

Diversity Hire 2, A Diverse Life



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Scene 1

Jackson chewed on the inside of his cheek, feeling annoyed. Linc was acting oddly after the meeting with Dunn, running off and when he called out for him to wait so they could talk he took it as forgetting a goodbye kiss. The how sudden the kiss came on and how it lingered just a little longer had made his cheeks flush and now thinking back on it. Jackson let out a sigh, he disliked... no, hated having to lock lips with another man. Heck Linc wasn't even a good kisser really and yet it was the closest thing he was going to get to real action other than his mind playing out some crazy wet dreams. Dreams that needed to not be coming, not only was it disturbing, but if they kept up he would have to keep buying new panties, or wear ones stained with his cum. Jackson thought, unaware the semen that stained one pair of his panties was not his own. His thoughts were interrupted when the desk on his phone started to make its little chirping sound, one of the less annoying sounds he was able to choose as it rang.

Moving his brunette hair behind his right ear, Jackson secured the one-sided headset before clicking the answer button on the softphone interface on his computer. "Mega Corp, Mr. Dunn's office. I'm Jacqueline, how can I be of service today?" Jackson said with a forced smile on his face as he repeated the greeting his boss had him use to answer the phone. It was on a blue post-it note, one of many on the bottom of his computer monitor. He listened to what sounded like an elderly man speak, calling him darling. A word that caused Jackson to roll his eyes, while still keeping the smile on his face.

"A good secretary is always smiling, she represents someone important, she represents them and Mega Corp. People can hear it on the phone when you are smiling, so make sure you put your best foot forward." It was one of the things Dunn had instructed him to do for his new job, the creep's eyes looking down at his high heeled feet when he mentioned putting his best foot forward, but at least he didn't say he was prettier when he smiled. He had been pretending to be a woman for a short time, much longer than he would have liked already, but still a short time and had already heard that too many times.

Glancing at another post-it note, Jackson knew how to handle this caller. He was one of the people on a short list to never be passed on to Dunn. "I am so sorry sir, Mr. Dunn is currently in an important meeting, but it would just be a pleasure to take down a message for you." Another thing he had been given a small lecture on, be sweet, be overly sweet to people on the phone so that they will actually leave a message and not just say they will call back later. That way he could tell people that her boss had gotten the message and is reviewing it and if it was actually important enough to be acknowledged a meeting could be scheduled instead of everyone getting their way for

impromptu phone calls. Dunn seemed much bigger on structure than Jackson ever would be and yet... It was now his job to help with that structure. "No problem, sir, I will make sure he gets this message. Aww, thank you! You have a wonderful day too!" Hanging up the phone, Jackson closed his eyes for just a few heartbeats. There was nothing more emasculating than dressing the way he was and going out in public, but having to act like a happy, bubbly girl came a close second or maybe third, Jackson corrected thinking about how he now had a boyfriend, pretend or not the kisses were real enough.

"Three months, I just need to last ninety days and I can get my life back on track." Jackson nodded to himself when he heard the click of his boss's door opening. Turning his head to see his six foot two boss, Jackson's first instinct was to grimace seeing the man. He quickly swapped it for a bright smile, remembering the deal he had struck. The pervert wouldn't try anything sexual... a stray thought interrupted his train of thought, asking why do the executive think they own their admins!? How do they get away with this? Jackson turned his head to the side at the thought, with that and the bright smile before that it gave the impression to Alexander of a girl being coy.

"Anything I can do for you sir?"

"Yes, could you be a dear and get me the billings report for February of last year? Someone mentioned a discrepancy that should have been caught long ago."

Getting up from his little desk, Jackson flashed the older man a smile. Thinking of his end of the deal, so long as he had a boyfriend all he would have to do is flirt. "Right away sir!" It almost physically hurt Jackson to giggle like a brain-dead bimbo, but he definitely knew it hurt him on other levels. Stepping away from him, Jackson pretended to accidentally drop his pen. "Oops!" Jackson moved so his back was to his boss, put his high heeled feet together, bent at the waist to pick up the dropped item. Looking over his shoulder, while bending like that he gave Dunn a smirk. 'Is this what you want? you piece of shit!' He practically screamed in his mind. "I can just be so clumsy sometimes."

