

Whatever It Takes

Story Written By

Cheryl Lynn and James J. Craft

Illustrations by Kinky Rocket

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A Lynn-CRAFT TG Fiction Publication

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Benjamin "Ben" Scott was meeting with his Uncle Joseph's attorney, Mr. Wilks. "Are you ready to meet your late Uncle's requirements?" he asked as Ben sat down.

"Yeah, I have to pick a job and stick with it for two years or I won't get anything," he replied scornfully.

The attorney shook his head, "as long as you fully understand what you must do" he said, "I have been instructed to make sure that there is no room for interpretation on this.

It was obvious that Ben had no desire to comply with his Uncle's demands. He had been spoiled all his life and figured the family's money would keep him that way. His parents were killed in a traffic accident when he was thirteen and left their assets in the care of his uncle who took him in. His uncle had been chairman of the board of the large bank the family owned. Feeling sorry for the orphaned boy and too busy running the bank, let him have his way. He counted on the governess he had hired to see that Ben didn't get into too much trouble. Over the ensuing eight years, "he grew to regret that decision.

Ben had all the privileges of money; access to the finest country clubs, the girls and fast cars. He went to Harvard though his grades weren't that good. A sizable donation in his parent's names was a major reason for his acceptance. When after three years, he got expelled for his history of bad behavior, Uncle Joseph had had enough.

"Damn it Benjamin!" his Uncle had shouted, "I've done my best to see that you were brought up like your parents wanted, and this is how you repay me and their memory? Damn it all! You were kicked out of school for sexual abuse allegations and racial rantings! How dare you ruin the family name like that! You're twenty-one now. You're supposed to be a gentleman. Well I've had it with you! I'm disowning you until you can prove to me that you are ready to uphold the family name. I expect you to pack your things and be out of this house today!" Joseph finished his rant, his face red with anger and frustration.

"Wha...what? You can't do this to me!" Ben had shouted back, furious.

"It's my house and my rules. You'll either do it or I call the police. It's not too late for me to let that sorority and those black men you used the "N" word on while throwing eggs from your car to file charges. If I had known paying off those previous situations would have led to this..." Joseph had snapped.

"You wouldn't!" Ben gasped.

"Just try me!" Joseph had shouted.

“Alright! I’ll go, but I want my inheritance now you old prig!” Ben demanded.

“Based on your behavior that is out of the question. Your parents gave me full governance over their estate until I deemed you a mature young man. What I see before me now is nowhere near a mature man! What I see is a spoiled, irresponsible kid. Until you can prove to me that you are a mature gentleman with a steady job, I want nothing more of you. Now, go pack and get out,” he replied pointing to the door.

Ben had packed what he could get into his sports car and left the mansion, cursing his uncle as he went. His first stop was the bank to withdraw his account. He he soon left, empty handed, escorted by a security guard, cussing up a storm. The security guard showed great restraint as Ben spat racially charged words at him. Uncle Joseph had cancelled all his accounts and credit cards.

In less than a month he was destitute. He did have some cash when he left the mansion. He sold his car, Rolex and other jewelry soon thereafter. His apartment which rented by the day, week or month and his clothing were all that he had. Fortunately, the manager of the flop house had told him about qualifying for Social Assistance from the State. He was approved and able to keep the room. Food Stamps kept him fed. If nothing else, his new status in life taught him to keep his views under control. All it took was one beating and the theft of his sneakers. Without the family money and status, Ben was just another bum.

The only thing he had left was his blue-blood arrogance and overconfidence. He knew he was so much better than the people he had to be around and blamed his uncle for that. It was a little over eight months later that he was contacted and told of his uncle’s passing. He was so happy he used what little money he had to buy a bottle of his favorite whiskey. Ben didn’t care as he would soon be rich again.

That happiness evaporated at the reading of the will.

“That SOB screwed me again!” he shouted after hearing what the lawyer said.

The other people at the reading glared at his disrespect. Other than a few, “How disrespectful” and “Shame, shame” comments, paid no attention. Some wondered why that bum was even there. Which brings us to the here and now.

##

"Alright Benjamin, here is a want-ad listing of firms looking to hire for entry level positions. Your uncle, since you didn't finish college, said it had to be a job you could perform. I understand he hoped that by the end of your two years would have advanced into management," Mr. Wilkes said with a tight smile.

"Why can't I work at the bank? You know as a cashier or something," Ben asked glancing at the list.

"He was quite certain about that. The companies on this list, if you really apply yourself, will teach you what you need to know. Mr. Scott made it clear you can't work there or any bank. Should you complete the requirements, the bank is yours as Chairman of the Board. He wanted to make sure you had a strong enough incentive to complete this obligation. If you can't decide, then I suggest you run your finger down the list, picking one at random," Mr. Wilkes said.

"He's as bad as Joe said he was, if not worse. The arrogant half-wit," Mr. Wilks thought.

Ben looked at the list, shrugged his shoulders and pressed his finger down. Croft Consulting LLC was under that finger. "Okay! This one but what if they don't hire me? What then?" he asked.

"Oh, don't worry. I actually think you may be overqualified. They will hire you. After all, it's just an intern position. Although you might want to clean up your appearance and wear a tie when you go there," Mr. Wilks said with a broad smile.

"Yeah, but you didn't answer my question. What if they don't?" he snapped getting agitated.

"I know the owner and will have a word of recommendation. Unless you have any other questions, I have another appointment. Make sure you're at that office tomorrow or you can kiss away any thoughts of getting that inheritance," he answered briskly.

"I...I don't have any money to get there," he gasped.

"Here's twenty. Get a haircut and take the bus," Mr. Wilks said pulling out his wallet.

"Not even a thank you. Well, I play golf with Bill Croft and will give him a call. I'll make sure this Mr. Scott get's the worst assignment Croft Consulting has," he thought.

“Fuck him and Uncle Joseph,” Ben spat leaving the office. “Screw the haircut too. I need something to drink to get the bitter taste of this meeting off my mind.”

The next morning, he went to the Croft Consulting LLC main office. His stomach was sour and had a headache from drinking two cheap bottles of wine. He fumbled through the forms and signed where indicated. To his surprise the Human Resources Director took them, stamped approved on the top sheet.

“Mr. Scott welcome to Croft Consulting. You’ll start first thing Monday morning working for Ms. Janelle Jones. Here is her business card. Now let’s get your photo ID badge made and you’re all set,” he said.

After Ben left the HR Director’s secretary looked up at him puzzled. “Dave, why on earth did you hire that scruffy man? You know Janelle is going to have a major hissy fit when she sees him,” she commented.

“Yeah, don’t I know. She’s a real you-know-what but her operation is a top performer. With him looking and acting arrogant as hell, she’ll be royally pee-oed. You’re right about hiring him though. Never would have crossed my mind but I got orders from the very top. Guess I should get mentally prepared to hear from Janelle on Monday. Do me a favor and call Janelle and tell her she has her new intern. Just don’t tell her who. If she demands to know his name say something...err...like Gwen. The last thing I need on a Friday is her riding my ass,” he replied.

“Right, boss. I don’t need the grief either, Gwen it is,” she answered picking up the phone.

They weren’t happy and neither was Ben as he examined his ID card. “A friggin neon pink ID of all things. Shit! I can’t believe I’ve got a damn clerical type job at minimum wage. Damn you Uncle Joseph. Still, I am going to get my money. I absolutely refuse to give in no matter what you bastard! I’ll show all of you!” he groused as he got on the bus.

##

Since Ben had been kicked out, had become uncaring about his appearance. Ben did try to find a job but he absolutely refused to lower himself to flipping burgers. Going to old family friends for either a handout or job didn’t work either. Uncle Joseph had warned all of them not to help in any way. Living on welfare wasn’t a good morale booster either. His once toned muscles were as gone as the rest of his previous existence. Ben had never been a “muscle man” but kept in shape. He was five foot eight and weighed one-sixty back then. Now he was still the same height but weighed one-thirty. His mop of

mousey brown hair was well below his collar. He couldn't afford those fancy salons much less a local barber. To save money, he had long ago given up shaving. No big loss as he had very little facial hair. There were some straggly wisps growing on his upper lip and chin but that was about it.

"I Should have gotten that haircut, but I really needed that wine. I'll get one as soon as I get paid though," he muttered leaving the apartment.

He was a bit surprised when he arrived at the address given to him. It was an office complex just outside the central business district. What surprised him was seeing the sign above the door, "Croft Minority Business Consulting LLC."

"Crap! Don't tell me I'm going to be working with a bunch of minorities too. Should have asked more questions about this company when I had the chance. Don't matter. Screw you Uncle Joseph. I'm going to get my inheritance no matter what!" he thought entering the building more determined than ever.

Inside was your typical business set up. Parquet flooring with some scattered plants, a small bank of chairs and a receptionist sitting behind a mahogany desk. The name plate said, "Mrs. Helms." She looked to be in her early thirties with obviously bleached blond hair and was conservatively dressed.

"Good morning," she greeted wondering why a bum would come in. "Can I help you?"

"I hope he's not looking for a handout. Didn't see the 'No Soliciting' sign either," she thought.

"Yeah, I'm here to see Janelle. I'm the new intern here. My name is Ben, Ben Scott," he replied.

"You mean Ms. Jones?" she replied shocked.

"Yeah, that's her," he answered looking down at the business card.

"Have a seat and I'll notify her that you're here," she said picking up the phone.

"Ohmyygawd! Ms. Jones is going to hit the roof. I can't believe HR sent this bum to work here. What in the world were those idiots thinking?" she thought.

Janelle was not happy as soon as she heard that a man, Ben Scott, was in the reception area. Looking down at the file HR had sent that morning it clearly said, "Gwen Scott."

"What idiot at HR hired a man as my new intern? They know me and how I run this business. It's taken me years to make this division run like a fine time piece. Now they want to screw it up. Bull shit!" she thought then picked up her phone, "Jane, get HR on the phone immediately."

The phone only rang once as Janelle grabbed it to hear, "HR, Joan speaking."

"Joan, Janelle here. Who is the lame brained idiot that hired a man as my intern? I want to talk to him now and I mean immediately," she demanded.

The HR Director rolled his eyes as he picked up the phone. He knew who it was and dreaded it but had no choice. "Good morning Janelle," he began but quickly pulled the phone from his ear. Her voice could be heard with the phone a foot away. He waited until there was a pause and broke in.

"Janelle, I had no choice. I got the word from the very top to hire him when he came in. Apparently, the Feds are giving them hell about having a diverse staff. Yeah, yeah, I know you have Hispanics, blacks and asians on your staff but they are all women. No, you cannot fire him or have him transferred unless he makes a flagrant error. He has three years of college which is more than many of your staff can claim. Janelle! I had no choice and if you keep this up, you just might have to find another job. Like I said, it came from the very top. So, shut up and do your job!" he said rather harsher than he intended.

"She's a ball breaking pain in the ass. I have to give her credit though. Her division is our top performer and she knows how to get the best out of her people," he thought hanging up.

##

If she was upset before, Janelle was even more so when Ben was shown into her office. "You've got to be kidding me!" she said rolling her eyes.

"Huh, about what?" Ben replied blankly and confused. He wasn't comfortable meeting this imposing thirty something woman of color.

"It's bad enough I have a menial job but working for a woman much less a black one? Still, I don't have a choice and that damn lawyer won't be any help either," he thought.

Janelle Jones was six feet tall in her three-inch pencil heels and milk chocolate flawless skin. Smartly dressed in a gray business knee length straight skirt and crème silk blouse. Her black curly hair cut into a short Afro style.

Wearing moderate makeup with coppery colored eyeshadow and cinnamon lipstick. Her perfume had hints of mango, coconut and pineapple.

"You're the new intern they sent over?" she asked disgustedly.

Ben nodded, clearly not catching her displeasure and stuck out his hand, "Yeah, that's me. Ben, Ben Scott," he said. Despite his dislike for having her as his boss, was determined to do whatever it would take to get his inheritance.

Janelle looked at the hand and hairy arm it was attached to and gave him another disgusted look. Janelle thought she was getting a girl named Gwen when she got the call Friday. Instead after today's call to HR found herself stuck with this hairy, unkempt Cretan who was anything but a Gwen.

"Charmed, I'm sure," she finally replied ignoring the hand.

Reaching down picked up his personnel file and pretended to look it over. What she was doing was looking him over a second time. Ben's messy hair and stubbly chin-beard suited his disheveled appearance. His shirt was wrinkled and loose fitting as were his pants. The shirt-tails weren't even tucked in, he wasn't wearing socks, the shoes were scuffed and laces untied. The only good thing about him was that he wore a tie though it hung loosely around his neck. Everything about him was driving her crazy.

Ben was shifting his feet nervously. As she looked at his file he asked, "So where should I get started?"

Janelle rolled her eyes again. She had an image to maintain in her department and this Neanderthal wasn't going to help by a long shot. At the moment, she was more concerned about her clients seeing him and began to panic. She just knew that they were going to think she was slipping or losing it. If they thought that; then, would surely jump ship to another firm. Janelle couldn't let that happen. She had maintained a very strict dress and behavior code as image was everything. Her very reputation and career were at stake. As much as she wanted to tell him to get out and never come back, she was stuck with him. Then she had a thought, "*The filing room.*"

"I think I'll have you work in the filing room until I need you elsewhere. Err, Ben is it?" she said.

"Yes, I'll get started right away. I just need directions of where to go," he replied nodding his head. He was more than ready to get away from this imposing woman.

"Well, at least you're eager," she muttered then added, "Follow me."



Next to the main operations room with all its low walled cubicles was the file room. A frosted glass door separating them. Inside were stacks and stacks of vertical files, a small desk with chair and a phone. There were three large piles of folders waiting to be filed sitting on the desk. They were the result of Friday's work load.

"Are you familiar with digital filing codes?" she asked without much hope.

"Yeah, I've worked in a file room before," he replied. He decided not to tell her it was the worst summer of his life. Uncle Joseph demanded he take that job when he got kicked out of college. Going so far as to cut off his allowance if he didn't. What made it horrible was the old shriveled up lady that ran it. She made sure he learned and learned well that system of filing and he hated every second of it.

"Alright, get to it then. Lunch break is noon to one. Oh, and another thing, don't socialize with the other staff. They have work to do and I don't approve of idle chatter," she said leaving.

"I hope he told the truth about knowing that filing system. I don't even want to think of the chaos that will result if he doesn't," she thought.

Later that day she checked in on Ben, discovering he actually was far more efficient than she could have ever guessed. She went through what he had done to verify he hadn't screwed everything up and was amazed. He had managed to reorganize and file more documents in six hours than most of her office staff could in a week. One thing she knew about all her employees was that they all hated having to take their turn filing.

"You might be useful after all," she commented.

"Thanks, but I'm hoping that when I'm done here, you can show me the rest of the department. I'd very much like to be out there up on the front lines, ya know," he said with a very hopeful tone.

Janelle scoffed arrogantly. "Well! If you ever want to get out of this room, you're going to have to work on your appearance. You're too unprofessional looking to be working with clients. We have a very strict dress and behavior code like I said earlier. I doubt our clients would take you seriously unless you look the part. And, I doubt you'd be willing to make the effort," she replied.

"Oh," he said lowering his eyes and letting out a sigh. "Well, I don't mind changing my look but I don't have the funds. My only income until I got this job was from Social Services. If I had the money, I'll do whatever you need me to do Ms. Jones, I promise. I really need this job."

"I really like your eagerness Ben but until your appearance improves, you're the file clerk," she said and turning on her thin heels left.

##

Ben worked in the file room for the next two weeks. It was as boring as he remembered it. Only this time he couldn't afford to fuck up like he had working for that old bat at the bank. Uncle Joseph had been upset when she came to him and told him to get Ben the hell out of her filing room after about two months. Martha Raye had been with the bank since before he came on board fresh out of college. Of course, he respected her wishes much to Ben's relief. He was supposedly sending out applications to colleges for the fall term as he was no longer at the bank. He partied instead while his uncle was at work. When Uncle Joseph found out he was partying, he hit the roof. Ben, on the other hand, shrugged it off like he always did.

Thanks to Martha, Ben was very familiar with that filing system. He never had guessed he would ever be thankful for having worked at that horrid job, until now. With each passing day, Ben lamented the fact he was going nowhere fast. He wanted to get out on the main floor with the others. He knew whatever they were doing, he could do better, just like he was doing with the filing. He just needed the chance. Unfortunately for Ben, every time he brought it up, was told he didn't meet the dress and behavior code.

"Damn it! I hate my job. It's even worse than I remembered it. I've got to get out on the main floor. At least they're people out there. I'm isolated in here and only see someone when they drop off files. They don't even stop to chat. Not that I give a shit. Hell, I know once I'm out there doing real work, I'll be better than all of them. It's the only way I can get promoted out of this division. I wonder if I contact that HR Director, would he help me?" he thought walking to the bus stop Friday afternoon.

Meanwhile, Janelle was still in her office thinking out loud. "I know he's trying to improve his looks but no way he's getting out on the main floor. I do have to admit that he shaved off that scrawny chin hair, tucked in his shirt and polished his shoes - but no way. He's damn good at filing and that's where he'll stay. Like the old saying goes, 'Out of sight, out of mind.'"

