

Taken Over



Stella Satin

TAKEN OVER
by **STELLA SATIN**



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I don't think that anyone in the office believed I hired Susan for her qualifications. I could see Stan eyeing her up from the minute I started to interview her. As the only other male in the office, I knew he had a fairly low opinion of me – felt that HE should be office manager – had sneered something about family connections when Aunt Ada had given me the position – but I think he relished the idea of having such an attractive girl working alongside us. The girls in the office all smirked at me knowingly. Aunt Ada blinked when she first saw her. “Geez Danny! She’s a real looker! Hope she can type – because if SHE can’t, *you’d* better learn real quick.”

Then she laughed and patted me on the back. “About time you started showing interest in the opposite sex. I mean, I know you ain’t gay, but even I was starting to wonder.”

But I grinned to myself. Susan was pretty – if not beautiful. Blonde hair – a soft curling cap around a pert, intelligent, face. Bright blue eyes – a perfectly formed mouth and the proverbial shell-like ears. A fantastic body! Dressed elegantly and yet was not flashy. Spoke quietly, but was charming to everyone. The truth was, I HAD hired her because of her qualifications. Okay, she was given the title Administrative Assistant – but she was my

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secretary. And, oh lordy! Was she ever a secretary! Lightning fast on a keyboard or typewriter – even took **SHORTHAND!** Would take my mumbled dictation and turn out memos of jeweled precision. She was **PERFECT!** Had no problem with making my coffee or tea – she won my heart in days.

About a week after she started I was just coming out of my office into her cubicle. She was sitting there, repairing her lipstick, and looking into a compact. A picture of pure femininity that fascinated me enough to make me stare for a moment. Her eyes must have caught my cessation of movement and slid to the side to see me. Then, as if in slow motion, she turned her head. Her eyes then widened a trifle and she smiled at me. Pouted prettily at me, then held out the lipstick tube and the compact towards me invitingly. “Like to try?” she asked.

Aghast – what did she think I was? I blushed deeply, and tried to laugh it off. “Ah . Thanks, but no thanks. Not my shade I’m afraid, ha ha!”

She snapped her compact closed with one hand, then put it down on her desk. Then, still looking directly at me, she twisted the lipstick tube so that the little red penis-like thing actually came out towards me a little, then was slowly pulled back into the tube. Still looking at me steadily, she capped the lipstick. Smiled nicely. “Yes. You’re probably right. A little too red for you. Maybe some other time?” Then she gave her little tinkling laugh. “Why, you’re blushing sir. Did I embarrass you?”

I didn’t answer her question. Instead I pretended that I had something to do and took off hurriedly. I wasn’t sure, but thought I heard a smothered giggle behind me.

During the next few weeks, her efficiency actually increased! She was rapidly becoming indispensable. Very popular with everyone,

Courteous and deferential to me at all times she was the perfect employee. But she started smiling at me in a way that made me nervous. A slightly seductive element in her eyes, a slight pout to her lips. Almost as if she shared some *secret* with me. And sometimes, just for a second, she'd bat her eyelashes at me or actually *pout* invitingly in an obvious way, but never in front of anyone else of course.

Inside my private office the eyelash fluttering and pouting was even more obvious. Once she actually leaned over my desk and stared at me. Smiling of course, but saying nothing.

“Yes? You want something Susan?” I mumbled, my mouth dry with a kind of fear. She blinked as if awakening from some kind of trance. “Oh no sir. Sorry. I was just daydreaming there for a moment.”

Also in the office? I don't know how to describe it, but suddenly I had the feeling that she was taking up all of the space – was always feeling *crowded* by her. Found myself as if backing away from her – and as if she was pursuing me? Discovered that I felt more comfortable for a while by making sure I remained seated in my chair, but then she just seemed to inexorably be coming closer and closer to where I sat, until I felt as if she was towering over me. One day, I was so un-nerved by her closeness that I said “Susan? Why don't you have a seat? I'm sure you'd be more comfortable.”

“Why thank you sir. That's very considerate of you,” she said – then perched her backside on top of my desk – even *closer* to me than she had been!

I actually started to tell her that this was not what I meant, but she forestalled me by speaking first. “You know sir? You are the *niciest*, most *considerate* boss I've ever had. You're the *sweetest* too!” her elegant nylon sheathed knee showed under the hem of

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her tailored skirt and she swung her foot in a very relaxed manner. Smiling down on me now, she leaned forward and actually patted me maternally on my cheek. “Yes! Definitely, the sweetest!” she said, looking very much like some conqueror beaming down on her prize.

