

COMÉUPPANCE



Stella Satin

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By
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Things are turning to shit! My life seems to be going to the dogs and I'll be damned if I can see what started it! Carol is out for the evening, somewhere or another. For a so-called friend or ex-wife, she hasn't evidenced a whole lot of affection recently. Sue called a little while ago and I think she wanted to come over with mom again. Frankly? I've had just about all the sniggering comments I can take from my loving sister, so I lied and told her I was going out on the night in question. Haven't answered the phone since. She's starting to get this idea into her head that she can talk to me any damn way she pleases - but once I figure out how to get out of this mess, I'll see her in hell before I'll let her get all chummy with me. She's starting to drop hints that she'll bring mom and some of her friends over the next time! Even talking about a girl's night out! I look at the stupid catalog in front of me. Oh Christ, what am I going to do?

Looking back? There's probably lots of things that I did wrong. Okay, who said I was trying to be elected Mr. Nice Guy, huh? Can't stand gays and I can't stand those aggressive Blacks - I mean African Americans of course. One has to be SO politically correct those days! I mean, I'm a natural born citizen of the U.S of A- and I have a right to my own opinion, don't I? Long as I pay my taxes and don't rub anybody's nose in their own inferiority, right? Okay - I maybe stepped over the line with Jack Lee, but what *natural* born man can resist giving a namby pamby little faggot a hard time, huh?

I mean - it really pisses me off! I'm heterosexual - and proud of it! Maybe I wasn't blessed with a godlike figure - or even a big dick for that matter - and you see those fags running around - lots of them bigger and better looking than me. And then those Blacks - with their HUGE dicks! It's just not fair!

Yes. I know I'm plump - in all the wrong places. Jesus! It's not like I'm obese or anything. Probably weigh less than most of the women in the office - but I used to hear them talking behind my back - those friggin' women! Call me *lardass* and *prettyboy* - *wimp* too! Always

giggling and laughing behind their hands when they look at me! I don't see how anybody could blame me for getting my own back.

I think it all must have started with that morning meeting me and my partners had to discuss cutting the secretaries – sorry - "*Administrative Assistants*" - in on our profits.. Naturally, I was dead set against it. Graham and Maynard were somewhat sympathetic to my views but Bette and Judy? God, it was like I was denying the assistants a doorway to heaven!

"We're making high profits!" Bette said indignantly. "Come ON Dennis! Don't you think you could share the wealth?" "No way!" I snapped back. "I lost a bundle last year on the market. On top of that I pay a half of Carol and my house payment - and that ain't cheap! Why on earth should I be expected to subsidize a bunch of low-lifes?" "Dammit Dennis!" Judy joined in the fray. "I'm ashamed to have the slightest dealings with you! You have a nasty, snotty, tongue in your head. We each have only one assistant - so it's not as if you are giving away the store. You'd think that you'd have learned your lesson after that disgraceful episode with Jack Lee. He came very close to suing - could have been ruinous to all of us. It was discrimination at it's worst! You should be."

"I'm the *only* one of us partners with a minority assistant! Damon's an African American! How many of you can say that you've hired a minority as an assistant, huh?" I snarled.

All four of my partners gaped at me. Maynard was the first to speak. "You have become an *incredible* son of a bitch, know that? It was YOU that damn near drove Jack Lee to suicide. It was US that had to beat on you to hire a minority as a replacement, so that a discrimination suit against you might be mitigated somewhat. And now you're sitting there as if you were the only lily-white liberal in the room. Bloody incredible!" I sneered at him. "Yeah. Well. I *still* have veto power on anything that impacts on the profits of the partners - and I'm exercising it!"

Yeah, I know now that I shouldn't have pissed him off, even though he was only a halfhearted ally in my fight against the women. I guess that the tone of voice that I used could have been a little more tactful. SEE? I can admit when I make a mistake!

The next step in my downfall started with that bitch Sandra -skinny little bag of bones! God knows where she got the strength that day.

She took me by surprise! Of course, she did! Who'd have expected a stupid little secretary to take me on - physically! A female at that?