Janelle's plans for Ben were disrupted Wednesday morning by a call from HR. By the end of the call so furious she threw the receiver down hard on her desk top.

When she did that Jane, her executive assistant, cringed. She had never seen her boss so angry. "Is there something wrong Ms. Jones," she ventured barely above a whisper.

"Those idiots at HR! That's what's the matter. Apparently that little shit, Ben, has called them complaining about being kept in the file room. I've kept him there for damn good reasons. Now I'm being told to let him work the main floor. What are they going to do when we start losing customers because of him? Those idiots will probably blame me! Well, since I have no choice I'll do it but he's going to meet my strict codes! That's for damn sure," she shouted in fury.

Janelle took a few moments to calm down. It was not good to display her emotions like that in front of an employee. As she calmed her raging emotions, a sinister smile began to form as she thought of a plan, *"If he wants to work the front office so badly, okay. However, he would have to meet my high standards first. Now that I think about it, it's a great idea. I think Tanisha, my stylist, will help. Once she finishes with him, he'll definitely quit. If he quits; then, HR can't bitch or blame me. It's going to cost me but worth it."*

Turning to Jane said as she sat back at her desk, "Please forgive me for that outburst. It's just that dealing with HR can be so frustrating. That will be all for now Jane. Oh, one more thing. You did give Mr. Scott my dress and behavior manual? Good, thank you."

As soon as Jane left, picked up the phone and called her stylist. "Tanisha? It's Janelle, I need to see you. Yes, I know my appointment is next week but I need to see you today. No, my hair is fine. I just need to talk to you. Do you have some time? Thank you, I'll be there then."

Tanisha was more than just a stylist, she was the owner of her upscale salon. She and her staff catered primarily to other women of color and offered a full range of services. Tanisha had grown up in California and her first job was working for a special effects company. Later she received her beauticians license. Got married and moved with her husband. He proved to be both abusive and a drug user. That short marriage experience had left a very bitter taste when it came to men. With hard work and Small Business Administration loans, she eventually opened her own salon.

One of her first customers was Janelle and over time the two became close friends. Tanisha was forty-two and a full-figured dark chocolate woman. While coming from different backgrounds, they had a lot in common. Hard working, diligent and straight forward. Both didn't have time for men in their life

mainly due to their work loads. Plus, due to their dominant personalities and success, most eligible men shied away.

When Janelle arrived, it was close to closing time. There were no customers and Tanisha told the staff to go on home. She locked up and took Janelle into her office.

"So, what's up Janelle? You look all wound up. Let me get some wine first. I know I could use a glass or two," she said.

Two bottles of wine later, Janelle left the salon with a big smile. A very satisfied smile. Tanisha not only agreed but put meat on the bone of an idea she had regarding Ben. Not only that but Tanisha was very good friends with the neighboring apparel shop owner. She was assured they could do everything necessary at cost.

Friday afternoon saw Janelle inviting Ben into her office. "So, you want to work the front office, do you?" she began but did not wait for an answer. "You know my dress and behavior requirements by now, I assume. Today is payday and here is a copy of your check. It has already been deposited into your account. I expect you to use this money to dress and look appropriate when you come in on Monday. I have booked you an appointment at my salon with Tanisha. Here is her address and time. I expect, no, I demand that you do whatever she decides or it's back to the filing room."

Ben looked down at his meager check. "I'll do whatever it takes Ms. Jones bu...but I need this to pay my rent and buy groceries. Now that I have a job Social Services has cut me off." he replied.

"The girls working the front office get a stipend clothing allowance. I've made arrangements to get you a year's advance. However, you will have to pay ten percent of your salary to Tanisha. I think you can manage that. The company will pay the difference for now. Any questions?" she answered.

"Why a salon?" he asked confused.

"I'm sending you there as Tanisha knows my dress code policy and is willing to give you a substantial discount. She has also agreed to get you more appropriate clothing at a discount as well," she replied.

"No problem. Like I said, I'm willing to do whatever it takes," he stated.

"I'll remember that. While I'm at it, if I hear that you have not been cooperative with Tanisha, it's back into the file room. I require all my employees to be polite and neatly dressed at all times. Good day," she said dismissing him.

Leaving her office, Ben pumped his fist into the air. "Looks like that call to the HR Director worked," he joyfully exclaimed.

##

Ben was beginning to have second thoughts and confused as he stood outside the salon. Second thoughts because this was obviously a salon only a woman would enter. What he could see of the interior was all pinks and lavenders. Confused as the sign said it closed at seven; yet, his appointment card said Friday, seven p.m. The lights were still on and the door still unlocked.

"Well here goes nothing," he said stepping inside. The heady smells of chemicals mixed with perfume hit him like a slap in the face.

"You must be Janelle's new intern. Good, you're on time. Let me lock up as you're my last customer. It's just me and Myra here. I thought for your first time, you'd like a little privacy. I'm putting myself out for this, so don't give me or Myra any static, understand?" Tanisha said.

"Yeah, sure, whatever," he answered. Then remembering Tanisha was a good friend of Ms. Jones added, "I told Ms. Jones I really want to work the front office. I'll cooperate with anything you decide."

"You may not like everything we do, but if you keep that attitude, we'll get it done. The first thing, is getting rid of all that body hair. Myra will give you a full Brazilian body wax. All that body hair collects sweat and germs which create body odor. Regular waxing will solve that problem you have. She'll also take all your measurements. Jan...Ms. Jones wants me to get you some proper clothing. Any questions before we begin?" Tanisha said wrinkling her nose.

"I didn't think I smelled that bad," he thought raising his arm slightly and taking a sniff.

"A Brazilian waxing? What's that?" Ben asked beginning to have doubts about his decision again. He remembered some of his old girlfriends complaining about getting waxed. He wasn't so sure he wanted to experience that much less lose his manly hair.

"A Brazilian removes all your body hair from the neck down to your toes. That includes all the hairs around the pelvic and anal regions. Myra will use what's called the strip waxing method. It can be very painful, but it's so worth it. Not having to shave will save you a lot of time in the mornings. In time, with regular waxing, it will become easier and most hair growth will stop. I'm sure a strong man like you can handle it. If not, I have a mild tranquilizer you can take.

Since it's your first experience, I strongly suggest you take it," she explained holding out a small green with black band pill.

"Do...do you really...really have to remove my..errr..my pubic hair? I'm not sure I want that done and don't see the reason," he gasped, blushing.

"Yes, that area of the torso has the densest hair and strongest body odor source. Since you're worried, Myra will leave some there. Is that okay? Should I call Janelle and see what she says? I can let her know that you won't follow through with your promise to do 'whatever it takes.'"

She paused to let his own phrase of commitment sink in before continuing. "But, I think we both know that it might have an impact on your employability. There are literally dozens of pretty interns, boys and girls, who would do anything they were asked to get that job. So, if you're going to let a little 'manscaping' trip you up; then, you better rethink your commitment," Tanisha stated.

"Oh no, please, don't call. I'll do it since you say it's necessary," he quickly agreed taking the pill. The last thing he needed was for Ms. Jones hearing he was complaining.

"Fine, now while we wait for that pill to take effect, I'll give you a manicure/pedicure. It will take Myra a bit to get the wax heated anyway. Come over here and sit," she ordered.

"A manicure/pedicure would be nice. I barely remember the last time I had that done," he thought.

Tanisha didn't do a whole lot. Rounding his nails into ovals and painted them in a clear coat as his bare feet were in a warm bath. She spent a little more time snipping away stray skin around his big toes before finishing up with the clear coat. By the time she had finished Ben was feeling no pain.

Tanisha had to smile as she heard screaming coming from the waxing room. *"Men, they always scream the loudest. Guess Myra is working on his pelvic area now. I'm surprised he went through with it. I can't recall the last time a male client wanted his pubes gone, much less a landing strip,"* she thought taking a sip of her wine.

Ben came out of the waxing room wearing a lavender short sleeved smock, boxers and matching paper slippers. The smock was long enough to cover his very embarrassing groin. The only hair left on his torso was a one and half inch wide by three-inch-long landing strip of closely trimmed hair.

“Oh, you poor baby,” Tanisha said in fake sympathy. “Come here and hop into my styling chair. I think the worst is over for now,” she said.

Again, she didn't do all that much. Janelle wanted a more advanced version of how Ben should look. Tanisha convinced her to take it in steps. If he balked at this stage and quits, they would save a lot of time and money. If not, then they would step it up. Tanisha was actually surprised that Ben had lasted through the waxing phase.

When he was finished at the salon, Tanisha gave him several plastic clothing bags. “Ben, I put together some unisex clothing for you to wear for work. I don't think I have to tell you what will happen if you don't wear them. I've set up another appointment for you in two weeks. All you need to do now is pay me \$73.59. See you then,” she said showing him to the door.

Ben looked down at his watch as he grabbed his wallet. “It's past eleven! The bus line stops running at eleven. What am I going to do?” he gasped.

“Well, since you've been a good sport about this, I'll take you home,” she said.

“Make sure you wear everything as each outfit is color coordinated. That includes the underwear,” she admonished as he got out of the car.

“Right now, I could give a shit. I'm too exhausted plus I'm out almost \$75 bucks. Guess I'm gonna have to start cooking more often,” he thought waving goodbye.

Tossing the garment bags across a chair, went to the bathroom after stripping. He needed to relieve his bursting bladder and brush his teeth. Turning after brushing, Ben came face to face with the full-length mirror on the bathroom door.

“Ohhmyyygawd! What did I get myself into!” he gasped.

His pale skin was still glowing a soft pink from the waxing. His torso was hairless except for that very embarrassing landing strip. What had his attention now was what Tanisha had done. His messy shoulder length hair had been trimmed slightly, straightened out and his bangs combed to the side. His unruly caterpillar brows slightly arched into neater versions. What bothered him the most were the two pink studs in his lobes. Tanisha had done that before starting on his hair while he was still somewhat drugged. He did complain that it was “too girlie” but that didn't stop her.

“Fuck! I'll put up with it if that's what it takes. Working the file room, I'll never get advancement or see the light of day. So, it's this or I stay in solitary

bored out of my mind for the next fuckin two years," he thought putting on his pajamas.

Ben was woken early Saturday morning to the booming sound of rap music coming through the thin walls. "Crap! As soon as I can save some money I'm so out of this flea bag," he grouched going to the kitchen for much needed coffee.

Going back into his bedroom noticed the four garment bags slung over the chair. "I'm in no mood to see what's in those bags right now. Probably something I will hate," he mumbled.

He didn't get around to opening the bags until Sunday evening. Unzipping the first, rolled his eyes. "Gawd!" he spat laying the clothing out on his bed.

"Damn, I should have checked this out yesterday. I could have brought them back and asked Tanisha to get me something more masculine," he thought.

There was a pale blue Seersucker double button blazer and white cropped slacks. A starched white dress shirt with slightly rounded collar. A pair of thin pale blue cotton briefs without a fly and undershirt. Black nylon opaque socks and pair of black rounded toe leather loafers completed the outfit.

Examining the blazer more closely frowned. The blazer was light weight with long single button slim sleeves. Then he noticed that it was darted and the waist had interior bias piping to make the hem flare out slightly. The narrow collar was notched as well.

"She said this was unisex clothing fitting for a metrosexual man like me. My ass! I think this is a woman's blazer. No label either. Still, I have no choice if I want my money," he muttered picking up the pants.

He groaned when he held the pants to his waist. There was a narrow pale blue leather belt strung through the small loops. What made him groan was the leg hems didn't reach past his ankles.

Opening the other bags found pretty much the same outfit. A black Italian knit blazer with matching slacks. Another white dress shirt, black cotton underwear and socks. A gray, small checker print blazer with tan slacks and white underwear. A red twill Cambridge blazer with matching slacks and underwear. There was also a matte black bag. It had a slim leather strap and looked similar to a saddle bag.

"I'm going to look like such a fruitcake carrying this around but these pants don't have any fuckin pockets," he groaned picking it up.

##

Monday morning Ben decided on wearing the pale blue outfit. He was used to wearing boxers but when he pulled on the pants, wadded up on him. Reluctantly he donned the pale blue briefs. The briefs had a bit of stretch and hugged his groin and butt in a snug embrace.

"This is going to take some getting used to," he mumbled.

Ben was committed to seeing this job to the end, living like a bum had made him more determined to get his inheritance. If it meant looking like a fruitcake then so be it. Tanisha called it a "metrosexual" style but no matter how he looked at it, it was still gay. The bus ride over helped him gain some confidence. He did receive some sideways glances but didn't hear any derogatory comments. Even so, he had to take in a deep breath before he entered the office.

He expected some heads to turn when he entered and indeed they did. Some in a good way, others, not so much. Ben heard a few whispered comments from the girls right in front. They were questioning his sexual orientation which made him blush. Ben kept telling himself all morning that he was stylish and hoping to keep his confidence up. Tanisha was a professional and accepted her "metrosexual" style for him. The big "if" he had at the moment was whether or not good enough to meet Ms. Jones' criteria. That's all that mattered. He had to get out of that file room. It would drive him crazy if he was stuck there.

He didn't have long to wait as Janelle stepped out of her office. She closely looked him over from head to his shoes. "Ah...," Janelle loudly greeted Ben. She did that to ensure the entire staff heard. "Well aren't you just the ugly-duckling turned into a beautiful swan. See what a little manscaping and mod clothing can achieve. I bet you were turning a lot of heads on your bus ride this morning. Maybe some boys even," she ended with a chuckle.

"Ohmyygawd, Tanisha did a job on him. I can't believe he allowed it. Guess we're going to have to step it up a notch," she thought.

The jab was intended to directly belittle Ben and call into question his sexuality. However, Ben figured out her game on the bus ride over. She didn't like him one bit and wanted him to quit. Seeing himself in the mirror this morning his resolve quivered but was determined. Ben ignored it and nodded politely with a smile. He knew that doing that would only confirm that he had indeed

attracted some man's attention. He didn't care what this bunch of losers thought of him. They were so far below his class and had no interest in dating any of them.

"Well Ben, we best get you started. You can't learn to be a good secretary just standing around looking pretty," Janelle said.

From somewhere in the back of the room someone yelled out, "But it sure helps!" That caused the room to break out into laughter.

Hearing that Ben blushed while Janelle glared at the group bringing instant silence. Satisfied she had their attention spoke up, "Ben will be the new office assistant. It is his job to assist anyone of you who requires it as there isn't an available workstation. Make sure you keep him busy."

##

Ben wasn't happy about his new assignment but at least he was out in the front office. Or so he thought. Instead of helping a staff member work on a contract or computer job application, found himself back in the filing room. Worse than the filing, he was sent to get them coffee or beverage from the breakroom. By the end of the week hated his job and made no bones about it.

On Tuesday he was in the breakroom when Janelle's executive assistant walked in. "Hi Ben, how you doing?" she casually asked.

"Jane, I've had my fill of that filing room and having to play nursemaid to all of them. I'm more than qualified to do the work and look at me. I have skills I can offer and just want to be given a chance. Instead I'm either putting files away or getting coffee! How do you think I'm doing?" he barked in response.

Jane took a step back not expecting such a response. Jane was in her early fifties, mother of three and his outburst reminded her of her children. "Ben you're acting like one of my children," she chuckled.

"I'm sorry you're not happy here but you know Ms. Jones can be a ball breaker when it comes to the job. She's managed to run an all-girl office - much to HR's dislike - for years. She just has a way about her that runs the boys off. If you hate this job so much, just leave."

"Well I'm not running anywhere. I can do any job in here just as capably or better than anyone here," he boldly replied rolling his eyes.

"In that case, and you didn't hear this from me," Jane said then lowered her voice, "but I know that one of our staff members is off next week. Ms. Jones still hasn't found a temp to replace her yet. So look," she paused and stepping

closer continued. "I know someone in HR. If you help me get this drink order ready for Ms. Jones' meeting, I can make a quick call and recommend you for that position. Deal?"

Ben's eyes lit up hearing that, "You'd do that? Of course, I'll help." he gushed.

"Sure, but...this conversation is completely off the record. Ms. Jones would fire me on the spot if she ever found out," Jane replied seriously.

"Your secret is safe with me. I swear," he answered grinning from ear to ear.

"Okay, now help me with the drink order," Jane said with a smile.

"Who's she meeting with?" he asked gathering water bottles from the fridge.

"Oh, some big shots with First National. She's finalizing a big loan," she casually replied.

"First National! Tha..," Ben blurted surprised but stopped before he told her that would be *his* bank in two years.

As he pushed the serving cart to the conference room, Ben was very nervous. The last thing in the world he wanted to happen was being recognized; especially dressed as he was. Thankfully his fears were unjustified and he happily went back into the office.

"Thank you, Ben. I'll take it from here," Jane said once he pushed the cart to the door.

"Thank goodness I didn't have to go in there. I recognized that guy. VP of loans, I think," Ben thought

The next morning everyone in the office heard the loud and animated phone conversation Janelle was having with the HR Director. "I don't care how qualified you say he is! That's my decision to make not yours! I don't give a damn about what it says on paper! If I can't choose who I want on my team, what's the fucking point of me being here!"