Licking his bottom lip Alexander gave out an almost inaudible groan looking at his secretary's rear end as she bent over. Wondering how it was possible that this beautiful creature was really a male. If he took a photo of this moment in time and showed it to a hundred guys the only ones that wouldn't want her were the guys that were gay and he definitely wasn't gay. I'm definitely not gay... Alexander mentally repeated to himself.



After giving his boss a little show, one that made him feel dirty, Jackson moved off to the stacks. A file that old wouldn't be on hand and that meant a trip to another floor that was nothing but filing cabinet after filing cabinet. The place had motion sensor lights, but most of the floor was lit up at any one time of the day. The files were older here, but that didn't mean people didn't come down to find something regularly. "This would have been a waste of space ten years ago, let alone now. Hasn't anyone heard of cloud storage?" Jackson grumbled to himself as he made his way through the stacks, thinking the real problem was Dunn's boss. Tripp Salizar, a man that looked old enough to be a few years away from being a skeleton. Jackson had only seen him in person once and that was months ago. There was a wall of photos showing the leadership on the first floor, but the photo of Tripp... such a stupid name, Jackson thought, was at least twenty years old at this point. Jackson wanted to go into sales, but at this point it wasn't going to be here at Mega Corp, but seeing the stacks made him think bringing all of this to the age of computers would be one of his first tasks if he was in charge. "Aim lower, maybe aim for a job where I don't have to be some bimbo secretary."

Jackson stopped momentarily, hearing someone scoff from just the other side of the cabinet corridor he was currently walking down. He figured it was someone else in a role like him, doing a task right now just like him. The feminized man looked down to his stocking covered legs and black heels, rolling his eyes after, being almost positive whoever scoffed was dressed similarly and just hadn't accepted her role yet or was dim enough to not know it. The file was easily found and he was able to make his way back easily enough, happy he hadn't run into someone that wanted to do small talk, or worse wanted to flirt with him.

Walking past his desk, Jackson's eyes slide across the nameplate showing his feminized name as he went to stand in front of the now closed door of his boss's office. "Ninety days... one day at a time." He told himself, knocking once before walking in. Blessedly the man was on the phone, his personal so Jackson didn't need to lay it on thick. Just put the folder on the desk, smiled sweetly at him and mouth the word lunch. Getting a thumbs up he quickly got out of the office before he could get off his phone. The last thing he wanted right now was to end up sitting in the larger man's lap again. Lunch wasn't going to be exactly an escape, he needed to meet with Tabitha to dish on things, but at least Dunn wouldn't be there. Just the man's eyes lingering on his body made him feel uncomfortable. The man knew who he was and still this was how he acted... it was like he just had to fuck anything in a skirt. Jackson chuckled as he removed his purse from the bottom drawer of his desk, thinking about a cactus in a dress and Dunn yelling in pain, unable to stop himself.

"There she is!" Jackson heard Tabitha declare happily as he went to her desk. "Someone looks happy, did you have another encounter with Abraham?"

“No Tab, just a happy thought of Dunn trying to get it on with a cactus in a dress and getting what he deserves.”

“Guess being firm with him didn’t help huh? I’m sorry girl, but look at the bright side, at least he pays well. Take the money, hold on as long as you can and then find yourself a new job. Maybe try transferring over to the west coast. I doubt management will be better there but working in the west coast regional office four blocks from the beach sounds pretty nice.”

“We have beaches here and no, nothing worked, well something worked. I will tell you about it at lunch, let’s get out of here, I’m starving and I can’t stand to drink another diet shake. I need real food.” Jackson adjusted the shoulder strap of his purse, the movement giving him a reminder of how he currently looked, just one reminder in a constant stream of reminders. The movement caused his overly large chest to move, making him feel the bra and corset and even the sway of the earrings he now wore.

