

When you awake

1.

-When you awake you will feel fully sat ease with yourself.-

Simon awoke and felt fully at ease with himself. He sat up on his bed feeling invigorated. He was calm, relaxed and at ease.

-You will place the CD in your knickers draw where you can find it again.-

Simon did not have a knickers drawer but his wife Julie did. He rummaged through her underwear and carefully placed the CD where he could easily find it again.

-Because you will want to listen to this CD as often as you can, at least twice a day.-

While he was doing so he found the white panties he would need. But he also needed a black very lacy bra. He found the items and decided that they were...

-Sexy in an obvious way.-

He laid them on the bed. He desperately needed to shower. To shower and shave. To shave and become...

-...baby smooth.-

But something was not right. This was not how it was supposed to be. Yet he felt inwardly calm, relaxed and at ease.

He stripped and climbed into the shower with a fresh blade in his razor. He washed every...

-...inch of your person, carefully and thoroughly.-

He then shaved himself. 'I should not be doing this,' he thought. Yet he knew that he needed to be...

-...baby smooth.-

Under the arms, his chest, arms, legs, the back of his neck. Even with in the cheeks of his bottom. He had to be careful. There should be no nicks. There were not. He felt oddly pleased with himself now that he had fulfilled that instruction. Of course shaving to create a perfect vee bikini line down below had him worried.

Simon could not work out why he was doing this.

He had to think.

Yet there was something in his mind about not thinking. About not questioning what he had to do.

Which was firstly to dry thoroughly. Then to use the most expensive perfume he could find. Julie would kill him if she knew he was squirting himself with this subtly sweet aroma. She paid a fortune for it.

The knickers needed to be white. Quite right, that is what schoolgirls wore. The bra had to be black and very lacy so that it showed through under the crisp white blouse. Yes that all made sense. The slutty schoolgirl look. White knickers but black bra, a truly slutty combination.

That was what he had always found sexy. That was what he wanted Julie to look like. So why was he easing the silky knickers up his own smooth legs and thighs and nestling them around his hips?

He needed to think.

He wanted Julie to dress as a slutty schoolgirl for some fun and games. He wanted to spank her bottom. As he hooked the bra on his chest and twisted the hooks around to his back just as he had watched Julie doing so many times, a realisation crept up in his mind.

This was all wrong. He wanted Julie to be pushing her arms through the elaborate finery of the bra straps. Where was she?

She was at work. That was right. She would be back about five o'clock.

He opened the box at the bottom of the wardrobe and immediately found what he was looking for. Two diaphanous white schoolgirl socks. He sat on the bed and pulled them on.

That was when he saw the reflection in the mirror. This should be Julie. She should be wearing the bra, panties and socks.

It was coming back to him as if in last night's dream. The CD he had placed on the bed was the key. He lifted up the note:

Julie thought you might like to hear this band. Thought of you when I bought it. Listen and see what you think, Simon.

He put the box on to the bed and took out the schoolgirl box pleated skirt and apron along with the white blouse. They needed to be ironed so that they were crisp and sharp. That was crucial to the appearance. So laid them on the bed ready for ironing and continued his preparation.

Now Simon felt relaxed again. If he followed the instructions he was wholly inwardly calm, relaxed and at ease. If he questioned them he felt anxious, even frightened.

He took out the auburn wig with the pigtails and tried it on. It needs to look natural and real. He carefully adjusted it until it seemed to be part of him.

Good, he thought, taking out the high strappy heels. Slutty schoolgirls must wear heels.

That was obvious. And he did so want Julie to be his slutty schoolgirl. He squeezed his sock clad feet into the tight straps of the shoes. Of course Julie's feet were large for a woman but still smaller than his. He had to squash his feet into the strips of leather.

She should be putting her feet into these shoes.

A wave of panic. This was all wrong.

Think. Had to think. But thinking only bought forward the realisation that he was not fully dressed. Suddenly he felt sick. He was restless. He was full of despair. He was not fully dressed.

There was something else. Something essential.

He hated it when he was not fully dressed. He could not live unless he was fully dressed. There was something missing!

He scoured the box but all that was left were the receipts and school cane. He would not need the cane until his spouse returned home. Where was it? He was not fully dressed. This was disastrous. He must be fully dressed. He fell to his knees in the wardrobe and immediately saw it near his shoes. It must have fallen from the box as he lifted it. Relief. He lifted it up and planted it on his head

He stood in front of the wardrobe mirrors and checked the ensemble so far. The straw boater hat sat neatly on his head above the pigtailed wig. Phew. He was so relieved. He now felt calm, relaxed and at ease. He would make sure he never improperly attired again.

He twisted this way and that before the mirror feeling the pigtails brush around his neck and shoulders and the bra tickle his chest.

That seemed about right. Now to iron the blouse and box skirt. Nice clean sharp lines. He needed to go downstairs to the kitchen. But he must not close the curtains. He passed by the hallway window through which he could see the street. No one around to see him in his knickers and bra. Shame.

While the iron heated he leaned against the kitchen counter. He felt calm, relaxed and at ease. He had complied with the instructions and felt good about it.

The instructions.

Ah yes. He should know all about them because he had been so insistent about the details with Hermann Hermsich. What had Professor Hermsich said to him?

Oh yes: 'You fetishists are all the same.' His accent was German and weary. 'Always you are so precise about what you want your partner to do.'

The panic grabbed his stomach. 'What you want the partner to do.' Not what you want to do!

The iron was hot and Simon understood how careful he now had to be. Each line had to be crisp and even.

He started with the blouse. Ten minutes of careful ironing were required to make it neat and crisp. He set the clock on the cooker to make sure he fulfilled the instruction to the letter and set about the strict ironing detail.

When the ten minutes were up he put the blouse on feeling his smooth arms against the fresh cotton that had been deliciously warmed by the iron. He did up the buttons cautiously to ensure that the tightness and sheerness of the blouse displayed the bra. That way the lacy detail was obvious to anyone who looked - and it would be important to make people want to look. 'Very good,' he heard a voice in his head say to him. It was a German voice. Ah yes the professor. It was Herman.

This was wrong the Professor should be speaking to Julie!

But before he could do anything he had to complete his next directive. He put the box pleat skirt over the ironing board and set the cooker clock.

He ironed the pleats for a full thirty minutes watching the minutes count down on the cooker clock. Thirty minutes exactly. Thirty minutes of ironing every single pleat umpteen times. Now he felt a current of satisfaction. He was pleased with himself. So calm, relaxed and at ease. Not anxious, worried and apprehensive.

He stepped into the skirt and pulled it up, tucking in the blouse before putting his arms through the straps so that the apron part came to his breast line.

The bra should be obvious to all who see you. After all if you wish to be a slutty schoolgirl you must ensure the bra is seen when dressed.

He did up the buttons on the waistband in the small of his back. He had to be very dexterous. They were so small. Julie had long artistic fingers. She would have no trouble in doing them up. He put away the iron and the ironing board. No evidence of the change over should exist.

He returned to his bedroom to check that the bra could be seen as required.

It could! He was so thrilled. He danced about before the full-length mirror as he now had to behave like a little girl. He had to be very emotional. Very happy.

He put his forefinger to his pouting lips and swung his shoulders back fore making the skirt flip around the tops of his thighs. Wonderful. The image was right.

"Goodee!" he cooed to the mirror. "Goodee!"

Next was the black and red striped tie. This was to be hung loosely around his neck ensuring that it hid nothing of the bra.

The CD Walkman sat on the pillow, the headphone leads trailing on to the floor.

That's useful he thought. I must listen to the CD time after time after time. As often as possible. At least once a day. Now seemed like a good time to listen to it again. It was so nice listening to it. Somehow it was satisfying.

He found the disc in Julie's knicker drawer, exactly where he had carefully placed it only an hour before.

Wait.

Wait.

This is all wrong.

This is for Julie.

He had paid five grand for this CD to be recorded by Hermann Hermsich. The price included a twenty minute induction and a twenty minute indoctrination. There was a second generic 'deprogramming CD' for when he tired of his adventures, that was handed out to everyone who wanted such a recording. As he desperately did not want Julie to know about that deprogramming CD he kept it locked in his office drawer at work. That drawer might as well have been a million miles away.

"How do I know she will listen to it? She may just turn it off and then I've wasted all my bloody money!"

He recalled how the Professor had rolled his eyes up to the ceiling. "Once the patient starts to listen she will be hooked. How do you think I do it on stage?"

"Ah yes."

Shit! That was it. He had created the CD for Julie but listened to it himself.

His stomach turned over. Oh God. No!

But he knew that he should not worry. Every time he felt bad about what was happening he was to look at himself in the mirror and then he would feel wave after wave of happiness roll through his very being.

So time to check how he looked.

The schoolgirl waved at him from within the mirror. Then she put her hands behind her back, pouted and swung her shoulders too and fro.

Now he felt good again. Calm, relaxed and at ease.

He giggled, making his shoulders rise and his neck disappear in swift bobbing motion. It gave him the appearance of a shy young girl.

That made him giggle again.

He needed some finishing touches.

Pink lipstick and eye make up was required. He sat at Julie's dressing table and applied them meticulously.

Good. Every time he saw the slutty schoolgirl winking at him in the mirror he felt joyous.

"Goodee, goodee!" he squealed leaping to his feet like a child. He saw the skirt billow up around his hips in the full-length mirror. "Goodee."

This was sure to make his spouse pleased with him. That was essential. His spouse needed to be happy with what ever he did. Make his spouse happy. That was his one aim in life.

Fortunately he knew that the image in the mirror would do just that.

But would it?

Julie had never shown any interest in him dressing as a schoolgirl. In fact she showed very little interest in him at all. That was why he was doing this.

Oh my God. The panic. The CD. The Walkman.

That was it. He had set it up. He remembered doing that. He had put the box of items in the wardrobe ready for Julie to find. The box he had already plundered for himself.

He had then checked the volume level in the earphones. He had played the CD. He heard the Germanic words, easing and beckoning.

He had turned it up a bit louder. He could remember doing that. He did not want Julie to miss anything. Then it was too high really. A little too loud for comfort. Professor Hermsich had said, "You will now want to hear the next few words. This is important. Just make yourself comfortable. You cannot stop listening until you hear my next words."

And he could not stop listening.

This could not be happening.

That was what had happened. He had stupidly listened to the CD!

He needed to get the outfit off. He felt humiliated and stupid.

He reached around to the buttons at the rear of the skirt. But for some reason his fingers refused to take hold of anything of the garment.

"...you cannot remove them until given the command by your spouse of 'say goodbye to the slutty schoolgirl'. No matter what you think and what you do you must remain clad as instructed."

Surely if he concentrated really hard he could get them off. He closed his eyes straining his muscles but his damned hands belonged to someone else. They would not do what he wanted.

If he could not get the box-pleated skirt off surely he could get the shoes from his feet. Sitting on the bed he reached down to the straps. Once again the fingers could not bring themselves to touch the thin band of leather encircling his ankles.

He flopped back on the bed and groaned. What did he look like? He rolled over on to his side to look into the full-length mirrors on the wardrobes.

One look in the mirror told him that it was happening and it had happened.

He was dressed as the slutty schoolgirl and he was thrilled to have done so. It made him feel sexy, calm, relaxed and at ease.

Sure enough his erection grew. He desperately needed to come. Of course he could not. Only his spouse could release his sexual energy. He understood that. That was why it was so important to turn her on. To turn Julie on.