What the staff didn't hear is what happened after that outburst. "Yes sir," and shortly after, "I'm very sorry sir."

Minutes later, Janelle stormed out of her office looking for Ben. He was in the filing room, pretending he hadn't heard her conversation with HR. It was very difficult to keep from smiling as she found him.

“So, you want to play secretary next week, do you?” she said loudly. “Fine! You know I have standards, very high standards that I expect you to adhere to. You better be as committed to working here as you claim to be. I swear, if you miss one tiny detail in my grooming and behavior policy, I’ll see that the best job you can find will be flipping burgers. I’ve changed your appointment with Tanisha. Be there promptly a seven Monday morning. I strongly recommend you do whatever she demands. Understood?”

“Yes, of course, Ms. Jones. I said I’d do whatever and I meant it,” he replied. This time with a broad smile.

“Got her pretty pissed off, but it was worth it. Hell, she doesn’t like me anyway,” he thought.

“I’d better see that same broad smile when you come into the office after your appointment. Smiling is one of those requirements,” she snapped then stormed out of the room.

“I know you’re up to something,” he said to himself, “I know that you think I will be embarrassed and that I’ll quit. Not going to happen. Not until my two years in hell are over; then, I’ll get my revenge,” he mumbled after she had gone.

##

Ben was happy to see the “Closed” sign when he arrived at the salon. The door this time was locked but the lights were on. He knocked on the glass. It wasn’t long before Tanisha opened it.

“If Janelle wasn’t such a good friend I wouldn’t be doing this. Come on in and don’t you dare give me any arguments! I got my marching orders and if you don’t cooperate, you can leave now,” she said with an angry tone.

“I’ll do whatever,” he said with a sigh. “I know you’re doing what you were told and that it will be embarrassing but I’m not quitting.”

“Okay, go ahead and have a seat in the chair. We’ll start on your hair and then replace those studs before I give you your new wardrobe,” she replied.

After shampooing and conditioning it twice, surprised him by parting it across the forehead. His bangs which had been swept to the side were now a fringe just above his eyes. He wasn’t expecting to get bangs or the amber highlights that she had added to his mousey brown hair. His hair hadn’t grown

so all she had to do was straighten it with a flat iron. Giving it a light splash of hairspray was done leaving a nice feminine page boy style.

Ben wasn't as surprised when she removed the studs and inserted quarter inch pink pearl studs. After what she had done to his hair figured out pretty much where all this was going. As soon as he discovered where he would be working, called HR requesting a transfer but told there were no openings. It was either this job or no job. The lure of becoming the Chairman of the Board kept him from complaining. Yes, he would be mortified if what she had done was permanent. He just hoped that his thinned and arched eyebrows would grow back in. His torso was still smooth and hairless and that made him wonder.

He did complain when she applied half-inch acrylic nail extensions and light pink varnish. "Tanisha, please, how will I be able to use a keypad with these long nails? An...and you painted them pink! Guys don't wear pink nail polish."

"Boss's orders! AND besides, that varnish is called 'Natural' not pink. Besides the other girls there have them and the polish will strengthen the nails. You'll learn just like they did," she said giving him a hard look."

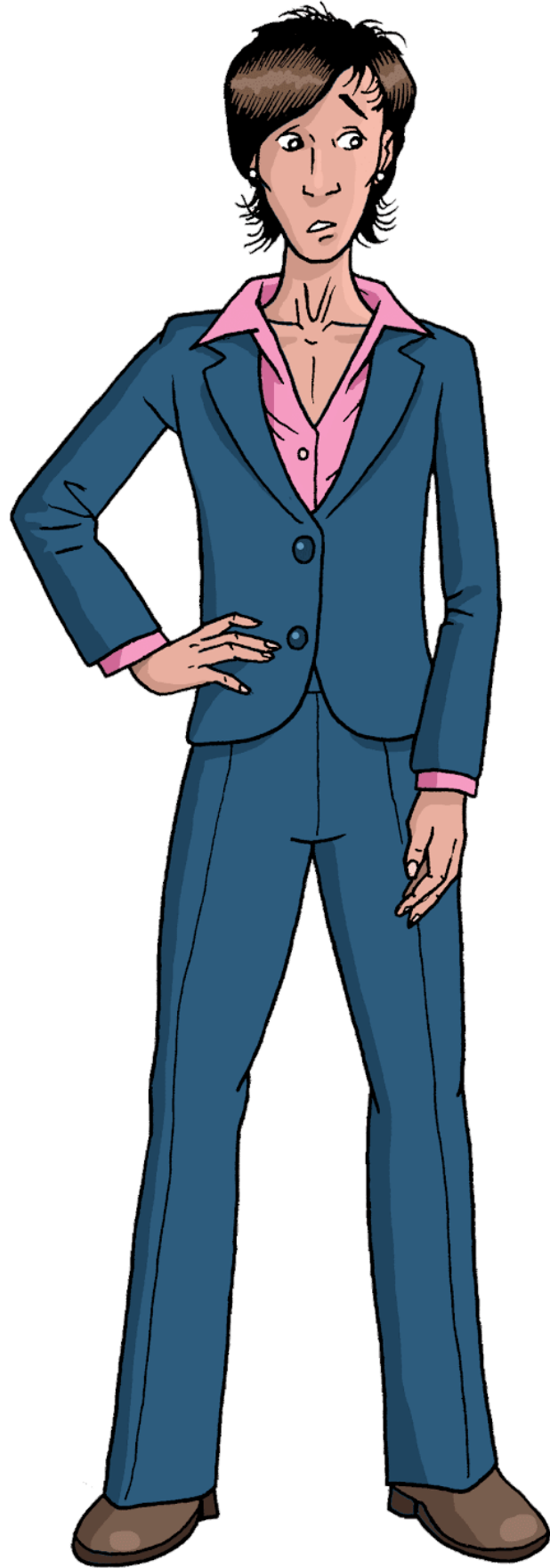
When his nails were dry simply said, "Okay, strip down to your underwear while I get your outfit for today."

The outfit she brought was similar to the ones he already had but much more feminine. It was another baby blue light weight pants suit with a polyester pink shirt. He didn't like it but at least it wasn't a skirt like the other girls wore as he feared.

Ben had complained to Ms. Jones about Tanisha's so called, "metrosexual" look the first chance he got to no avail. She told him her dress and behavior code applied to everyone. No, exceptions. When he said it made him look gay, she again rebuffed his comments.

"That's enough Ben! A large number of our clients are of that persuasion. I don't care if you're gay or not but you will follow my codes and guidelines. Of course, you have a choice in all this. You can do what I demand or quit," she had replied.

The pants were slim cut at the waist and thighs but below the knees flared out with cuffed hems. They also zipped and buttoned in the back. The blazer had wider notched lapels, definite flare at the hips and arms a slight flare at the cuffs. The pink shirt had a glimmer to it and wide collar. When he tried to button it, found the buttons on the wrong side. The shoes she gave him also bothered him but silently stepped into them. They were a black patent leather with a more pointed toe and a two-inch block heel. Putting them on he had to quickly



center of gravity. "Why such a high heel?" he asked gaining his balance.

"The pants' inseam is long and the hems would be on the floor otherwise. Those really aren't that high and shouldn't give you any problem. The block heel is very stable. Go ahead and walk around a bit to get used to them," she replied.

His first tentative steps were wobbly until Tanisha told him to take shorter steps using his upper thighs instead of from the knees. When he felt his butt swaying as he walked that way, made him blush. The pants were champagne satin lined which made his skin tingle as he walked. It was disconcerting but not unpleasant. Ben was determined not to let what these women were doing stop him.

He kept repeating softly, "Chairman of the Board. Chairman of the Board."

"Okay, you're doing just fine. Now before we go, I want to take some pictures," she said holding up a digital camera.

"No, I don't...", he started to reply then thought better of it. "Guess people are going to see me like this, so what the hell. Please, just get it over with quickly."

His appearance had changed so much over the past few weeks that Janelle wanted a new ID badge for him. She just couldn't send him to HR to do it. The less they knew what she was doing the better. Once she had the picture, would have Jane's friend update the ID.

"Smile girl," Tanisha said as she snapped his picture. She quickly clicked the shutter three more times.

"Now that's done, we'll gather up the rest of your outfits and I'll drive you to the office. It's almost ten and Janelle will be expecting you by now. You don't have time to take the bus much less fuss with your new clothing. I'll need your key so I can put them in your apartment. I'll leave the key on the doorsill," she instructed.

"I hate leaving when it's time to open my shop but I see my assistant manager just pulled up. She can handle things until I get back," Tanisha thought.

##

Ben was distressed about how he looked entering the office where Janelle was waiting. He stood in front of her as she examined him, could hear whispering and see the odd expressions. It was far worse than that first time.

"I know what they all are thinking and don't give a damn," he thought.

"Now you look more professional to be in my front office. You'll be taking Jennifer's workstation. Remember you're here to work, not sit around gossiping. I expect all my girls...err..people to have a smile on their faces at all times. When clients come to visit, I want them to see nicely dressed employees with friendly smiles, understand?"

"Damn him. What kind of man is he? I thought for sure this would be too much and I'd be rid of him," she thought.

As he walked to Jennifer's station, the whispering and odd looks became more prevalent. It brought a flush to his cheeks. He held his fingers against his warm, embarrassed face. This wasn't going to stop him, in fact, he was more determined than ever. A lady in the next cubicle giggled as he booted up the computer. As it came on, noticed that the workstation was decorated with small fluffy animals and pictures of rainbows and unicorns. He checked the password for her computer that Ms. Jones had handed him and began working. It didn't take him long to discover he was transcribing some minutes from a recent meeting.

"Damn, these nails," he muttered as he kept hitting the wrong letters on the keyboard.

"Try using the pad of your finger or a pencil Ben," the co-worker that had giggled said softly. "I know you're just filling in for the week but I didn't think you would dress like her too," she finished with another giggle pointing to his pink shirt.

Ben had no idea of what outfits Jennifer wore. The girls that worked in the office were too far below his status for him to pay any attention. The girls that got his notice were beautiful and classy fashionistas. Apparently, this Jennifer person wore blue pantsuits with pink blouses often. The fact that Ms. Jones was making it look like he was trying to imitate this girl made his blood boil.

"She's a royal bitch doing this to me but screw her! I'm stuck with her and I'm not going to give in. Two years will seem like a lifetime but I've got to do it. I want that money!" he thought.

He was making himself a cup of coffee when Jane walked in to get Ms. Jones a cup. Ben took the opportunity to vent his displeasure and anger as no one else was in the room.

She looked at him questionably, "You don't think she would have purposely done that, do you? Probably just a coincidence."

"I don't know for sure Jane but I wouldn't put it past her. It seems a little too convenient to me. Jennifer wears a blue pantsuit and pink blouse frequently I'm told. And when I go to the stylist she makes me go to, Tanishia dressed me in the same kind of outfit. How does that sound to you?" he answered.

"Maybe," she said shrugging her shoulders while preparing the coffee. "What else are you wearing this week?"

"I have a purple suit with pink shirt tomorrow, lime green again with the pink shirt, peach another pink shirt and black one. You can guess the color of the shirt, pink," he replied rolling his eyes.

Jane laughed so hard she almost spilt Ms. Jones' coffee. "Ohhmyygawd! That's just too funny," she blurted running a finger under her eyes. She quickly brought her hand down to cover her mouth embarrassed.

"What's so damn funny?" he snapped.

"I'm sorry about laughing Ben bu...but I've seen Jennifer in all those outfits. I'm so sorry Ben, please forgive me. I think Ms. Jones is making a total example out of you," she said looking down at her feet.

"Yeah, I kinda figured that out already. You've been kind to me so there is nothing to forgive. As far as I'm concerned there is nothing she can do that will make me quit," he replied.

"If you're so embarrassed doing this why do you insist on staying? Every man I know would have left long ago?" she asked with a puzzled look.

"Just say I'm stubborn, very stubborn and despite what you're probably thinking, I'm not a faggot," he replied with a smile.

That afternoon, he was summoned into Ms. Jones' office. Ben had little hope that she called him to say that it was all a little joke and could wear a men's suit. In her office, Janelle handed him a small brown envelope.

"That's your new employee ID. Since your current ID's picture is so out of date from the way you look now, I had HR replace it. I expect you to wear it from now on, understood?"

What could he say but, "Yes, ma'am."

Janelle giggled thinking, *"I can't wait to see the expression on his face when he sees it."*

"Okay then, take it out and put it on. Give me your old one first. You won't be needing that again," she said reaching out her hand to take it.

"What? There's been a mistake! It says my name is Gwen Scott," he blurted surprised at this new indignity.

"That's HR for you Gwen," she laughed. "Go ahead and put it on. You're more of a Gwen now than a Ben in any case."

"Give me back my old one. HR can make me a new corrected one," he demanded.

"Don't take that tone with me missy!" she hissed. "Disrespect for your superiors is not tolerated and subject to discharge. You better remember that. HR changed the code to gain entry for you into the building and other areas of the company. Until they make the correction, you will have to use that card," she said harshly.

Ben bit down hard trying to keep the tears from flowing as he clipped the ID card to his left lapel.

As he left Janelle's office, Jane gave him a sympathetic smile but said nothing.

"Damn bitch!" he exclaimed under his breath as he walked back to his work station.

When he got home that evening was emotionally exhausted. On the way he stopped and picked up a pizza and six pack of beer. Holding the six pack under one arm reached up to the doorsill to find his house key. As he grasped it, the six pack fell to the floor.

"Shit! What else can happen to totally fuck up my life. Between that salon appointment, the stupid ID card and having to ride that friggin bus. I'm surprised I made it home in one piece," he cried in anger.

Inside he put the dented up six pack into the freezer hoping that would stop it from spewing all over his small kitchen. Putting the pizza box on the table

went to get out of those horrible clothes. It took him a little longer to get undressed due to the button placement. Naked he went to his bureau to get his boxers and clean tee to take into the bathroom.

“Damn it! That conniving bitch!” he screamed seeing his underwear draw filled with nylon panties and lace frilled camisoles. They were in different styles and a bright rainbow of colors. Neatly folded along with a pink satin sachet reeking of a floral perfume. There was a note on top of his bureau.

Taking it began reading. “Ben or should I say Gwen, I’m sure you have guessed by now where Janelle is going with all this. Like I told you at the salon, I’m just the messenger. The only options you have are to wear what I have provided (including leaving that perfumed sachet where you found it) or resign. I have removed all your old underwear and male clothing, so don’t bother looking for it. Unless you want to look like a man in women’s clothing, come to the salon Sunday morning at ten. P.S. I also left some cleansing products and hair care items for your use in the bathroom.

“Argh! I can’t believe I’ve gone along with all this shit!” He exclaimed, “I’m too far in to stop now. At least none of my old friends will ever see me like this. Once I get my inheritance, these bitches will be so sorry for screwing with me,” he spat as he started to look into the other drawers.

The second drawer he opened contained bras and panty girdles. The third, filled with packets of panty hose in various shades. It didn’t take Ben long to discover what Tanisha said in her note to be true. He didn’t have a stitch of male clothing in his apartment. Not even in the dirty clothes hamper. The bathroom proved even worse. All his toiletries were replaced by women’s products. Everything from a bristle hairbrush to the lavender/tea tree oil body wash. She even went so far as to replace his toothbrush with a neon pink one.

##

Ben woke with a hangover and dragged himself out of bed. He was wearing the briefs and undershirt he had on yesterday. There was no way he was going to put on one of those poofy nightgowns hanging in his closet. Taking a hot shower normally made him feel much better but not today. The slightly floral body wash took the enjoyment out of that. As he finished in the bathroom, he thought for a moment about just wearing the same underwear but decided not to. He wouldn’t put it past Ms. Jones checking to see if he had the right undies on.

He removed the purple pants suit from its hanger and dropped it on his bed before going to the bureau. It took him a few moments to decide on the purple high cut panties with a floral lace applique and matching camisole.

Now dressed for bed, he paused.

"She's trying to stick it to me but I'll show her damn it. I'm not going to let her win!" he said loudly.

He went back at the bureau and pulled out a purple satin bra and a packet of pantyhose. When he put on the bra noticed that it had some kind of gel padding and stiff underwires. Thirty minutes later he managed to hook the band and another adjusting the tiny slides on the straps. The sheer black pantyhose wasn't as difficult but still a pain. He had watched a number of his old girlfriends doing it and that helped. He slid the slim-fitting ladies trousers overtop. The woman's blazer and pink blouse had followed next, with a pair of ramped wedge-heeled shoes to finish the look off. Checking himself out in the mirror he was surprised. From the neck down appeared to be female. What surprised him was his face.

"Shit! With this hair, arched brows and if I had some makeup on, no one would guess I'm a friggin guy," he gasped.

Again, as he entered the office he heard whispers and saw the odd looks from the staff. The receptionist had alerted Janelle that he had arrived and was waiting for him.

"Damn, he's back and apparently wearing everything. The pearl earrings would have stopped most men. I can't think of a man who's ever worn a bra, but this Cretin is. Looks like we're going to have to go further than we planned," she thought as he approached.