From then on, she sat there while taking dictation, though now and then, she’d suggest – very tactfully of course – some modification, which always sounded better – which normally I’d take, though I gradually started to feel as if was taken for granted. One day, I demurred saying I thought my wording better. I knew it wasn’t, but just felt I had to show some authority. Was absolutely stunned when she leaned forward and patted my knee. “Now sir? We both know that’s not true, don’t we?” and fixed her blue eyes on mine.

I was the first to look away. “I guess it doesn’t make any difference!” I blustered, but my voice sounded weak and petulant, even to me. From then on, all of her suggestions - well more like suggested *corrections* were, naturally, taken. Then a week or so later? She started to sit and take little scribbled shorthand notes, smiling at me all the while – even looking out of the window at times- and then would later present a memo typed just the way SHE wanted it. I would sign them, naturally.

The natural progression? She’d come in during the early morning and say “Any memos today, sir?” I learned to have a list of memos that needed to be typed ready for her then, once she had them ready? I was to sign them, preferably without reading them. Then? She mentioned that my handwriting was so bad – why didn’t I *type* my list up for her? (I know that many of the women in the office raised their eyebrows when it became a common sight of me to be sitting out in Susan’s office, typing ‘something’ while she’d be in another part of the office chatting to someone – job related chats of course, but I saw no reason to try and explain.)

Now, you must keep in mind that Susan was still an exemplary employee. As my secretary, she wielded a fair amount of power in the office, but no one took this amiss. Far from it. The other women *adored* her. Her relationship to Stan? That was a different story.

He was, as I indicated, a senior employee in the office. As such, felt that he carried some weight – which, in all honesty, he should have. But once Susan was established, it was as if he was out of favor with *everyone*. You can tell when someone in an office is on the outs with everybody – and he most definitely WAS. His complaints about lack of support – or rude behavior – increased to an almost ridiculous level and, though no complaints were ever lodged about him, I could see that he was being frozen out.

In the meantime? I was gradually being accepted in a way I'd never been before – except by Stan of course. The women had all become very deferential to me. Gave me smiling “Good Mornings” and were always eager to do anything I asked of them. I convinced myself that the stigma of nepotism that had clouded my acceptance in the office had disappeared now that the girls (I'd taken to calling them that) had got to know me.

With Susan? We had become *friends*. It's hard to explain how this had come about. Frankly, it was as if I could see her power growing in the workplace – and jumped on the bandwagon, so to speak. I just know that all of a sudden, she and I would have our coffee together each and every morning – in my office. But I was *fascinated* by the woman. It was as if I couldn't see enough of her, be in her company enough – even though I was distinctly nervous in her presence. Get all tense and dry mouthed. And, she *knew!* Would smile her little enigmatic smile at me and practically sup my discomfiture with a spoon. It was if she *expected* me to hang about around her – wait anxiously for her words. And always that enigmatic smile.

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We'd chat about various things – world news, local events – although she'd never discuss sports with me. I knew that she was very knowledgeable in that area – I'd heard her talking about the local and national teams with some fervor to the other girls – but any time I'd raise that subject, she'd fix me with the catlike stare that I'd become accustomed to. “You don't *really* want to talk about that, do you?” she'd say in an amused sort of way. And I'd blush.

But increasingly? The topics of conversation would verge on the feminine. She'd tell me of clothes – or lingerie – she'd bought, and ask my opinion. If I responded with the usual male ignorance – she'd *explain*. And I'd find myself the recipient of mini-lectures on materials, lingerie, makeup, fashion – and other conversational subjects normally covered amongst women.

Then, one morning, we seemed to advance into another phase.

“Sir?” she giggled. “May I ask a VERY large favor?”

“Of course Susan! *Anything* within my power!” I responded gallantly.

She appeared to blush, although I had the feeling she was acting for some reason. “Well? Silly me! I buttoned my blouse all wrong this morning – and I feel like SUCH a ninny! Do you think you could help me?”

“Don't see why not Susan. But?” I looked at the front of her blouse that looked as if it had NO buttons at all. “It doesn't look like that would be much of a problem? I don't SEE any buttons.” I joked.

“Oh! You're such a *silly*!” she said, removing her tailored suit jacket and turning around to face away from me.

Awestruck, I looked at the row of tiny, fabric-covered buttons that fastened her into her blouse – down the back. – with one, obviously missed, about the middle.

“Ha ha!” I said. “You wouldn’t want to trust me with that! Need a woman for that sort of thing!”

