

“What’s wrong, Rick? Isn’t *she* pretty enough for you?” called out a woman.

“It’s not so different, Rick. Just suck on it and you’ll get a creamy prize,” said another.

Rick turned bright red. He looked worried. Then he puffed up his chest. “How can a man be a secretary?!” growled Rick loudly to the crowd. “Seriously, what kind of man becomes a secretary?”

Thomas had no idea what to say. He was too humiliated to respond.

Rick tossed the flowers into a nearby garbage can and shook his head at Thomas.

“Careful, Rick, he’s Grace’s fiancé,” said one of the women suddenly.

“Is that so?” asked Rick sarcastically. “Are you the boss’s wife? I guess that explains a lot. You know, tomorrow you should probably wear a skirt so everyone knows.”

This made all the women in the secretarial pool burst out laughing and Thomas shrink even deeper into his chair, though his penis grew erect. Rick then said something rude to the four women and stormed off. Penny called after him, “We thought you’d like her!” Again, all the women laughed.

Thomas could take no more. He jumped out of his seat and stormed off to see Grace. He heard a dozen whispers as he left the room. When he reached Grace’s office, she was on the phone. Her secretary jumped up to block the door, but Grace motioned to let him in. As he entered the office, she pointed to the small chair before her desk and Thomas sat down.

For the next ten minutes, Grace made Thomas sit in the chair as she flirted with a supplier. Thomas squirmed the whole time with each sexy comment:

“You give the best product, Ted.”

“No, I don’t love anybody else... just you.”

“Oh Ted, you know just how to touch me to get me hot!”

When the conversation finally ended, Grace hung up the phone. She stared at Thomas. Her look of jovialness from the conversation faded and a look of consternation replaced it.

“What’s the problem now, Thomas?” she asked sharply.

“Who was that? On the phone?” demanded Thomas.

“That was a supplier who likes to flirt. And the more I flirt, the bigger the discount he gives me. Now what is the problem? Why are you here?”

“I can’t work here anymore.”

“Well, you *are* working here, so you better get any idea of leaving out of your head,” said Grace.

“But I can’t!”

“Why? What happened?”

Thomas told her about the proposition from Rick and how all of the women were mocking him. Grace listened to his story, trying hard not to laugh or give away just how funny this was to her. It was especially funny that this had happened to a man who was so sexist and that he had run to her to defend him.

“So what do you want me to do about it, darling?” asked Grace.

“This needs to stop.”

“Then stand up for yourself.”

“How? The way I’m dressed makes that impossible.”

Grace let out an emasculating laugh. “Then I guess you’re just going to have to bear it. Or do you think it would help to have me tell them to stop teasing you?” She rose to her feet and walked around to his side of the desk. “Would you like that, little girl? Should I tell them to stop being mean to you?” Her tone was mocking and it made Thomas squirm. It also made him hard.

“I— well—” sputtered the humiliated Thomas.

Grace leaned over and grabbed Thomas’s erection through his skirt. “Or do you secretly like this?”

“I do not!” gasped Thomas.

Grace squeezed his erection tightly. “Then explain this! This says you do! You know what, Thomas? I think you like this. I think it turns you on and you want more. I think all of your whining to me is just an act, hoping that I take you home and make you my little bitch. That’s what I think you really want.”

Thomas’s jaw dropped. “That’s not—”

“Get back to work, bitch,” she said.

“So tell me again what he’s wearing,” said Jenny.

“I told you twice already,” replied Grace into her phone. She sat in her office.

“I know, but I like hearing it.”

Grace laughed. “Fine. “Right now, Thomas is home ironing my dresses and polishing my shoes,” said Grace with a smirk, “and he’s wearing a skirt and high heels and a corset.”

“Wow, I wish I could see that.”

“You can if you want to. Why don’t you drop by Thursday?”

Jenny smirked. “Ok. I will. Did you really call him your ‘little bitch’?”

“Yep.”

Jenny giggled. “And he didn’t—”

“He didn’t defend himself in the least. What’s more, he got hard as a rock,” said Grace.

Jenny giggled excitedly. She didn’t want to admit that this turned her on, but it was written all over her face and in her mannerisms. She was sitting on her couch at home, writhing and practically masturbating. “I really can’t believe you’re pulling this off,” said Jenny.

“The weird thing is how good he looks as a woman. I wasn’t expecting that,” said Grace.

“Some guys do, I guess.”

“Yeah, but I didn’t think he was one of them.”

