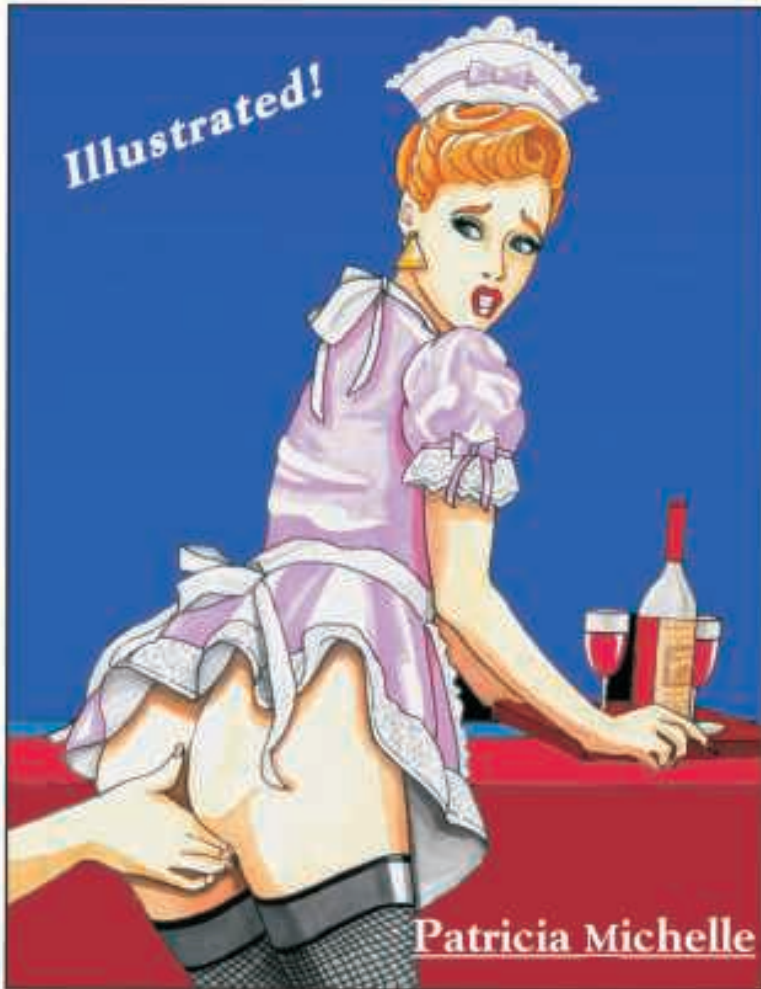


FEMINIZED AT THE OFFICE.

Book 2



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Feminized At The Office

By Patricia Michelle

PART 2

Chapter-42 Sampling the wares.

After my welcome spanking I put on a fashion show with each outfit bringing, hoots, howls and hysterical laughing. I wanted to cry, it was humiliating. Everyone laughing at their ex-boss. But I couldn't, I was too busy flashing my ass, showing off my tits and, of course, smiling as if I were enjoying myself.

When they all sat down to dinner Mistress Green ordered me, where else, under the table. She ex-

plained the heel and toe method to them suggesting that they simply experiment and that they get pumps with the sharpest, pointed toes and heels and have steel toes and heels put on them.

“Ms. Conover said she’ll respond a lot faster to them and they’re especially useful if you feel her slacking off,” she added.

Well by the time I’d serviced all five of them not only was my ass hurting even more, so were my sides. I was simply hurting everywhere but so thankful it was over until, to my intense dismay, she said, “We haven’t had our coffee and desert yet so round you go again.”

Chapter-43 Laying down the law.

Finally they were finished, and as I stood in front of them Mistress Green handed me a pink notebook.