To turn him on. That had been the plan!

It was a good thing that he was admiring himself in the mirror with little twirls and dips to show himself off. Otherwise he would have panicked. Maybe even been sick. But these were background emotions. Way back. Forgotten feelings. After all he was pleased. Thrilled. Delighted. He was calm, relaxed and at ease. All ready to entertain his spouse and have his own sexual energy released.

Time to listen to that wonderful CD again.

He crawled across the bed and bounced into position like a child. He put the earphones on. He was so thrilled to be acting the part of the slutty schoolgirl for his spouse. His spouse would be delighted with him and that was all that mattered.

He pushed the earphones in and pressed play.

"Hello. I am a hypnotist and you will listen to what I have to say. You will need to listen to what I say in order to understand and you do want to understand do you not?"

Simon closed his eyes smiled and thought, "Yes of course I want to understand. Everyone does."

"You will now want to hear the next few words. This is important. Just make yourself comfortable. You cannot stop listening until you hear my next words."

He wriggled on the bed feeling his bared smooth thighs rub together.

"You want to be happy. To be happy you must make your spouse happy. You must listen to each word I say and I will tell you how to achieve this."

Simon heard himself say 'thank you', just as he had said the first time he had heard those beguiling words.

2.

Simon fidgeted before the make up mirror dabbing the freckles on with a red felt pen. He studied the result in the mirror, wrinkled his nose and

giggled. He must do everything like an adult version of a sexy schoolgirl. Giggling was good and made him feel calm, relaxed and at ease.

He stood up feeling the pleated skirt gently scratch at the back of his thighs.

As he turned away from the mirror a dark thought swirled through his mind: 'Oh this should not be me.'

He had to think. He must avoid seeing himself. He had to think clearly. Rationally. There were ways out of this mess.

There was a deprogramming CD. It had been included with the indoctrination CD. But that was right the way across the city, in his office on the top floor.

Secondly his 'spouse' could release him. It was part of the programming that he was to be in control of when and where Julie became a schoolgirl. He had hoped that just the threat of forcing her to dress up by saying the magic words "you are a slutty schoolgirl" would encourage her to dress of her own volition. He groaned at the thought of having to explain to Julie about his devious scheme for her and how it had backfired leaving him at her mercy. Oh God there had to be something better than that.

Thirdly he could contact Professor Hermann Hermsich. Oh that would be wonderful wouldn't it? He would have to admit to being so stupid that he fell into his own trap.

All right then Simon, he whispered to himself, you have built a company from the ground up. In ten years you have gone from just yourself to a staff of almost forty. You have drive and you are resourceful. Think it through.

But a logical reply hit him like a baseball bat. The same driven, resourceful man had set the trap. He had planned it so painstakingly. Every detail of his wife's entrapment had been calculated. Every escape route plotted and sealed off. How could she even leave him dressed like this?

How he had laughed when he thought of her dashing from the house

attired as a slutty schoolgirl and only able to respond to people and situations as an adult fantasy.

Now here he miserably sat on the edge of his bed. He had dug the trap and then jumped into it.

The least bad of the options was to ring Professor Hermann Hermsich on his mobile. Maybe he could release him over the phone.

He walked downstairs to the hallway and lifted up the phone. Oh there was his reflection in the mirror. He giggled and stuck his tongue out at it like a little girl. That made him giggle even more. He placed his hands on his hips and said, "So what are you going to do? Spank me? You wouldn't dare. You are not strong enough." Then he giggled behind cupped hands at his cheekiness.

Fortunately he had closed his eyes which span his world back to the real one where he was Simon trapped in the schoolgirl fantasy.

He punched out the Professor's mobile number and turned away from the mirror.

Please answer. Please answer. He heard the ringing sound and held his breath. It rang on and on. Please answer.

"Hello?"

An impatient man, a man in a hurry.

"Oh Professor Hermann Hermsich, it's me Simon Hill. You gave me the CD induction to turn my wife into a schoolgirl?"

"Yes, yes." He was impatient.

Simon tried to laugh but it came out as a giggle, which made him twitter even more.

"Get on with it. I have a plane to catch."

Simon concentrated as hard as he could. "Well I have been a silly, silly,

billy." Simon humphed the way he thought a young girl might at her own stupidity. "Well, I listened to the indoctrination and well..."

"You silly bastard."

Simon tittered. "I have been a silly little girl haven't I? Oh dear. Will I get spanked? I bet you are not man enough..."

Professor Hermann Hermsich cut in. "Just put the deprogramming CD in to your player and listen to that. Now if you'll excuse me..."

"Oh no. I have been really, really silly," he squealed. "Silly little girl needs to be put her in place." He shook his head, "I mean." Simon swallowed, he must concentrate. "No. I left the other CD at work I cannot get it. You must do it over the phone."

"It cannot be done over the phone!"

"Oh aren't I so dim-witted? I bet you are going to tell me off."

"Mr Hill get a grip. Simply wait for your wife to return and tell her what the release key is. Good bye."

"No wait," he tittered. "I know you must think I am really a muddle headed, foolish girl but I can't do that." Simon squeezed his eyes tightly shut and gritted his teeth: "You - must - come - here and - de programme me."

"Impossible. My flight takes off in five minutes for my tour of South America."

"Can't you do it over the phone?"

"Of course not! Get someone to bring the CD to your home. I don't know. Think for yourself."

"But I can't," he tittered, "I am only a likkle girl."

"Goodbye Mr Hills. The problem is yours. You made it. You solve it. I am going to set my phone to ignore your calls. There is the last call for my

flight. Good-bye. Oh and don't forget to make sure your black bra is showing." Professor Hermann Hermsich had a deep grunt of a laugh. "That is what you were demanding of your poor wife."

The line went dead.

Simon slumped to the floor. His skirt rolled up leaving him sitting on the prickly hallway carpet in his knicker clad arse.

Ensnared. Caught. Held.

He would have to wait for Julie. He would have to explain it all to her and then throw himself at her mercy. He would have to beg for release. He felt queasy. Julie was a gorgeous woman but he knew how tough she could be when crossed. He did not make her head of sales simply because she was his wife. She was good at her job. Ruthless in fact.

How different she had been before they married. So coy, so submissive. She would do anything. Even his schoolgirl fantasy was played out. Once they were married, and she had forty nine per cent of his company, she changed. Obviously it was down to the pressures of work. She stayed late at the office. She became curt and short tempered at home. She would not iron his shirts and they soon she avoided all of the housework. He had to employ a maid three times a week.

His plan had been to change all that. Put her in her place once and for all.

Suddenly an idea. He could dress over the outfit.

Thrilled with the notion he dashed upstairs. Even before Simon's hands refused to take the trousers off the hanger he knew he would not be able to do it.

-...slutty schoolgirls have thighs exposed at all times. Slutty schoolgirls have the black bra visible at all times. The straps must be evident from the rear and the cups from the front.-

He slid the wardrobe door shut in anger and catching sight of own his

ridiculous reflection.

He cooed and simpered before the mirror, twirling around to make the skirt parachute out and expose his white knickers.

This made him feel calm, relaxed and at ease.

So he performed his little dance a few more times.

"This is sooo much fun!"

A half an hour of dancing later he was pacing the upstairs landing. There had to be a way. His feet were killing him. Even when he sat down the calves complained where the arched shoe was constantly stretched them. It must be different for women he mused. Their legs must be different in some way.

He must keep his reason. Planning is the answer to every problem. The trouble was that every time an idea formed, a silly schoolgirl took over the thinking and it all fell away amongst a lot of giggling and posing.

He had to look on the positive side. Obviously the straightforward idea of getting Professor Hermann Hermsich to help him was now out of the window. Hermsich was already on board his plane flying to South America.

So being positive he could say that one, and only one, option was ruled out.

That left him with explaining everything to Julie or going to get the CD from his offices.

He stopped pacing and felt the dark fiery panic rolling through him.

Explain to Julie, his tough wife? Or Walk around in broad daylight and then through his offices dressed like this!

"I am on my way to a fancy dress party," he would explain to goggle eyed staff.

"So why isn't your wife dressed up?"

Julie would appear and laugh at him. She would say that she does not know of any party. She would be in her element humiliating him in front of the rest of the staff. That had become her favourite hobby.

The phone rang.

Don't answer.

Hang on. It could be Professor Hermann Hermsich. He has taken pity on you. He has thought of words that would undo the damage.

He raced downstairs and seized the phone.

'Hello this is Simon' were the words his brain sent to his mouth. What he actually gushed was: "Oh hello! It's me. Oh silly me, you don't know who me is."

"Simon?"

"I can be given what ever name you wish," he giggled. Inwardly he groaned. He found he could not replace the receiver. A voice told him that slutty schoolgirls were always...

-...well behaved in front of adults and had to wait to be dismissed.-

"Who is that?" It was Julie. She sounded as irritable as ever.

"It's your spouse!" He was allowed to say that. Nothing in the conditioning ruled against that admission.

"Well stop being silly and..."

"Ooooh I am so silly aren't I. I wish someone would teach me a lesson..."

"Pay attention and stop acting the fool!"

"Yes miss!"

"I will be late tonight. I am taking David out to thank him for his efforts with the French contract. I might be late. In fact I will be late. Don't bother

waiting up for me."

An idea. "Oh please Miss Julie I have a CD in my top drawer in my office. Can you get it out? You could drop it off for me on your way to the restaurant. No need to stay."

"I haven't time. I am very busy here. I thought you would be coming in today anyway."

"No, I got caught up in something here," he giggled at the cleverness of his reply. "The key to the drawer is in the cupboard by the door and the CD is labelled 'deprogramming'. I need it for the home computer here..."

"I haven't time to run errands. Get someone else to do it. What the fuck do you think I am?"

The words bitch and slut floated into his mind and then disappeared.

"Oooo now you are angry with me," Simon pouted, "oh please don't be cross with little me. You frighten me."

"Simon you and I are heading for an almighty row if you keep up this stupid game. See you tomorrow morning - if you are lucky!"

The line went dead.

Dark curtains of despair rolled around him cutting out the light. The despondency continued to wind until they tightened up to his flesh, suffocating him.

If only he was allowed to cry without permission. But that would mar the makeup and the freckles.

That left just one final plan. He would have to venture outside, drive across the city and enter his building. If Julie was not coming home until later he could wait until dark. Hopefully fewer people would see him then.

3.

He had plenty of time to listen to the CD again and check his appearance in the mirror. That always made him feel good. So calm, so relaxed, so at

ease.

The straw boater had slipped to the right and looked less schoolgirlish than plonked on top of the head, so he re arranged it.

Now what did he have to do? He had some plan. Julie was not going to be back until later so he could not please her. It must be something else. Ha yes. He giggled at his foolishness. How could he have forgotten? He needed to go to his company and get the deprogramming CD from his room.

He would take the CD Walkman and then play the track in his own office. Then he would be free from this curse.

It was six o'clock. Time to make a move.

He opened the wardrobe and checked through his suits. He decided on a dark one. He would put it in a bag then once he had been deprogrammed he could change back.

Light was at the end of the tunnel. One minor problem. His hands would not let him collect his clothes.

It was a 'catch twenty two' situation. His mind knew that he was intending to use the clothes as a means to escape, therefore they would not allow him to get them.