I passed her in the hallway, just across from the lady's room. I was totally unaware of her and her intentions when, suddenly, a hard push sent me careening in against, and through the door!

"You miserable little bastard! You namby- pamby, cock-sucking little pansy! Who do you think you ARE?" she shouted at me, following me into the pink and white room. Yes. I was a little scared, I admit it. Who wouldn't be? Minding your own business, then attacked - physically - by a red haired, termagant, with tobacco smoke scent adhered to her all over.

"S.. S.. Sandra? What are you d.. d.. doing?" I quavered.

She stuck her angry face in mine. "Something I should have done a LONG time ago!" she snarled. With that, she grabbed the underside of my biceps in a grip of iron - *and pinched!* "OOOOH Sandra! Stop! Please stop!" I cried. "What are you hurting me for? I haven't done anything to YOU!" "You didn't veto our bonus? You little shit!" she snarled. "Oh, that? wasn't just ME that vetoed it!" I lied. "Who else was it?" she snarled, pinching my arm even harder. "Okay! It was me! But don't tell me that you need the money!" I cowered away from her and yipped with the pain in my arm. "The alimony you're getting?"

"My financial affairs are none of your business," she hissed, sticking her angry face even further into mine.

Okay. If my reactions weren't exactly what one would expect from a male - don't forget - I'd been living a life of ease and comfort. Not exactly an upbringing for heroic measures. But she had HURT me! Then she grabbed hold of the under part of my upper arm again and TWISTED!

I mean it! *Anyone* would have cried!

You can understand, I'm sure. A *man* being physically hurt by a

woman? In a lady's toilet? Especially a partner in the partnership that owned that building? I mean, how much humiliation is one supposed to undergo, huh?

Imagine then, my embarrassment when two of my partners, Bette and Judy, walked in! Okay! Both women and unsympathetic to a male in such dire circumstances - but surely, I could have expected more empathy than I received. I guess that from feminists a poor male can't expect any sympathy at all.

"Good Christ! Judy spluttered. "What are *you* doing in HERE?"

Bette stared at the scene in front of her. "SANDRA! Are you SO lacking in taste that you have to brawl in here? And you Dennis? What on earth are you doing here in the lady's toilet - weeping - like a *woman*?"

"She hurt me!" I cried, rubbing my sore arm. "Fire her!"

I wasn't prepared for Sandra's reaction. Before I knew it, she had grabbed me around the scruff of my neck - and hauled me, squalling and squealing into one of the cubicles in the room. Pushed me inside and slammed the door behind me. "Now? Lock the door in there you goddam pansy! Come out before I tell you to? I'll beat the shit outta you! Now? Pull your pants down - and sit on the toilet. I'll tell you when you can come out! NOW! Pants down around your ankles! There! That's how a good little sissy pees!"

I was SO glad to get away from that bitch! Gladly, I locked the door to keep her out. Okay - maybe I shouldn't have unbuckled my belt and dropped my pants and underpants so that I could sit down - but it made sense to do what she ordered at the time. In the temper she was in, she'd have probably climbed over the stall to get in beside me if I didn't obey her - so my behavior may have been somewhat spineless - but now that I think back? I probably acted that way to save her from assaulting me - and sending her to jail!

"Sandra!" I heard Bette's scandalized tones. "That was *most* unladylike behavior!"

"Yeah. I'm sorry," Sandra said. "But that scumbag in there is enough lady for all of us!"

Then I heard Judy snort. "Aw shit Bette! He's been asking for a good shit-kicking ever since I joined the firm – little pantywaist prick!"

"That may be, or not be, the case," I heard Bette say pedantically, but missed the sound of the rest of her statement with a tap running in one of the basins.

Time went by slowly. Women talking and giggling quietly, then the sound of Martha coming into the room. More giggling, interspersed with Bette's shocked comments - something like "Are you sure you want to do this ladies? I find it lacking. Simply lacking in good manners or breeding. But if you insist?" I wondered what all the conspiracy was about.