She looked over her shoulder at me. Not smiling. “But I asked *YOU*. And you said . . .”

“Okay!” I capitulated.

She smiled the smile of a conqueror. “Thank you dear. But will you undo ALL of the buttons first? I want to make absolutely sure we have everything lined up properly before you start doing me up again.”

“But that seems patently ridic . . .”

“SIR!”

Obedient now, I unbuttoned her blouse, my nervous fingers trembling as I undid every small fastener while she stood regal and still, as I slowly, and fumbling, undid her blouse. When all of the buttons were undone and her blouse gaped at the back, she totally surprised me by simply removing the blouse and turning to face me.

She was gorgeous! Smooth breasts, the orbs just barely visible in elegant oyster shade satin bra lace cups, her matching camisole further enhancing her beautiful figure.

“Remember I was telling you about Belgian lace the other day sir? I thought you might be interested in seeing it.” She gently fingered the lace edging of her camisole. “Isn’t it *lovely*?” she asked.

I licked my lips. “Ah yes Susan, very pretty, but..”

She took my breath away by simply taking my hand and pulling it up gently to her bosom. “Here sir? Just feel this material!”

“But what happens if someone comes in?” I stammered.

“Oh, for goodness sake!” she laughed. “The girls won’t think anything of it if they see it’s only *you*. Here, take it between your finger and thumb. Just feel that workmanship!”

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I felt that I should object to her statement somehow, but didn't. Did as she'd told me instead. "Oh yes, it's lovely material." I admitted, feeling the material between my fingers but terrified that I'd accidentally touch her breasts. She didn't seem to care one way or the other though.

She smiled confidently at me as I stood there like a eunuch admiring the material of her lingerie. "See?" she crowed. "That wasn't so bad, was it. Now you can button me in again please." And promoted now from being a castrated male to a ladies maid, I methodically buttoned her back into her clothes, while she chattered away telling me where she bought her undies and how she had everything custom tailored. "A girl has got to look her best these days, don't you agree sir?" she said. then, before I could answer she added. "You have lovely soft hands, but did I just feel a tiny snag on my blouse there? Might have to see about a manicure for you – shan't we?"

But as I was saying, the only fly in the ointment was Stan. Susan had always been careful to speak reasonably well of him – but it was more damnation by faint praise more than anything else, I always thought. But one day, she was in a cold fury about something. When I commented that she didn't seem to be in too good a mood, her eyes actually flashed dangerously at me!

"You're not mad at me Susan, are you?" I asked nervously.

She blinked, as if surprised. "Oh no sir! Mad at you? I know my place better than *that*, sir."

"Well? What is it. I'm the manager here, am I not?" I said grandly.

"You're a valuable employee here and if something – or someone – is bothering you, I have a right to know. Surely?"

She sighed. "I don't mean to complain sir – nor do I want to sound sexist – but it's Stan. Did you know that all us girls call him *Stan the Man*?"

Her tone of voice left me in no doubt – it was not a complimentary soubriquet, but I had to laugh. “I have the feeling that’s supposed to be an insult Susan – but I don’t quite see it that way. I’m a man too, you know.”

Her lips pursed. “But he’s got all the nasty male attitudes. He’s *masculine*. You’re sweet. He’s always chasing after the girls – and he’s made lewd comments a few times. He’s even made derogatory comments about *you*, sir!” She saw the puzzled look coming over my face. “Not to ME sir – and I don’t think any of the girls would care to make a direct accusation – can ruin a career with something like that these days – but he’s creating a storm in a little teacup that would otherwise be a perfect place to work – if he wasn’t here.” She placed a hand on my arm. “Please sir? I can see that you’re angry. But please don’t fire him, please?”

I wasn’t as put out as she seemed to think I was – or expect me to be - but could see that she expected me to do *something*. It was then that the thought struck me. A quick call to Aunt Ada and Stan was given a small promotion – and a decent raise – but in a different building. It wasn’t until the following week when I was interviewing for his replacement that I sensed that Susan didn’t want a male. Naturally, as my assistant she sat in on the interviewing and I must admit that she was very adept at finding weaknesses in the male candidates, and strengths in the females. I accepted her final recommendation, and became the only male in an office of women.

Everyone seemed to breathe a collective sigh of relief and we all settled back down. I actually became even more popular with the girls. It came about this way.