Change of clothes or no change of clothes hardly mattered. What was important was to get this deprogramming disc in order to remove these directions from his mind.

He checked his appearance in the mirror. He did look sexy. The heels, the white socks, the pink thighs, the pleated skirt the apron just revealing enough of the bra straps. The pig tails, the straw boater and if he twirled quickly enough people could see that he was so much of a slut that his knickers did not match his bra. White panties, black bra.

It was so funny. He put his hands over his mouth and giggled.

Downstairs he made a despairing attempt to put on his long raincoat. His fingers treated the coat as if it were radioactive. He tried using his one hand to hold his other wrist. All to no avail. He knew that he should not cover himself up. The thighs must always be exposed. The bra straps always visible. Everyone had to know what a schoolgirl slut he was.

He closed his eyes and tried a psychological trick. It is cold outside. It might rain. You must wear a coat. You need a coat. He quickly reached for it but then realised that he must keep his thighs exposed and the bra on display. What did a slutty schoolgirl want with a garment that would cover up her assets?

"Shit!"

He picked up the car and house keys from the table near the door and opened it carefully.

It was cold!

He stood out on the porch checking that no one was around. The chill of the night tickled his legs making him shiver.

"Brrr..."

His car was at the bottom of the drive. He closed the door behind him. No one around.

He ran for the car.

Or tried to.

He tripped on his heels. In a swirl of skirt, knickers and a flash of thigh he rolled onto his lawn. He sat in his knickers on the cold damp grass.

"Yuck! Oh phewey! Silly little me," he squeaked aloud. "I am such a silly, little girl."

Got to get control. Got to get a grip. There was the car. He still had the keys in his hand.

A front door slammed shut nearby. Footsteps.

He raced down to his car bleeping it to unlock it.

He hauled open the door, leaped inside behind the wheel and slammed the door shut. He sat there with the interior light on illuminating him as if he were on stage in a dark theatre. Mrs Hughman walked by with her dog. She gazed at the slutty schoolgirl in her boater and pigtails sat inside Simon Hall's car.

Simon thought about sliding beneath the seat but instead found himself doing a silly girly wave where all the fingers were fluttered at the old woman.

He turned the key in the ignition and drove away.

'Oh God Oh God,' he thought to himself.

4.

The drive was excruciating. His feet were not part of his body. The heels made them float above the pedals. The engine would roar. He would brake harshly.

Yet all the time he giggled away to himself.

The suburban roads were not too much of a problem. He rarely stopped but soon he was on the busy major artery into the city.

At the first traffic lights he turned on the radio changing it from his classical station to a pop music one. As soon as the rhythm started he turned up the volume to feel the bass. It was easier to dance in the car when the bass notes were shaking you through the seat.

People turned to gawp at the noise and the activity inside the vehicle. He would wave back with his silly finger flicking style. It felt really good being the centre of attention. Particularly when a lorry pulled up next to him and a man sitting in the passenger seat looked down on him. He crossed and uncrossed his legs making the man lick his lips.

Oh this was sooo much fun! The lights changed, the lorry trundled off and when Simon heard the horns beep impatiently he gasped and put his hands over his mouth. "Silly, silly me!"

He started off but the car stalled making him bounce in the car.

This was hilarious. Everyone was looking at him. He saw an old lady shaking her head at Simon's antics, so Simon wound down the window and poked his tongue out at her.

Then in a scream of tyres and a great deal of giggling he tore away.

He parked in the small car park at the rear. He had the key to the fire escape door and there were no security cameras in the fire stair well. He would be able to reach unseen his office corridor on the top floor totally.

It was past seven o'clock. When he climbed out into the cold night air he made an effort to pull the skirt down further over his chilly thighs. But the skirt was attached to the schoolgirl apron whose straps ran over his shoulders and down his back. It could not go lower.

He held the CD Walkman tightly against his chest. He must not lose that.

He rubbed his shoulders through his shirt. It was so cold when you are dressed in such a flimsy shirt.

The rear fire escape door was behind the rubbish skip.

He unlocked the door and it squealed open on its old hinges into the darkened stairwell.

He entered. Normally the stairwell was the coolest place in the building but now it helped defrost him.

He warmed his hands by rubbing them together and then clip clopped in his heels up the stone steps.

His heart was thumping like a cannon. It even shook his chest. He knew that at any moment someone who was working late could appear on the stairwell. Having worked late they would be taking a short cut to the car

park rather than going past security.

He knew that Julie sometimes called in the cleaners after an evening sales meeting. But usually he could hear the sound of vacuum cleaners however there were no sounds other than the traffic outside.

Finally there were the two security guards. Thankfully they were both incompetent. He kept them on as a cheap deterrent. But one of them could still appear at one of the doors into the corridors. He closed his eyes, to scared to even think of his excuse if he was discovered.

He reached the forth floor and suddenly realised that he had been holding his breath. He let out a long sigh.

He turned the handle of the door listening to the loud cracks of springs engaging to release the lock. Surely everyone in the city could hear it.

He peered into the dimly lit corridor. It was deserted. If the lights were off then everyone had definitely gone home.

Into the corridor, careful in his heels as he picked his way towards his office.

He took out the keys damping the jingling with his fingers to stop them rattling and unlocked his door.

Nearly there.

Inside. Keep the lights out. In the drawer was the deprogramming CD and freedom.

He took the key from out of the cupboard and unlocked the drawer.

He settled into this huge leather chair. It was nearly all over. The nightmare was at an end. He felt the supple leather on his bared thighs an experience wholly knew to him. Thankfully not one he would have to experience again.

He went to pull open the drawer and the door crashed open.

Blood drained from Simon's head. He felt sure he was about to faint. But instead he desperately wanted to give the man a good look of him in his uniform.

He leaped to his feet and did a twirl spinning the skirt into the air. Then he did a curtsy and said: "Oh hello George what do you think?"

George's jaw was hanging open. He had been doing security for almost twelve years but had never seen the sight that now danced before him.

A sexy woman on her way to a fancy dress party dressed up as a naughty schoolgirl.

He licked up the dribble he felt on his lips. Was this real?

Christ she was speaking again.

The schoolgirl stood knees together, hands behind her back shaking her shoulders too and fro, "Don't you like me Mister George?"

Simon was anxious. He had to please the security guard in some way. He would do anything for him. He had to make the guard happy so that he could feel calm, relaxed and ease.

George licked his lips. "What, er, I mean, how did you... what are you doing in Mister Hall's office?"

Simon did a neat dismissive gesture with his wrist. "Oh you don't need to worry about that. He knows I am here. He sent me."

"He sent you?"

Simon's two brains were running in tandem. In the one half the schoolgirl loved being caught by a uniformed man in the other half he was desperately trying to extricate himself from this situation.

"Why yes. He wanted me to get a CD he left in his drawer."

"A CD?" George eyed her suspiciously. "Mister Hall hates music."

Oh God. He heard himself giggling. "True." The dream schoolgirl put her

finger to her mouth and went doe eyed. "I suppose now you are going to spank me?"

George's eyes widened. He had to lick his wet lips again. "S... s... s... sp... spank you?"

"Why yes. I have been telling you horrible, naughty lies."

"Oh yes."

Simon put his hands onto his hips, "I suppose you are not man enough to punish anyone."

George swallowed. Spanking a lovely looking girl attired like this was the stuff of fantasy. He stepped back into the corridor and looked both ways. Ernie would still be downstairs with the security monitors.

Simon pinched his own thigh to get back his manly clear sighted thoughts. "On the other hand why not check in the drawer and then you can see the CD for yourself."

The security guard frowned. Shit. She had not been serious. He tried a false laugh to disguise the fact that she had been teasing him.

He edged around to the desk eyeing her continuously from head to foot.

Simon loved the attention. It made him feel calm, relaxed and at ease. All the anxiety vanished when he was being admired.

George pulled open the drawer and finally wrested his eyes from her. He rummaged through its contents.

"No CD here love."

What! Simon stepped forward and frantically tore through the drawer. There was no CD. Had he imagined it? Was it part of the indoctrination? Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

George slowly closed the drawer, "So maybe I should spank you after all." He studied the girl's eyes charily, had she been joking about the spanking.

He felt his dick engorge.

The schoolgirl thought about it for a moment, pouted and exclaimed: "Fair enough!"

Simon skipped around to the front of the desk. It would be best if he bent over that, then George could pull up his skirt and spank him properly. IT would be easier for George that way. If he remained standing then George would have to hold up the skirt.

He bent over, bending a little at the knees in order to make sure his tummy lay flat and his bottom stuck up.

"Well I don't know," George scratched at his day old beard.

Simon raised himself with his elbows on the table to support him.

"Humph. If you are not man enough! Perhaps you have a colleague who could do it?"

"Er well, if you put it like that."

George licked his lips and stood behind the errant schoolgirl. This could not be happening. He lifted up the pleated skirt slowly until he saw the tight white knickers. He was waiting for to scream 'assault, 'rape' 'get off me'. Instead she lay flat on the table with her pink smooth thighs available to him.

He had an immediate erection.

Suddenly the schoolgirl leapt to her feet. "Don't you dare!"

Simon was struggling to keep control. "Mister Hall asked me to get a CD. If its not here then I will check the other drawers. Don't you dare touch me again!"

George stood back his hands held up. "Oh I won't. I am so sorry. I got the wrong idea. I thought..."

Simon pulled out each drawer in turn. George was embarrassed and defensive. Simon was determined to keep him like that while he

rummaged through his drawers. "If you touch me again I'll call the police. They'll know what to do in a situation like this. I bet they'll be man enough to deal with a little girl like me. Not like a wimp like you."

The CD was not in any of the drawers. Either it had been part of the indoctrination or else someone had taken it. Oh Jesus. But who!

He kept admonishing the guard. That way he kept him at a distance whilst he thought of a way forward.

"Huh. To think a sissy faggot wimp like you could not control a little girl like me. Wait until I tell Mister Hall."

Maybe he had put the CD in his briefcase. But no he distinctly remembered putting it in the drawer here.

"He will sack you. Get a real man for the job. Not a sissy who cannot even control a little girl like me."

Suddenly the floor and ceiling changed positions.

George had grabbed his arm so tightly and so quickly that he did not know what was happening.

He grunted as he was thrown down over the security guards lap.

As he took hold of her wrists and plucked up her skirt George shouted "Little slut! I'll show you who is boss."

"Thank you," Simon giggled, "I try my best."

It was soooo nice when he was called that. He felt so calm, relaxed and at ease. 'A little slut'. Yes he was, or at least tried hard to be.

This time the guard paid little attention to the sexy shape in the knickers. He was livid. His manhood had been called into question.

He spanked her as hard as he possibly could, "Don't! You! Ever! Call! Me! Names! Like! That! Again!" he ensured that each word was emphasised with a truly vicious swat to her buttocks.

"You slut!"

Simon grunted with each humiliating beating. "Thank you George. You are so right."

He could not believe how painful the spanking was. Never in his life had he felt pain like this.

Then the ceiling and floor span around again. He had been rolled from the guard's lap onto the carpeted floor. He looked up at his tormentor with tears of happiness. "Oh thank you so much. I really deserved that. Thank you for being so firm with me."

Even through the blurring tears Simon could see the affect the beating had on George. A stiff bulge at the front of his pants. He knew that he could make George even happier. He crawled towards him. "Perhaps I can thank you in some way?"