“Oh?! I can’t wait to hear about that, but Jackie. This is some small time office in Florida, well small time compared to the one I visited in Cali at least and I have to tell you the view on the beach near the office I found much more appealing than spending time at Daytona. Very hit or miss with more miss if you get what I mean.”

Jackson sighed looking at the tiny woman in the light blue dress and pink jacket. “I do. Lunch. Us. Now?”

Soon enough Jackson was sitting at a high-top table with Tabitha at Bar taco, a building with a white washed interior with images on the wall of far off locations and wicker baskets hanging upside down from the ceiling, being used as lamp shades for Edison bulbs. The place served little tiny soft shell tacos to order that he knew from experience were delicious but pricier than he could afford on the regular. Right away he filled out the little card for the waiter, getting two glazed pork belly tacos with spicy chili sauce, one roasted duck taco and a sesame ribeye taco. While Tabitha got a single spicy cod taco and a chili lime shrimp taco. “Someone’s hungry for some meat.” Tabitha smirked.

“They are tiny and YES I am.” It took him a few seconds to realize why the blonde girl was giggling at his response, he had meant he was just hungry and wanted the delicious meat, she meant something else.

“Food is on the way, now do you want to start with Abraham, Dunn or Lincoln? Oh my!” Jackson smiled automatically hearing her burst into a small fit of giggling. He wished he could date this girl or one like her, a laugh like that would always be able to brighten his

day. “You have two men that like you and their names are Abraham and Lincoln!”

“Abe was just being nice, it is more like Dunn and Lincoln and I’m only dating one of them.”

“No girl... I assure you he does and ya know, Abraham Lincoln! Like the president!” She began to laugh once more. “I cannot tell a lie! Oh it is sooo good.”



“Tab it doesn’t matter if he likes me or not, I told you I’m with Linc.”

Tabitha stirred her drink with her straw, looking at her clueless friend. She had her handsy boss, but that was a problem a lot of girls at the office had, but then she had a stud like Abraham a man with looks and a great career and then she had Lincoln, someone she had to look up in the company directory. She also made a few passes by where he sat, and sure he was good looking wearing a vest and tie, but he was also an intern, not exactly upwardly mobile. Course... Tabitha added, she didn’t know what the man was working with and that could play a big part of it she supposed. “Lincoln, Lincoln, what is he thinkin... I’m betting its about you!” Tabitha smiled brightly.

“Mmm” Jackson made a sound of contentment giving Tabitha the impression she liked the idea of her boyfriend thinking about her, when it was really just him enjoying the girl smiling at him. He took note that her smile wasn’t perfect, her teeth were well cared for, but one of her canines was chipped. The imperfection somehow making the five foot nothing woman more attractive to him. “Lincoln it is, so start telling me about what really happened between the two of you at the office.”

“When?” Jackson asked, already knowing the answer was when he had taken his friend to the supply closet, but really hoped it was something else.

“When!? Oh wow, just wow! How often are you sneaking off with him!?” Tabitha shook her head slightly, causing the hair that framed her face to sway. “Wow... well I’m talking about the other day, I and I mean not just me know the two of went to get some office supplies together, stayed in there for a while and didn’t come out with any paper or like anything.”

Jackson’s face was burning, he was sure it went past a shade of pink to red as she took what he meant the completely wrong way. “Tab, we haven’t...”

“Oh no! I know that isn’t true! You promised me details and I’m going to get them, but if like I have to bribe you. Something I shouldn’t have to do with my friends I might add. I will cover lunch today and...” Tabitha pressed her lips together looking carefully at the brunette sitting across from her. The look made Jackson feel uncomfortable, it wasn’t like when Dunn checked him out, but she was definitely inspecting him. He felt like his throat was closing up at the idea she had noticed something that gave away that he was male. It felt like things moved in slow motion as she reached out taking some of his hair in her hand, he wasn’t sure what she was doing or why she shook her head, but was just waiting for her to accuse him, accuse him of the truth. Outing him here in a public

restaurant before she went back to the office to tell everyone what she had found out.