"Nice suit Gwen. I really like how you are filling out that blouse too. Isn't the new girl fitting in nicely ladies," she remarked bringing out the giggles and smiling evilly.

"I didn't expect you to actually wear a bra but since you did, I expect you to wear one every day," she whispered.

Ben did his best to ignore it all but it wasn't easy. He knew this was a game for her and he was determined not to let her win. He had worn the bra just to spite her and hadn't planned on wearing one again. Ben wasn't looking forward to wearing one every day. It was his hope by the end of the week, she would realize her tactics weren't working and that he was a capable employee.



Plastering a smile on his face replied, "Thank you Ms. Jones and I will," then headed to his station while thinking, "*Fuck you bitch!*"

The rest of the week, while agonizing to Ben, went by quickly. He even found a critical error in a contract which seemed to please Ms. Jones. There was some commentary while in the breakroom from various staff members but he brushed those off. Deeming them unworthy of his attention.

His only comment to them was, "I need this job and will do whatever I have too to keep it."

"I hope they tell Ms. Jones what I just said. Maybe she'll realize I'm here to stay and stop all this," he thought.

##

Early Sunday morning found Ben on the way to his salon appointment. He was dreading it. Ben figured it was better being taken for a woman than a man dressed as he was. Some gay black dude hit on him while he was waiting for the bus on Thursday. He knocked on the glass door of the salon and shortly it was opened.

"I'm glad you took my advice Gwen. Come on in. We have a lot to go over and I expect your full cooperation," Tanisha greeted.

"Look Tanisha, I'm here because I have too. I don't like any of this but I have no damn choice. I have to keep this job. I get enough odd stares and looks as it is, so if I have to look like this, I'd rather pass as female. I don't want any more gay guys hitting on me," he replied.

Tanisha giggled hearing that. She didn't think he even realized what he had said. Initially Tanisha wasn't that happy about helping out Janelle. However, based on what she wanted to do, figured it would be a one-time deal. A no biggie for her best customer and friend. If she had known it would take this much of her free time and effort, never would have agreed. Still, she was in for a penny might as well make it a pound. The odd thing about it, she felt both sorry for Ben; yet, at the same time finding it strangely erotic. Stimulating enough to consider what else she could do. Taking a white boy and turning him into a girl sent thrills up her spine.

"The first thing we need to do is get rid of your facial hair. Fortunately, you don't have that much. I have a Tria hair removal laser that will do the trick," she stated.

"You mean like permanently or just for now? I know I don't have much but I like what I do have," he asked.

"Men!" she snapped. "You have absolutely no idea of just how much a woman goes through to make herself beautiful. Have you ever seen a woman with five o'clock shadow? You need much more makeup if you want to look halfway decent. There is a whole beauty routine you need to learn. You have a choice. You can let me do my thing and learn or you can leave and find someone else."

"This is humiliating enough as it is..." he softly replied blushing.

"Alright then. Follow me and don't even think about bitching. You made your choice," she said. "The first thing is getting all that facial hair permanently removed. Use to take weeks but this laser will cut that time down to three sessions. It will sting and burn but not terribly so. Once that is done, then we can start on some makeup lessons. First, I will show you how to narrow your nose with contouring. Making it look thinner and feminine.

Six hours later he left the salon carrying a pink cosmetics case. Tanisha had taught him the basics of makeup application. Ben was obviously uncomfortable but learning. With instructions to practice, practice and practice some more, sent Ben home.

"This is getting too damn expensive and time consuming. I must admit changing that arrogant white boy into a girl is a kick. All the more so as I'm positive that he hates it. Racist too but that's what makes it all the more fun. I can see it in his eyes. Don't understand why he's letting us do this either. There's got to be some other reason than the job. No job is worth giving up your gender for," she thought as Ben left.

When Ben got on the bus, he did notice people staring but this time it was different. They weren't the looks of ridicule and contempt that he usually received. They were something he found even more disturbing. The lusting kind of looks men gave pretty women. He was use to riding a bus and being the only white person by now. Having black and Hispanic men giving him the eye was very upsetting. Back then he knew he was better than them but now felt weak and vulnerable. The bus ride home seemed to last a lifetime. All he could do was stare down at his bright cherry-colored lacquered nails.

"What the hell did I think I was doing? I just didn't want to be looked at as some fruitcake homo. Now look at me! I have straight men ogling me," he shouted into his bathroom mirror.



Monday Ben expected the worse but it wasn't as bad as he thought it would. When Janelle saw him was speechless at first but had a broad smile on her face. Oh, the whispers were there like the humming of bees but he ignored them.

"I like your new look Gwen. It shows your willingness to fit in. I think you're actually more of a Gwen now than that sloppy Ben. Keep it up. Jennifer called. She won't be back for another couple of weeks. Seems that foot surgery she had was more painful and extensive than she thought. I assume you remember where her station is," she said.

"I can't believe he allowed that! What kind of man is he? Certainly not a real one. Just my luck HR sends me a transsexual. All I did was bring his sick dreams into reality. Guess HR will get off my ass now when they see what I have working in the front office," she thought as Jane brought in her coffee.

"You know Ms. Jones, he seems nice enough, still a stuffed shirt but the others don't seem to mind," Jane commented seeing her worried look.

"Well, I didn't like him as a man and I'm uncertain how I feel about having a pervert working for me. I probably should be glad he's passable at least. Not that pretty but passable," she responded.

"Oh, I think now that he's wearing some basic natural toned makeup, Ben is looking very passable and almost pretty," Jane offered, "And those cute short-shorts are just adorable."

##

The next few weeks went by. The whispers and odd looks had stopped by the end of the first one. By the end of the second, he had gotten better at applying makeup. He still wasn't comfortable wearing it though, it had a slightly floral fragrance and very tacky feel.

The hardest part were how the glosses made his lips tingle. Tanisha said they contained a plumping agent. They were beginning to look fuller than a man's ought to be. The lip glosses only brought more attention to them.

At the end of that week, Ben had another appointment with Tanisha. This time Friday night just before closing. He was given another Brazilian, his hair restyled. Finished trimming Tanisha, began backcombing and teasing it, giving it more volume. Using large rollers created an up-flip and set everything in place with a lot of hairspray.

Reaching up, Ben touched his stiff hair, frowning. "Why is my hair so stiff and shiny?"

"It's a classic style that goes with your new look and not that hard to maintain. All you have to do is use these large bristle rollers at night to keep the up-flip. In the morning brush it out and apply hairspray to set it. The stiffness and shine come from using hairspray. I'll give you a can but you're going to have to buy your own. It's not that expensive and necessary," Tanisha stated.

"I have some new clothing for you on Janelle's orders. She's tired of seeing you dressed in pants all the time. I have five skirts and half-slips to go with your current outfits. That also means wearing hose and high heels. If you've ruined the pantyhose I gave you, buy some more. I noticed the last time that your hose had runs. You can't hide those wearing a skirt and you're definitely wearing those panty girdles. The last thing you want is an unsightly bulge in your skirt. The shoes I have are going to have some much higher heels. Unlike your wedges these may take some getting used to."

"Finally, Gwen, here is the address of a woman I know. Go see her tomorrow, one o'clock. She's going to show you how to act more like the woman you appear to be. Men might not notice but women do. If you want to keep your secret, I suggest you be there. It'll cost you \$50 but trust me, it will be worth it. Remember try not to get your hair wet in case it rains. I'll shampoo it next time. Take this plastic rain cap just in case," she said handing him the address and cap.

"Fifty bucks! I'm just beginning to save some cash," he exclaimed.

"Look, Gwen, unless you want some woman screaming while you're in the lady's room, you best go. You certainly can't use the public men's room now. Looking like you do, Janelle's feminine behavior rules will apply. Make sure you wear the heels and a skirt tomorrow," she answered stressing his feminine name.

"Okay, I'll go see her. I've gone this far and I'm not going to get fired over some behavior problem," he responded.

"Gawd! I hoped this would break him but doesn't look like it. Why is he being so damn stubborn," she thought as he left.

"Why the hell did she schedule it for Saturday afternoon. The only relief I get is watching the games then. Skirts? Guess it was only a matter of time," he thought going out the door.

Like always he sat as close to the front of the bus as he could. Ben just knew that people were staring at him. He hated walking down the aisle looking

for a seat. On more than one occasion someone patted his ass as he went by. That bothered the hell out of him and made him regret his decision. He had forgotten that there were far more straight men than gay ones. He wasn't gay. The idea of a man desiring him made Ben sick in the stomach.

Saturday, Ben reluctantly began dressing for his appointment. He wasn't looking forward to the prospect of learning how to act more girlish. Still, Tanisha had a valid point about getting exposed in public. There was no way he could use the men's toilets now. He thought long and hard over what he was going to wear. He had never worn a skirt before and that really bothered him. In the end he decided on the skirt.

"I could stand wearing pants even if they were designed for women. Pants are the least feminine clothing I have but a skirt...shit! I don't really have a choice and Tanisha said I had to wear a panty girdle too. Another woman only garment I'm being forced to wear. I know I said 'I'd do whatever it took' but this is way further than I could have ever expected. Damn you Uncle Joseph," he thought.

Ben spent five hours learning poise and mannerisms. The few lessons on walking by Tanisha were enhanced to an acceptable manner. The straight above the knee skirt kept his stride short. Remembering to keep his elbows in and knees together were a whole different matter. While he thought he had learned enough, his instructor insisted he make another appointment for next week.

"You just think you learned enough today but still it's not enough to pass the scrutiny of an observant woman. You need to watch women's shows on television. Pay attention to how those girls move and behave. That is unless you want to spend a lot of money on me teaching you. I'll see you next Saturday, same time," she snapped taking his fifty dollars.

"Crap! Now I have to watch the women's shows and learn to act even more feminine. Plus I had to buy pantyhose and hairspray. The only thing good is I'm making a decent salary now. Getting out of the filing room got me a raise. More than enough to afford to hook up cable service. Guess I can forget watching sports. Paying that woman fifty bucks is going to cut into my weekly budget. At this rate I'll never be able to move out of this flop house of an apartment I have," he thought walking to the bus stop.

As he walked, he felt very conscious of his restricted pace and the tug of the skirt hem. Slight zipping sounds were also there from his hose rubbing. Feeling a breeze run up his skirt very unnerving.

"Having to wear skirts is much harder than I thought it would be. Unlike pants, a skirt makes me feel vulnerable. Combined with these heels, I couldn't run if I had too either," he thought with a shiver of fright.

The bus ride brought the lesson about keeping the knees together home. A teen boy was getting on, giggled, punched his buddy's arm and pointed down at Ben's lap. Looking quickly down noticed his legs spread. The skirt's hem had risen up and the lacy edge of his slip showing. That was embarrassing enough to make him spend Sunday watching women's channels. His knees clutched close together as he watched.

##

That same Saturday Janelle was sitting in Tanisha's office after getting her hair styled. "Janelle, things are getting way more complicated and expensive. I've had to give up a lot of my personal time not to mention the \$3,000 I've spent. Nothing we've done seems to stop him. I think it's time for you to consider that you lost on this one. I'm sure he hates everything we've done and making him do. He's said it often enough. For the life of me, I just don't understand it. What is driving him to do it? It just doesn't make any sense," Tanisha lamented.

"We just haven't hit the right buttons yet Tanisha. I'm not happy with the expense either but not about to call it quits just yet. I'm not so sure that I agree with your assessment that he doesn't like it either. I'm beginning to think we have either a transvestite or a transgender on our hands. That's the only reason I can come up with for why he's still here. When he first came to my office, I could have sworn he was one of those straight arrows. Now I'm not so sure. What straight male would do what we've demanded?" Janelle replied.

"You might be right. I heard from Ludmilla this afternoon. Ben did go there wearing the skirt and high heels. According to her he worked hard at doing what she wanted. There's only one way to find out for sure if he is transgendered. Somehow, we have to find a man to date him. If he does, then we'll know for sure," Tanisha commented.

"Tanisha, darling, I think you just hit the nail on head. Let me see what I can do about that," Janelle said with a triumphant smile.

"If you're going to do that, it's going to get more expensive. He'll need more clothes and not the marked down stuff we've given him. Just remember girlfriend, if he accepts that date; then, you lose," Tanisha said with a giggle.

"I never lose! I'll just have another 'gurl' on my staff. Besides, it's not like we have to get him a whole new wardrobe. One date night outfit should be

enough. If it goes further than that; then, we just tell him his clothing allowance has dried up. He'll just have to buy his own stuff from now on," she giggled back.

##

By the now, the staff of the office were accustomed to Ben's, or rather Gwen's, habit of dressing like a woman. So on Monday morning when he appeared wearing his usual blue suit outfit with a skirt instead of pants, they didn't pay much attention. The novelty and shock had pretty much worn off. He didn't talk to any of the girls during breaks and said little when it came to work tasks. For his part, Ben was happy that there was no reaction from the other girls when Ms. Jones loudly mentioned how much she loved his skirt. For him it was another work week. That's pretty much what it turned out to be. Another thankless five days at work.

That Saturday, he was back at his poise and mannerisms lessons. When he left, Ludmilla told him he only needed a couple more before she would be satisfied with his deportment. The rest of his weekend Ben lounged around his apartment. He had no friends and didn't expect company spending that time in his nightie and robe. He was very happy that he didn't have to wear makeup or those horrid clothes. Ben did keep on the bra just in case and liked the feeling of wearing a nightie. Initially he had hated them but began wearing them. They were so much more comfortable than being dressed.

The one he had on that particular weekend was a brilliant scarlet with black floral lace. It was a double layered nylon with chiffon over-skirted baby doll and nylon brief panties. The scarlet panties had four rows of black ruffled lace on their bottom side. The rose-colored chiffon wrap was just below the hip length with flaring three quarter sleeves. It also had black floral lace trimming the hem and cuffs.

He had thought about buying some male leisure clothing but didn't have the money. All of his "free" money went to paying Tanisha for her services and for Ludmilla's deportment lessons. The rest covered his rent and food costs. After Uncle Joseph had kicked him out, Ben hadn't any idea about budgeting. The first couple of weeks he stayed in a nice hotel and partied until he had to sell his sports car. That was a major inconvenience; then, he had to sell his Rolex and other valuables just to rent the flop house room he now occupied. He was too proud to do manual labor much less flip burgers but now wished he had. He realized now that if he had had a job, Uncle Joseph's will-reading might have been totally different.

When he walked into work on Monday, Janelle met him holding a garment bag. "I had my hair appointment Saturday and Tanisha gave me this for you. Your front office assignments have been acceptable. You can keep working there for the time being. Go hang that bag on the coat rack then get to work," she informed him.

"Acceptable my ass. My work is exceptional. Didn't I find that big error in that contract? Guess I shouldn't bitch as I'm getting to stay in the front office and that's an improvement. I wonder what's in this bag? Probable a friggin dress. I can wait until I get home before I check it out," he thought as he hung the garment on the rack.

That afternoon as Ben was leaving Janelle stopped him. She had that grin on her face he had come to hate. It was the kind of smile that he thought a cat might have as it was about to eat a bird.

"Gwen, I want you to wear what's in that bag to work tomorrow. I'm tired of seeing you in the same outfits all the time. Now don't forget," she stated.

"It is a damn dress, I'm sure of it now!" he thought going out the door.

Ben opened the garment bag as soon as he got home. What he found wasn't actually a dress. It was worse. A mid-thigh length dark gray wool blend flare skirt and crème translucent cap sleeved V-neck blouse. A wide brown leather belt with silver buckle and pair of black platform pumps with five-inch spiked heels.

"I think I would have preferred a dress after seeing this. You can practically see through this blouse and the skirt is so short. I hate that bitch and what I'm having to do. Thanks to my Uncle Joseph and his damn stipulations, I don't have a choice. Shit!" he thought.

Hanging inside the bag was another bag. This one full of makeup, with a note from Janelle instructing him to do his face in a particular way. Once he read through the instructions, he cursed again.

"Goddamn that woman," he said to himself, *"She wants me to look like a whore for work tomorrow!"*

##

Ben wasn't happy as he viewed himself in the mirror that next morning. *"I can see my camisole and the V-cut is loose. If I lean slightly, the damn thing opens up exposing my chest and bra. This skirt is too short. It's not nearly as long*



as the ones I've been wearing. I'll have to be really careful when I sit now. I can't get on the bus looking like this. If I even make it to the bus stop in this neighborhood. It didn't come with a blazer but I'll wear my pale blue one," he thought with a worried look.

His face had taken twice as long to prepare that morning, with thick glossy pink lips and heavy eye makeup. New larger hoop earrings and a pearl necklace completed his new appearance.

"I look like a friggin drag queen!" he lamented to himself. The bus ride to the office wasn't as bad as he feared. Early morning riders were more concerned over their upcoming day or trying to catch another forty winks. Still, Ben received a few leering stares. Walking to the office everyone was too busy about their own concerns to pay him any attention.

He hoped that he could get past Ms. Jones' office without her making a big scene. Like all the times before when he entered looking different, she was waiting. Janelle was leaning against her office door sill with that damn smile on her face.