George sat with his legs apart still in shock from what he had just done. Now here she was offering him a blowjob in gratitude.

He felt his zip sliding down. He closed his eyes and leaned back. His dick popped out of his trousers. Two hands held it. He groaned.

"Where the hell have you been and what have you been doing!"

George leaped to attention knocking the girl over. "Sorry Ernie. I... I..."

Ernie's eyes were fixed on George's ram rod erection that pointed whichever way he turned.

The senior security guard took off his cap and shook his head. He watched George turn his back on him and wrestle with difficulty until the prick was put home and zipped away.

And then the schoolgirl leaped up from behind the desk. "Coo-eee!"

Simon loved the effect he had on these men. They were so turned on.

"What the fucking hell is... George!"

George shook his head. "I don't know sir. I saw the light go one downstairs showing the fire door at the rear had opened. I checked through the floors and heard a noise here. I found her going through Mister Hall's drawers."

Ernie put his hands on his hips. "So you thought you'd get yourself a blowjob?"

The schoolgirl danced across to him and patted his chest with her two hands. "Oh don't be a silly billy. He spanked me first."

Ernie tried to say 'what' but the words would not form.

Simon bit his tongue to prevent himself asking for another beating. "Look it's all a big mistake. If you'll just let me go..."

He made to walk passed Ernie but the old security guard grabbed his arm. "Just as soon as you tell me how you got in here."

"She's got keys," George said holding up the car and office key ring Simon had left on the desk. "They are for mister Hall's car!"

"Oh no George," Simon wagged his finger at him, "now you cannot spank me for that one surely?"

Simon felt an urge to drape himself across his desk again.

"You really did spank her?"

"She was asking for it. I mean begging for it."

"Is this true Miss?"

"Well I did ask nicely but he was not really man enough. I mean a real man like you would have shown him how to do it. So I sort of insisted. I bet he can spank harder than you."

"Don't be so sure of it Miss." Ernie did not like the idea of his younger colleague being able to do anything better than him.

Simon gripped his fists tightly together and closed his eyes. Concentrate. Got to get of here.

"Mister Hall lent me his car." He checked to see if Ernie was falling for this one. "We were going to a fancy dress party."

Ernie thought that one over.

Simon could see that he was getting somewhere. "And he asked me to pick up the CD. But it isn't there. So if you'll tell me off as quickly as you can I will be on my way."

Simon held his breath and watched Ernie mull all this over.

"So where is Mister Hall?"

"I am not sure. In the car park downstairs waiting for me."

George looked out of the window. "His car is down there sir."

Ernie nodded. "You go down and check on her story. Make sure Mister Hall knows that she has got his keys."

Ernie backed out of the room not wanting to take his eyes off the sexy vision.

When they were alone Ernie walked around her ogling every feature as if she were a dog on display at a show.

"Did he really spank you?"

"Only little ones. I don't think he was very good to be honest," Simon giggled. He heard Ernie catching his breath.

"Maybe you'd like a real man to sort you out?"

Simon found himself jumping up and down, his skirt flapping. "Oh would you. Would you?" He then hugged and kissed the old guard.

5.

George returned to see that his colleague was looking very pleased with himself. The girl was sobbing near the desk rubbing her bottom. Shit the bastard had spanked her and beaten her harder than him. He had even made her sob.

"Well?" Ernie asked.

"Yeh, well. Maybe you can spank harder. But her arse was still sore from my beating!"

"No you idiot! What did Mister Hall say?"

"Oh him. He wasn't there. Its definitely his car though."

Simon edged towards the door. "There you are then boys. He must be around somewhere. If I could have my keys, I mean Mister Hall's keys, I'll go down and find him."

Ernie picked up the keys and juggled them from hand to hand. "Well I don't know. You could have stolen the keys and then stolen his car. Maybe you were sniffing around here for something else to steal."

Simon threw his hands up to his mouth and squealed, "Oh golly. Does that mean another punishment?"

"It might mean the police young lady. Games are over."

The police! Must get a grip! "When Mister Hall finds out he will sack you both." After he had been through with them Simon would make sure neither of the pervs would get a job anywhere on this planet.

Ernie picked up the phone and dialled a number. "I'll call him on his mobile."

Simons mobile was in his briefcase, in his bedroom. But the call would buy him some time to think.

He must be rational. These men are doing their jobs. He must satisfy them with the truth. He must satisfy them. Satisfy them both. Make them happy. Satisfy their longings and lust. Make them pleased with him. That way he

could feel calm, relaxed and at ease.

"Oh hello? Oh Hi. Mrs Hall sorry to bother you..."

Simon's brow furrowed. Julie! In his bedroom. Now. Wasn't she supposed to be out with David?

"...it's security, main building. We are in Mister Hall's office...yes mam I know it is late. Yes mam and I do apologise. Yes mam I am sure you were involved in something you didn't want to be dragged away from. Yes, please listen! No Mrs Hall I didn't mean to raise my voice. I am very sorry. Yes mam but we have a situation. We need to speak to your husband."

Julie at home. Simon ran through options.

"Isn't he? Well what it is," he chuckled humourlessly, "difficult to put in to words. We have a young lady in Mister Hall's Office. No mam he is not here, she appears to be alone. But his car is in the car park. Well no I don't know what they were doing. You see the point is that she is dressed as," he cleared his throat and chuckled again, "well, a naughty schoolgirl. You know, a naughty schoolgirl. Gymslip, socks, pig tails those dinky little straw hats," he licked his lips, "white socks, pink thighs... yes I am sure you get the picture. Yes I'll tell him when I see him Mrs Hall."

He put the phone down and shook his head with a wry grin. "Well it seems to me that your boyfriend might be in a bit of trouble with his wife." Ernie glanced over to George, "Seems our boss has a penchant for girls dressed like this."

The two men laughed.

Oh God! From bad to worse.

Ernie picked up the keys and tossed them over to the schoolgirl who caught them with a rather masculine catch.

"It seems, George, that she has long suspected Mister Hall of having an affair with a slut who would dress up as a schoolgirl. Now she has the

proof." He turned to Simon: "you must tell Mister Hall that he is no longer welcome in his home and that a divorce will start immediately."

Simon clutched the keys. He was free. "Thank you. I will tell him. And thank you both so much for taking me in hand like that. We must do it again."

Minutes later Simon was driving home shifting uneasily on his sore bottom. Now would come the hardest part of all. Explaining to Julie and then begging for her to release him.

It would not be an easy evening.

On the other hand there were a bunch of drunken men outside a nightclub to wave at, and it was so amusing to sit in the car dancing to the raucous pop music.

When You Awake Part 2 By Deborah Ford

Simon had a wonderful plan to have a master hypnotist create a CD that would turn his hard nosed wife into a silly, air head, adult schoolgirl who wanted nothing more than to please him and be spanked. This being Fictionmania his plans turned to dust when he found himself succumbed by the trance when he was checking the levels of the CD player. Now he is trapped in the grab and demeanour of an adult schoolgirl and needs his tough wife to undo the spell.

1.

Simon sat in his car in the drive way and thought through what he saw. He tugged at the short pleated schoolgirl skirt and rubbed his sore bottom. To find himself being forced to ask the security guards to spank him had been the most degrading moment of his life - up until that point.

His wife's BMW sat before him. Yet she had said that she would not be home until late.

'Oh goodie! I can show myself off to her. She will be thrilled!'

'Oh shit! When she sees me she is going to laugh until her head falls off.'

'Still, if she is laughing then she is happy. And if she is happy then I have pleased her.'

Simon giggled at the logic.

He climbed out of the car with the two different minds running in tandem like two tracks of a railway line facing in opposite directions but locked together. He still was unused to having his thighs exposed to the chilly wind and had to hold down the back of the skirt to prevent it billowing up.

Then he thought, why not let it blow up. He did and giggled, putting his hand over his mouth. What a silly girl I am, he thought.

He unlocked the front door, his heart thumping. He would say that he was dressing for a fancy dress party he was thinking of holding for the staff this Christmas. Yes, he just wanted to know how he would look. He winced at the realisation that he needed Julie to say 'return to normal' if he was to recover control over his mind

He closed the front door and stood in the dark hallway.

"Simon?"

She was upstairs.

"Yes! Come and see me!" he sang out loud. Shit he would have to get a grip on this mouth. He could not allow the schoolgirl use it.

"Just a minute," she called back.

She sounded sweet. At least she was in a good mood. That was a rare event these days.

"I thought maybe you had gone out and..."

Julie stopped half down the stairs her mouth agape. She was wearing a short kimono over her stockings and heels. Simon vaguely thought how odd that she should be so sexily attired dressed but he had other, more

pressing, problems to face.

Suddenly he found himself holding the hem of his skirt and skipping around in a circle. "What do you think?"

"You're the whore who is stealing my husband!"

"No, silly!" Simon found his hands going to his hips, he felt his lips press forward into a pout. "Humph! No. I am Simon. I have changed for you."

"What?" She cried.

Then Simon heard another voice from upstairs, a man's voice, "Is there a problem Julie?"

Julie turned on her heels, "Keep it shut like I told you bimbo!"

"Sorry dear."

It was David's voice. David his best salesman. The hunk who played football, who all the girls fancied.

Simon wanted to say 'What the fuck is he doing upstairs,' but actually said: "Oh you don't need him now I am here to entertain you."

Julie smiled. "Entertain me? Have you gone mad? Is that it?"

"No! Don't you like the way I am dressed?"

"You look ridiculous." She was next to him now and walked slowly around him. "Has your perverted sexual needs completely overwhelmed you? I thought you wanted this for me."

"Julie, please listen. Let me explain."

Julie laughed. "I think you should. I bring home your CD, that one from the office you asked for and I find you are not here. So David and I thought we might have a few minutes alone upstairs."

"You bitch!"

"Oh and what are you going to do about it? Stamp your foot? Go up and

fight him dressed like that?"

"Oh no! Are you going to punish me for calling you that?" Simon found himself doing that silly twisting to and fro with his finger in his mouth. "I hope you are not going to spank likkle me."

Julie stepped back, her mouth hanging open.

"Oh please Julie just give me the CD and I will explain everything to you shortly. Please."

She squatted down next to her bag, her legs revealed through the splitting kimono. Simon saw her stocking tops and felt himself grow in excitement. He was desperate to please her.

She held up the CD case. "So why is this so important to you?"

Simon tried to snatch it from her but she was too quick for him. "Stop it!" She commanded.

"Yes Miss Julie."

She saw his cowed eyes and the way in which he hung his head. "Get in the front room."

"Yes Miss Julie."

Her ridiculously attired husband wriggled into the front room. She followed.

"It's not often you do what I tell you. At least not until we row and I win," she sneered.

"Please Miss Julie I now have to do what ever I am told. I will always be good and obedient."

"What? Explain."

The command 'explain' was a trigger for Simon: "Please Miss Julie..."

"What is this Miss Julie business?"

"I must call you something appropriate. Is there another name you would like to be called?"

"Get me a drink," she said slumping onto the sofa.

"Of course Miss Julie," he found himself attempting a little curtsy.

He raced to the drinks cabinet in the dining room. 'Must hurry to please her,' he thought. He poured her a gin and tonic and added ice cubes along with a slice of lemon from the fridge.

When he presented it to her he was delighted with how pleased she was.

"Ice and lemon? You're not usually so considerate."