There was a moment of silence. Then Jenny sighed. “So I guess I need to ask a question,” said Jenny. “It’s not a question I want to ask, but I think it’s important that it be said.”

“What is it?”

Jenny paused. “You asked for all of this on the assumption he would never go through with it. But now that he has, doesn’t that mean we were wrong about his motives? I mean, he’s put up with a lot for you!”

Grace shook her head. “Has he put up with a lot for me or for my business?”

Jenny shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t know.”

“Trust me, Jenn, I want to know as badly as you, but there are still just too many hints that nothing has really changed, too many hints that he’s just doing this until he can turn the tables. But I have an idea.”

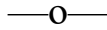
“So what are you going to do?” asked Jenny.

“I’m going to give him a test... one final test,” said Grace. “If he passes, then I’ll trust him and he can go back to being a man. If he fails, well, that would be bad for him.”

“What kind of test?”

“A test of loyalty.”

Chapter Eleven: “The Final Test”

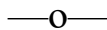


The next day was as difficult as the prior days for Thomas. The other employees kept making snide comments behind his back and Grace seemed particularly standoffish. He didn't know what to do. How was he supposed to control these other people when he had been given a position beneath them and when Grace kept him dressed this way? He was a man and men weren't supposed to dress like this. For a man to dress like a woman was demeaning. It was emasculating, and that sent a message.

Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do about it at the moment. Grace held all the cards since she held the purse strings. Without her money, he had no food, no place to stay, and no clothes. He couldn't even find his male clothing anymore. That meant that if he left, he would need to leave dressed as a woman. That idea terrified him. It also kept him from seeking the help of former friends. Besides, he still held out hope of getting the business after he married Grace.

He was kind of stuck.

Things were about to change, however.



It was late and the office was almost entirely empty. Grace was in the conference room with a client. They had been there for hours with no signs of letting up. Grace's secretary was the only other person still in the office. Thomas sat at his desk. He wore a pencil-dress which barely allowed him to move and spike-heeled Mary Janes which added to those difficulties. Thomas thought this would have been a sexy outfit if worn by a woman. On him, he saw it as a nightmare come true. He hated it, though his erection might suggest otherwise.

His phone rang. It was Grace's secretary Alexis.

“Yes Alexis?” asked Thomas.

“Come to Grace's office,” said Alexis. She hung up.

“Yes, Ma'am,” said Thomas sarcastically into the dead receiver.

Thomas left his desk and tottered down the hallway to his wife's office; Alexis sat at her desk just outside Grace's door. She wore a red minidress

and red platform pumps. Like the other women in the firm, she was quite beautiful.

Alexis smirked. "Nice dress," she said when she saw him.

Thomas blushed. "Thanks," he said even though he knew this wasn't a compliment. "You called me?"

Alexis rose and walked into Grace's office. She motioned Thomas to follow. "Close the door," she said when they were both inside. She then motioned Thomas to have a seat as she took Grace's seat.

Thomas sat down, smoothing his skirt beneath him as he had become accustomed.

"I'm just going to say this straight up," said Alexis, getting Thomas's immediate attention. "There is a safe in this room. Only two people have the key, Grace and me. In that safe is something that could give you power over Grace."

Thomas furrowed his brow. "What is it?"

"I'm not going to say until you've met my price."

"Why are you offering this to me?"

"I have my reasons," said Alexis evasively.

"I thought you were Grace's friend," said Thomas.

"I was, but she's pushed me too far. Like I said, I have my reasons for doing this, and I'm not going to explain them." Alexis unbuttoned the top button on her blouse. Thomas thought this was rather odd... and exciting. Her nipples appeared to rise too. "Do you want it or not?"

Thomas took a deep breath. Her story was believable, but he definitely wished he knew more about what she wanted and what she was offering. This all seemed very strange to him. Yet, it wasn't out the realm of possibilities and it sounded like he had a chance to get exactly what he wanted!

"You won't tell me what's in the safe?" he asked.

Alexis shook her head. "Not until you satisfy my conditions. Do you want it or not?"

"How can I answer that when I don't know how it gives me power over Grace? Maybe this is all just some hoax, some game on your part. Maybe you think it's powerful, but it really isn't."

"All right. Let me put it this way then: there are few business people who don't have secrets, and some secrets, like these, would give you the power to take over the firm if you wished or take off that dress," said Alexis

before adding “if you wish” as a dig at Thomas.

“I wish more than you know,” said Thomas harshly.

“Then agree to my terms.”

“What terms?”