I must have dozed. I distinctly remember the sound of water running in the basins and towels being pulled from the racks to dry hands. The tinkling sounds of a woman urinating in one of the stalls beside me - then the sounds of the flush and her washing her hands. God knows how long I was there. Finally, when all was quiet, I stood up quietly and fixed my clothes around me. Then I unlocked the stall door and took a quick peek to ensure that I was alone. The place was empty thank god. Washed and dried my hands, sighed deeply, then opened the door and walked out - to find Graham, Maynard, Bette and Judy all sitting out in the hallway - chatting quietly, but obviously waiting for me.

"Good GOD Dennis!" Graham said, serious for a change. "What have you been up to? If Sandra and Martha bring suit? D'you realize what that could do to the firm?"

"Huh? What?" I gulped stupidly. "What're you talking about?"

"Accosting women in their rest room - you goddam pervert!" Judy snarled. "You gave poor Jack Lee such a hard time - then prove that you're a worse pervert than you ever accused him of being! Have you NO shame?"

"You've been in there for more than half an hour! In the ladies room! What on earth were you *doing* in there! By yourself! And don't say you haven't! Ever since Sandra raised her complaint, we've been sitting here waiting for you." Maynard said, his anger starting to increase with every word he uttered.

"Probably masturbating!" Judy snarled. "Playing with himself! Goddam pervert!"

"I'm calling for an extraordinary meeting of the partners," Bette said coldly. "This type of masculine behavior cannot be tolerated! Will NOT be tolerated! Us women must have some protection from perverted behavior like this!"

"When do you want to hold it?" John asked.

"NOW!" both women said in unison.

"What on earth have you been up to now?" Carol asked the minute she came in the door that night. "We need to talk. I need legal advice." I managed to get this much out - then, couldn't help it. Started crying again. She shook her head unsympathetically. "Oh for goodness sake Dennis! Enough already! Stop that silly sniffing and tell me what's been going on!"

After I'd told her, she looked coldly at me. "You want my advice? You'd better start off by telling me the truth - and *all* of the truth! Right now? You're LYING! - I know you too well. You're missing things!"

I looked at my wife. Even after a hard day's work, she looked fresh and professional - but there was no love or compassion in her eyes when she looked at me -just contempt and disgust.. She was also correct - well almost - in assuming that I'd lied -I had, naturally, shaded the truth a little. I then told her what had actually happened.

"You allowed Sandra? Sandra! That little stick of a woman - to shove you into a woman's toilet and bully you?" She paused, shaking your head. "Did you cry? Did my big strong husband stand there and *cry*?" She pulled a bunch of tissues out from a container in her purse. "For god's sake, blow your nose, would you? Dry your eyes! Make *some* attempt at acting like a man!"

She then went over every point of my story and cross examined me until she was satisfied that she'd extracted the whole truth from me - which she had.

"Well I'll admit that you can be very difficult," she said. "But it strikes me that it's *you* that is the wronged party. Why the tears?"

"Well, at the meeting afterwards, Sandra and Martha were lying! Said I'd followed them into the toilet, gloating over the fact that I'd shot their pay increases down. They admit that Sandra got mad and punched me but lied and said I'd got really mad and swore blind that I'd said I'd get rid of them - just like I got rid of Jack... and it's NOT true! Said I'd been yelling about blacks - calling them Mud people - and how all the women there were nothing but a bunch of lesbian feminists! They're threatening to sue!"

Carol gave me a look. "Sounds like the kind of things you'd say. Hate to say it Dennis, but you've made comments like that before. No wonder my hair is turning gray! Any other witnesses?"

"No! Actually, it was just me and Sandra there at first Then Bette and Judy came in. A little while after that, Martha, Judy's assistant."

"So? If Martha's lying, it should be easy to prove."

"That's what I thought - but at the partners meeting, Judy swore blind up and down that Martha had gone and complained to her about my behavior. THAT was why she came into the toilet, according to her!"

"Partner's meeting. What happened there?" Carol asked.