"Gwen, why are you covering up that beautiful outfit with that blazer. Take it off immediately and let us all have a look. That's it. Now hold it over your shoulder and give us a twirl. Very chic and casual office attire. You're looking much more professional today," she greeted loud enough for the others to hear.

"Why does she keep embarrassing me this way. Hasn't she figured out by now I'm not going anywhere," he thought.

"Alright ladies, listen up. You all know Mr. Edmond Bosworth. He's coming in today, so you know what to expect and what I demand. Now get to work," she said then went into her office shutting the door.

Ben had no idea who this Edmond was. "Jane, what's the big deal with this Edmond guy?"

"Other than being one of the firms more influential clients not much. He's worth millions, a bit eccentric and likes to flirt with the girls. Before he leaves he always stops to chat with all of us. You be real nice when he does or Ms. Jones will have your butt. Although," she said dropping her voice almost to a whisper. "I think he's gay or bisexual in any case. I've read articles about him in some of those gossip rags they put out."

"Thanks," Ben said putting the blazer back on and buttoning it. *"That was embarrassing and I hope that's all she does today,"* he thought going to his cubicle.

"Oh Ben, don't forget to take your blazer off. Ms. Jones will be upset if you don't," Jane said as he walked off.

"Damn!" he muttered taking it off.

After lunch, Mr. Edmond Bosworth entered the office. He was wearing a shiny silver colored suit with oversized Elton John sunglasses and a matching poor-boy cap. He was tall, Ben guess over six foot, with an athletic frame. He was all smiles as he waved to the office staff and entered Ms. Jones' office. When he came out of the office with Janelle following, Ben watched them. Mr. Bosworth began going to each cubicle chatting briefly before moving on.

"He's laughing and chatting with them like they were old friends. I know that's an Armani suit he's wearing too. I can't wait until I'm back in mine. I just hope when he gets here, he doesn't stay long. In any case it's going to be humiliating wearing this blouse and short skirt," Ben thought.

Ben's knees were shaking as Edmond and Janelle approached his cubicle. *"I hope he doesn't make a scene. This is going to be hard enough,"* he thought.

"Wait now!" Edmond exclaimed standing beside Ben. "Jennifer, darling, there is something distinctly different about you today," he chuckled turning to Janelle.

Ben blushed and stared down at his keyboard. *"Oh gawd! He's going to embarrassed the hell out of me. I'm sure this is part of her damn plan,"* he thought.

"I know!" Edmond erupted as if he had solved a great mystery. "You've spontaneously grown a penis!"

As the room erupted in laughter, Edmond leaned down, lowering his voice said, "Nothing to be embarrassed by. I quite prefer it in fact. Actually, I never would have guessed if Janelle hadn't told me. I was looking forward to meeting you."

Ben gasped and recoiled hearing that. Looking up, met Edmond's eyes. Only to get a wink and pat on his shoulder.

"What's your name honey?" Edmond asked straightening up and speaking loudly.

“Umm, Be..Ben,” he whispered. His face glowing red by now.

“Ahh, Ben, you say. Are you sure? The name tag says Gwen unless my eyes are deceiving me. What does everyone here call you?” Edmond asked smiling broadly and waving a hand in the air.

“Gwen!” everyone in the office shouted laughing.

“Well, Gwen it is then. It was a pleasure meeting you but I must say hello to the other girls,” Edmond said giving Ben’s shoulder a squeeze moving to the next cubicle.

“What the hell? Did I just get hit on by a guy?” Ben thought stunned.

##

It was near the end of the workday when Janelle called Ben into her office. He figured she was going to send him back to the file room after what happened with Mr. Bosworth earlier in the day. As he slowly walked to her office was planning his arguments to stay on the floor.

“If she sends me back into that file room, I guess my only option is to call that HR Director again,” he thought.

Ben was surprised when Janelle greeted him with a smile. It wasn’t that evil smile he was used to seeing. It looked like a happy smile.

“Have a seat Gwen,” she said emphasizing Gwen.

“It’s Ben, not Gwen,” he said blushing as he sat.

“In any case, I heard from Jennifer. She is still having problems and won’t be coming back,” she replied.

“Ever?” Ben replied not sure what Janelle was leading up to.

“I’m not sure,” she responded.

“So, what does that mean for me?” he dared to ask.

“For the time being, you get to stay at her workstation. However, that doesn’t mean you won’t have to step-up your performance. Mr. Bosworth mentioned you several times before he left. He specifically mentioned that he liked how you were dressed. Something along the lines that he was tired of seeing Jennifer always wearing pantsuits and you were a delightful change,” she answered.

Hearing that Ben jerked back into the chair. “What? What does that even mean?” he gasped.

"It means you're back to see Tanisha first thing Sunday morning. Like I said, you need to up your game if you want to stay in the front office. No more pantsuits for one thing. Mr. Bosworth is our most important client and always mingles with the staff when he visits. We cannot afford to displease him in any way. If we lose him as a client because of your conduct, no one will stop me from firing you," she replied smiling broadly.

"If this doesn't get him to resign, I don't know what I'm going to do. My only hope will be if Edmond comes through for me," she thought.

"She's threatening me again. Why does she insist on fucking with me? She has to know I'm not going anywhere by now. I'm too far in to stop no matter how humiliating," he thought rolling his eyes.

"Fine!" he stated taking the appointment card. "Whatever it takes."

As he stood up and turned to leave, heard her mutter, "We'll see."

"I've put up with her shit for months now. I'm not about to stop! I don't care what she's planning. All I know is that I'm going to become Chairman of the Board and when I do....she'll be lucky to get a job as a damn waitress," he thought leaving.

For all his bravado, Ben spent that evening and all of Saturday worrying about what Janelle and Tanisha had planned on doing to him. He kept repeating in his mind, "Chairman of the Board, Chairman of the Board" to give him the courage to show up Sunday.

##

"Having to be here on my only day off is getting to be a real bitch. After what Janelle said had to be done is going to be expensive to boot. Thankfully my old friend back in Hollywood came through for me. I can't believe I agreed to pick up half the cost, damn! I should just say screw it but at the same time I'm getting a perverted pleasure fucking with that pompous white boy. I know he hates it despite what Janelle says. So, why is he putting up with it? What's driving him? No real man would have ever gone this far. I just hope, in a way this all stops today. Maybe he won't even show up," Tanisha thought, waiting for Ben to arrive.

Promptly at seven Ben showed up wearing a pantsuit and wedge heels. He paused at the entry, took a deep breath and knocked on the pebbled glass door.

"Here goes nothing. I just hope it's not too embarrassing," he thought.

"You're here. Well, come on in and let's get this over with," Tanisha said in way of greeting.

"Good morning to you too," Ben replied sarcastically stepping into the salon.

"Don't give me any crap this morning. I don't like being here on my day off either," she snapped.

"Yeah, alright. I didn't want to be here either," he replied.

"Why the hell are you here then?" she retorted.

"Just say I'm stubborn and need the job," he answered.

"Alright, strip your top off. Janelle says you need breasts, so that's what you're getting. Any problems with that?" she demanded.

"Breasts? You're kidding right? Guy's don't have boobs," he replied shocked. This was something that had never crossed his mind and made him stop in his tracks.

"Yo...you...you're not...not talking about...real ones...are you?" he stammered.

"Does it look like I'm equipped to give you implants? No, just some silicone falsies that I'll glue on. I got them from that old special effects place I use to work at. Come on over and get on the table," she replied.

"Okay, just don't make them too big," he said getting up on the table.

"These were the only ones I could find at a discount. They're a D-cup and on casual inspection will pass. Now shut up and cooperate or get out," she snapped clearly irritated.

"Alright, you're giving me no choice but do you have to glue them on? I don't think I want them hanging on my chest all the time," he anxiously replied.

"Of course they have to be anchored to your chest. These have the weight, look and feel of the real things. Without gluing, they could flop out. I'm going to use a surgical glue and once set should hold for a month. Now, hush and let me get this done," she admonished.

"Errr, how much do they weigh?" he asked concerned.

"About a pound each and you definitely won't want to walk around without a bra from now on," she replied. "*He has absolutely no idea what a*

pain in the back these girls can be. If it was up to a man, all us would have beach balls for breasts," she thought.

A little over half an hour later Ben sat up. The falsies felt heavy as he waited for the glue to dry but now pulled down noticeably on his chest. *"These things are heavy and I can't see past them,"* he thought.

"Here's a bra that will fit your new assets. Like I said, you're a thirty-four D-cup and will have to buy new bras. Get dressed and meet me at my station. I still need to give you a perm," she said handing him an emerald green satin bra.

"I've got to buy my own bras?" he gasped surprised.

"Yeah, your clothing allowance has run out. Just be happy that I'm still giving you a big discount for my services," she snapped clearly irritated.

"I don't know if I can do that? I've...I've never done that before. What if they...they make fun of me or...or call the cops?" he asked scared at the prospect.

"Look Gwen, you've been masquerading as a female for how long now? Has anyone outed you yet? About the only thing you're lacking to be totally convincing is your voice. It's a bit too deep and lacks the proper inflection. If you want, I have the name of a voice coach. Janelle said you can't wear pantsuits, so you're going to have to buy dresses, skirts and blouses for the office. In any case, with those new girls, you need new tops. Either that or quit," she replied smugly.

"I still can't believe he let me put those on his chest. Forcing him to buy his own clothing might make him call it quits. In any case, it will save me money," she thought.

"I'm not quitting! I've endured too much already to stop now. I would like that voice coach's contact information. The last thing I want is to be discovered as a male wearing dresses," he said while thinking, *"I can do this as long as no one thinks I'm a guy in a dress. Nothing is permanent and when I'm Chairman, I'll have my revenge."*

While Tanisha was giving him a soft perm, Ben was conscious of his breasts. They were more bothersome than he could have imagined. They brushed his upper arms, constantly pulled at his flesh and blocked his view. Despite being cupped in a bra, wiggled and moved to distraction. As he was walking to the bus stop, became even more disconcerting in the way they bounced with every step with the bra straps digging into his shoulders.

"I don't know if I can put up with all this for the next eighteen months but I've made it so far. Like how much further can she take this? There's nothing more she can do to me. I just can't let that bitch win. No, not after all I've done so far. Nothing is permanent. I have to remember that and what's awaiting me at the end. Chairman of the Board, Chairman of the Board," he thought getting on the bus.

One of the first things Ben did on arriving at his apartment was call the voice coach. He had to have new clothing but worried over being exposed. If it took voice lessons; then, he would take them. Thankfully, Tanisha gave him two new blouses and a black straight mid-thigh skirt before he left.

"Another fifty bucks but I can see her every Tuesday and Thursday evening. My budget is stretched thin as it is. So much for improving my diet. Guess I'll still be eating nothing but salads and tuna fish until I get a raise. Having to buy more women's clothing probably isn't going to be cheap either. Tanisha gave me the name of a good thrift store and that should help," he thought.

##

For the first time in a long time Janelle wasn't waiting for him on his arrival the following Monday. It was both a welcome relief and worrisome at the same time. At his workstation, decided to keep his blazer on. He felt more comfortable covered up. The olive-green poly blouse with the peter pan lacy collar embarrassed him. It was too feminine and one Tanisha had given him yesterday. He wore that with his new black straight skirt.

As he took his seat, he squirmed as the crotch of his panty girdle dug in. *"Damn girdles! I hate wearing them but without it, my bulge might show through these tight skirts,"* he thought.

As he began working on the keyboard was aware of his upper arms rubbing against his falsies. It was irritating and distracting. Not only that but they moved and jiggled. Sensations totally aliens and only made him more uncomfortable.

"How do women put up with all these distractions caused by their clothing and boobs? Gawd, I miss being me. I had it so easy then. Just makes me more determined than ever to see this through. It's embarrassing and humiliating but, in the end, I'll have my revenge," he thought.

It was early afternoon when Jane walked up to his cubicle and told him Ms. Jones wanted to see him.

"Gwen, Ms. Jones wants to see you. It's time for your six month review. Good luck," she said and walked off.

"Oh shit, I wonder what she's gonna demand this time," he thought getting up.

The meeting turned out to be both good and bad news. The good was that he got a ten percent raise and would stay in the front office. The bad news that once he was in the office he had to remove his blazer.

"Your performance has been adequate but your appearance and behavior greatly improved. By the way, I like your improved figure. It makes you fit in much better with the other staff. However, wearing a blazer while in the office a distraction now that you're wearing 'business casual' dress. I expect you to expand your wardrobe. However, I know that you have exhausted your clothing allowance. Now, before you complain, I have decided to give you a ten percent raise. I understand Tanisha recommended a good thrift store. Shop carefully, and you should be able to do that," she had said.

"Adequate! Adequate my ass! I'm better than any of those bimbos out there. I'm better than all of them. Ten friggin percent. After I buy more stuff, I'll be right back where I started," he thought leaving her office.

By the end of the week Ben had no choice but to buy some more clothing. Wearing the same bra all week and only having a few blouses just didn't cut it. Fortunately, it was payday and now he was standing in front of the "Women's Auxiliary Clothing Boutique."

"Okay, you can do this. Just remember what that voice teacher said. It's all about the resonance and inflections. I've been practicing and I just hope no one guesses," he thought nervously as he entered.

"Good afternoon dear, I'm Mrs. Smythe. How may I help you today?" a matronly woman greeted.

"I..I'm looking for some business casual wear..err..and some new...new bras. I..I don't have a lot..lot to spend though," he replied fidgeting.

"No need to be embarrassed dear. The Women's Auxiliary are here just for young ladies like yourself. All the clothing has been gently used and donated. You'll find our prices very reasonable. Come with me and I'll be glad to help. What's your name dear?" she replied with a friendly smile.

"Err..Gwen...Gwen Scott," Ben replied blushing slightly.

As they shopped Mrs. Smythe wasn't all that surprised at Ben's lack of fashion sense or his obvious nervousness. A lot of disadvantaged, poor women came into the store. Their upbringing didn't allow time to browse the fashion magazines. She always had a soft spot in her heart for them. She happily picked out three blouses and two skirts for him.

"There is no way I'm going to let her buy cotton men's styled blouses or just straight skirts. They're good for everyday wear but not in an office situation. Those legs are begging for a flirty flare skirt," she thought.

For his part, Ben wasn't all that happy with her selections but she was such a pleasant person, that he couldn't refuse. It was embarrassing to use the lady's change room; then, come out so Mrs. Smythe could see how he looked.

"I'm nervous but don't have a choice really. If I had insisted on those cotton shirts, she would have doubts about me. I'm scared enough without her discovering my secret. This pale rose blouse is almost transparent and shows way too much. At least the flared skirt she gave me to try on isn't too short," he thought as he changed.

After selecting the blouses and skirts, Mrs. Smythe asked, "Gwen, while you're here I've just gotten in a dress I think would be perfect for you. It's lightweight, primrose pink and since this is your first visit, I'll throw it in for free. I can't wait to see you in it. You'll look darling. I just know it," she gushed taking his hand.

"A dress! I don't want to wear a dress but like I have a choice. It was probably only a matter of time anyway," he thought following along.

The rayon dress was indeed lightweight with capped sleeves, round neckline and knee length full skirt. If it weren't for the fitted torso and hem brushing against his legs, he thought he wasn't wearing it. It also made him feel even more vulnerable as he stepped out of the changing room.

"I just knew it! A perfect fit. You look stunning Gwen. Okay, go change and then we'll get you some bras," Mrs. Smythe gushed.

"Even if it's free I don't want it but I'm in no position to refuse," he thought.

When he came out, she took his hand again and led Ben over to a display cabinet. "We can't resell intimate apparel but we do get donated out of date items on occasion. What's your bra size dear?" she asked.

"Err thirty-four D," he responded as Mrs. Smythe went behind the counter.

"You're in luck. I just so happen to have two VS satin ones here. This one in pink and this one, a leopard print. I wish I had a better selection but being donated, I won't charge you," she said handing him the two boxed bras.

"Another hundred bucks down the drain and more women's clothing. I could have used that to buy two bottles of good booze," he thought walking out of the store.

##

On Monday Ben decided to wear the rose blouse with his red lingerie and bone flare skirt. He wasn't about to get on the bus like that and put on his red twill Cambridge blazer. Still the bus ride was nerve wracking and he received more male attention than he was comfortable with.

"I kind of wish I stayed looking like a swish. I'd get less attention. Then again, it would have been a matter of time before I got my ass kicked or worse. Hell, I can't even go out once it gets dark anymore. This isn't a bad neighborhood but not that safe either; especially, looking the way I do now," he thought.

As he passed Ms. Jones' office, she was standing in the doorway but didn't say anything. She didn't need too, the smile on her face said it all. She usually said something to demean or humiliate him. Her silence bothered him.

"She's up to something. I just know it from that look. I would love to smash that smug smile off her face," he thought going to his cubicle.

Just before lunch time, Mr. Bosworth walked into the office. This time wearing a gray sharkskin suit and matching poor-boy cap. He gave the staff a flippant wave and smile before seeing Ms. Jones. Ben cringed when Edmond came out of the office and began chatting with Jane before moving on. As he made the rounds, Janelle was right on his heels.