Alexis unbuttoned another button. “Oh my, is it hot in here?” She chuckled. “If you want what’s in the safe, you’ll need to scratch a little itch of mine. See, the more I’ve watched you, the more I realized that it turns me on to see you dressed like that. I want to touch you... play with you.”

Thomas raised an eyebrow. “You want to have sex with me?”

Alexis smiled evilly. “Something like that. Let’s just say you’re going to let me have some fun, some kinky fun, and when I’m satisfied, I’ll open the safe and let you have whatever is in it.”

Thomas suddenly felt very excited. Alexis was beautiful. He would have sex with her any time any where, and the promise of getting blackmail material over Grace in the process made this offer impossible for him to pass up. This was his chance to finally take what Grace should have given him and to have a tremendous amount of fun in the process. If what she said was true, he could finally turn the tables on Grace and make their relationship the way it should be!

“You have a deal,” he said.

She motioned him to stand up as she unbuttoned two more buttons. About half of her breasts were now visible as her tiny bra did little to contain them and her blouse was losing its power to cover them as well. “Are you ready?”

“Now? Here?” asked Thomas incredulously.

“Yes, why not. I think it’s fitting we use Grace’s office for this betrayal.”

“But she’s in the other room.”

“She’s tied up with the client, which makes it ironic that you’ll be tied up in here,” said Alexis. She then slipped her hand into her purse and pulled out a pair of handcuffs. As she did, she came around the desk and stood before Thomas. “This will be so much more exciting for both of us if you put these on for me.”

Thomas furrowed his brow. “You want me to put on handcuffs?”

“Yes,” was all she said.

“I, uh—”

“Don’t you want this, Thomas? If you don’t find me sexy and you

don't want me, and you would you rather spend the rest of your life in a dress and heels being humiliated by Grace, I'll understand."

Thomas did not want that. Quite the opposite. What's more, he wanted Alexis. She was gorgeous and exciting, even if this was all a little bit weird. "I don't want that. I want you," said Thomas.

Alexis smiled and slipped the cuffs into Thomas's hands. "Then attach those to your right wrist."

Thomas looked at the cuffs. "What's the harm in having one wrist cuffed?" he asked himself. He saw none, though his judgment may have been influenced by his incredible desire to have sex with Alexis. He took a deep breath and slapped the cuff on his wrist.

Click!

Alexis took his arm in her hands. "You have such pretty nails."

"Thank you."

"Doesn't it excite you to have such pretty nails?"

Thomas blushed and his erection grew prominently beneath his dress; it was quite visible.

Alexis giggled. "I see that it does." She reached down and traced his erection through his dress with her finger. This made Thomas shudder. "What a beautiful toy you have."

"I uh—"

She leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek and then gently bit his ear. "Put your arms behind your back," she whispered.

Thomas melted. She really was beautiful. She had such amazing doe eyes. Thomas thought that he could lose himself for hours in those eyes. He took a deep breath and then moved his hands behind his back. Alexis moved really close now. He could feel her sweet breath against his throat as she reached around behind him.

Click!

She had locked the cuff on his other wrist. He could no longer use his arms. And in the heels and ultra-tight dress, he could barely use his feet. Indeed, he suddenly found himself severely incapacitated.

"Stay right there," she purred.

As Thomas watched, Alexis began digging through the desk. From it, she pulled several items. One was a bar about twenty-four inches long. The other items were in a bag. She took the bag and came back to Thomas with it, only this time she went behind him.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“You’ll see,” she said.

Thomas tried to look behind him, but he couldn’t see much. Then she crouched down. He bent forward and looked between his legs. He saw Alexis attaching a leather cuff around his ankle.

“What’s that for?” asked Thomas.

“Be patient, Thomas,” said the woman. She then attached a second cuff to the other ankle. This was starting to make Thomas very nervous.

“This is not good,” said Thomas to himself, but he wanted what was in the safe, so he stayed silent.

Alexis snapped the bar onto the cuffs. Thomas suddenly couldn’t move his legs and he couldn’t bring them any closer than twenty-four inches. This position left his testicles swinging freely inside his panties.

Thomas was getting really nervous. What did she want? What if Grace suddenly walked in on them? This was turning into a really bad idea and he was starting to think he wanted to stop and find some other way into the safe.

“Look, Alexis—” started Thomas.

Before he could finish that thought, however, he felt Alexis work his dress up to the dress’s belt and tuck it in and then yank down his panties to the middle of his thighs. This exposed his erection and his naked rear.