"I will be from now on. Forever and a day from now on," he replied proudly. "Oh I mean please let me have the CD. I'll explain it all later. Pretty please, oh please can likkle me borrow the CD from big strong you? Or pretty, pretty please."

Julie laughed, "Just tell me what you are playing at and don't leave anything out!"

So Simon was forced to tell her the story. How Professor Hermann Hermsich had created both CD's. One to indoctrinate Julie and the other to release her.

"But," he gushed, "you can release me right now by just commanding me to 'return to normal'."

She nodded. "And what was the command to put you back into the schoolgirl mode?"

He bit his lip to prevent himself from revealing the key to his humiliation to her. Somehow his mouth was determined to reply to her question. "Say hello to the slutty schoolgirl."

She crossed her stocking legs letting the higher one swing as she thought this through. He saw the end of the suspender belt anchored to her stocking. Simon could not understand this. When was the last time she

had worn anything sexy for him? Before they were married perhaps? Now she had David upstairs and she was dressed to please.

Julie tapped her hand on her knee and came to a conclusion. "Okay. I'll buy it. Say goodbye to the slutty schoolgirl."

Simon felt his mind clear of the clutter of the silly schoolgirl.

"Phew. Thanks." He sat on a chair feeling exhausted, his skirt flouncing around him, his legs spread wide in relief. "That was a nightmare. Now if I can have the CD I'll deprogramme myself."

She smiled sweetly and leaned forwards offering him the disc. It caught the light and flashed brilliant colours of hope at him.

He stood up on his heels. God how his feet ached and he advanced to her. He took the CD and relief filled his being. Soon the curse would be over.

"Julie I am really, really grateful for this. I will make it up to you."

He placed the CD in the HiFi and picked up the headphones.

Julie coughed. He turned and smiled at her. For the first time for years he felt love for her.

Julie smiled, raised her eyebrows and said, "Say hello to the slutty schoolgirl."

The CD disappeared into the drive as Simon found himself bouncing before her. "I am back Miss Julie."

Simon tried a little curtsy and then spun around.

Julie laughed. "So I see. So I see."

There was gentle tap on the door. "Julie?" It was David. He was standing only feet away from Simon with only the door protecting him. Simon's head swirled in fear at the thought of being discovered like this.

David tapped on the door. "Do you want me to leave now?" he asked timidly.

"Of course I don't," Julie snarled in the direction of the closed door. "Now get back upstairs and make sure your dick is erect for me. If you want that bonus you had better perform better than you did last time."

The voice from behind the door beseeched her, "Please. It's just that usually I can only manage once a night and I..."

"Better find a way to do it twice then hadn't you, you pathetic wimp! Now get your arse back upstairs so I can pleasure myself with you. I'll be up in ten minutes." She smiled at Simon and raised an eyebrow. "I have a few matters to sort out down here."

Simon heard the sound of footsteps plodding resignedly up the stairs. Jesus he could not remember when he had last been allowed to make love to her and here was David, his employee being instructed to do it twice.

She stood up flattening out the kimono. "You stay here. By the way, where have you been dressed like that?"

"Please Miss Julie I went to the office to get the CD. I didn't think you would be so, ever so, kind and nice to me, and bring it back for me."

She shook her head. "You drove all the way to work dressed like that!"

"Yes." For some reason the schoolgirl in his mind was quite proud of her adventure.

"And did anyone in the office see you?"

Simon felt his heart sink. "Ernie and George."

"Ah of course. The naughty schoolgirl they mentioned. Did they recognise you?"

"No Miss Julie," Simon giggled at this, though why it was so funny was beyond him.

"But they let you go?" She nodded and took hold of the door handle.

"They did spank me Miss Julie."

"They did what?"

"Well I was naughty. I hope you are not cross. I did have to insist that they did it."

"You insisted that they spank you?" Julie's eyebrows shot up. "I don't pretend to understand all this but it certainly makes me feel hot. You stay in here out of mischief little girl," she mocked. "I am going to see if the man upstairs can perform better than his first lame efforts."

"Yes Miss Julie."

She left and closed the door. Simon held his breath. He would put the CD on when he heard her close the bedroom door.

The door opened a hand came in, ejected the CD and snatched it away.

"You won't be needing this will you?"

"No miss," Simon groaned.

"Just stay here until I get back."

"Yes Miss."

The door slammed shut. Julie's heels machine-gunned up the stairs to her lover.

How had this nightmare started? Just how stupid was he?

It was difficult to gauge time when you are standing in the middle of the room desperately wondering what is happening upstairs. Julie had commanded him to 'stay there' so he left unsure whether 'there' was where he stood or 'there' meant the entire front room.

To be safe he stayed exactly where he was.

Consequently when he heard the front door open and slam shut Simon did not know whether he had been there an hour or a day. At night, time passes much slower.

Julie came in looking flushed. "Right, he was better on the second attempt."

But I think we should look for a more sexually active salesman."

"Yes Miss Julie."

"Okay. This is all too much to take in so I will leave any decisions I make for us until the morning. In the mean time you can sleep in the second bedroom. No make it the small one next to the shower room."

"Yes Miss Julie."

2.

Simon awoke with a thick, hot head. The wig prevented any heat leaving his body him, so he felt sweaty and sticky.

Julie was shaking him. "Come on little girl wake up."

He tried to stand but felt woozy from sleep.

"You are still dressed as a schoolgirl!"

"Yes Miss Julie. You did not say to remove any items. I cannot take anything off without your instructions."

Julie tied the knot around her kimono tighter. "This just gets better."

Simon giggled and curtsied, "I am sooo, soo, glad you are pleased with me."

"I didn't say that. Let us just say that you amuse me."

"Oh thank you." It was so sweet of her to say that he amused her.

"Okay decision time. I will release you from your trance or whatever it is."

Simon felt the world turn the right way up. "Oh thanks Julie."

"But I will turn you back when ever I want to. Understand?"

"Yes Julie, oh thanks. This has been awful," He felt the silly schoolgirl take over, "except when I do this." He twirled around flicking his skirt up.

Julie laughed. "Okay. Okay. Say goodbye to the slutty schoolgirl."

He felt his mind click back to normal. Now he felt ridiculous in his attire. He reached up to the top button of his damp with sweat blouse to undo it. He closed his eyes in relief. He hurriedly stripped.

"Careful now little girl," Julie laughed. "I don't want you damaging anything."

"I am putting it all straight in the bin."

Julie put her finger under his chin and raised it away from the blouse buttons. "Understand this little boy. If you do that I will say the command. Got that?"

He caught her deep blue eyes and shivered. He knew that she meant it.

"Yes Julie."

"From now on you do what I say voluntarily or you will find yourself prancing about in that get up. First of all you will shave off every hair of your body. Who's ever heard of a hairy schoolgirl?"

He closed his eyes and groaned.

"Understand?"

"Yes I do Julie. But I think we need to talk about it."

"No I need to talk about it. You need to listen. Being allowed out of the trance is a privilege. Not a right. You have to earn it."

What did he ever see in this bitch? Then he recalled how submissive she had seemed right up until the wedding night.

"When I say earn it I mean," she leaned forward and emphasised each letter, "earn it!"

"Yes Julie." He could not look her in the eyes.

"Imagine this. We are in the middle of a dinner party and you might upset me. If I feel really aggrieved then I will issue you with the instruction. You will get dressed perform your silly act before our friends and then I will

release you. It will be so, so funny to watch you explain to all our friends why you behaved like that."

"Look Julie please this is all..."

"...all so wonderful! I know. It is what you had planned for me so it is only right that you suffer for a while."

"For a while? For how long."

She slammed the bedroom door shouting back. "Haven't decided sissy, so watch out!"

He drove her to work. She had him pack his schoolgirl outfit into a small bag, explaining that she wanted him to have it at all times.

For Simon the bag was the equivalent of having a gun put to his head. He drove feeling the rough material of his trousers on his smooth legs. A new and somewhat unpleasant sensation. His entire body glowed with silky smoothness.

Not much was said until they reached his office. The same office where the security guards had spanked him. How could he even face them?

"Right sissy boy call a staff meeting for eleven. Everyone to be present. Get some temp in to cover reception."

"Er... Julie. What do I need a staff meeting for?"

"You don't. I do. Now get your arse in gear. Or, what were the words? Oh yes say hello..."

He raced from his office with her laughter echoing in his ears.

3.

He had spent the previous hour or so in total fear of Julie and the power she wielded. She was the last person you would entrust such authority. She was egotistical, arrogant and bitchy.

While he fretted on the customer sofa she wrote note after note. If he made

and attempt to speak she would look at him, smile and say, "Now what were those words?" then she would laugh as he squirmed uneasily before her.

Finally she instructed him to pick up his bag and carry it to the meeting.

"Please Julie," his guts were spinning in terror, "please don't do anything. It could make us look stupid. It could undermine the company."

"No dear it will make you look stupid and it will undermine you - for ever. So just do as you are told and let us see if you can get by today without being totally humiliated? Okay?"

He sighed.

"I said okay?"

"Yes Julie. Okay."

She grinned malevolently. "Good. I would not want us to misunderstand each other at this juncture."

Most of the staff was in that day, so the gathering was held in the large boardroom.

Simon felt he was facing an audience in a coliseum waiting to be entertained by some dreadful event.

When the last person closed the door and they were all seated Simon noticed all eyes turn to him. The only one who could not look at him was the bastard David from sales who had been fucking his wife the previous evening. David flushed red and guiltily avoided eye contact with him.

Worse Simon had no idea what Julie planned for this meeting. She was still making last minute adjustments to some sheets of paper.

Maybe if he rose and simply gave the staff praise for good sales figures he could dismiss them and Julie would just accept this. Perhaps the nightmare could end there and then.

He rose feeling his knees weaken and cleared his throat. Every one's eyes were fixed on him. He opened his dry mouth to speak but heard Julie:

"Thank you Simon you may sit down."

He froze for a moment. No one had ever instructed him to sit down before. After all he was the boss.

Julie took centre stage and he slowly sat down feeling his face redden.

He watched the bewildered audience look from him to Julie.

He found it difficult to breathe. This was terrifying. She wielded so much power and he suddenly had none.

Julie began in her clipped no nonsense voice:

"Thanks for coming. I just want you to know about a few changes being made around here. So pay attention."

A few changes? Simon's hands were sweating. He had been powerless as the schoolgirl but here he had completely lost control of his own staff.

"Firstly this company is taking part in a nationwide study whereby the boss sees what life is like on the factory floor. For that reason Simon will be learning what work is actually like in the offices and on the road."

They looked quizzically at him and he tried a smile. If they had known how brave he was to smile they would have shown a bit more respect. He could see that some of the office girls were nudging each other and grinning.

"The exercise will last a month and I will be looking for each head of department in which he is seconded to file a report on his performance."

Someone did laugh at this but Simon stuck gamely to smiling.

"Appraisal forms will be available for assessing him."

Jesus Christ this was too much! His staff assess him?

"Secondly in this time I will be taking hold of the reigns of this company so watch out."

Simon felt everyone straighten their backs.

"I have changes I wish to implement and be certain to understand that they will be implemented. If you are not behind me then get out of my way."

No one was smiling now. But Simon noted that no one was paying him any attention either. The baton of management had been snatched from him and was being handled by his own wife.