"I've got to concentrate on what I'm doing when he gets here. Hopefully, he'll keep on going and not humiliate me like last time," he thought without much hope.

"Gwen, darling, it's so good to see you again," the boisterous voice seemed to scream in his ears.

"Oh gawd, here it comes," he thought looking up, doing his best to smile.

"You're positively a delight to my eyes. My, my just look at you. You've grown up into a BIG girl since my last visit!" he loudly said staring at Ben's chest.

Once the giggling stopped and Ben's face as red as a beacon, he continued. "Janelle, darling, would you mind it dreadfully if I took Gwen to lunch with me. I'm so intrigued by this delightful creature here. I just have get to know him better," he said shocking Ben to the core.

Janelle's smile broke out into a wide Cheshire cat grin and to Ben's great surprise agreed.

"Why of course, Mr. Boswell, that would be no problem. No problem at all," she responded.

"Wonderful. Gwen grab your purse dear. It seems we have a luncheon date," he loudly proclaimed clapping.

Ben slowly rose, feeling as if the world had shattered and reached for his blazer. He felt Mr. Bosworth's hand on his stopping it.

"No need for that dear. I think you're just fine without it. Besides, it's too warm of a day for a jacket," he said softly.

"Go on Gwen. Do what Mr. Bosworth asks and have a nice luncheon date," Janelle added stressing the 'do what'.

"When she uses that tone, I know I don't have any choice in the matter. The last thing I want is to go anywhere with him. If I don't and he gets upset or complains, I'm fired," he thought grabbing his purse from the bottom drawer of his desk.

"Allow me," Mr. Bosworth said taking Ben's arm and leading him from the office.

Ben thought he heard some giggles coming from the girls he passed on the way out. *"I'm dead meat if I don't pull this off!"* he thought.

As he stepped outside a gust of wind blew up his skirt and made him shiver. That little gust brought home just how vulnerable he was. *"No matter what, I have to be polite and nice or I'll get sacked for sure. I've suffered too much already to let this get to me. I'm not going to let that bitch win,"* he thought getting into the Lincoln Town Car Limo.

Lunch proved to be at one of the most exclusive restaurants in the city, Le Parisian. Back in the day, Ben had eaten here often that is until told to never come back. He couldn't recall the event other than it involved tossing a drink at the hostess. Now he was scared, very scared that there surely would be someone that knew him.

Seeing the fright in Ben's eyes, Edmond mistook it. "It's a bit pretentious but don't worry my darling boy. You're with me and the lamb chops are stupendous."

"Plea...please Mr. Bosworth, don't call me that. No, not here," Ben whispered in fright.

"What do you mean? You don't want me calling you 'boy' or...it couldn't be 'darling' could it? And call me Edmond," he haughtily replied.

"Please, Mr. Bosworth. I don't want anyone to know that I'm a guy dressed like this," he quickly replied.

"It's Edmond, darling. We're not in the office. So please call me Edmond and I promise not to call you 'boy'. Deal?"

"Ye..yes, yes thank you...errr..Edmond," Ben replied blushing.

"No need for thanks my darling Gwen. I fully understand why you wouldn't want to be exposed. However, I seriously doubt, even if I called you Ben, anyone would notice. Come along, I'm positively starving and can't wait to hear all about you," he said.

"He is hitting on me, damn! That's all I need now. What the hell am I going to say anyway? I certainly can't tell him the truth or that I even hate dressing like this. Can't even tell him why I'm scared to death entering this place either," Ben thought as they entered.

There was a line waiting to be seated but Edmond walked right on through them. "Mr. Bosworth, welcome, we have your table waiting. Please, follow me," the pretty blond hostess said smiling broadly.

"Shit, every time I came here in the past, I never got that kind of service. He must really be some big shot. I'm even more impressed, his table is right in front of the big bay window overlooking the street. Gosh, I need to be thinking of what I'm going to tell him. No way I can tell the truth, so how am I going to explain all this? The only thing I can come up with is to tell him I always wanted to be a girl and Ms. Jones allowed me to be who I am. Rubbish, pure bull shit but what else can I say he might believe?" Ben thought.

The lamb was indeed excellent and the best meal Ben had eaten in over a year. Still, he left a large portion on his plate. He was too worried and anxious to have an appetite. Edmond seemed to buy into his explanation of why he dressed and that eased his mind. However, Edmond's constant touchy-feely

touching bothered him greatly. If he heard, 'darling' one more time, he thought he would throw up.

Everything seemed to be going fine until the Crème Brulee was served for dessert. Robert Fulton, Executive Vice President of First National, stopped to visit with Edmond. Ben knew him well, had even dated, albeit just one time, his beautiful daughter Emma. He figured he was dead meat as soon as Edmond introduced Gwen. To his utter surprise, there was no recognition in Robert's eyes. When he left, let out a loud sigh.

"I can't believe he didn't recognize me. Have I changed that much? Well, he didn't look into my face that close thank goodness. Didn't like how he kept staring at my chest though. Men are such creeps. The dessert was as good as I remember but I've lost my appetite now," he thought pushing the plate away.

"If you've finished Gwen darling, I simply must take you back to the office. Janelle must be frantic by now. I know she hates being short handed. We must simply do this again. I'll pick you up at the office Friday after work and we'll chat some more over dinner and drinks. I will not take no for an answer," he said offering his hand to help Ben stand.

"Crap! Now I have a date for Friday," Ben moaned silently.

Back at the office, Janelle flashed him that same shit eating grin she had when Edmond asked him to lunch. In a way, that bothered him more than her sneering evil grin. Ben just knew that somehow, he was being played again but couldn't figure out why. He didn't see any point to it. She had already done all she could do except cut his balls off.

As he went to his cubicle, his face flushed, hearing the girls giggling softly as he passed by. *"No telling what they're thinking much less saying about me now. Fuck them! I just have to keep my mind on becoming Chairman of the Board,"* he thought but that didn't lessen his embarrassment.

##

Friday morning a box arrived at the office for Gwen. When Ms. Helms gave it to him with a slight smile, he was surprised. *"Who would send me a package?"* he thought taking it to his desk.

There was a note. "Darling Gwen, I know a budding butterfly like yourself might need a nice outfit for our cocktail date today. Please wear this for me tonight. Edmond."

Opening the box Ben pulled out a pale pink baby-doll dress. The skirt was super short, and Ben doubted if it would even cover the tops of his thighs. It was tank-top styled at the top, sleeveless, with a deep rounded neck. A pair of semi-translucent pink tights and pink patent leather platform pumps with six-inch stiletto heels. They were all from a very exclusive lady's wear shop. There was also another smaller box. It contained a scarlet satin push up embroidered and lace frilled cup bra and hip hugger silk panties.

"*Son of a bitch!*" was all Ben could think.

"Ohmyyygawdddd!" he heard the girl in the next cubicle shout. "Girls, you've got to see what Gwen just got!"

Ben tried to cover everything up but it was too late. There was a mad rush to where he was. Then before he could act, the dress and other items were being passed around.

One of girls squealed out, "These are real silk panties and stockings!" That comment made Ben flush as bright as the lingerie.

It wasn't until Janelle stepped out of her office that any semblance of order restored.

"Lady's, and I'm using that term loosely right now, get back to your stations. You're on the clock now," she barked.

"Gwen, I know how much you enjoy showing off all your pretty things but put those away. There's time enough before or after hours to display what your admirer has sent you. Consider this your first warning and it will go into your personnel file," she said loudly enough for the staff to hear.

"From Mr. Bosworth, I assume. He told me about taking you out tonight. I don't give a damn but if you piss him off, it's going to be your ass, understand," she hissed softly.

Ben, blushing furiously, could only nod his head. "*What the fuck have I gotten myself into now?*" he thought.

Just before quitting time Janelle walked up to his cubicle. "Get your pretties and go change before the girls get off. The last thing I want is a riot in the lady's room. I'll expect you in my office first thing Monday morning and I better not be disappointed," she crisply stated and walked away.

Unlike the men's bathrooms, this one was spacious with three stalls and a cushioned bench seat. He had used it many times before but never when it was occupied. Putting the box on the bench seat began to undress. Ms. Jones was

right about one thing, he certainly didn't want any of the girls seeing him change. Ben was surprised by one thing, the sensuous feeling of real silk panties sliding up his legs. He finished dressing, then folded and placed his work clothing into the box.

"Everything is a perfect fit. I wonder where he got my sizes? I don't even know my sizes! The only person that's measured me recently is....Tanisha!" he thought.

At the sink, checked his makeup and reapplied his glossy pink lipstick. He patted a few stray hairs into place and sprayed it with hairspray. A few dabs of perfume at throat, wrists and cleavage finished.

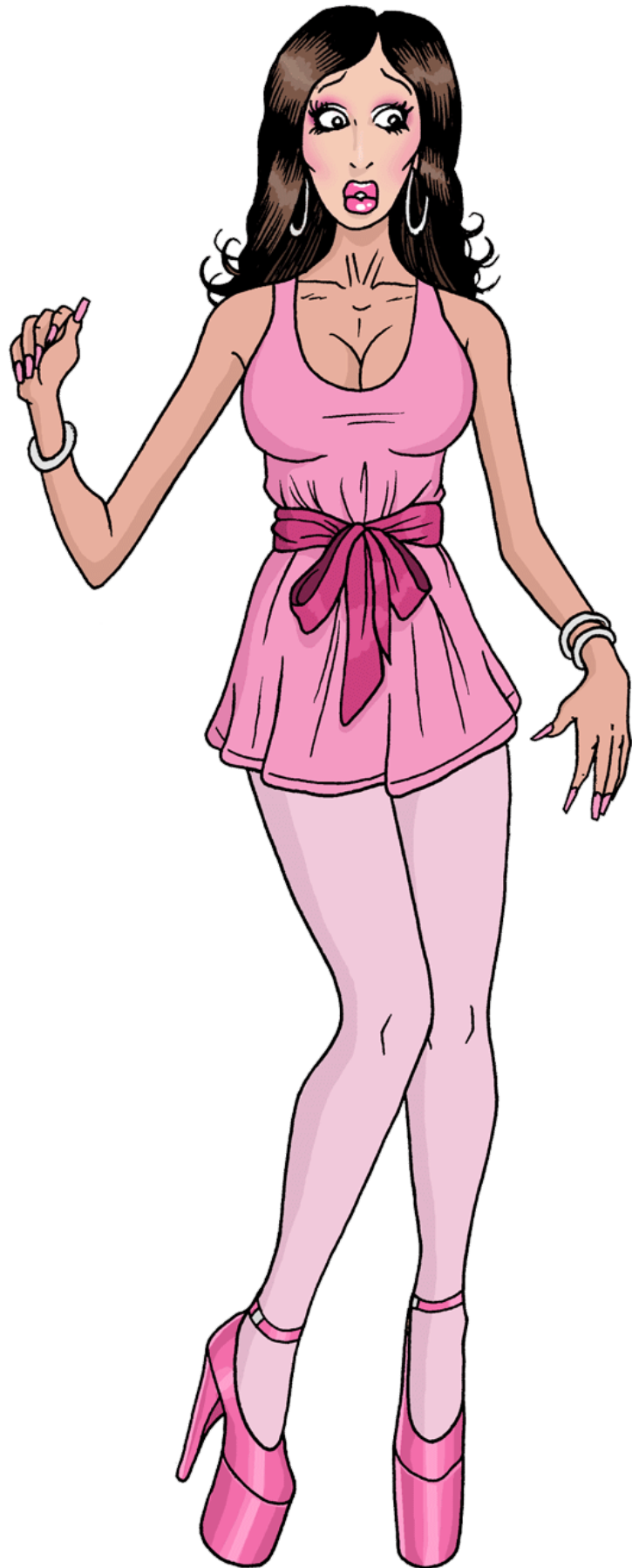
"This round neckline is exposing more cleavage than I like. I'm going to have to be careful when I bend. I wish the hem a bit longer too. Ms. Jones isn't giving me any choice in the matter. As much as I'm not looking forward to an evening over drinks with him, I can't refuse that either. She made that damn clear," he thought anxiously.

Stepping out of the bathroom, Ben was surprised and embarrassed again. All the girls were in a semi-circle surrounding the area. "Holy Madre!" "Wow!" and "The boys are going to be struck dumb tonight!" were just some of the comments that made his face flame red. Then there were the more intimate comments that if not for his long nails, would have stuck his fingers in his ears.

Once again Janelle stepped in and broke the group up. "Alright girls! Enough! It's Friday, so get the hell out of my office and go have fun."

After they began leaving, she turned to Ben, "Gwen, Mr. Bosworth called and said he was running a bit late due to traffic. So that gives me a chance to give you some advice. He's our most important client and I shouldn't have to remind you. Best if you let him do all the talking. He loves talking about his yacht and private jet. Now, I don't expect him to be crude and make sexual advances. He will probably want to dance and at the very least, a kiss or so. Should I prove to be wrong, I don't expect you to have sex with him. I do expect you to be very nice and if that means a few kisses; then, so be it. If you decide to go further, I don't have a problem with that either. Just be warned, if you go that route, you can't break up with him at a future date. He has to be the one to break off the relationship, understood?"

"Wha...what? Sex? No way! I don't even know him that well. Sex is totally out of the question. All I can promise is that I will do my best Ms. Jones. Like I said, I'll do whatever but not sex," he replied flustered.



“Okay, settle down. Just relax and I’m sure you’ll have a lovely time. Mr. Bosworth can be quite charming,” she replied patting him on the back.

“I guess I was right. I just turned his transvestite fetish into reality. Guess I’m stuck with him now. Oh well, at least he’s no longer a disruption. Not quite true after today’s events but worth it,” she thought.

Janelle stayed with him until the limo pulled up to the curb. “Your Prince Charming has arrived. Don’t forget to see me first thing Monday morning and don’t let me down,” she said showing him out the door.

Ben wasn’t used to stiletto heels and grasped the handrail in a death grip as he descended the three steps onto the sidewalk. Edmond had gotten out of the limo and stood, hands on hips grinning widely.

“My, my such a lovely little butterfly has emerged from her cocoon at last. I just know we’re going to have a lovely evening my dear,” he said as he approached.

Edmond took them to a very nice dinner club on the top floor of the city’s finest hotel. It boasted a panoramic view of the city and elegant dining. Ben would have loved a glass of the fine single malt that Edmond had, but instead settled for a white wine. A large bowl of shrimp cocktail was sitting in front of him but Ben barely touched it. His stomach was in knots worrying over what was expected of him. He was a good dancer but had never taken the female role and the idea of kissing, made his stomach cramp. The main course, duck a-la orange, was excellent but again Ben couldn’t eat much. He did manage to drink several glasses of wine over the course of the meal. After several flutes of champagne over dessert Ben was buzzed. Not drunk but enough to loosen his tongue.

“I must say my darling Gwen, I just can’t get over how lovely you appear to be. It must be horribly difficult looking as feminine as you do; yet, unable to complete the process. I do have some friends that were in a similar situation and can sympathize with your plight,” Edmond commented at one point.

“I’m kind of used to it now but these falsies can be a real pain. Please, can we change the subject. I really don’t feel like talking about it. I understand you have a yacht,” Ben replied wanting to change the subject.

Thankfully the conversation turned more to Edmond’s life story and Ben was able to relax. He had a nice buzz going and listened politely to Edmond as he droned on. It wasn’t until the band began playing that he tensed up.

Unfortunately, the band was playing mostly slow romantic music with the occasional fast one.

That was when he heard the dreaded words, "Come, darling Gwen. Dance with me."

Choosing his words carefully replied, "Edmond, I'm sorry but I don't know how? I never learned to dance the woman's part."

"Nonsense my dear, it's easy and I'm a very good dancer. Besides, I'm wearing steel capped shoes. Stepping on my feet won't be a bother at all," he replied with a giggle.

"Just put those delicate arms around my neck darling. A bit closer, now take a step back and let me do all the work," Edmond instructed.

At first Ben tried to put some space between his body and Edmond's but he was held too tightly. Tentatively, began to do a simple reverse box step. He stumbled some but Edmond held him secure. Dancing in spike heels and backwards added to his slightly inebriated state, Ben gave up.

"Edmond, please. I feel like I'm moving in a burlap sack race. Do you mind if we sit this one out?" Ben pleaded bothered by the awkwardness and close contact.

"Let's finish this song darling. We don't have to move. Just sway your hips to the music," Edmond said with a wide grin.

"Damn, he's rubbing his groin into my stomach but I can't just walk away," Ben thought.

He didn't see Edmond raise his hand in a twirling motion indicating to the band to keep playing. Ben was caught by surprise when the song finally ended. Edmond pulled back slightly, reached out cupping Ben's chin, raising his head and kissed him soundly on the lips.

"I've been wanting to do that all night my dear. If I offended, please accept my deepest apologies," he said with a grin that said he wasn't the least bit sorry.

It took all of Ben's willpower not to wipe his lips across his arm and not spit. It was the sure knowledge if he did that, Janelle would fire him first thing Monday. Instead, he took a deep breath and said, "No..no apology necessary Edmond. It's just been a long day and you caught me by surprise."

"I'm sorry dear. I was enjoying your company so much I failed to realize you must be exhausted. Come, let me take you home," he sincerely responded.

