

FEMINIZED AT THE OFFICE.

Book 1



Copyright © 2014, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

Feminized At The Office

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter-1 Man, am I in trouble!

I never should have left J.P. Morgan to start my own brokerage firm. At J.P. Morgan all I had to think about was making money for my clients, and I made them a ton.

Between a six-figure salary and an equal sized bonus I was living high. But, then I thought how much more I could make on my own. So I started Sterling Investing and Partners, although there weren't any partners. It just sounded good. Got

great office space, hired two junior brokers, an accountant and a receptionist, all women. Which was the start of why I was in big trouble by the end of my first year.

Despite being on the short side and women referring to me as “cute” rather than handsome, I’ll proudly admit I was still quite the ladies man. So when I hired all women I went for gorgeous over brains. If my dick got a rise they were hired. Not that they were dumb, simply inexperienced. Except for Bridget, my receptionist. Every time I saw her I had to sit down so as not to show the raging hard on she always gave me. The only problem was she really wasn’t too much in the brain department. I missed important calls and messages. Her reply was usually something like, “Oh golly Mr. Martin, I didn’t think they were that important, sorry.”

I spent less and less time making my clients money and more and more time simply trying to manage the office, meet payroll and pay the overhead. Not just on the office, but my mini mansion, Rolls Royce and thirty-five foot cabin cruiser.

By the end of a year I was in deep shit. Half my clients had left me, and I wasn’t making money for the ones who stuck with me. I figured I had maybe three months left and then I was finished.

What I needed was someone to come in and turn the firm around, fast. Asking around one name kept popping up, Kristen Clark. I was told she could turn around a company faster than anyone. I also heard she utilized rather unorthodox methods that I probably wouldn’t like. Foolishly I dismissed the rumors, thinking that if she could turn the firm around who cared how she did it.



So, I set up a meeting and when she walked in I swear my dick almost ripped through my pants. Dressed in a tailored business suit that did nothing to hide an incredible figure, a short skirt that showed off the longest legs she was not only was she drop dead gorgeous, but in heels she had to be six feet three or four. Wearing short, black leather

gloves with a briefcase in one hand I'll have to admit that despite a raging hard on she intimidated me. Not just her looks and how she towered over me when I stood up to shake hands, but she reeked of self confidence and had an air of authority that I could never match.

She said nothing as I outlined the position the firm was in. When I finished she said, "Yes, you are indeed in quite a bit of trouble, aren't you? This is what I'll do. For the next week I will want total access to every detail of the company and also a complete accounting of your finances, an understanding of your lifestyle and spending habits. I will interview each of your employees in depth and review your current client list of portfolios."

I wanted to protest that she had no business delving into my finances or lifestyle, but she made it clear it was her way or the highway.

"Yes, will, er, right," I managed to stumble out.

True to her word, but the end of a week's time, she knew as much about the company as I did, probably more. And she knew absolutely everything about me, even coming out to the house and demanding a tour.

Chapter-2 Boy, were things going to change, I just didn't know how much.

On Friday we had a meeting. Consulting her notes she said, "I'll speak in general terms, if you agree you'll sign a contract and then I can go into more specifics. There are several problems that need to be addressed. However the most important one

that needs to change is you need to get back to being a broker full time.”

“I couldn’t agree more, but how can I do that and manage everything else,” I asked.

“Quite simply. You will appoint me Chief Executive Officer. In which you’ll turn the running of the business over to me. I will manage it, and you, down to the slightest detail. Some call it micro-managing, but it’s how I turn companies around.”

“M-Manage me?” I asked, not comprehending, but it didn’t sound good.

“I will in effect be changing your lifestyle so that you will live within your means and not be the burden you currently are to the firm. You’re living way beyond your means, basically throwing money away, aren’t you?” she stated.

“Well, I guess I am, I just never had to think much about it,” I had to admit.

“That, I assure you, will change. As well as your attitude regarding the women in the office. Basically you’re treating them as something like your person harem. You’re harassing them will stop. No more sexist remarks, or come-ons, no fake brushing of their behinds and trying to see which one you can score with first,” she said.

“Well, it’s just a bit of fun,” I said lamely.

“Well Martin, you may not realize it, but you’re inches away from all of them filing a sexual harassment legal action against you. Is that what you want?” she demanded to know.

“Oh no, c-certainly not,” I gulped, never realizing how offended they were.

“If we agree to terms I will institute a code of office etiquette that you will strictly adhere to, or else,” she declared.

This was going from great, to good, to bad to worse. It was humiliating, but what could I do? I either knuckled under or the firm went under.