"Firstly this place will be spick and span from now on. I will check everywhere. I will start with the entrance hall and work my way up. Desks will be cleared, cups put away when finished with. No plates of food left lying about. I will start the first inspection this afternoon. Before then I have to sort out a few things first with our new office boy." She nodded in Simon's direction.

They looked at him and grinned. At least someone was worse off than themselves.

"Finally I am doing away with all this first name stuff. From now on I am Mrs. Hall and don't forget it. Right get out and sort out your areas."

As Julie drew her notes together the staff stampeded out. They had little time for gossiping about the changes if she was to check on them that very afternoon.

Simon sidled up to her carrying his bag behind his back. He did not want her to see it and remember it.

"Julie, do you think that you should..."

She turned on him like a tiger: "Julie? Julie? Who is Julie? Some bimbo in the typing pool?"

For a moment he did not understand then he flushed and said, "Sorry Mrs. Hall. Its just that..."

"I haven't time to listen to the ravings of the office boy. Follow me and keep your mouth shut. Unless you want me to say the magic words."

He hung his head. "No Mrs. hall."

4.

Craylins Department Store was the largest in the city.

As Simon pushed the empty wire shopping trolley after his double speed wife he wished it were a good deal smaller. The only item in the trolley was his bag of degrading clothes.

"What are we doing please er..." should he call her Mrs. Hall outside the office?

"Getting you a new wardrobe. I don't want my staff in ten year old suits. And don't forget to refer to me as Mrs. Hall."

"No, Mrs. Hall. Sorry Mrs. Hall."

They were heading for the lingerie area. Julie obviously was going to get herself some clothing to impress her new lover.

But it was worse.

"Firstly knickers," she announced so loudly the other women browsing through the finery looked up at them. "Any thoughts?"

"No," he sulked. "Get what ever you want," he lowered his voice, "or what your lover David wants."

She eyed him carefully. "You will be large I guess. Size twelve maybe fourteen."

"Me?"

"Mmm, you. I want you to remember at all times what I am capable of doing to you." She lifted up a set of white knickers and studied them. She felt the fabric between her fingers. "You see, you may think that you can escape from me. Say, run off for a while. Obviously I will find you at some

stage. Even if I have to have you commanded to appear before me in a divorce court. Then I will say the magic words and the entire world will know of your shame."

She flung the packs of knickers into the trolley. "You will need ordinary white ones for most days of the week. But a girl like you should have a few coloured ones as well. For special occasions," she confided in him.

She lifted two pairs of red frilly knickers from the stands and dumped them into the trolley. They were joined by a few black ones of various types and styles.

"Come on Simon keep up," she called out as she set off for the next aisle.

"Yes Mrs. hall."

"Let's see now. We bought the suit when you had a size thirty six inch chest. Your boobs will be 'a' cup. So you are 36 A. remember that."

"Yes Mrs. Hall. He watched in horror as white and black bras were dropped carelessly into the trolley.

She then lifted up two waist cinchers. She eyed his body circumspectly.

"This is a difficult one. You'll try these."

"Next hosiery." She pulled a few packets of tights off the stand. "Black will do for most occasions, but we will throw in some American tan, and perhaps a few white pairs as well."

Oh God no. Simon felt his face warm up to scarlet.

"Now stockings. This is a dilemma for any girl. Should we get you stockings?"

"Please Mrs. Hall," Simon whispered, "can you talk a bit quieter. Everyone is looking."

He immediately recognised her wicked, sadistic smirk. She pulled back her shoulders and without quite shouting, projected loudly and clearly: "Why Simon. Can't you decide? Stockings yes or no?"

He looked at the trolley pulling his chin to his chest in ignominy. "No thank you Mrs. Hall," he whispered.

"But you never know do you?"

"No Mrs. hall."

"So two blacks, one white and, I think a set of fishnets. Oh and a some fishnet tights too."

At the next aisle she actually held up a series of slips next to him. "They are all different lengths," she explained. Some should be knee length, others half and some trampy ones to fall just below your arse."

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"Actually men like those. They find them sexy. Remember that."

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

Then on to blouses. He looked in horror at the frilly ones she was handling. "What do you think Simon?"

"Uhm could they be more simple?"

"You mean like you?" She laughed. "Simple Simon."

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"Good boy. I do like my office boys to know their place. She selected a set of white, blue and red blouses and hung them over the edge of the trolley. "Must be careful not to crease them. They are the devils own work to iron."

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"Now the suits," she marched away, with he and his trolley following in her wake.

If he could get some heavy suits then they would cover up his more embarrassing garb.

She stopped at the lady outfitters.

"I think you will need dark suits in the main. Browns and such like."

She checked through the ladies trouser suits feeling the smooth silky material. "Size fourteen we felt yes? Any views on what sort of suit Simon?"

"Uhm could I have ones with the fly in the front."

She smiled. It was the smile of the champion. With that request they both understood that he had finally submitted. He could ask but she would decide. "Of course you can Simon." She hoisted two suits on to the trolley. "But you should have some variety too." She took another one down from the rack, "This has a side zipper. Oh, oh look!" She squealed like his little girl counter part. "Look at these trousers which button at the rear. The buttons are big and exposed. Isn't that cute? You must have those and understand what we girls go through when dressing. Buttons at the back. Only a man could have invented that for women"

"Please Julie."

She stopped in mid action. "Oh? Please what Simon?" She glared at him, "What is the problem don't you like your new suits?"

He felt her menace as if it were physical like she had hit him with a bat. "No, no. Mrs. Hall. It's just that the other suits could be passed off as, I don't know, er..."

"The sort of clothes a feminine gay man might wear?"

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"As opposed to buttons at the rear which only a girl would wear?"

He swallowed, "Yes Mrs. Hall."

She dropped the trousers with the rear buttons into the trolley. "I think you need to be taught who is boss."

"Oh no. Mrs. Hall. Please Mrs. Hall."

"You seem awfully ungrateful."

"No Mrs. Hall. I am very grateful thank you Mrs. Hall. Thank you so much."

She was not convinced. "I could send you into the changing rooms with your bag. Perhaps I have forgotten how you look as a schoolgirl."

His head was spinning. In the trolley under the new women's clothes with their price tickers was what he feared the most. The schoolgirl apparel.

"No Mrs. Hall, please." He felt tears stinging his eyes. He was so exposed here in a shop busy with nosey customers.

"Perhaps you have forgotten what you look like?"

"No Mrs. hall. Please I love your choice. You are very kind. Thank you so much."

She put her tongue into her cheek as she reviewed the situation. "I know what you're afraid of."

He held his breath. The shop suddenly was hot, stuffy, airless. "Yes Mrs. Hall?"

"You are afraid that I may not get you a suit with a skirt like most of our office staff. Gosh how out of place you would look then eh?" She eyed him with pupils that burned him to his soul. "I cannot hear you Simon."

"What ever you think Mrs. Hall."

"True," she nodded, "it is what ever I think."

For that reason he found two short skirted suits piled on top of his trolley.

"I suspect," she thought aloud, "that from now on you will be very attentive of my needs. Yes?"

"Oh yes definitely Mrs. Hall. Definitely."

She laughed. "I bet. As I will decide what the new office boy wears."

Then came shoes.

With relief he noted that the two pairs she dropped into the front of the basket were low heeled. Perhaps, no more than Cuban heels. That was when it got worse. She held up a pair of dainty ankle boots with a short heel. He knew better than to say anything as she shook them before him.

"What do you think Simon?"

"What ever you think Mrs. Hall."

"Good boy. Well I think they suit you. So what do you think?"

"Yes Mrs. Hall they suit me."

They banged against the wire trolley as they landed near the pile of suits.

"Now all girls must have one pair of special shoes." She lifted up a pair of strappy black sandals with three inch heels. "You love these don't you?"

"Oh yes Mrs. Hall. They are wonderful. Thank you."

Her grin made him feel sick.

"And finally a coat."

They set off once again through the women's clothing section with his wife calling back: "I wouldn't want you to catch cold getting the bus home."

Oh God. She was planning for him to wear these on a bus! Surely she was merely teasing him. No one could be that cruel.

5.

A half hour later they were stood in the baby room toilets on the third floor near the restaurant. Julie sat on the ledge near the sink. "Right strip

arsehole and don't take too long about it or you'll be reaching for your schoolgirl outfit." She took out her mobile phone and punched out a number.

"Look please Mrs. Hall. I am so sorry that I was..."

"Last chance sissy. Strip or walk home dressed as a fantasy figure for perverts." Suddenly her manner changed. She swept the hair from her face and smiled sweetly. "Oh hi. Put me through to Bob Davidson."

Simon felt cowed and defeated. He slowly undressed. If he did undressed casually enough he might buy enough time to allow her to change her mind.

Julie slapped her hand onto the counter next to her. "Listen slut. Tell him it's Julie Hall and if he doesn't take this call tell him I'll chat to you about the Christmas party!"

Simon was folding his jacket when he heard the bit about the Christmas party. He immediately stood stock still. What had happened?

"You sissy get stripped in two minutes or you'll never live it down. Not in this city, not in any city."

Simon hurriedly stripped letting his clothes fall around him.

"Oh hi Bob. I don't give a shit what meeting you are in. We are paying too much for our supplies. Don't interrupt. You heard me. No I am in charge. There has been a repositioning in the company and Simon is going to learn new skills."

Her eyes narrowed over him. He felt a chill run through his heart.

She raised an eyebrow at him "Or at least he had better."

He stood naked before her. She threw him the waist cincher and he dejectedly struggled into it.

"You'll give us a ten percent discount starting from right now. Oh? Okay let me tell your secretary what we did in your office at the party. Sure we can

talk about it. After you've dropped the price. I look forward to your fax. Good bye."

She pushed a button on the phone and seeing her husband standing in the middle of the tiles naked apart from the waist cincher she smiled. This was going to be a very good day. She threw him the white knickers and bra. Next would be Carol Anderson. Their lesbian dalliance would be news to Carol's husband - unless of course she bought their components at the new increased price. "Hey. Hi Bridgett. Long time no fuck. Sure..."

After half an hour of non-stop phone calls Simon had learned a great deal about what his wife had been up to on those late nights when she had supposedly been at sales meetings. He also learnt that tights and ladies trousers were much kinder to shaven legs. There was even something sensual and sexual about the silky rubbing between his smooth limbs and the silken materials. The tights were humiliating and claustrophobic. He could not wait to get them off. And the panties were far too tight. But worse was the bra. The straps gripped his shoulders and chest. A constant reminder of his humiliation. The blouse and the jacket were fitted for a female form and he knew that he looked girlish.

The tights had reinforced top to lift and separate the arse cheeks whilst flattening the front. With the jacket being flared from the waist he could see his arse projecting in the long mirrors around the baby toilets.

Julie giggled and patted his groin. "Isn't it amusing it looks like you've lost your little friend. Anyone seeing you from below the waist would think you are anything other than a man."

She admired him pulling his jacket tighter around the blouse where a tiny outline of a bust was forced through by the 'A' cup bra. "Not bad. That suits you better than those horrible things," she waved a hand at the crumpled male clothes draped over the counter and on the floor. "In fact put them all in the bin."

He was about to protest but one hard look from her had him stuffing his

clothes into the wire mesh bin. He fished his change out of his trouser pocket and his keys and wallet from his jacket.

"Give me those." She held out her palm.

Simon adopted a submissive pose before her, one knee falling before the other. "Well, I mean, I, er, won't I be needing my wallet and my, er, keys please Mrs. Hall?"