Hearing that, Ben panicked. *"I can't let him take me home. The entire neighborhood will notice that big ass limo and me. I don't need that attention,"* he thought.

"Edmond, no. Please, just let me take a cab. You've already done enough. Err, this gorgeous dress and wonderful dinner was way more than I could have ever expected. It's been a fantastic evening but please, just get me a cab," Ben replied. The buzz gone and he was talking fast.

"Very well Gwen, if you insist," Edmond agreed. "Just tell me you will go out with me again."

"Of..of course. It's been delightful," was the only response Ben could give.

Back at his apartment, Ben couldn't wait to take off his clothing. He rushed into the bathroom, grabbed the mouthwash and gargled. "I can't believe he kissed me again as I was getting into the cab. Damn it! I kissed a man. Worse, I agreed to have another date with him. I can't have him coming to this neighborhood. What am I going to do?" he groaned.

##

The next morning after a fretful sleep, Ben was lounging around as usual in a pink baby doll nightie and bra. He spent the morning trying to figure a way to keep Edmond from driving up to his front door. Yes, it was true most of the people living there had seen him but like most big cities, pretty much ignored him. That would all change if a big stretch limo pulled up. Now that would get him more attention than he wanted.

That all changed around lunch time when there was a knock-on Ben's door. Looking through the peephole, saw that it was Edmond standing there with a large bouquet of American Beauty roses.

"Oh crap! This is all I need," he groaned.

"Edmond, I didn't expect you. Please, I'm not dressed for company," he blurted through the door.

"That's alright dear. I don't mind waiting just a bit for you to put your face on," he replied.

Ben rushed to his bedroom tossing night clothing as he went and cussing up a storm. He grabbed the primrose pink dress from his closet, something he

had no intention of ever wearing. It was an easy cover up as he hurried into the bathroom to apply lipstick and brush his hair. Satisfied he wasn't a total mess, went back to open the door.

"My dear Gwen, you are stunning for someone not dressed to receive company. Please pardon my intrusion but I wanted to stop by and give you these," he said handing the bouquet to Ben. "It is also an apology for keeping you up so late last night. Please tell me you accept my humble offering," Edmond flamboyantly said with a bow.

All Ben could do was stand, stunned with his mouth slightly agape. "*I want to strangle him for showing up like this. People I don't even know are sticking their heads out their doors watching us. It will be all over the neighborhood about that guy who dresses like a woman and his rich boyfriend. How the hell did he find me anyway. I didn't tell him, that's for sure,*" he thought.

"Well, am I forgiven?" Edmond's voice broke into his thoughts.

"Oh yes, Edmond. I'm just overwhelmed by these beautiful flowers. You shouldn't have. Like I said last night, you did nothing wrong. It was a delightful evening. This was totally unnecessary," Ben managed thinking fast.

"I'm so relieved darling. So relieved, I want to celebrate. I'll pick you up at seven. Tata for now my dear Gwen," he said turning and leaving.

"Wha...what...I," Ben's words of protest stopped before he could say them. Edmond had left.

"I'm so fucked! He knows where I live...hell...he even knows my clothing sizes. What else does he know about me?" Ben wailed as tears sprung into his eyes.

A little after three there was another knock on his door. Ben was hesitant to answer it but the peep hole showed a delivery man standing there. Wondering what was going on, opened it.

"Miss. Gwen Scott, if you would please show me some id I have a special delivery for you," the man said.

"*Crap! He wants to see my id. The only id I have with that name on it is my work id card,*" he thought. "Just a moment while I get it," he replied closing the door.

Ben took the large box into his bedroom and opened it. Seeing the contents gasped. It was a blush pink off the shoulder Dior cocktail gown and all the accessories.

On top was a note, "My dear Gwen, consider this just another minor token of my appreciation, E."

Taking out the gown held it up. It had a sweetheart neckline and pink seed pearl decorated fitted bodice. The knee length full skirt had wide box pleats and shimmered in the light. A smaller box contained black lingerie again from a major designer. An uplift satin bra with delicate floral embroidery and pink seed pearls decorated cups, matching high waist garter belt, silk thigh high panties with an elaborate lace front insert and silk stockings. Another box contained a pair of pink silk six-inch spike heeled open toed platform pumps. A final box contained a small box clutch purse with shimmering pearlized panels and delicate gold chain strap. Opening the small purse noted the 18-karat mark and that it had space for some lipstick, tissues and not much else.

"I can't believe I'm going to be wearing this tonight. Another fancy dress with all the underpinnings. I know I said I'd do whatever it takes but I'm beginning to have second thoughts. Thinking things through, I should have gone straight to HR when Ms. Jones forced me to see Tanisha that first time. I looked ridiculous then but not as much as I do now. I probably should see him first thing Monday but how could I explain myself? The entire company would find out and no telling how many others in no time. That damn attorney said he knew the owner of Croft, so he'd find out I was like this too. Damn! I'm so fucked! Right now, only a few people know I dress and act this way. I've got to limit my exposure or no one will respect me when I become Chairman of the Board. Worse, the Board could vote me out. I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't. I've got to keep this job for another year and a half with as few people knowing as possible. I just hope Edmond loses interest in me sooner than later. Ms. Jones made it very clear what would happen if I made him mad and he took his business elsewhere. So, I don't have any choice but to go out on a date with a man and keep him happy. Fuck! If nothing else, I can hock all this and get something out of this mess I'm in," he thought.

Promptly at seven, Edmond arrived wearing a dark lavender tuxedo with a blush pink cravat tie and cummerbund. For once he wasn't wearing his poor-boy cap but kept the Elton John sunglasses. In his hand carried a large lavender mum corsage.

"Ahhh, my dear butterfly. You look positively ravishing tonight to my delight," he said holding up the corsage.

"Edmond...uh thank you for the compliment but you shouldn't have. Really, the roses were more than enough," Ben began but cut off.

"Hush my darling Gwen. It is my pleasure. Here, let me put this on your wrist. My driver is waiting," he said removing the corsage from its plastic case.

Ben raised his right hand but Edmond brushed it aside, "Gwen, a lady always wears her corsage on the left wrist or breast. It is the side closest to the heart. That is, if she likes the man presenting it," he said smiling broadly.

"*Again, like I have a choice,*" Ben thought raising his left hand to receive it.

To Ben's surprise, Edmond pulled the hand up and made him do a twirl. "We're like two butterflies spreading our wings in delight. Come my darling Gwen, we must be off," he said putting his arm around Ben's waist and leading him out the door.

When they reached their destination, there were no butterflies fluttering in Ben's stomach. More like white hot irons twisting tighter together. They pulled up to the entrance of the country club where he had been a member.

"*You've got to be kidding me? Why here of all places? This is going to be worse than going to that restaurant. I should ask him to take me somewhere else but can't. He would ask too many questions. Questions I don't want to answer,*" he thought feeling ill.

The evening was traumatic and very stressful but Ben managed to get through it. They had a private table overlooking the eighteenth hole of the golf course in a small alcove. Again, Ben was impressed, these tables were reserved for only the most influential members or guests. The stress came from the number of people that came over to say hello that he knew. The traumatic part came when he had to use the facilities. Once he exited the stall, three women two of whom he knew began asking questions. He washed his hands and fixed his lipstick quickly giving brief answers before departing. Fortunately, most of the questions were about what it was like dating such an eccentric man like Edmond. After the meal there were the required dances and a few kisses. Allowing Edmond to stick his tongue into his mouth was the most traumatic but gulped down the bile.

Later he was surprised when the driver didn't take him back to his apartment. Stopping instead in front of an upscale apartment complex, Ben feared the worst. He was literally shaking all over as the doorman opened the door.

"Gwen darling, Eddy will show you up to your apartment. It's just one of many I own and it's yours. I just couldn't bear it any longer to see you living in that hovel my beautiful butterfly. I have seen to it that all your personal belongings have been moved in. No, don't say anything. It's done! If you need to go anywhere, notify Eddy and he will have DeWayne pick you up. I have to be in Paris first thing in the morning and must pack. Tata my darling. I'll see you in a couple of weeks," he said shutting the door.

Ben just stood there, frozen, too stunned to talk or move. *"Ohmyyygawddd! What has he done! I don't want this! Now I'm really scared! At least he didn't do what I thought but I think this scares me even more. Does he expect me to..to become his.....oh....I don't even want to go there. I couldn't! No way! I'm definitely going to have to talk to Ms. Jones about this Monday,"* he thought scared to death.

"Come along Miss. Let me show you to your apartment. Are you alright Miss. You're shaking like a leaf. Here take my arm," the deep voice broke Ben out of his thoughts.

"Yeah, fine, I'm just fine...err...thank you," Ben gasped.

He was taken up to the top floor and shown to 10 B. "Mr. Bosworth has the rest of this floor so you won't be bothered by neighbors" the doorman said opening the door.

It was a nicely furnished one-bedroom apartment. Nothing extravagant yet way beyond what he had been living in. *"Not as nice as the one I had at Harvard but what is it going to cost me? Edmond will expect something in return that's for sure. Something that I'm not prepared to give,"* he thought.

Ben was totally unprepared when he opened the doors to the walk-in closet to hang his dress. It was stuffed with dresses, blouses, shoes, hats and much more. He stood just staring, opened mouthed gazing from one garment to the next.

"This stuff looks brand new and expensive. I just hope it's someone else's but that dress looks my size. Shit! It is. That SOB is planning on making me into something I'm most certainly not. It's too late to go back to my place tonight and I'm exhausted. I'll go back to my place tomorrow," he thought.

Sunday morning Ben went thru the closet, bureaus and apartment trying to find "his" things but only found his makeup. "What the hell? He said my stuff was here but I can't find nothing. Guess I'll have to borrow something so I can go home but everything is so girly," he groused grabbing a skirt and frilly blouse.

His mood didn't improve when told that bus service was not available on Sundays and that DeWayne was out of town. It was too far to walk even in low heels. All the shoes in the apartment were at least three-inch stilettos.

"Crap! It looks like I'm stuck here until Monday," he thought.

##

Monday morning Ben dressed in the least feminine clothing he could find. A gray wool blend above the knee straight skirt and white billowing sleeved silk blouse with a lacy Peter Pan collar. Janelle was standing just outside her office like always. Jane had told him Janelle did that so she could inspect all her girls as they entered.

"My, my that looks like a designer purse and I'm sure that's a real silk blouse Gwen. I'm guessing they are a gift from your sugar daddy," she exclaimed with a smirk.

"He's not my sugar daddy or anything! We have to talk," he replied blushing.

"He's actually quite chic looking in that outfit. Still, after all we've done, I want that pervert out of my office," she thought motioning him into the office.

The meeting didn't last all that long and Ben angrily stomped out of her office. *"Since it was MY fault for leading Mr. Edmond Bosworth on, I have to keep seeing him. Either that or get fired for losing the firm's best customer, shit! I have two weeks to figure something out before he gets back from Paris. I have to get him to break up with me,"* he thought going to his cubicle.

That afternoon he took the bus back to his old apartment only to discover his key didn't work. In frustration, he banged on the door and to his surprise it opened. There was a very large woman of color standing there wanting to know what he wanted. Cursing his luck, had no choice but to go back to Edmond's place. That woman told him she rented the apartment on Saturday and too busy to buy whatever he was selling.

Over the ensuing two weeks Ben could only come up with that old standby, "Let's just be friends" excuse. With each passing day he became more anxious and after all Edmond spent, didn't think his "friends" reasoning would work.

"I've only got a little more than a year to go before I get everything. Just keep telling myself 'Chairman of the Board' and I can do this. I can barely stand his hugging and kissing but that's as far as it goes. Nothing is permanent

and I can go back to being Ben full time once this shit is over. Damn, I hate all this but don't have a choice. I can't wait to be me again," he thought.

Late Friday night there was a knock on his door. Ben looked through the peephole and saw that it was Edmond. *"Damn, that two weeks went by fast and I'm only wearing this peach negligee,"* he thought opening it.

"My darling butterfly," he said entering. "Did you miss me terribly? You look ravishing in that ensemble my dear. I certainly missed you. I hope you are enjoying your new apartment," he gushed taking Ben's hand and kissing it.

"Ye...yes...errrr...Edmond I missed you too but...," Ben started to reply but Edmond stopped him.

"Gwen darling, it's very late and I've had a very long day. Please save whatever you're going to say until tomorrow. I've booked us a weekend trip to a wonderful spa. We leave at nine in the morning so be ready," he said giving Ben a quick kiss on the lips.

"He didn't even give me a chance to say no. He did say a weekend and I'll have to pack an overnight bag. I wonder where this spa is anyway. Well, I will insist on separate rooms," he fumed locking the door.

Ben was surprised when DeWayne drove them to a small airport and parked near an Airbus ACH130 helicopter. "It's only about a three-hour ride darling Gwen. There will be some light snacks on board and some chilled champagne of course to make our trip a merry one," Edmond gushed.

As the helicopter was making its approach Ben noted that it was a large complex with three wings going off a central dome. It was also in the middle of nowhere nestled inside a mountain valley.

"What kind of spa is this place? It's in the middle of nowhere," Ben asked.

"Very exclusive and very expensive, my butterfly," he responded.

"Would you please stop calling me your butterfly. I hardly feel like one," Ben snapped irritated about being stuck for an entire weekend. *"Crap, I probably shouldn't have said that. The last thing I need is for him to get upset now,"* he thought.

"I understand perfectly well how you must be feeling darling. I promise you that after all the pampering this weekend you will feel like one," Edmond said with a giggle.

Ben had stayed at several Four Season's Resorts but this place was even more plush and service orientated. The room he was shown was almost a

thousand square feet with a balcony overlooking the Olympic sized pool with a backdrop of purple mountains. The king bed was one of those fancy ones that could be raised or lowered by a touch of a button. A large sitting room with stone fireplace and of course a minibar. This minibar was carved oak with a granite top and built in refrigerator. Inside that were bottles of fine wine and champagne. Several bottles of top name branded alcohol were also available. The bathroom was spacious. It was equipped with a jacuzzi and waterfall shower with plenty of counter space.

He had received several looks when they checked in and seeing how the other women were dressed decided to change. For the trip, he had picked out the least feminine. It was an off-white short shirtdress, black opaque tights with black patent leather platform heels. The last thing he wanted that morning was to look sexy. He had discovered that his nail polish remover would render the adhesive used on his fake breasts useless, which had allowed him to remove them, returning him to a flat-chested state.

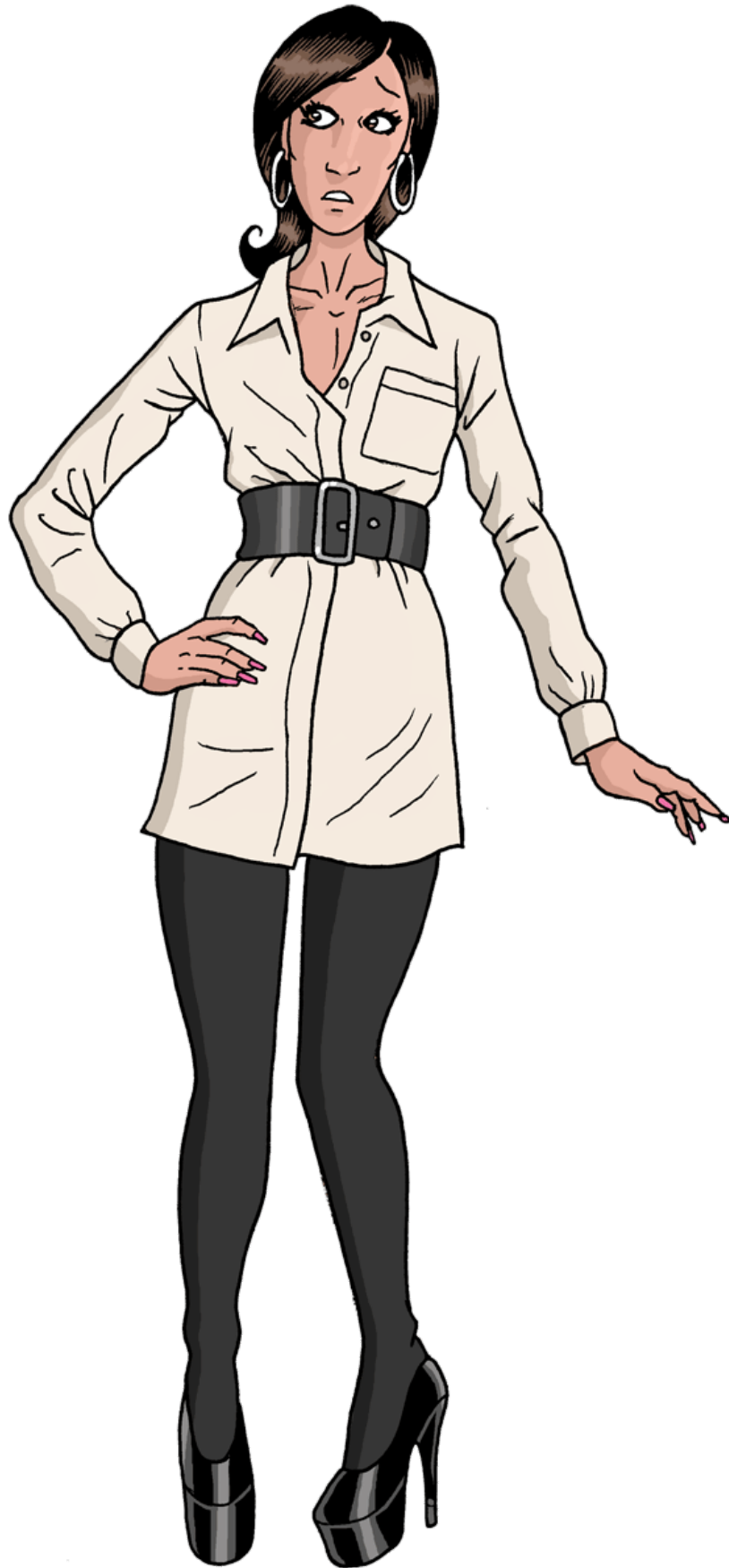
Ben had hoped to wear his outfit for the day and only packed two other outfits. However, the guests in the lobby area were much more formally dressed. No shorts or casual wear but dresses, skirts and blouses with hosiery no less. He didn't want to stick out like a sore thumb and gather attention he didn't need. Removing the short full skirted pink dress with puffed sleeves and rounded neckline, hung it in the closet. He planned on wearing it for dinner that night. The other was a tan box pleated skater just above the knee skirt with a baby blue chiffon blouse. This one he laid out on the bed and started to change.