“This is your Bimbo/Slut Praise & Fault book. Whenever one of us notices you’re not acting as you’re expected to you’ll hand her your book so she can make a note of it. However we will also make note if you do something that merits praise. Each Saturday, as at the institute, your weekly performance will be evaluated. To avoid being punished all day Sunday all you have to do is have less faults than the previous week. You will be punished if you repeat a fault twice in a week as obviously you weren’t trying hard to correct yourself. Now, we do want to be fair. So, for each compliment or praise you receive you’ll be allowed twenty minutes of free time on Sunday. There are also bonus points you can earn. For example if a man lewdly comments on your tits, ass, legs or makes an especially off color

remark on you you'll receive forty minutes of free time. A full hour if he pinches or pats your ass or tries to run his hand up your legs. And a whole two hours if we see you've given him a noticeable hard on. Now, doesn't that sound fair?" she asked.

Fair? Not by a damn sight, I thought as I meekly and excitedly said, "Oh yes Ma'am. That sounds very fair."

Chapter-43 A sympathetic ear.

Ms. Graham, the accountant, asked if she could put me to bed. It seemed I wasn't going to be allowed to do anything on my own.

When we got to my room, that the previous owners had turned into a little girl's room I nearly gagged. I couldn't believe this was to be my room. It was all done in pinks, the daintiest furniture meant for the littlest of girls. Everything was either heavily ruffled or dripping in lace. In the cent, to my disbelief, was the frilliest canopy bed that barely looked big enough for a ten year old. With high sides that obviously slid up it more resembled a crib. That's where I was supposed to sleep, they had to be kidding?

My mortified thoughts were interrupted as Ms. Graham suddenly ordered me to bend over a chair. Oh no, not another spanking! I thought, as my panties were pulled down. To my surprise I felt a cooling, soothing lotion being rubbed in which immediately lessened my poor, abused behind.

"I really thought the girls overdid spanking you, poor thing. I hope this feels better," she said.

“Oh yes, thank you ever so much, Ms. Graham,” I said, sincerely grateful.

“I just want to caution you. Sally, in particular, is just waiting for you to screw up, even a little, so she can punish and humiliate you. Obviously she really has it in for you. So try your hardest, especially around her, to act like the dumbest bimbo or the sluttiest slut that you can. I really don’t like the thought of how much they could abuse you if they really wanted,” she said.

“Thank you so much Ms. Graham. I really appreciate you warning me,” I said, and meant it. Thinking I’ve actually found a sympathetic ear and a friend. And I desperately needed one. I was too dumb to realize she was simply playing, “the good cop” to Mistress Green’s “bad cop.” I was being played and I hadn’t a clue until much later, then, of course, it was really too late.

Chapter-44 My first day back at the office.

When I came down to breakfast to start my first day back at the office I was dressed in my bimbo version of a business attire. Which the girls, as I expected, couldn’t help laughing hysterically.

“Oh my god, that’s what she’s going to wear to the office? Are any men coming today? I think we’re talking serious hard-on territory here,” Ms. Parker grinned.

“Unfortunately not today, but she’ll get her chance later this week,” Ms. Clark assured her. I prayed that she was just trying to scare me.

I left early with Ms. Parker and Mills. My instructions from Ms. Clark was that I was to tutor them and teach them everything I knew about making trades and money for their clients. Which I did until about fifteen minutes before the market opened. But, I'd decided I wasn't going to teach them everything. I had my secrets on how I really made money and they weren't going to get those.

At 9:15 I was called into Ms. Clark's office.

"You wondered how I could guarantee that you would make money for your new clients, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes Ma'am, I did," I said, still not believing she could.

"What I've set down for you are daily goals which you will meet, or else. Your goals depend on how high, or low, the market goes. If the market is up, but by less than a hundred points you must enhance each client's portfolio by one percent, or \$100,000. If it's up between 100 and 200 points your goal is two percent. If it's up between 200 and 400 your goal is three percent. To be fair if the market is down less than 1—points you may not lose more than one percent, and so on. Oh yes, that goes for insuring that Ms. Parker and Ms. Mills meet those goals as well," she dictated.

My god, I was not only to meet those goals but make sure they met them as well! How the hell was she going to guarantee that I did that?

To my horror moment later I found out when she asked Sally, or Mistress Green, to send Henry in.

What walked in was this mammoth black guy dressed in a chauffeur's uniform, complete with

glossy, knee high, black boots. Jesus, he had to be six foot five and weigh 250 or 260.