Stan and I had often lunched together, though at other times I had something sent in. Susan actually invited me to lunch one day – and demanded that she pay the bill, because it was her that

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had asked me. As a joke, she held my chair for me as I sat, then did all of the ordering. It was an upscale place and although I'd been embarrassed a little by her actions, she turned out to be an excellent lunch companion – and so I reciprocated by asking her out a few days later. So we started having lunch together out of the office about one day a week.

About that same time, I had lunch sent in one day. Susan had ordered it for me, so knew this. Idly, she asked if I'd like to join her in her cubicle at lunchtime. Not thinking, I thanked her and said that I would if nothing came up.

Well nothing came up and then she buzzed through to my office to let me know that my lunch had arrived and why didn't I come on and join her. "Sure!" I said, then left my office. Then stopped. I'd forgotten that Susan often had some of the girls join her on days when she ate her lunch in the office. She beamed at me and pointed to a chair. "Why don't you sit there sir?"

As I took the seat indicated in the middle of the girls. I was kinda shy and nervous, but managed to blurt out "Hey! During lunch? No need for that 'sir' business. I'm simply Danny. Okay?"

She saw my nervousness, I had no doubts about that, but she smiled her soft smile and answered. "Okay – Danny. You've got a deal." Spoke to the girls. "Right, ladies?" "Welcome to our little hen party – Danny," a girl called Isobel said – and I became a member of the group.

I don't quite know how it came about, but I seemed to become a firmly ensconced member – even on some days when Susan went out for lunch on her own – and, once it became a routine, it made more sense to have our little hen parties in my office – a lot more room. I felt a little more in charge sitting in my chair, with the women circled in front of my desk, but even this authority was taken away from me over a period of time.

“You’ve got all us girls feeling subordinate to you again Danny.” Susan said one day.

“Whatever are you talking about?” I said.

“Well? It’s kinda hard to see you as a *friend*, one of *us*, when you sit behind that big old desk in that big old chair.” she said jokingly.

“Yeah!” Alice the office girl laughed. “Maybe you should let us all take turns at sitting there. That’d be fun!”

I didn’t want to look like a bad sport and, after all? I’d pressed the point that we were a democratic group at lunch time so accepted the decision with a fairly good presence. There was some good natured squabbling over who was to take their turn first, but we they all ended up drawing straws for it (As I was sitting in the chair that particular day, I was to be automatically last in the order).

The next day was Alice’s turn She squealed delightedly when she first sat in it though after a while she started to wear a troubled expression. “You know Susan? I don’t feel comfy here. Why don’t you take my turn?”

“Susan laughed. “Thanks, but no thanks. I’m not swapping my turn for yours.”

Alice looked a little offended. “I never said anything about swapping. I was just offering you my turns is all. I think you’ll look good in that chair!”

Abashed, Susan thanked her and she exchanged seats. But then as one day followed the next, all of the other girls gave up their turns to her – and then it was my turn. I was actually going to sit there – it was **my** chair after all – but the girls just gave me such a collectively peculiar look that I succumbed. “Oh – I get to sit in it all the time Susan,” I said. “And you seem to enjoy it, so . . .”

I hadn’t intended to give it up permanently during our lunches – but it seemed to have been taken that way – and accordingly, I

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became a regular member of Susan's hen party coterie, all sitting around her admiringly while she ruled from her seat of power.

I blush to admit it, but I started crocheting. Isobel was the one to suggest it to me one day when I complained about feeling stressed out. (Actually, Susan had taken over my assignments so much that I was starting to feel like a useless appendage about the office. Made up for this by constantly acting harassed and worried).

"You need some kind of therapy Danny." She said (I was Danny all the time now).

"Don't have time to go to some shrink's office," I said.

She giggled. "No. I didn't mean that kind of thing. I'll see you at lunchtime and explain better. Okay?"

How does one resist a group of friendly, smiling, women intent on teaching you how to do something for your own good? Especially when the essence of your masculinity has gradually been diluted with immersion in a female world. Where only a goddess rules supreme – and you are considered to be, like everyone else in that little world – a subject of hers?

So while goddess Susan watched with kindly, amused, eyes, I was taught to crochet by three of the women. Isobel, Edna, and Dorothy – and I was assimilated into another feminine group – a sub group perhaps, but one with an identity of its own – 'The crochet girls'. No one ever used that term directly to me of course, but I sometimes heard the four of us described that way out on the floor – although I'd swear it was not done in mockery.

The office efficiency had exploded since Stan's departure. Aunt Ida was suitably impressed but was not so stupid as to believe that this was all because of me. A surprise visit at the tail end of lunch time was more than enough to give her some idea of what had been going on. She talked to me privately in my office. Did not