“Girl, you need to take better care of your hair. You have so many split ends, I can’t believe I didn’t notice before. So I’m going to call Emmy, Emmy is my stylist to see when she can fit you in. She is amazing and I’m going to tell you that while I’m setting this up to bribe you, after you are going to be thanking me and owe me a favor. She is that good.”

“Oh... umm yeah. Thank you.” Jackson said in a weak voice, running his long-nailed fingers through the hair Tabitha had touched. His heart was beating fast enough that a doctor might have thought he had just run a race. She hadn’t really noticed anything, she was just being helpful or thought she was being helpful. “Guess I could use a change, I always kept it long but I’m really thinking about going much shorter sometime soon.” Jackson liked his hair, but now he was thinking about just shaving it all off when this ordeal was over.

“I don’t know about much shorter, but I promise you Jackie, you tell Emmy you want it shorter, and she will leave you with a haircut that will leave your man with his jaw on the floor.” Taking a little bit to calm down Jackson sucked down half the contents of his glass of water while his coworker texted away on her phone. “You are so in luck.” Tabitha said without looking up from her phone. “Emmy has an opening tonight after someone canceled, something about a tragedy, but a tragedy for them is a lucky break for you!”

“Tonight?” Tabitha put her phone back into her purse.

“I will send you the address, you just walk in, I have already told her what you want, so it is all taken care of. I mean not the bill, that will still be on you. Now, enough stalling, tell me everything.”

Scene 2

The entire way home Lincoln kept going over the meeting he had with Alexander Dunn. The man was going to replace the current head of the Florida branch of Mega Corp Mr. Salizar and he wanted him... him to fill his shoes when he moved up! Being an intern at Mega Corp was his first real job and it was supposed to be an internship for a real job... not to jump to running anything. “Calm down, calm down, there is nothing in writing it all could just be the man messing with him. The man with almost no sense of humor was just messing with him...” He couldn’t let something like this just pass him by, could he? What about those hoops he had to jump through? The training, yeah, yeah that was just

normal, but saying he had to get engaged to have the position and married to keep it. Lincoln stopped the freight train or at least slowed it down at that thought, questioning it. "Did he say I had to get married? Or was it implied? No way he is going to put that in writing and if I don't then the opportunity would be gone." This felt like a movie like that old Eddie Murphy movie where he swapped lives with the investment banker.

Parking his car, Lincoln rubbed the back of his neck with one hand, gripping the steering wheel tight with the other as he stressed about his situation. He would love to this just to be good news and it supposed it was, but it had strings, so many complicated strings. He couldn't call his parents to give them good news, it wasn't like he could just say Hey I'm going to get a job being one rung down on the corporate ladder for an office in Florida for one of the worlds biggest companies, all I have to do is get married. Do you happen to know anyone that would like to marry me on zero notice? No, that was crazy thinking and he wasn't sure why he called Madison, it wasn't like they were friends. She did have a good head on her shoulders he supposed and god what he wouldn't give to see her walking down the aisle toward him... but that was lust talking, not love and then there was Jacqueline well Jackson. They were dating, sort of but he... she was obviously still trying to sort their life out. Sure they already had some fun, but Jackson didn't seem fully open to living as Jacqueline even though it was obvious to... at least him that is what his friend wanted.

"Aspirin, I'm going to need something for my head and then I will do what Madison asked... just to talk things through. He had thrown a lot at her when he called her walking out of the building, telling her how he might have a chance to be in line of succession to run the Florida brand of Mega Corp, making more money then he ever dreamed he would make on a check that didn't come from the lottery and all he had to do was get married.

"Okay, sure you have fun with that. Linc you are forgetting I grew up with Jackson, just because we are living together doesn't mean I'm going to participate in pranks." Lincoln hadn't expected her to think he was messing with her, but he wasn't sure what to think or in what order to think things when he had called her, but when he insisted he was not lying she laughed and said "Sure, how about we talk this over back home." She didn't sound like she believed him, but he needed someone to bounce ideas off of and he just knew talking to her brother about it would freak him out. With a course of action in mind Lincoln tried to keep himself calm as he made his way upstairs, inside his apartment. He had only gone about three feet in when he saw Madison coming out of Jackson's room, her room and Jackson's old room.