“Alexis!” he exclaimed in surprise.

“Shhh,” said Alexis with a giggle. She traced the outline of his butt with her finger and then slid her finger between his crack. This made him tingle. Then she ran her fingers over his erection and tickled his shaft.

This was super exciting and Thomas’s erection started to throb. If he wasn’t careful, he would start squirting his juices soon. He didn’t know how she would react to that, so he struggled against it.

“What’s in this safe?” asked Thomas to get his mind off what she was doing.

“I told you,” she said.

As she said this, she took a ribbon and tied it around the head of his erection like a giant bow. Then she turned him around, which proved a difficult task the way he was bound. When he was facing away from the desk, she tied another ribbon around his handcuffs and then tethered him to a metal bar on the underside of the desk. This would keep him from wandering off even slowly. She then moved before him again and smirked at him.

“How long is this going to take?” asked Thomas nervously.

“I guess we’ll see,” she said.

Alexis grabbed his erection and started stroking it. She was looking into his eyes the entire time. Thomas tried to look away, but to no avail; she just grabbed his chin and pulled his face back to face her.

“This must be really humiliating,” she said. “I can do anything I want to you and you can’t stop me.”

Thomas blushed.

“How does that feel to be so helpless? I can stroke you. I can not stroke you.” As she said this, she stopped stroking him. “I can do anything I want... anything at all and you can’t stop me.”

Thomas shuddered as she said this. This was emasculating.

“Maybe I should give you a good spanking to prove my power.”

“I’d rather not,” said Thomas.

Alexis laughed. “Too bad,” she said. She then raised her leg behind her and pulled her platform shoe from her foot. She kicked off the other one. She then held her shoe before his lips. He could smell sweat and old leather radiating off the still-warm shoe. “Kiss it.”

Thomas recoiled.

“Kiss it,” growled Alexis.

Thomas still turned his face away.

Alexis grabbed his testicles in her hand and started to squeeze. “You kiss my shoe or I’ll yank these off.”

Thomas felt pain starting to build in his testicles and that scared him. This was a serious threat and he knew it, so he reluctantly nodded his head. She then returned the shoe to his lips and he kissed it on the tip. It tasted bitter. Alexis then walked around behind him and raised the shoe into the air. She took a deep breath and brought the triangular portion of the sole down hard and fast against his exposed rear.

CRAAACKKK!

His butt jiggled as it landed. It stung.

CRAAACKKK!

CRAAACKKK!

CRAAACKKK!

She brought it down again and again, and she kept bringing it down.

CRAAACKKK!

CRAAACKKK!

She struck him at least fifty times before she stopped. Her blows came so hard and fast that Thomas barely had time even to grasp what was happening. The first blow stung both his pride and his rear. The second blow felt like it left a bruise. Then the bruise seemed to grow and grow as his rear became hotter and more tender. Soon, the blows began to sting again, only much worse.

“Stop it!” yelled Thomas somewhere along the way when the pain became too much.

“Tell me you’re a sissy,” demanded Alexis.

“I’m a sissy!” exclaimed Thomas without hesitation.

“Oh yes, you are,” said Alexis and she kept right on paddling him.

CRAAACKKK!

CRAAACKKK!

CRAAACKKK!

CRAAACKKK!

Finally, she stopped. Alexis brought the shoe around to Thomas’s face once more. “Now kiss it and thank it.”

Thomas recoiled once more.

“Unless you want more, you better do as I say,” said Alexis.

Thomas closed his eyes and kissed the shoe. “Thank you,” he said to it unhappily.

Alexis then patted him on the cheek. “Good boy,” she said.

“Will you please untie me now and show me what’s in the safe?” asked Thomas. He sounded like he was at the end of his rope and could take little more. This was with reason too. Everything he had done went against his own beliefs. A man should not dress as a woman. A man should not let a woman take charge. A man should never let a woman spank him or tie him up. His butt was hot and sore. He felt weak and emasculated and just simply humiliated. He wanted his reward and he wanted to go home.

Even worse though, he was hard as a rock because this had all excited him for some reason. That made his humiliation even worse. Moreover, it made him anxious to get away from Alexis so he could masturbate and relieve the tension.

“You want to see what’s in the safe?” asked Alexis.

“Yes.”

Alexis giggled. She slipped her platform heel back onto her foot and slipped her other foot into the shoe she had kicked off before. Then she

tottered over to the safe and opened it by working the lock combination. She stepped away so Thomas could see its contents.

It was empty.

“I don’t understand,” said Thomas.