With the shirtdress halfway off, the doorbell chimed. "*Who the hell is that? I hope it's not Edmond already,*" he thought letting the dress fall back into place.

It wasn't Edmond but a middle aged good-looking woman wearing a white A-line dress, white hose and white gum soled shoes. Ben guessed it was the uniform for the spa facilities and let her in.

"Miss. Scott, I'm Ann Marie and here to help you prepare for your upcoming appointments," the woman greeted.

"Prepare for my appointments? I'm not even sure what this spa is much less that I already have appointments," he replied.



"Mr. Bosworth has set everything up. I just need you to sign these releases and change into these. Oh, you won't need to be wearing undergarments either. Please go change while I get these forms sorted," she answered handing him a plastic wrapped package. What she handed him looked like a set of white scrubs with a multicolored butterfly motif.

"Hell, I guess wearing these will be a lot more comfortable than my skirt, blouse and nylons. I'm not going to be comfortable not wearing my bra and falsies. I could use a good massage though. Damn, guess they'll figure out what I really am before the weekend is over in any case," he thought going back into the bedroom.

It didn't take him long to change. Inside the package was a thin white terry robe and pair of white slippers. Ann Marie was sitting at the coffee table with several documents in front of her. As soon as he sat down, she handed him a blue ink pen and pushed a document in front of him.

"Just sign where you see the check marks. This is just a formality releasing the spa from any liability. Like I said, it's a formality and no one has ever complained about our services. Good, this one acknowledges that you are aware and consent to our services. Like I said, another formality. Thank you Miss. Scott, these are such a bother but necessary. Now if you would please take this pill. It will help you relax while you're here. Your first appointment is in thirty minutes, so I'll leave you now but come get you," she said handing Ben a green with black banded pill.

"Back in the day I had plenty of massages but never given a pill to take. I'm wound up and nervous as hell, so why not," he thought grabbing a bottle water off the table.

He watched as Ann Marie placed the signed documents into her briefcase and left. *"This is one strange place. I've never had to sign releases before getting a massage. I just hope it's not one of those deep tissue Swedish ones. They hurt like hell. Probably why she gave me this pill. What the hell did Edmond sign us up for anyway? I forgot to friggin ask,"* he thought.

By the time Anne Marie returned with a wheel chair, Ben was in la la land. The orderly that came with her strapped the unconscious Ben in and pushed him out the door. It wouldn't be until Sunday afternoon that he woke to see Edmond standing by the bed.

"They said you'd be up by now my precious butterfly. Now don't move just yet. Ann Marie will be here to help you in just a moment. Oh, I do hope you

love what I've done. I probably should have told you but I wanted it to be a surprise," he said clapping his hands giddily.

"Wha...what have you done?" Ben croaked noticing the bandages on his nose and chin for the first time. His lips felt puffy as well.

"Oh, I actually did nothing darling Gwen. The good doctors here did that. All I did was see that your fondest wishes were granted. You've told me how much it bothers you to have to wear those falsies and after seeing that you had removed them, I had your chest permanently augmented, along with your lips. Consider it a gift from your adoring admirer," he answered smiling broadly as Ann Marie walked in.

"Mr. Bosworth, you'll have to leave now. I must get Miss. Scott dressed. Check out time is three o'clock," she said giving him a gentle push towards the door.

"What have you done to me?" Ben asked afraid of what he was going to hear.

"Well, let me get you out of that hospital gown and I'll show you dear," she replied.

With the gown off, Ben fainted. His chest was covered in a sturdy white bra and the mounds showing were all it took. When the smell of ammonia woke him, gasped, "Implants? How big?"

"Well the bras you were wearing had a D-cup. So, Dr. Larson liposuctioned your waist and deposited the fat into your new girls. Technically they're not implants but natural and you won't experience adverse side effects. He is very good at creating beautiful full nipples as well. Dr. Lawson also implanted time released female hormones into your inner thigh, so no need to worry about shots or pills. They can be easily reinserted in about three years. We're not equipped to do the full sex change surgery but he did remove your testicles. Other than a slight chin shaving, narrowing of your nose and lip implants nothing else," she replied thinking she just gave Ben the best news ever.

Once again Ben fainted dead away. "*The poor dear is so overcome with happiness, she's fainted,*" she thought getting another ammonia ampule.

Thankfully there were no mirrors other than a small one over the bathroom sink. Otherwise he might have fainted again. What they had done to him staggered his mind leaving him weak kneed and dizzy.

"*This is permanent! Edmond and the spa thought they were doing want I wanted. Hell, I even signed the permission papers. Why didn't I ask any*

questions? *If I had, could have stopped all this from happening. Edmond that idiot! He thought he was only helping me. Stupid me, I did tell him falsies were a royal pain in the ass. I can probably get these tits removed but no way in hell am I ever going to get my testicles back or be a real man. I'm so fucked!*" his mind wailed.

On the way back to town Edmond told him that he had arranged for Gwen to have ten days off with Janelle. "My darling butterfly, I talked to Janelle and while I didn't mention what transpired at the spa got you ten days off. That should be more than enough time for you to fully heal and the bruising to go away. I'll be so proud of you when you walk back into that office truly looking like my beautiful butterfly. You'll be the envy of all the girls there," he said.

"Please Edmond cut the butterfly crap. I'm in no mood for it right now," Ben groaned.

"You'll feel so much better when the bandages come off and the bruises go away my darling. Trust me, you'll truly be a butterfly," he simpered.

##

Back in the safety of his apartment, Ben stripped and examined what had been done. Removing the bra, against doctor's orders, gasped. Two cone pointed D-cup breasts with half inch elongated fat nipples stared back at him. He quickly put the bra back on as he felt his stomach do a 180. He wanted to take the bandages off his nose and chin but had strict orders not to for at least five days.

"*Damn it! I look like a cocksucker Barbie Doll with what they did to me,*" he thought running a finger across his full lips.

What disturbed him the most was seeing an empty scrotal sac hanging loosely between his legs. "*They're gone. I can never be a man again no matter how much money I have. Guess I should have expected this but I never thought 'whatever it takes' meant giving up my manhood. I might not ever be Chairman of the Board and no way the board would let me be Chairwoman either. Damn that Edmond. He told me that he had lost a very close friend that was transgendered and committed suicide because he couldn't be the woman he thought he was. He just didn't want to see me do the same. I want to beat his ass to a pulp but he was just trying to help,*" he thought gazing into the mirror.

Later when he could take the bandages off his face was a bit surprised. His nose was petite, slightly upturned and the chin a bit more pointed giving his face a pointed look. There were bruises but they were fading.

"Elfin like," he thought. "Looking like this; especially with these big tits and hourglass figure no one is going to take me seriously. Even if I keep this job, they won't let me become the Chairman of the Board. The best I can hope for now is collecting my inheritance and the bank shares Uncle Joe left me. Even then I'll only own thirty percent of the bank and not enough to get me voted into a Vice President's slot."

Over the ten days of his so-called vacation, Ben was depressed and broke out in crying jags often. Making matters worse woke up nauseous most mornings. It wasn't until he read over the doctor's notes that Ben understood they were side effects of the hormone implants. That knowledge didn't improve his depression though. Having Edmond drop in for a visit every day didn't help at first. As the days went by and Ben getting tired of being cooped up in the apartment, seeing Edmond helped. Edmond was so upbeat and cheerful Ben had to smile.

Once the bruising disappeared, Edmond insisted they go out to dinner. Ben tried to object but Janelle's warning about keeping him happy, agreed. It was a pleasant dinner and Ben used the opportunity to get drunk. He had hoped to drown his problems with his favorite whiskey. All that did was give him a bigger problem.

Cracking open an eye with his head pounding and a sour stomach, felt someone laying next to him. With both eyes wide open looked around. It wasn't his bedroom and not his bed.

"Where am I? Oh shit! That's Edmond next to me and snoring like a banshee. How did I get here? I vaguely remember going to that restaurant but not much else," he thought easing out of the bed.

Standing on shaky legs Ben became instantly aware of two things. One, he was only wearing his chocolate tap panties with two inches of white floral lace hemming, garter belt and hose. The second was a slight burning pain coming from his anus. With that realization ran into the bathroom, fell to his knees and upchucked whatever was in his stomach. Then when he started to remove his panties they were stuck to his backside. He instantly went back on his knees with the dry heaves.

"That bastard fucked me in the ass! I've got to get the hell out of here," his mind screamed as he rushed back into the bedroom.

It didn't take him long to find his clothing. He threw on the dress, stuffed his bra into the purse while stepping into his shoes. Grabbing the key card from his purse quickly and quietly left.

"I know I said I'll do whatever it takes but I never figured it going this damn far. Going to that spa was more than enough and now this! Damn you Uncle Joseph for getting me into this mess!" he thought as tears began to flow.

##

Monday, Ben wasn't looking forward to it but went to work. He still had a little over a year to go and too much invested not to. *"I want to tell Ms. Jones to shove my job up her ass but that's what she wants. I'm not going to give her the satisfaction. I'm in too deep now anyway,"* he thought getting on the bus.

He had applied his makeup on the heavy side to cover up what little bruising remained. Ben was saddened to see that he didn't need to wear a panty girdle. Without his testicles, there was only a small bulge. The support panty hose over his scarlet panties was more than enough to keep his front flat. While nestling his breasts into the now necessary matching bra almost brought a tear to his eye.

"That's really me I'm stuffing into this bra. No implant that can be easily removed just my own fat. No wonder my waist is down to twenty inches and my back already feels the strain," he thought.

Walking to the office Ben looked like every other secretary. He was wearing a short red box pleated skirt, white cotton girly blouse and tennis shoes. His black leather shoulder purse swinging at his hip contained the four-inch spiked pumps. Those he would put on once he was at his cubicle.

He might have looked like one but not mentally. Over the past ten days, Ben had come to the realization that he would be dressing like this for the rest of his life. Ben didn't like it; especially all the work that went into maintaining that image but resigned. He would do whatever it takes.

"My first day back and I know Ms. Jones is going to ask a lot of embarrassing questions. Oh well, might as well get on with it," he thought entering the building.

In the office Janelle was in her usual morning spot inside her doorway. When Ben entered she had to do a double take. "What happened?" she gasped.

"Edmond made some unwanted changes, that's the fuck what!" he snapped in no mood, striding past her.

"Bloody hell! Damn! This could cost me my job if Ben bitches to my boss. I need to do some damage control before I confront Ben. From the way his

face looks and that hourglass body shape, I guess it'll be Gwen from now on," she thought.

Later, as Ben returned from lunch Janelle called him into the conference room. He was surprised seeing the Human Resources Director and Edmond seated there. There was another woman as well he had never seen before.

"Have a seat Gwen. You know Mr. Hester from H.R. and this lady is Mrs. Prescott from legal," Janelle said with a tight smile.

"What's going on? Why is there some lawyer here and Edmond?" Ben thought sitting.

"Why is Mr. Bosworth and that lady lawyer here?" he asked sitting down.

"Mr. Bosworth is here because he feels obligated to you. Mrs. Prescott as there are some legal issues with your continued employment," Janelle answered.

"Mr. Bosworth doesn't owe me anything. I want to keep this job. What kind of legal issues?" he replied.

"Mr. Scott, we have been meeting all morning over your particular circumstances. We believe we have come up with a practical solution that will be satisfactory to all of us. From what Mr. Bosworth has told us of what you had done while at the spa. That, and from what Ms. Jones has said, it's obvious you are transgendered. While we here at Croft don't discriminate, your presents here is a problem for us. Being transgendered we need to officially correct our records such as a legal name change, new social security card and such," Mrs. Prescott began.

"I don't want to do that. I'll lose my real name and identity. My uncle's attorney would disqualify me as I would no longer be the gentleman Uncle Joseph said I had to become. It would difficult enough if he saw me like this. I could probably win in court but I don't have the funds. What am I going to do?" he thought.

"I need this particular job but is there any way without doing all that legal stuff?" he asked.

"Mr. Scott, please tell me why this job is so important to you?" Mrs. Prescott asked. *"He is very obviously transgendered. So why is he so adamant over something he should desire? I'm very curious as to why?"* she thought.

"I can't possibly tell her the truth, unless," he thought.

"I'll give you the reason provided you write up some kind of non-disclosure everyone here must sign and agree too," Ben replied.

"That is a most unusual request. However, in this case, I will see that it is done. I'll have my secretary fax it over. This shouldn't take long," she replied getting her cell.

In less than thirty minutes the document was signed. Ben didn't go into a lot of detail but explained Uncle Joseph's demands for him to get his inheritance.

"I have to work at the same company for two years and become a gentleman. If I do that; then, I inherit a considerable sum, mainly 30% of the First National Bank," he stated.

"But you're hardly a gentleman, now are you?" Janelle stated with that grin he hated.

"That little shit! He knows First National is our biggest lender. If he gets that kind of control, he's going to cut that off just to get back at me," she thought.

"I can cut my hair, bind these breasts and dress like I use to. I'll have to sign some documents and I can't do that if I legally change my name and social security card. I'll pass well enough to get what is do me," he stated.

"That explains a lot but company rules still apply," Mrs. Prescott replied.

"Darlings, I have a solution to your dilemma," Edmond broke in flipping his wrists in the air. Seeing he had their attention, continued, "Let me have our darling Gwen as my personal assistant for a year. He will still technically be your employee though I will pay his salary. His role will be to interact between Croft and I in our business dealings. Exclusive business dealings I'll guarantee for let's say five years. That way Gwen can legally stay Ben." He paused to let his suggestion sink in.

"Otherwise I'll move my business elsewhere," he said with a broad smile.

"I don't want that! Not after what he did. If we don't agree to his suggestion, I dead no matter. He'll take his business elsewhere and that's enough of an excuse for Ms. Jones to fire me. If I stay and am legally recognized as transgender, I'll lose my inheritance without a lengthy expensive court fight. Refusing his offer, he'll walk away and I'll still lose my job," he thought dismayed.

##

Ben was wearing a very nice designer dress and the makeup was not quite glamour as he stepped into the limo. DeWaye was taking him to a small private airport to join Edmond. After yesterday's hectic meeting, he didn't have a choice and resigned to being an executive assistant.

"Another twelve months of pure hell but I'll get what's coming to me. Edmond said he would cover any legal costs I might encounter should Mr. Wilkes give me any problems. I might not become Chairman of the Board but I'll get my inheritance and be free," he thought as they arrived at the airport.

Stepping into Edmond's private jet, Ben was impressed. Edmond was seated at the table holding up a flute of champagne with a large smile.

"Come, have a drink to toast to a happy ending darling Gwen," he greeted.

Epilog:

Over the course of that year Ben/Gwen lived the life of a very well-kept woman. Edmond had him spend three months at an exclusive finishing school for young ladies. There, Gwen learned more about being a woman of upper class society than he wanted. The lessons so ingrained it would be almost impossible for him to even think like a man. Against Ben's judgement, was forced to legally change his gender. Edmond's frequent travels required a passport for Gwen. Fortunately, Edmond didn't demand sexual favors very often but were all too frequent for Ben. By the end of eleven months, Ben gave up and allowed the surgery to make him female. Gwen was surprised when Mr. Wilkes didn't oppose him getting his full inheritance. It seemed that Edmond had recently become a major depositor at the bank. Finally, he was rid of Croft LLC and to some degree Edmond. Getting revenge not a reality as public knowledge and attention were not in his best interests. He would wait until Edmond's five-year guarantee was up. Occasionally, Edmond dropped in and they had dinner some of which ended up in bed. The female hormones he was constantly absorbing made it easier. Knowing that Ms. Jones would be fired with a no rehire clause made the visits welcome.