Lincoln felt something catch in his throat, plans of getting something for his pounding head forgotten as he looked at the young woman. Madison always dressed or far as

Lincoln had seen in a way that was appealing, but he wasn't sure he had ever seen her in something that wasn't pants. Sure she liked wearing tight jeans, but he hadn't actually ever seen her in a skirt before. Today she was dressed in what looked like a white satin skirt that came just above her knees, a gold satin low cut blouse with puffy short sleeves and sparkly pointed toe three inch heels. "You, you look great."

Madison put her palm to her cheek as she smiled. "Think so? Maybe I should dress like this more often?" She did a slow turn, her smile growing to touch her eyes looking at her brother's friend. She didn't often dress up, but seeing people have reactions like Linc's made her consider making the effort more often.

"Yea..." Lincoln stopped talking before he finished the word, trying to not put his foot in his mouth. "You look wonderful, but I would never tell you how to dress." Madison tilted her head to the side, leaving it there as she appraised him, her smiling never fading.

"You seem smart enough, at least at times." She teased. "Now that I know you think I'm beautiful and you know that I think you at least can be smart, shall we pick up where we left off on the phone?"

"I ahh didn't say that."

"So you don't think I'm beautiful?" Madison pressed one of her hands to her heart like she was hurt.

"No you are..." She was having fun teasing the man, seeing him get flusters. Taking a few steps closer, Madison stopped half a foot away from him.

"You doooo think I'm pretty." Madison fluttered her mascara covered eyelashes at him, giving him a good look at her blue eyes.

"I mean, yeah, but so would anyone with eyes."

"Awww, you are so sweet." Madison reached out putting her hand on his chest. "It is too bad you think I'm pretty, but not smart." She spoke to him like his action made her sad, adding a pout.

"What?!" Lincoln felt so confused

"You tell me how pretty I am, but then you expect me to swallow some story about needing to get married so you can get a job replacing your boss. By all accounts that I have heard has ignored your existence for the last year."



“That is true but... can we just sit down please?” Rolling her eyes, Madison walked away from Lincoln to go sit on the couch. “Fine and relax I’m only dressed up because I had to go into the office. Work from home, but have to go in to show my face so they know I still exist. Like my work didn’t already do that.”

“Maddy... Madison.” Lincoln wasn’t sure if it was okay to really call her by the nickname Jackson called her.

“Maddy is fine.” She shook her head just slightly when he paused after saying her name.

“I can’t stress this enough, this was a real offer. My boss, Mr. Dunn pulled me into his office, I thought this was just a meeting about me getting a full time position or worse being told I wasn’t needed anymore, something he also may have said in reference to me being an intern still. Me falling through the cracks.”

“And then he offered you the keys to the Wanka Factory?”

“No, nothing like that, but kind of?” Madison gave him a flat expression; he wasn’t normally this nervous or hesitant and while it was fun messing with him before it was getting old quickly. “It is a lot less I am the right man for the job to lead and more of a... the right man to do exactly what he tells me to do and keep the wolves at bay or people from backstabbing him or something.”

Holding up her hands, Madison squinted at him. “Whoa, whoa. Are you telling me he wants you to take over his job, to really just be his flunky?” The phrasing didn’t help Lincoln feel any better, but it was a giant step forward that she was taking him seriously.

“I wouldn’t call me that, not with how much money I would make in salary alone, let alone quarterly bonuses. I would just be working under him, he knows how to run things already and it would only make sense to do what your supervisor tells you to do, especially when they have already done that job and did it well.”

“So you would be a very well-paid flunky.” Her words were still flat, but the corners of her lips were curling up. She was already a flunky in the corporate machine, working on what her bosses, god she hated having more than one boss. Doing what they said, doing it how they wanted and going back to redo things so that it was also done the way the other boss wanted it done and then one of them or both of them taking credit for her work or pushing blame on her when code wouldn’t work, that she said from the start that would be the outcome. All that and she still was just a junior, having to pay her dues till they bumped her title and then she could begin job hopping till she got the wage she thought she deserved and then after all that... she would still be a flunky like everyone

else, just paid better. And here was Lincoln going to skip the middle steps, all because more than likely he was male and well maybe his boss didn't think he had a backbone.