“Probably not,” said Alexis.

Alexis came over to Grace’s desk and pulled out a large black vibrator and a container of lubricant. She set those on the desk and then pushed the intercom. It cracked and Thomas could hear someone on the other end.

“He’s ready,” said Alexis. She let go of the intercom.

“What’s happening?” asked Thomas.

Alexis smiled and walked to the door. She opened it and leaned against the frame. A moment later, Grace walked through the door.

“Grace!” gasped Thomas.

“Oh Thomas, what am I going to do with you?” she asked. The look on her face worried Thomas. It had a sort of disappointed, but resolved quality to it.

“This is not what it seems,” he said.

“I know exactly what this is, Thomas. I asked Alexis to offer you a chance to betray me and you took it. Hence, you are tied up and helpless in my office,” she said in a matter of fact way.

“She tricked me! She threatened me!” exclaimed Thomas.

“You can stop, darling. I know the truth.”

Thomas bit his lip. This was bad. He had been caught red-handed and he had no idea how to get out of this.

“So what happens now?” he asked.

Grace smiled ominously at him and picked up the black vibrator. She spread some lube on it and placed it against his rear. “I hope you enjoy this,” she said. Then she slipped its tip past his opening and worked it into his hole.

Thomas clenched his muscles. He’d never had anything inside him before like this and it was creating an almost painful pressure. What’s more, he felt like a fool with this thing inside him. He was a man, not a woman! Things weren’t supposed to go inside of him, especially things shaped like a penis.

“I’m going to offer you a choice in the morning, Thomas,” said Grace.

“What choice?” asked Thomas through gritted teeth.

“You can keep working for me as a sissy secretary here and my sissy maid at home. You can stay in the small guest room and serve me. I will pay

you a small allowance, which I will keep to use for your food and your clothing. I will save the rest. If you ever build up enough savings, you can buy your freedom.”

Her offer struck Thomas as horrible. “And if I refuse?”

“Then I will march you out the front door and you can have all the freedom you want.”

Thomas swallowed hard. This would mean he had no money, no job and no place to stay. Even worse, he would be wearing women’s clothes and he had no male clothing, so he would need to fend for himself *as a woman*. That was bad. Making it even worse, his ID was as a man. Suddenly, Grace’s offer didn’t seem so bad.

“Either way is up to you,” she said. “I’m giving you the night to think about it.”

Thomas wasn’t sure a single night would help, but maybe he could think of some way out of this.

Grace then pushed a button on the dildo and it began to vibrate. It vibrated fast and hard. Then it stopped. Then it went even harder. Then it stopped. Then it re-started the pattern again. Each shake sent tingling waves of shock racing down his nerves. He didn’t know if they were painful or pleasurable, but they were one thing for sure: unbearable.

Despite this, or perhaps because of it, the shock waves were giving him an erection and made his penis throb with the rhythm of the vibrator. This brought him right to the edge of cumming, but not quite there. Grace and Alexis watched for several minutes as each round of vibrations brought him seemingly closer and then stopped just before he came. He was looking exhausted already.

“Good night,” said Grace, who had moved to the door.

“Wwwwwait,” said Thomas who struggled to speak. “Wwwwwhat about thiiiiis thing innnnside me?”

His penis was vibrating again and again. He was getting very close to cumming, which he hoped wouldn’t happen. That would be super embarrassing.

“Oh, you can keep that,” she said, intentionally misconstruing his point.

“But—”

Grace ignored him. She turned out the light, stepped outside and closed the door, leaving her former fiancé there bound with the vibrator up his rear. Thomas spent the night like that. And by morning, his rear was

beyond sore, his legs were beyond sore as well from standing in the heels. His penis was sore too, having cum three times and come close hundreds. He felt completely broken and exhausted. It was easy to agree to become Grace's sissy at that point.

He would not free himself for many years.

Interestingly, after that, all she needed to do was show Thomas the vibrator and he would immediately become sweet and submissive and obedient, just as she came to like him.

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!