"Sandra and Martha wanted me out. Threatened to sue! My spineless partners! All they can see is that they'll divvy up my accounts - and won't need to buy me out!"

Carol shook her head. "You've lost me. How can they divvy up your work without getting rid of you?"

"They asked me to leave the room. I did. When I went back in - they voted to demote me - for a one-month period! That's why I came home early!"

"Demote you to *what*, exactly? There're only two levels there - partner and secretary!"

"Office boy!" I answered. Then, as Carol hooted with a burst of surprised laughter, I started to cry again.

She came and took my shoulders and looked directly into my eyes. "There's more to this - I'm sure of it - but I don't think I want to hear it right now. You're turning into - I don't know what but whatever it

is, it isn't much of a man! I hate to admit it, but I'm starting to think that my parents were right about you all along. You have NO spine!"

"Aw Carol! Please don't get on my case. I've had an awful day," I said, and started to sniff again.

"Y'know? I think there's a role reversal going on here Dennis. You *sure* you're not wanting to turn into the little woman around here? Want to cry on my shoulder? Have me comfort you and wipe away all your tears? Agree with you about how *mean* all your co-workers are?"

Her sarcasm and mockery finally got me to try and regain myself respect - but it was a very hard thing to do. Yes, I'd fumed and argued at the beginning of the partner's meeting - but how could I explain to my wife that even though the guys had almost been on my side, Bette and Judy (that bitch from hell) had convinced them that the two female secretaries had the power to destroy the whole firm with the legal suit they were talking about bringing. Even I had to admit that, though it was based on a foundation of lies, it sounded as if they had a strong case.

Then Judy had submitted a proposal that I be demoted - permanently! Maynard and Graham had agreed that this was too long, but that if I was demoted for say, just a month - as a disciplinary action, it would make a very strong defense against such a suit - ergo a complaint had been brought forward against me - and had been acted on immediately! I'm pretty sure that the thought of getting their sticky fingers onto my accounts hadn't been considered as too bad a thing for them either.

But then, nobody wanted to take on the responsibility of supervising me! And the shame and humiliation I'd underwent when they'd all agreed to pull Sandra and Martha into the meeting and fawned all over them - actually asking them, if *they'd* agree to me my supervisors! Then the feral looks my potentially new bosses cast in my direction as they DEMANDED that I be re-classified to office boy - effective immediately! It was then that I was asked to leave the room -along with Sandra and Martha, so that my fate would be decided.

The two women didn't seem to care that Damon and Patrick saw what they did next. Grinning, they herded me up against a wall. "Tell you what, Dennis," Martha giggled. "We're really gonna make you earn your new salary tomorrow - so why don't you go home early. Get your

beauty sleep? Because from here on in? You'd better be on time getting into work! If you're not? Sandra and I may have to *chastise* you - and you wouldn't want that, would you?" The implied threat in her voice was that I'd be physically punished, which scared me.

I didn't answer her quickly enough. "Denny? Little Denny? After this when I ask you anything or Sandra here asks you? You'll answer promptly - and you may call me "Miss Martha" and Sandra "Mm Sandra" Got it?"

I let out a little squeal as she pinched the soft pouch under my chin, then said "Yes Miss Martha."

"You know something Sandra?" Martha said.

"What?" Sandra replied.

"I think our new office boy is a little sissy! Can you credit that?"

Sandra snorted. "Just our luck! And here I was - hoping to get a man!" Then she patted my backside gently. "Yes Martha. I think you're right. I mean, I'm a girl - and you're one too. But why don't you feel how soft and plump this one is? Go on. Sissy Denny won't mind! I'll bet he just LOVES to have his little tush fondled, don't you Denny?" She turned me around so that my backside was facing Martha.

"Now Sissy Denny! Weren't you warned about not answering properly?" she added.

"I'm sorry Miss Sandra. Yes, I guess it's all right," I whispered, feeling a hand start to stroke my buttocks.

I saw Patrick's amazed expression as Martha proceeded to openly fondle my ass - actually sticking a probing finger into my back passage - and laughing as I let out a girlish little squeal.