"I guess if you want to look at it that way, but I just need someone I can trust to talk to about this."

"So for the keys to the Wanka Factory you have to get engaged? Why are you talking to me about this? We aren't exactly friends and I'm not sure why you would trust me." Lincoln clenched his jaw for a few moments.

"Maybe not, but we could be. You already know I think your pretty and have a crush on you and..."

"You have a crush on me? Awww." She put her hand on his forearm, realizing the aww was a bit insulting, but she had to admit that it was awfully cute that someone would have a crush on her. "That is flattering Linc, it really is." When girls started talking like that they usually went into how about we just be friends talk, a painful path.

"Maddy, I do, but that isn't why I came to you. You are smart and brilliant sometimes." Madison raised her eyebrow at the word sometimes, but left her teasing unsaid. "I need help, I need to put a ring on someone's finger and I know Jacqueline would run for the hills if I tried upgrading the relationship from dating to getting married."

"Pretend relationship to pretend engagement, seems like the right step, a bit fast for a fake relationship, but you crazy kids could pull it off."

"I'm serious Maddy and I don't think it is pretend not after she dragged me to a work closet and gave me a blowjob when I talked about going on a date with a girl from the office."

"Wait, wait, what? That happened? Are you fucking with me? Also gross, but also really?!"

"Yeah, that happened and we also had some fun the other night, we talked in the morning I was apologizing but she said how it was okay and we should do it again. And, and I umm tried doing some research. I'm not a psychologist or anything but I found people talking about how some people run away or hide from who they really are when that person wouldn't always be accepted by people or those close to them. Thinking about all of this, I played a prank on Jackson to see if I could get him to put on a dress and show up at work and instead he comes in glammed up, looking amazing... literally looking like your younger sister."

“I did have a big hand in that, giving him little choice. I wanted to get back at him and maybe take him down a peg.”

Lincoln shook his head. “No, you may have pushed him, but there is no way Jackson does anything he doesn’t want to do and definitely doesn’t do this for a few bucks. Heck he had the chance to tell HR this was all a misunderstanding, but chose to let them think he was trans instead of fessing up or even just quitting.” Madison frowned, leaning back on the couch more as she crossed her arms, pondering everything.

“I think this is what he wanted, secretly and we gave him the chance to be himself, but he doesn’t feel secure enough to actually say it. He needs to be pushed into it, like the bet the other night and allow me to umm... you know.”

“Umm, I know? You just told me my little brother wants to be my little sister and gave you felatio in a broom closet. No need to beat around the bush I think.”

“Supply closet.” Madison gave Lincoln a hard look, like it mattered the type of closet it was that he got blown in.

“Alright, if that is true, why not talk to her about all this, lay it out, strike a deal.” Lincoln shook his head again.

“I really think that would be too much, getting married, I mean some girls make books about how they want that day to be and I don’t know if that was something Jackson thought about before he got the chance to be Jacqueline, but it being setup to be fake could be devastating. Heck I don’t know. This is why I’m talking to you.”

Still leaning on the couch, Madison pressed her tongue to the inside of her cheek contemplating something before leaning forward. Well if your true love, my little sister won't marry you it should not be too hard to find someone to fake marry you when there is that big of a payday in it for them.”

“She isn’t my...” He started to say, but Madison wasn’t done talking and just spoke right over him. For fifty percent of your assets while you are making the big bucks I would tie the knot with you. How long do you think we would have to keep it up? A year? Two years?”

“Maddy, that wasn’t what I was getting at, but really? You would really marry me?” She leaned in close, giving him a big toothy smile.