“This is Henry. I hired him to serve several needs, one of which, is as our chauffeur. He’ll also keep the girls, shall we say, well serviced in ways you obviously can’t. The other position he’ll fill is to oversee you when Sally is tied up,” she said, turning me deathly pale as I looked over to see him grinning in a not friendly manner at me. It was more predatory.

“Now here’s what’s going to happen when you miss a goal. You’re going to go over to him and in your greediest, sexiest voice ask him if you can suck his cock. Oh yes, if you ever miss a goal two days in a row he’s going to bend you over my desk, and while all the girls watch, he’s going to give your ass

a real reaming out. You're still a virgin there and I know he can't wait to get at you," she smirked.

I was on the verge of passing out in sheer terror and came damn close when she said, "Henry show Bimbo Cherrie what she can look forward to."

I stood there transfixed as he pulled his fly down and out popped a cock the like that I thought never existed in size. And yet as I watched it began to grow and grow. Honest to god I'd never seen a cock that huge, not even in a porno flick.

"Just slightly over eleven inches and trust me, hard as wood. Imagine all that down your throat as he pumps gallons down it. Well, the market's about to open I think it's time for you to start making money for your clients. Oh yes, if either girl fails to meet their goals she, or both, get to decide how you'll be disciplined," she added.

All I could think of as I frantically began watching the markets and making trades was that massive cock and me sucking on it, or worse, being bent over her desk and getting my ass fucked. She was right she had the perfect incentive for me to meet the goals that she'd set.

Chapter-44 How in God's name can I concentrate?

I'd been delegated to a meager work station in the corner while Ms. Parker and Mills had large, sumptuous work areas, expensive desks, oriental rugs and comfortable looking leather chairs.

In contrast I had a desk and a secretaries' chair both in fluffy, pink rug under it. In front of me were

three computer screens. The main one with my ten million dollar client's portfolios and smaller screens showing me Ms. Parker's and Ms. Mill's accounts.

It was almost impossible to monitor what amounted to eight client portfolios at the same time. I couldn't take my eyes off the screens for even a few seconds.

Then to make matters even more impossible I heard one of them snap her fingers. When I turned to look I saw Ms. Parker spreading her legs. Jesus, she wants me to service her pussy now? With the market off it's highs and heading down.

When I hesitated she barked, "Get your dumb ass over here and bring your Praise & Fault book."

Before I crawled under her desk she said, "Write down today's date and time. Then write, 'Hesitated to respond to a direct order-ten faults. Not smiling-five faults. Now get under my desk and give me a quickie.'"

Which I did thankful that she only wanted a quickie.

But then I heard her ask, "Do you want one too, Marion?"

"Might as well," she said, snapping her fingers.

When I finally got back to my computer I was panicked as a lot of stocks were losing big time. It took a while but I finally got everything back to at least level. Then when I was just starting to make everyone money I heard this over the intercom from Mistress Green, "Bimbo Cherrie report to Ms. Carter for shoe cleaning."

So once again I was interrupted. This time to lick the dust and dirt off Ms. Carter's shoes after she'd returned from a meeting.

I won't go into every minute of my day, but the constant interruptions were driving me crazy. Three of the women decided to eat in for lunch so I found myself under the conference table licking pussies.

Then just after I got back to my desk Mistress Green came in holding a cane and for no reason, other than to impress on me who the boss was gave me five with it.

But the most humiliating interruption came when over the intercom I heard, "Bimbo Cherrie report to Henry for boot cleaning."

So there I was on my hand and knees licking clean the black, chauffer's boots while he grinned down at me.

Chapter-45 The market closes, but the day isn't over.

I was never so glad to see the market close. It was down 85 points, and while my clients lost money it didn't go over one percent, thank god. But when I glanced at Ms. Parker and Ms. Mill's portfolio had lost more than one percent I was horrified. Even though it was down only 1.04%. I prayed that she'd pass on such a meager overage.

I breathed a big sigh of relief when I got home. Which certainly didn't last long.