"Mmm! I think you're right Sandra!" she hummed happily. "I think that this sweet little ass is nicer than either of ours!"

She patted me again, twice, then added. "Now off you go, little sissy Denny and don't forget what Miss Martha told you! You won't forget, will you?"

"But my partners haven't made the final decision yet!" I objected.

"You're not a partner anymore. You're OURS!" Sandra gloated.

"Or, are you just going to stand there and argue?" Martha asked silkily.

"No. I mean - No Miss Martha," I faltered, then practically ran out of the office, their mocking laughter following me, all too aware of the bemused expressions on Damon and Maynard's faces.

So now, perhaps, you can understand my reluctance to explain to Carol what had actually transpired in that meeting and afterwards. There's also no sense in going into details about why I accepted such shameful treatment from my coworkers. Something - something *strange* was happening to me! It was as if all the nasty things I'd ever done were coming home to roost - and I saw the justice in what was happening! Almost welcomed it!

The following day stretched that acceptance to the limit.

Normally, the partners drift in after nine a.m. The assistants usually some time before then - with Sandra and Martha usually being the earliest arrivals - accepting the unwritten law that they were responsible for the making of the coffee, preparing the Krispy Kreme donuts onto trays - that sort of thing. The male assistants, naturally, come in later.

I'd had a very restless night, so it was no problem to be up and out of the house much earlier than usual - plus not wanting Carol to see me hurrying out so early made it still easier - I had no wish to feel her eyes on me. I was surprised at how light the traffic was, so was pleased to get into the office about 8.15. Wasn't so pleased to see Martha and Sandra sitting drinking coffee, smiling at me. Sandra was smoking.

"Well, well, well! Would you have a look at this! First day as office boy and he's here, all bright eyed and bushy tailed. Isn't that sweet Martha?" Sandra drawled. "Good morning Sissy Denny!"

"Good morning Miss Sandra. Miss Martha" I answered, glad that nobody else was there to see me being humbled in such a fashion.

"Go get me an ashtray. Would you sweetie?" she said pleasantly.

I almost pointed out that there was one on another desk about three feet from her, but then figured it was not too good an idea to take the chance of aggravating her, this early in the morning - so went and got

it, then put it by her elbow. Her smile was triumphant. "What did I tell you Martha? A find! A *true* find!" She turned to me. "Get a cup of coffee and join us sweetheart. We need some help."

She seemed calm and anything but bossy. Happily, I went and got my coffee, then sat beside the two women. Martha patted my arm.

"You know? Management is pretty tough. Especially for beginners. You've had experience though. Think you can give us some pointers?"

"I'd be glad to!" I answered, then at the looks I got, added "Miss Martha!"

"You see?" Sandra started. "We're new to management. Don't want to look bad. Have been discussing one aspect of it all last night and this morning, Understand?"

"Oh yes, Miss Sandra. That's a very good idea for new managers - talk things out." I told her. "Compare notes and all."

"You're BIG on dress code - are you not?" Martha asked quickly. "Had it established here - AND at your snooty tennis club - if I understand it correctly?"

"Well? I did have a little say!" I admitted modestly. "After all? Appearance? Projection of one's self? It's SO important, don't you think? Can't have ragamuffins representing us, can we?"

"EXACTLY! You phrase that SO well!" Sandra said slowly. "But we DO have this problem!" "Problem?" I asked carefully.

"YESSS! We think we should establish a dress code for you!" Martha said.

"But what in the hell is a dress code for sissies?" Sandra said, her blue eyes sparkling with barely hidden spite.

My mouth got dry. "Ha ha! Don't think there IS such a thing?" I tried to say, although I couldn't seem to form my words properly.

"So? We're entrepreneurs! Establishers of fashion! Come on into your old office! See what we've got for you! You can bring your coffee if you like. Just be careful not to spill any on your nice new clothes!" Martha was pulling on my arm.

"My. my. *old* office?" I quavered, struggling ever so slightly.

"Yes. Of course. With you being the office boy now - *Our* office boy?" Sandra giggled. "You surely don't expect to keep your office, do you?"