She put her hands on her hips and mocked him. "Go on then. What are you going to do with them?"

He made to put his wallet into his inside pocket but found that the jacket's satiny smooth interior did not have anything as practical as a pocket. He lifted the flaps of the jacket pockets and was dumbfounded. "They are sewn shut!" He checked either side of his hips but the material just ran smoothly over them, uncluttered by pockets.

"Of course. Girls have handbags. You are not going to catch a girl spoiling her lines by bulging pockets."

Desperately he fingered around his smooth trousers. He looked helplessly back at her.

"Girls don't need pockets either. You'll learn. So hand them over."

He gave her his keys, wallet and change. He felt as though he was handing over his entire life. He felt scared and vulnerable without money. He was wholly dependent up on her.

He had to win her over. This was going too far.

She opened the door and beckoned him to the doorway and waiting bustle of afternoon shoppers. He paused with a last forlorn look at his male attire crumpled into the bin. He tried his best pleading expression but she simply jerked her head and handed him his sports bag containing the ultimate degradation.

They headed back to the car. He kept his head low avoiding eye contact

while Julie raced ahead. Simon made a final plea. "Please Mrs. Hall. I promise that I will never again..."

The slap across his thigh drew everyone's attention. The shopping centre stopped for a moment everyone looking around for the child who had been punished with a loud slap from its mother. All they saw was a red faced man cowed a woman standing triumphantly with her hands on her hips.

Julie was livid. "How many times have I told you to keep your mouth shut you sissy!"

He blushed hot red and tried to make himself shrink within his own body away from everyone's attention.

Julie stamped her foot and dug into the bags. She pulled out the heeled ankle boots with the low heel. "Get these on your feet right now! Or Else!"

His mouth dropped but seconds later he was sat on a bench squeezing his nylon and Lycra clad feet into the tiny shoes.

6.

So when he was presented to Carol on reception he was fighting back the tears.

"Listen Carol and listen carefully. I am a busy woman and I will not tolerate having to repeat myself."

Carol the seventeen year old brunette straight from school gulped. "Yes Mrs. Hall."

"Simon here is to be taught all you know about your work. You will fill out a ten phase plan for him that will last two days. It should cover the photocopier, answering phones taking messages and all the other crap you perform so inefficiently."

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"You will have him create an A4 sheet and fill out each task he has learned.

You will give him marks out of ten. I will test him myself and if I find that you have been over generous then I will come down on you like a ton of bricks."

She shivered, "Yes Mrs. Hall."

"If on the other hand you mark him too harshly I will understand your caution in training a new office boy."

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"He is not to have a cup of tea or a visit to the toilet without written permission from you. Clear?"

It was at that point that Simon sniffled. Carol was such a submissive girl. To be put in her charge was too humbling to take.

"Oh yes very clear Mrs. hall."

"Simon!"

"Yes Mrs. Hall?" Simon found himself answering automatically and rushing to do her bidding.

"Have you told anyone what you are actually christened? You're name boy. You're real name."

He moved from one heel to the other. "Er... no I don't think so."

She turned back to Carol. "His actual name is Simone."

"Isn't that a girl's name?" Carol put her hands over her mouth. "I am sorry Mrs. Hall I didn't mean to say anything against what you just said..."

"Who knows? Boys and girls perhaps, like Lindsay. So have his badge made up accordingly."

"Badge Mrs. hall?"

Julie closed her eyes before opening them with a glare that could have sunk the Titanic before melting it's iceberg. "A new office boy should have a badge so that everyone knows what to call him. Simone, junior

receptionist."

"Oh certainly. Yes Mrs. Hall."

Soon he found himself sitting behind the long reception desk in the entrance hall enduring the titters of his staff. He was humiliated and on display and there was nothing he could do but wait until five o'clock and freedom. Then he could beg his wife for release. His smooth clothes, tights and heeled boots were feminine and demeaning. The badge was a mark of shame.

For the first hour Carol did everything for Simon or Simone as she referred to him. She made the coffee and answered the phone. She did the filing and the photocopying. But as the afternoon wore on she soon became too busy and reluctantly delegated some tasks.

"Oh be a dear and photocopy this report for dispatch please."

"Could you make the tray of coffee for the girls in the office? Don't worry I will carry it in."

"Is it possible to tidy up these files Simone?"

Gradually the respect lessened and it was a case of: "Put the yellow file into the tall cabinet." "Hurry up with those copies."

Simon had been surprised at her change in character but remembered from his psychology days at college what happens if one person feels they have power over another: they exercise it as if it is a God given right. The one who is powerless quickly adapts to the subservient role.

He realised how dramatically life had changed when he asked her if he could have a cup of tea when she had just put down the phone on an irate customer. "No you cannot! Tidy up the desk first! Anyway if I have to give you written permission you should put in a written request!"

"You can't be serious Carol."

The brunette winced. "Well it's Carol this and Carol that. I am no good at

telling people what to do. Its horrible for me having to do it. I am the reception girl not a manager! Yes I do want written permission. And where is your form so that I can mark you?"

He gave her the form he had created regarding his appraisal and went resignedly to the table at the end of reception to write for permission to use the toilet. Surely even Julie had not expected this of him.

He handed her his written note: 'Please may I use the toilet, Simone.'

She scrawled 'Yes, you may.' at the bottom and went back to filling out his assessment.

The toilet was his place of sanctuary. When he entered there were two men at the urinals laughing. Their laughter stopped as soon as they saw him. He bowed his head and went into one of the cubicles, locked the door and hid.

He heard a half whispered voice: 'I am not surprised she needs to sit down to pee.'

The two men laughed and left, the door banging shut on Simon's ignominy.

Simon did his business and then pulled down the lid so that he could sit in his sanctuary away from the tormenting world. How had it all come to this? The plan had been so painstakingly designed. Where had it all gone wrong? At any moment Julie could completely ruin him by simply speaking a few well chosen words.

He knew he could not remain there all day but fifteen minutes of peace was deeply precious to him. Finally he returned to reception where Carol and three mini skirted young girls were giggling. They stopped their sniggers when he arrived.

He smiled at Carol who for some odd reason stood handing him a sheet of paper. "I have filled out your appraisal and I have added that you spend too much time in the toilet and not enough at your station!"

His mouth was agape. The trio of girls burst into more spluttering chuckles and briskly trotted away each taking a good look at him before getting into the lift.

My God if Julie saw that comment she would be livid. "Oh please Carol don't write that. Mrs. Hall will be ever so angry with me."

Carol sat down and flushed. "Oh I don't know. How should I know what to do? I am sorry. But I can't cross it out now. I know I'll add that you were very good at your other duties. Here," she read her word as she wrote them, "Simone has improved greatly at her tasks and can carry out photocopying duties unsupervised."

He could kiss her. "Oh thank you thank you. When this is all over I will really reward you."

Those words made her smile and gave him a flame of hope. Yes this would be all over one day.

7.

From about five o'clock on the staff began to leave. Simon stayed in the photocopying room so that he would not have to see them, or rather endure their contemptuous and mocking stares.

At five thirty Carol put on her coat. "I'll see you tomorrow. By the way you must tell me where you got those shoes. I love them. Good night."

"Good night."

Carol left as the security guards George and Eddie arrived. Jesus the two men who had spanked him the previous night. Where was Julie so that they could go home?

He pulled the jacket around his blouse. Everything was so silky smooth. It

was incredibly demeaning. How he longed for his rough masculine clothes.

"Oh there you are."

Julie marched out of the lift. Simon leaped to his feet. "Are we going home now?"

"You can! Here is the bus fare." She tossed some coins onto the desk. "I will be late. I have a meeting to sort out those lazy bastards in sales."

"Please don't make me go home on the bus Mrs. Hall."

"Don't whine like that. Oh all right you can stay and I'll give you a lift home later. But you must make yourself useful got that?"

"Oh I will Mrs. Hall. Thank you Mrs. Hall."

"Right get up to the small conference room and get it clean and tidy for us."

Simon was so relieved that he almost embraced her with gratitude. "Yes Mrs. Hall thank you Mrs. hall."

As he walked passed her to the lift something extraordinary happened. He felt her finger and thumb on his arse followed by the most painful pinch he had ever known. He squealed a yowl and stumbled forward on his heels.

He turned to see Julie grinning. "That's right babe you better watch out for me!"

He hurried to the lift knowing how large, rounded and exposed his backside was.

"You know," she said considering his appearance, "I could quite fancy you now."

8.

The conference room was full of papers, cups and debris from a previous meeting. He soon set about clearing the place. He piled the papers neatly in the middle of the table, dropped the paper cups in to the bin frowning at

the laziness of staff who simply left them where they were. Finally he tidied the chairs.

The sales team arrived looking flustered and concerned. Their fear of Mrs. Hall made him seem invisible. Their concerns lay with his wife, not his ridiculous appearance.

There were four of them, David, Stuart, Georgina and Samantha. They took their seats and dived into their briefcases. Not a word was exchanged.

Julie arrived a moment later, slamming the door to make them jump.

Simon wondered whether he should sit down or leave. He waited in the corner for her instructions.

She took out a folder from her briefcase and then sat at the head of the table - what had been his position.

"These figures stink! No excuses. We will raise our game with me in charge. If you can't hack it," she eyed David until he flushed and looked away before continuing, "then I'll get people who can."

She laid out her papers. "Simone would you be a dear and sort out coffees and tea. Oh get some biscuits too."

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

The humiliating command at least gave him the opportunity to leave the room. In the kitchen he stood on his heels feeling the tightness of the bra, the sliding of the trousers over his tights.

He wondered whether a letter of apology would be better received by his wife.

He made up a pot of tea and one of coffee. He piles the cups on the tray along with spoons, sugar and saucers. There was just enough room for the tin of biscuits.

Never had he carried anything as carefully as he did that tray.

When he reached the conference room he was in time to see Samantha's face burning red. Julie was jabbing her finger at the blond sales girl: "You little, miss prim and proper. You will do what ever it takes to get those orders do you understand. I don't give a monkey's fuck what he wants from you. You do it!"

Samantha's voice was breaking, "Yes Mrs. Hall. I will. I promise."

"Ha Simone, pour the coffee and tea and lay out the biscuits. We'll take five while I get my breath back after this demonstration of incompetence."

Simon stood near the table laying out the cups and saucers. His hands were shaking. There was something about Julie with power that made everyone quake. He could see the sales staff quietly reading their notes. There was no banter, no chat. Simon knew that his wife would not be aware of the fact that if you break the tension with a laugh you can have your staff eating out of your hand.

He poured the coffee moving from one heel to the next. He guessed that the heels on his ankle boots were little more than one inch, and they were quite wide thankfully. God knows what he would have looked like with stiletto heels.

He pushed the cups to each of the sales staff, none of whom thanked him.

He stepped back hoping to be dismissed. He hated being seen in his outfit even though no one could know about his underwear - he hoped.

"Right Simone I have Carol's appraisal of your first day as office junior here," she waved the A4 sheet at him.

He felt butterflies in his stomach.

She held it out, "Come along. Take it and read it to me."

"Read it to you?" He was staggered.

"Quickly you little tramp! Before I add some comments of my own."

He looked at his sales staff who were now carefully looking at him. They

did not want to bring themselves to Julie's attention but were all intrigued as to the appraisal of their former boss by the lowly receptionist.