"Don't think that just because you're home there'll be any slacking off. Change into the outfit I

laid out on your bed and report back to me in twenty minutes,” Mistress Green ordered.

I tore up to my room and undressed as fast as I could. Obviously she planned to humiliate me as much as she could for what I saw on the bed was a sleeveless top with cutouts for my tits. I put it on, what else could I do? Next to it was a long, black leather skirt. It was, as I expected, cut out in back. In front a zipper ran the full length and I had to really struggle to close it. When I did I realized what I was wearing is what they call a hobble skirt. When I tried walking I could barely put one foot in front of the other!

Miserably I saw two other items on the bed. Big, silver bells and, of course, I knew where they went as I clipped them to the rings on my nipples.

Looking at my watch I panicked. I had two minutes to get back downstairs and I could barely walk. When I minced into the living room they all exploded in raucous laughter as I knew they would.

“Oh god, I love it. Is that a slut, or what?” Ms. Parker exclaimed.

“And don’t you just love her bells? Don’t you think she should always wear them?” Ms. Mills giggled.

“Absolutely, I totally agree,” Mistress Green said, then to me added, “You’re twenty seconds later. Ankles, you disobedient slut. One spank for every second you were late.”

I wanted to scream how unfair it was. She had to see I could barely walk. Twenty spanks later I realized she undoubtedly knew I couldn’t make it in time. She was just looking for an excuse to punish me.

Ordered to stand in front of them, as they leisurely sat with drinks, Ms. Clark sternly said, "I have here your daily performance review, and it's not good. You've been marked three times for not smiling. Do you have any excuse?"

"N-No Ma'am," I was forced to say, even though how could anyone keep smiling when they spent part of their day licking shoes, pussies or being spanked for no reason.

"It's your call Sally, you're in charge of the Slut," Ms. Carter said.

"Oh, I think being gagged for the next 48 hours should do the trick, don't you slut?"

Horrified at the thought all I could get out was, "Y-Yes Mistress Green."

"And I have just the perfect gag for you, I'm sure you'll enjoy it," she gloated.

"Now it also seems you allowed Ms. Parker's clients to lose more than the allowable loss by .04 percent?" Ms. Clark said.

"Y-Yes Ma'am, but, please, that's only..."

"What it is, is inexcusable. Connie, what do you think is a suitable punishment?" she asked.

After a minute of thought her eyes suddenly lit up.

"I know. Go over to Henry, get down on your knees and beg him to allow you to kiss his ass eight, no, sixteen times. Long, eager kisses and use your tongue. This time Henry will keep his pants on. The next time you'll pull them down. When you're finished be sure to thank him," she proclaimed to the hearty applause of everyone.

There wasn't anything I could do. I wanted with all my heart to scream I wouldn't do it, but, of course, I knew I'd only be making it worse. So there I was, on my knees, kissing and tonguing his ass. It was disgusting, humiliating. The only small salvation was he kept his pants on. I firmly resolved to never let Ms. Parker's clients exceed their loss limit again.

When I finished the degrading task to a thunderous round of applause and laughter Ms. Clark said, "Time for dinner ladies," then to me added, "You know where you belong, get there."

My poor tongue was dragging by the time they finally finished their dinner. Then yanked out from under the table by Mistress Green I was ordered to open my mouth.

When she approached me and I saw what she had in her hand I couldn't stop myself from pleading.

"Oh n-no, oh p-please, not that," I begged, staring in horror at the penis gag she was holding.

"Very well, I'll give you a choice. This one, or this one," she said, holding up one that was twice as huge.

"Well?" she demanded to know.

I was defeated, I was going to have one or the other crammed in my mouth. Just one look at her determined expression and I knew it.

"T-The first," I sobbed.

"Open up," she ordered, "no that's not even close. Get that mouth open as much as you can."

I swear I stretched my mouth open as far as I thought it would go. Yet when she had it barely in it

was actually forcing my mouth even wider! Then even before it was barely half way in I started gagging. She waited until I got control of my breathing then crammed it all the way in, tightly cinching, then locking the straps behind my head.