“Next, the two junior brokers. You will turn over what accounts you have left to them, and you will teach them everything you know that will aid them in making those accounts profitable.”

“I’m sure I can do that, but it doesn’t make any sense. Then I don’t have any clients,” I said, stating the obvious.

“What would you be willing to do if I were to say I could bring in four clients who each has around \$10 million to invest?” she asked.

“T-T-That’s 4-40 million! Oh god, I’d be willing to do anything,” I exclaimed in disbelief. If I put all my remaining clients together it would barely amount to 5 million. 40 million would more than save my ass.

“Then I’ll write that into the contract, if that’s okay with you,” she asked.

“Oh, by all means if you can deliver \$40 million I’d turn green, put it in,” I said, something, too late, I never should have agreed to.

“Oh, it won’t be necessary to turn you green, just sort of turn you around,” she said mysteriously.

“Now, regarding that ridiculously large house. If I could I’d put it up for sale, what in god’s name do you need a house with five bedrooms? But with the depressed housing market we’re in and the economy in such bad shape it would only sell at a loss. The same with that boat. Instead I’m going to transfer

ownership of the house, and it's assets, along with the boat to the company and write them off as business expenses. Being used to entertain and lodge out of town clients," she stated.

Well, that actually made a lot of sense. I could kick myself for not thinking of it.

I then couldn't help asking, "But what is this going to cost? I mean what's your fee?"

"Monthly you'll pay me 10% of that month's profits. At the end of the year my bonus will be 1% of the total year's profits," she said.

"But what if I don't make any money for a month?" I asked.

"Oh, I have no doubt that you will. I will set up strict goals that you'll meet weekly and monthly, and you'll meet them," she stated.

"I-I don't see how. I mean you're basically ensuring that I'll meet whatever goals you set up."

"Trust me, my motivational techniques and the incentives I'll provide you with have never failed yet," she said with such assuredness that I actually almost believed her.

"Now here's the contract. Feel free to read it, but we've already gone over the basics of what's in it. Oh yes, this form transfers your assets to the company," she said, handing me another form.

"You mean like the house, boat and car?"

"Well yes, as I said your personal assets like that. Would you like to take a moment and read through it?" she asked.

"Seems pretty clear cut to me, I wish I'd thought of it," I said, as I signed it.

“Excellent. I have some matters to take care of, and I’m taking the women to dinner tonight to fill them in on the changes to be made and see if they have any suggestions. And for the next three days I’m putting you up in a nice hotel while I take a closer look at your house and other assets,” she added.

You can’t imagine the relief I felt. She was not only saving my ass and the company, but I could get back to what I do best, and what a notch of my belt if I could get her into bed. I didn’t see that as a problem at all.

Chapter-3 One shock after another.

Three days later when I came into the office I got the strangest looks from all the girls, who, some reason, couldn’t stop looking at me and giggling. I had no idea what that was all about, but I was shortly to find out.

The first shock was she was sitting behind my desk.

“If you could just, ah, get up so I can sit down...” I started to say.

“As CEO this, obviously, is now my office. I’ve prepared a suitable office space for you with the rest of the brokers,” she said with finality.

That left me feeling more than a little pissed off and I almost formed a protest until I realized that it did, after, all make sense.

“Now as to your assets. I managed to sell your Rolls for a handsome price. As well as your golf clubs, most of your ungodly antiques and consigned

all your clothes to an upscale gently used boutique. I expect the company will make a tidy sum off them,” she said.

“W-What, y-you can’t sell those things, they belong to me,” I shouted.

“The house and everything in it are now the company’s assets. In any case, as I said, your playboy lifestyle is going to change rather drastically and you’ll shortly be outfitted for an entirely new wardrobe as befits your position here in the company,” she said.

“N-New lifestyle, new clothes, is this some kind of a joke,” I hotly said.

“Tell me Martin, do I intimidate you?” she asked.

“Well, I guess, a little,” I admitted, although towering above me she actually intimidated a lot more than I was willing to admit.

“Oh my, just a little?” she tsiked, and to my total shock hauled off and slapped me as hard as she could on the face.

“Am I a bit more intimidating now?” she asked.

“W-Why did you do that, you can’t do that...” was all I got out before she slapped me even harder.

“I asked you a question.”

“Y-Yes..” and another slap.

“Yes, yes, you intimidate me,” I hurriedly admitted.

“Are you now very intimidated of me, Martin?”

“Oh yes, r-really I am,” I swore and I was. Oh god, what had I let myself into, I was thinking, when she slapped my face yet again.