“Going from confessing your love for your crush to her saying she would marry you, big day for you Linc and why not. You are good looking, downright handsome in the right light and really it would allow me a lot of freedom far as careers go if I didn’t have to consider how much I made. When we inevitably divorce, I’m sure our families would be heart broken, but I wouldn’t hit you too hard with alimony and it wouldn’t be real so you wouldn’t care if I kept seeing people like Callie and...” Madison looked the young man up and down, giving a little shrug. “We would be married so we could have a little fun too, so long as you don’t get all super serious and possessive and I would give you the same freedom. Though I’m not sure I’m okay with you sleeping with my new little sister at the same time as me. I can be kinky, but any thoughts of you getting a three way with the two of us needs to be quashed now.”

“I... yeah, umm that sounds, that sounds good.” Earlier his mind was moving like a freight train, not wanting to properly slow down, now it felt like his thoughts were moving through molasses, he really did need that aspirin for his head.

“Yeah? That sounds good? Not much of a romantic are you there Lincoln Hatch.” Madison paused briefly after teasing the man, thinking of her younger sibling and what Lincoln was telling her. It did make sense, a crazy kind of sense and if Jacqueline was willing to do that with Lincoln, it made her wonder if it was just because her sibling wanted to explore her new femininity or if she really did have genuine romantic feelings for her friend.

“We could also, I suppose use this to make Jackson think he needed to pretend.” She made air quotes around the word pretend. “That she wanted to marry you by saying we were going to tie the knot for all this and lay it out that I’m only a backup in case she wants to do it. Would be a shame, I already know what kind of car I was going to get you to buy me.”

Standing up from the couch Lincoln started walking towards his bedroom. “I need to get something for my head, this is all just... just yeah.”

“My future husband has such a way with words.” Madison said, clasping her hands together, holding them next to her cheek as she spoke dreamily. Lincoln stopped after opening his door, looking back at her.

“Do you really think that would work?” He asked, ignoring her teasing, something he really should have been doing all along. Madison shrugged.

“I have no idea, but at this point I have learned that you have some tough decisions to make, that the person I grew up with isn’t who I thought they were, though when you

mentioned before about something happening between you I thought maybe he was bi like me, but now I leaning a lot more to what you were saying. That they definitely need to see a therapist to work out their deal and that I apparently have a price.” Madison pursed her lips, looking off to the side at nothing. “Not sure how I feel about that last one, I would say it makes me feel cheap, but dressed like this and how much I would make rules that out.”

Blinking at Madison a few times, Lincoln nodded his head once, already unconsciously rubbing the back of his neck. “Yeah, I definitely need an aspirin.”

Scene 3

Standing outside the address Tabitha gave him, Jackson swayed slightly with a small smile on his face as a light cool breeze went by. Cool weather wasn't something that stayed around too long in Florida and this week they were expecting a cold front or so he had heard on the radio when the uber driver was taking him to the salon. The cool air flowing across and up his nylon covered legs and inside his skirt was a not so unpleasant feeling. No spike of adrenaline or embarrassment came to him as mother nature reminded him of how he was dressed, the double dose of xanax he took when he was out with Tabitha early that day was still doing its job hours later.

Jackson needed the pills to take the edge off, when he realized he couldn't put off telling the pretty blonde about what happened and fabricate a story about something that didn't, because she just wouldn't accept nothing happened as an answer. Luckily he was able to skimp on the details of his sexual encounter with Abe, getting away with saying all it was, was a blow job. Telling her that she got enough details about her and Lincoln, how big was he, how did he taste, did you like it more when he face fucked her, or more when she was in control... he had no idea girls even talked about things like this. He still really didn't know really, it wasn't sure if it was just her or if it was normal. Jackson hated the idea he had blown Linc and swallowed his cum, making up a story that he had done it to another man, felt somehow worse. Like he was bragging about doing something that he didn't even want to do, and that he didn't do. “Do, do.” Jackson laughed lightly to himself reflecting on what happened over lunch.