“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

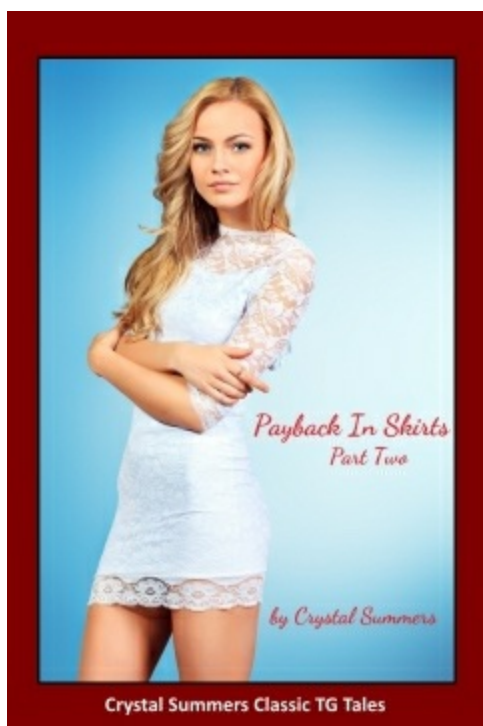


“Payback In Skirts” (Part One: Feminized By His Wife)

Paul made a lot of mistakes in his life, but his biggest mistake was borrowing money from a mobster to gamble on a horse. With no choice but to beg his wife for money to pay back this debt, Paul put himself at the mercy of his wife. She decides to use her newfound power to extract a little feminized revenge.

This 16,200 word erotic story includes forced feminization, female domination, chastity device, bondage, oral, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Payback In Skirts” (Part Two: Hiding In Skirts)

As Paul becomes a feminized prisoner of his vengeful wife, he begins to wonder if his wife ever plans to let him go and why she keeps exposing him to the very mobster from whom he is hiding!

This 14,500 word erotic story includes forced feminization, female domination, chastity device, bondage, paddling, erotic humiliation, oral, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Payback In Skirts” (Part Three: Paying His Debt)

In this concluding part of “Payback In Skirts,” Paul finds himself turned over to Tony Carmine by his wife. Tony feminizes Paul and gives Paul as a gift to his daughter Jill to be part of her doll collection. There is only one way out for Paul, and that is to pay back his debt. Unfortunately, the only way he can do that involves convincing Tony’s deadbeats to pay their debts.

This 12,900 word erotic story includes forced feminization, female domination, hormones, anal, oral, 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



“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

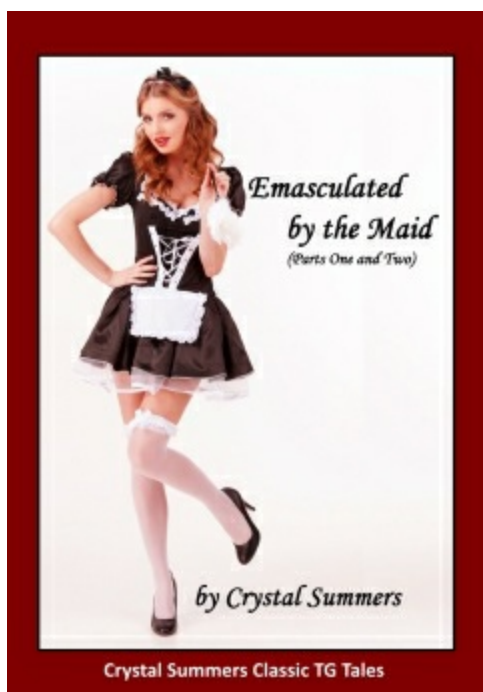


“How I Feminized My Boyfriend”

This first person story tells the tale of a young woman who has always wanted to feminize a man, but was never able to find one who would let her. Imagine her surprise the day she discovered her boyfriend playing with himself while looking at images of men dressed as women. It was time for her to fulfill her fantasy!

This 14,000 word erotic story includes forced feminization, paddling, chastity devices, pegging, small penis humiliation, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Emasculated by the Maid”

The complete story! Both parts now combined in one volume!

After divorcing his wife, Alex decided he needed a maid to keep his house clean. None of the candidates were all that promising, however. That is, until June walked through his door in her little black dress and sexy high heels. Little did Alex know that hiring June would change his life forever and, before everything was over, he would be the one in the little black dress and sexy high heels.

“Emasculated by the Maid” is a cautionary tale of a man who finds himself turned into a submissive woman by his maid. This 26,500 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, maid costumes, spanking, power exchange, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Secret Sissy Game”

After nearly getting caught wearing his roommate Candy’s panties, Len found he had a taste for risking exposure. Each day, he risked wearing a bit more. Then he heard about the party. Did he dare go to a party dressed from head to toe as a woman? Could he pass? This could be the biggest thrill of his life... or his biggest disaster.

“Secret Sissy Game” is a cautionary tale of a man who gets caught up in dressing up as a woman. This 11,000 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, pegging, forced-bi, oral sex, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only