“That’s, ‘Yes you intimidate me very much, Ms. Clark.’ From now on you will address me as Ms. Clark. The other women as Ms. Parker, Ms. Mills, Ms. Graham and Ms. Green. Is that understood?” she demanded.

“Y-Yes Ms. Clark.”

“And when I am speaking to you, or any of the other women in the office you’ll remember never, ever to interrupt them or me, won’t you?”

“Yes Ms. Clark, I-I will,” I quickly agreed.

“You will also remember, I hope, that as the head of the company as CEO that when I tell you something, or make a decision, I don’t ever expect to be questioned, second guessed, argued with or contradicted, do you understand?” she thundered, scaring me half to death.

“Yes Ms. Clark, I-I’ll remember,” I said. Jesus, this couldn’t possibly get any worse, but I was very, very wrong.

Chapter-4 No, surely she wasn’t going to use that on me!

“There will be other rules of conduct and etiquette I’ll review with you, but this will be your incentive for ever disregarding any of the edicts I just stated,” she said, and I swear I nearly fainted in fright when she reached behind the desk and held up the meanest looking wooden paddle.

“I call this my Office Motivator, Martin. For each rule you fail to adhere to you get fifteen with this,” she firmly said.

“Y-Y-You’re going t-to spank me? No, you can’t do that,” I unfortunately blurted out.

“Oh my, first you interrupt me, then you tell me what I can’t do. Very well, bend over the desk please Martin, hold on tight and don’t let go,” she ordered.

“P-Please,” I begged.

“Would you like another fifteen,” she calmly asked, and hating myself for the scared wimp she’s quickly turned me into I bent over the desk.

“Now don’t move a muscle,” she dictated, and to my shock I felt her undoing my pants and lulling them down to my ankles, and then, oh no, my briefs.

“Spread your legs as far as you can, now up on your toes. With each spank you will count and say, “I’m sorry Ms. Clark,” she demanded.

I had never been spanked in my life, my parents didn’t believe in it, so I didn’t know what to expect.

Oh my god, did it hurt! By ten I was yelping with each spank. By twenty I was sobbing and crying. By thirty my ass felt like it was actually on fire.

“Now’s as good a time to put in place something that will keep your mind solely on your work and keep you from any childish thoughts of ever harassing the women. Stay exactly as you are,” she ordered, as I heard her go into the private bathroom and moments later return.

What happened left me in shock. I felt something freezing, like a towel, being wrapped around my dick and balls. I tried to move away but she held me in a vice-like grip. When she was satisfied that I’d been shrunk down to nothing I felt her putting my dick into something, then wrapping what felt like a ring

around my balls tightly. Then I heard an ominous click.



When she told me to stand up I couldn't help instinctively looking down. In total disbelief I saw my dick in what I could only describe as a chrome cage. It had a band which was wrapped around my balls and I knew without a doubt that it was locked on. I just couldn't figure out where.

"I infrequently give out merit awards, which I'm sure you'll come to look forward to. Until then that stays on. I sincerely doubt that you'll have a sexist thought any time you look at women the wrong way in the future. If you do, well, you'll unfortunately find out what happens. Now tuck that little thing up between your legs. I don't ever want to see you

rudely displaying it. ‘Out of sight, out of mind,’ that will be your motto, won’t it Martin?” she obviously gloated.

“Y-Yes Ms. Clark,” I had to agree, what else was there to say, until I could figure out how to get the damn thing off.

Chapter-5 I can’t believe how she expects me to act.

“You can pull your pants up now,” she said, and when I did patted my sexless front adding, “Much, much better. You can sit now.”

“I-I’d really prefer to stand, Ms. Clark,” I almost pleaded with my ass still burning.

“Perhaps I need to make myself clear. When I tell you to do something, you do it immediately with a, ‘Thank you’ or ‘Yes Ms. Clark.’ If you hesitate even a second you won’t get fifteen with this, you’ll get five with this,” she said, putting down the paddle and, oh god, picking up a wooden cane.

“I think it would be best to experience the effect of not doing as I say promptly,” she suggested.

Turning deathly pale I quickly said, “Oh no, Ms. Clark, I’m s-sure I’ll remember.”

“No, I really do think five will put it more firmly in your mind. Over the desk if you will, Martin,” she ordered, and I couldn’t believe I was once more over the desk, but thinking how bad could just five be?

By the time she was finished administering five I swear I was beyond what I thought my pain thresh-

old was. Five with the cane was infinitely worse than fifteen with the paddle.



“Now you can sit, Martin,” she ordered.

“Yes Ms. Clark, thank you, I said, nearly jumping out of my skin the minute my poor bottom made contact.