“This is just a warning of what you’ll be doing if you ever fail to meet a single goal at the office. Think of this, what’s in your mouth is a measly five inches. Henry’s cock, once you’ve kissed, licked and sucked on, will be more than twice that size. It’ll undoubtedly go half way down your throat, then you’ll really be gagging. Especially when he starts shooting gob and gob down it,” she smirked, then added, “You can thank Ms. Clark for your special warning gag. She said it’s worked perfectly in the past and always insures that the men she’s used it on do everything possible to meet the goals she’s set for them. Isn’t that nice of her? Nod you thanks,” she ordered, and miserably I did. Looking up to see her grinning.

Then too Mistress Green added to my duties at the office. She thought it a waste of valuable time for everyone to have to get up and get their own coffee, so from then on I was to get their coffee for them.

I was sure she was just thinking of additional things for me to do just so she could have the satisfaction of watching me suck Henry’s dick. God, did she have it in for me!

Chapter-46 New humiliations.

Naturally new humiliations awaited me at the office, both large and small, heaped on me during the week by Ms. Parker and Ms. Mills.

On my first day back when I raised my hand to ask permission to go the ladies room Ms. Parker and Ms. Mills called me over to their desks.

“Being away from your desk, for any length of time, means you’re not being productive, wouldn’t you agree?” Ms. Mills asked.

Well, that made sense so I said, “Yes, Ms. Mills.”

“Therefore we feel we need to establish some parameters for when you wish to go to the ladies room. First off, obviously you’re a lady. So from now on you will ask if you can go to the Bimbo’s Stall. It’s the last one that’s painted pink. Now, when you raise your hand you’ll ask, ‘Can Bimbo Cherrie please have permission to visit the Bimbo’s Stall?’ Then one of us will ask if have to do tinkles or poopies, only ladies pee and shit, understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Mills,” I cringed.

“Very well. First we’d like you to walk as fast as you can to your Bimbo Stall and back. Ready, go,” she ordered.

When I got back, out of breath, she said, “Try again and do it faster.”

So off I went and came back as fast as my corset, heels and tight skirt would let me, breathing hard, totally out of breath.

“Much better, it took you a minute to go and come back. So when you receive permission to do tinkles you’ll have one minute to get there and back, three minutes to tinkles and another three minutes to fix your hair, gloss your lips, rouge your cheeks, powder and check your seams. A total of exactly seven minutes. You’ll receive a demerit for each second you’re late, plus other demerits if you fail to

pass inspection. When you have to do poopies we'll give you an additional two minutes," she dictated.

If they were trying to humiliate me, and I could tell by their gloating smiles and chuckles, they were doing a good job. And there was more when I made it my Bimbo Stall. Instead of a regular toilet there was a pink porcelain potty, the same as I'd had to use at the institute.

But that was nothing compared to the humiliation I suffered that Thursday morning. I was gotten up even earlier than usual. "This is an important day at the company. So we need to get you dressed extra slutty today," Mistress Green declared, which started with teasing my hair into that just fucked, big hair look, which I absolutely hated.

When I was dressed and saw myself I truly didn't want to go to the office. Not wearing the tightest, white satin, short sleeved blouse that I was made to unbutton until my braless breasts were in constant danger of popping out at any moment. The red, patent leather, below the knees skirt was so tight I could barely put one foot in front of the other. On my legs were trashy, fishnet, seamed stockings and on my feet the impossible to walk in ankle busting, three inch platform soles with eight inch heels. A wide, cheap, plastic yellow belt showed off my figure, and my ass. To my dismay there were two guys in the elevator who stood in the back and I burned with shame as I knew my ass was giving them a real show.

"C-could I ask why today is so important, Mistress Green?" I asked, not having any idea, but figuring it wasn't going to be good.

When she told me my worst fears were confirmed.



“There are representatives coming for a meeting at nine. We want to buy some expensive software they have. We need a distraction and you’re going to be it. We’re sure they won’t be able to concentrate with you wagging your ass in front of them, showing off your tits and giving them your best, ‘Oh please fuck me looks,” she grinned.

“M-Men?” was all I could gulp, just imagining my worst nightmare.