By this time, the three of us were in my office and Martha shut the door behind her. "Now why don't you undress? Quick now - like a bunny!" she said, giving me a pat on the backside.

I started to pant in fear. "Please ladies? Don't make me do this. Please?"

Sandra patted my arm comfortingly. "Oh - for goodness sake little sissy Denny. We've no intention of *making* you change into your pretty new sissy outfit right at this minute - not if you don't want to! That is away beyond our supervisorial capacity or authority! We'll just wait until everybody else comes in and we'll take a vote! I'm pretty sure that things will go our way. *Then* we'll make you! So, it's up to you. Why don't you just take all of your clothes off right now - save us all a lot of trouble? Here, let us help you."

And, whimpering in fear and humiliation -I stood and allowed two women to undress me, finally standing completely nude in front of them. I had clasped my hands in front of my genitals but Martha made me lift them so she could check my underarms. "First things first! I hate hairy sissies!" she said. "You don't have much in the aspect of hair at all - but tomorrow when you come to work? I don't want to see *any* body hair at all! Want you nice and smooth all over!" She gave me a sharp spank on my bare backside. Laughed as I let out an indignant squeal.

"Would you look at his tiny little wee-wee!" Sandra laughed. "It's very hard to tell - but I think it's standing!" "Yes! Isn't it the cutest thing! I didn't know they came that small!" Martha laughed. "But let's get him dressed, okay?"

I was struck dumb with fright and trepidation when I finally saw what they had in mind for me. Have no idea what I was thinking of but tried to bolt from the office. Sandra grabbed me by the arm, and I think we were both surprised by how easily she dragged me over to one of my chairs, sat down with me over her knees and gave me a few resounding spanks on my bare backside. After this small demonstration of her

physical superiority, I quickly agreed to get dressed and not make a fuss.

"We're very sorry," Sandra said. "But we couldn't find underpants that would fit properly under your new shorts -but we were sure you wouldn't mind wearing panties. You don't do you? See how pretty they are -I just love that floral design, don't you?"

They were almost hysterical with laughter by the time they had finished dressing me - and I was a figure of fun if ever I'd seen one. Everything except the stockings and shoes were satin. The panties went on first, then the shirt - glistening white and long sleeved. It fastened high in the back with what felt like tiny little hooks and eyes. The sleeves were long and had four small pink buttons around each wrist. There was no collar as such, the neck closing around my neck in a close-fitting manner. Three small pink buttons were attached vertically, about an inch apart. Around my waist were six much larger buttons, also pink. I couldn't figure what any of the buttons were for.

Totally subjugated, I stepped into the shorts - baby blue ones, very tight around my backside though loose around the waist - and very short. Sandra had to take over from Martha who was giggling so hard, she couldn't fasten me into them at the back. Then I found out what the large buttons were for -there were matching buttonholes on the shorts - like little kids have at times? The shirt was tucked down inside the shorts and then the buttons were fitted through matching buttonholes on the shorts. Then a short bolero style jacket - in baby blue satin. It tied at the cuffs and across the chest with satin ribbons that matched the color of the buttons. Sandra and Martha were very particular about the bows they used to tie me into the jacket with.

Then cuffs of ruffled layers of pink lace were put on over my hands - and buttoned to the sleeves! Then a lace jabot at the neck - also pink!

"The cuffs and the jabot? They're not very practical - are they Sandra?" Martha giggled.

"True! But they ARE pretty - don't you think so sissy?" Sandra asked me. Then she cooed sympathetically at me and pulled me into her tiny breasts. "There, there sissy. Don't cry! You'll soon get used to your new clothes - and I'll just bet that everybody thinks they're lovely!"

After she dried my eyes, my outfit was completed by white taffeta hose - that tied just above the calf with, naturally, pink ribbon - and blue velvet slippers on my feet.

Damon was the only one who could be said to show any sympathy. He simply shook his head and looked away quickly. The other males stared open mouthed, then usually snorted in disgust and turned their heads away.