Simone took it. His head swimming. He cleared his throat and read the first line: 'Appraisal of new office staff member Simone Hall.'

Julie sat back in her seat crossing her legs. "I said read it aloud not mumble like a frightened schoolgirl."

The nightmare just kept getting worse. This time he spoke clearly and was fully aware that he had the attention of everyone in the room. His voice quivered as he read Carol's assessment. If only he had not upset her when she was on the phone to that irate client.

"Appraisal of new office staff member Simone Hall. Simone is smartly dressed."

He heard Samantha guffaw but noted that Julie made no attempt to reprimand her.

"Simone is smartly dressed," he continued, "and polite. I gave him ten tasks and assessed him on each as follows." He looked up at her to see if he had to continue. She nodded to him.

"Task one was photocopying. Simone had to be shown more than once how to use the photocopier. He constantly had to summon me for help." He heard some titters but kept his eyes fixed on his report. Why did she mention that! He looked up at his tormentor. "May I add Mrs. Hall that there is another comment at the bottom of the page and..."

"Read it in order Simone or else you might get confused."

Georgina laughed out loud at this. Once again Julie did not upbraid her for laughing. Simon understood that they would all realise that they could laugh out loud at him. He was to be used as Julie's tension breaker. They had been hauled over the coals by his dragon of a wife and now they were allowed to watch a minion being put through his paces.

"Yes Mrs. Hall." He wondered if he should avoid reading out the next comment but the thought of her checking on him and finding that he had been deceitful was too terrible for words. So he read on: "Simone also had to be told that the papers photocopied had to be put in order. Two out of ten."

He heard Julie tut. 'Oh God please let me die now,' he thought.

"Task two was filing." He heard another giggle but read on as quickly as he could. "Simone was able to understand that files were to be put into alphabetical order for the client's name but sadly failed to grasp that they then had to be in to date order within their names. Four out of ten as he did put them in name order."

He stifled a groan. How miserable Carol had been in assessing him. This was his first attempt at filing!

Must read more quickly.

"The third task was answering phones. Sadly Simone's lack of training in this matter let him down badly. He never gave his name or an invitation to serve the client. He also failed to put through many calls. Including one from a client who was very angry and took out his anger on me." Ha, thought Simon, that was why Carol was so cross with him. Oh why did she not say? "I feel that all I can write here is 1 out of ten for effort."

At this point everyone laughed out loud.

"But please Mrs. Hall," a flustered Simone spluttered, "I haven't been trained. I didn't know there was a prepared speech for answering the phone."

Julie raised her eyebrows and nodded. "Good point Simone. She wrote a note on her pad. "But don't worry I will find you a secretarial course. What do you think about that?"

His shoulders sagged. "Thank you Mrs. Hall."

"I am a firm believer in training Simone. Please carry on."

"The forth task was typing. Simone was a little slow at typing and constantly wanted to change other people's letters rather than just type them up. I feel no more than three out of ten for this duty. Fifthly was sorting mail. Simone enjoyed this task and took all the mail both external and internal into the photocopier room so that he could sort it uninterrupted." Actually he had used the mail sorting as the perfect excuse to hide in the photocopier room. "Seven out of ten. Only a few errors."

"That sounds more promising," Julie made another note. "Mail sorting is an important part of what we are about here. If you are good at it perhaps I could delegate all mail errands to you."

"Thank you Mrs. Hall. Sixth duty was tidying the desk. Unfortunately Simone thinks others should tidy the desk for him. Every time he was asked to clear the desk he would end up sullyng it with his files or photocopying paper. He does not seem to realise that the desk should always be kept clear. Three out of ten. Seventh should have been dictation but he was far too slow when taking a letter over the phone from the dispatch department and I had to do it. He would need shorthand to be able to fully master this task. Three out of ten."

Julie scribbled her notes. "Needs shorthand. Yes I can see that. I hope you will reward the company with hard work after I have spent all this money on your training."

"Yes Mrs. Hall. Eighth," he carried on briskly, "demeanour to staff and clients. Simone really must learn to smile all the time to who ever passes by the desk and not hide. A 'good afternoon' would also be valuable. No matter how many times I pointed this out Simone continued to find this the most difficult task to master."

"I will be checking for improvement in that field in your appraisal tomorrow Simone."

Tomorrow! Another day like this? Another day at the mercy of Carol the fluffy cute receptionist! He sighed.

"Ninth was refreshments. Simone prepared tea and coffee with me and carried out his duties well."

Julie nodded and sipped her coffee. "Yes I think we can all agree with that. Well done Simone."

There were general mutters of agreement from the sales staff but he knew that they were laughing at him.

"Seven out of ten for refreshments."

"Seven. Gosh well done indeed Simone. Another talent you have kept hidden from us all these years."

The room erupted into laughter and Simon felt his cheeks glow so hot they would have been visible from a passing satellite. "Finally ten. Tenth duty was an unusual one in that he had to ask permission from me to use the toilets." He felt his knees turn to soggy paper. "I thought it best to have him ask for permission in writing so that I could sign him off properly. Although he complied with this after some protests he did spend an awfully long time in the toilet and I had to point this out to him."

"Oh dear, dear," Julie shook her head. "Did Carol really have to upbraid you?"

He kept his eyes on the sheet of paper, "She did mention it yes Mrs. Hall."

"You be sure to give her a written letter of apology first thing tomorrow morning. Naughty rascal!"

"Yes Mrs. Hall." There at the bottom was the line he desperately wanted to get to. Not only was it the final line but it was also very positive. "To summarise Simone has learned a great deal on his first day with me. Simone has improved greatly at her tasks and can carry out photocopying duties unsupervised."

He looked up in triumph. Surely that was a high note on which to finish.

"Wow," Julie exclaimed. "Photocopying duties unsupervised."

The room echoed to their cruel laughter. Even Julie was laughing as she made her notes.

"So we can see that photocopying, mail errands and serving tea and coffee are all well with in your scope of abilities. Fair enough. But certainly lots of room for improvement. And you are correct, a secretarial course might lead to some degree of improvement." She looked at Georgina. "You were in the office pool for a while, are there such courses?"

Georgina looked from Julie to Simone in fear, what should she say? "Uhm well yes. There are a few but vary greatly. You can have a days course or they can last between one and three months."

Julie nodded and ran her hand through her long hair. "Three months. Well that should cover everything."

"But Mrs. Hall," Simon spluttered. "Three months!"

"Well let us see how you cope tomorrow. If I see a marked improvement perhaps we can view it as on the job training."

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"Right, thank you for that entertaining diversion Simone you can leave now. Just stay within earshot in case we need you for photocopying or mail errands."

They all laughed and Simone sharply backed out through the door.

As he closed the door he heard Julie bark: "Right enough laughs for one evening get out your forecasts and make sure that they don't make me laugh!"

Simon slumped in a seat outside the room, put his head in his hands and cried.

9.

It was over an hour later when the chastened sales staff filed sullenly out and made their way home. Julie bustled out, stuffing her reports into her case. "Simone tidy the room and then report to me in my office."

"Yes Mrs. hall," he sniffed.

Obviously it was 'his' office he reported to but he would not dare point that out.

He arrived at his old master office ten minutes later.

"Have you been crying," she sneered.

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"Wimp. Sissy. It's a good think someone with authority is running the show isn't it wimp?"

"Yes Mrs. hall."

"Where's your bag with your schoolgirl kit?"

"Down behind reception Mrs. Hall."

"Okay the changes will continue for the next day or so. I like my new position and I'm not going to give it up."

"No Mrs. Hall."

"Moreover I like your new position and I'm going to keep you in your place for a little while."

"Please Mrs. Hall I have been meaning to say just how sorry I am..."

She held up her hand. "Keep your mouth shut tramp. This is how it will be and pay attention bird brain."

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"You will sign over the rest of the company to me."

"But..."

"Shut that hole in your face until I have finished."

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"I want the house and the two cars. The bank account is to be signed into my name."

"Look Julie I..."

"Say hello to the slutty schoolgirl."

He threw up his hands in horror and squealed: "Oh Mrs. Hall I am not dressed. May I go down and fetch my outfit?"

Julie laughed, "Say goodbye to the slutty schoolgirl."

Simon felt the compulsion to dress in his schoolgirl outfit diminish. "Oh thank you Julie, er... Mrs. Hall."

"So we know where we stand. I can keep you in your nice schoolgirl number to entertain me and whom ever I please or you do as you're told."

"But I won't have anything if I just give it all up to you."

"I guarantee you an income of fifty thousand for every year you remain working for me." She grinned darkly, "After all someone with your photocopying skills is hard to find."

"But you will just humiliate me in front of all my staff."

"They are not your staff. Oh? Now what was that phrase again? Say hello to..."

"Okay, okay. Please Mrs. Hall the company is worth near a million. If you pay me off for my half then I..."

"I will sign a form entitling you to two hundred and fifty thousand if you complete your year here."

"Will I have to wear these clothes?"

"Yes."

Simon flung himself to his knees. "Please Mrs. Hall please forgive me. I was stupid. Crazy. I won't ever try such a stunt again. Please have the company but don't make me dress like this I hate it."

"You ungrateful bitch. All that trouble I went through to buy you your nice outfits. I suppose you want to wear the skirt and top tomorrow."

"No. My God No!"

"But you say you don't like the outfit you are wearing now."

"But what I meant was..."

"So skirt and top. Maybe a dress."

"No. Mrs. Hall please I like my clothes." He hung his head feeling the slippery smoothness of tights against his trousers.

"Do you. Are you sure?"

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"And your knickers and pantyhose?"

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"I think we now understand each other fully don't we Simone?"

"Yes Mrs. Hall."

"Stand up and sign these forms to complete our deal."

The writing was blurred by tears as he signed his name to each sheet in turn.

When he had finished he felt a sharp series of pats on his bottom, just painful enough to let him know who wielded the power now.

"Good girl."

She put her arms around him. "Turn around silly."

He turned in her arms unable to look her in the eyes. She kissed his nose. "Now all those silly tears can be wiped away by me." She took out a handkerchief and mopped around his face. "So long as you know your place I will look after you. I am the boss around here and no one will belittle you without my say so."

He felt her grip him tightly around the waist. He raised his head and she kissed him gently on his nose and then his lips. He felt his lips part. She leaned forward and whispered in his ear. "You are mine now all mine. Tonight I will fuck you to demonstrate my possession."

Her hands slid down to his buttocks and she grasped each cheek, squeezing them tightly. "I promise I will always look after you."

Simone felt an erection stir and something deep and satisfying built up inside him. He knew he would have to fight such feelings. If he fell in love with her new character he would be lost forever.

But for the moment simply to let her hold him and make love to him was deeply rewarding. She had created a need within him and now she was answering that need.

She took his hand and walked him to the window over looking the city. Stars had appeared as a beautiful low canopy over the twinkling picturesque metropolitan lights that winked knowingly at them.

The window was open and the traffic sounds blurred to a musical hum.

Church bells started up and echoed off the building of the city.

A white bird fluttered on to the windowsill and cooed.

"What's that?" Julie asked.

Simone sighed and leaned into her warm, hard body, "A white dove Mrs. Hall."

Julie leaned back and gave it an almighty kick. "We're not having any of that lovey, dovey stuff around here," she spat, giving his arse and almighty

slap.

"Yowl!"

The End