His eyes glanced over the brick building, painted over with some dark paint, the overhand was a white plastic that looked to be kept clean, not something always easy to do with some of the recent rains. The sign read Educe Salon, the sign next to the door had been more artistic. A white box, with black border and two black capital Es, one turned to face the other and a yellow pair of downward pointing scissors between them. Jackson stood there enjoying the cooler weather just looking at the sign for a minute, his

eyes blinking slowly, hardly a care in the world now, a big difference compared to how he felt when Tabitha first talked about him going to get a haircut at her salon, a woman's haircut wasn't exactly something he wanted to go and get done, yet here he was. Stepping inside he looked around the interior, the check in station was a standing desk with shelves of productions all around it and off to the side instead of a row of plastic chairs like he was used to seeing when he went to normally cut his hair he saw a cozy area with two love seats, throw pillows, a shiplap decoration on the walls. It looked more like a living room, minus a tv than a waiting room.

“Good evening miss, how can I help you tonight?” Turning his head, Jackson pushed a few stray hairs behind his ear as he looked at the receptionist. She was a blonde woman, her hair coming down to her shoulders, curling in at the ends and looked to be in her late forties. She wore a white top that just showed off a hint of her cleavage with a bright red button up shirt, left open over it that had three quarter sleeves, with a pair of tight dark blue jeans that stopped just above her ankles and a pair of black rounded toe pumps, that Jackson would guess were around three inches. He smiled back at her, her words were spoken in a bubbly tone that just made her seem welcoming and friendly. He read her name tag, he had always been big on using people's names. It was always easier to convince someone of something, or to buy something if you did that or so he no had been told and read in books about being a good salesman.

“Hi Jill! I'm here for an appointment, my friend set it up for me.” When he said the word friend it struck him as odd, he wasn't really friends with her, really he wanted to sleep with her, but when they separated to get back to work she had hugged him saying how great it was to have a bestie at the office. Bestie, he had somehow in the course of a week, had it even been a week? Become a girl's bestie... did that mean best friend or just a term for girlfriend? He wasn't sure, but he did know it was emasculating.

Jackson blinked a few times, looking at the woman in front of him, realizing she had asked him a question while he was thinking about being friends with the petite little tight package that was Tabitha. “I'm sorry, I just zoned out a little. One of those days, ya know?”

“I really do get it, been there. I hope you have a fabulous time with us though! I was just asking your name.” Jackson took note that Jill was one of those girls that talked just as much with her hands and body language.

“Jackson.” He said without really considering the answer he gave.

“Mmmm, I have you right here, it does look like they had a mix up and were canceling your appointment. Did you call to cancel by chance?” Jackson pressed his pouty lips

together, pushing his jaw off to the side as he shook his head.

“No, but I considered not showing up... honestly I was nervous about coming, but I have definitely thought about chopping my hair off.”

Jill changed the appointment, hoping the Jacqueline who filled the appointment slot didn't show up, or showed up late enough that the appointment would have been canceled anyhow. “Must just have been a mistake then. You nothing to worry about. Tonight you will be working with Emmy and Chelsea they will have you looking like a million when they are done. Big changes can always be... a lot, but let me get you a glass of wine, while you wait. Is Riesling okay?” Jackson's eyebrows went up, never hearing about getting wine when someone went to get a haircut, but this place definitely was fancier than anywhere he had been before.

“Yeah, Riesling, that sounds great!”

Sitting down on one of the couches, Jackson smoothed the black pencil skirt out as he sat, crossing his legs. He was taking a closer look at the decor before opening his purse to take out his phone, wanting to ask Maddy why she never told him that he could get booze while he waited for a haircut. Not feeling the phone he pulled the purse to his lap, looking in hoping to see a phone that he hadn't felt, but it was nowhere to be seen. Meaning it was probably sitting on top of his desk where he had last used it when he sent a text off to his sister to let her know he would be home late. Scoffing at himself, he pushed the purse to his side, chalking this up to the downside of taking pills that affect his mood. The sour expression on his face changed quickly seeing Jill, his savior bring him the glass of white wine.

“Thank you so much, you have no idea how much I need this right now.” Jackson said, downing half the glass in one gulp.

“You did say you were having one of those days, let me get you another. Be back in a jiffy!”

It wasn't long after he drank down the second glass when a dark-haired woman that looked to be maybe thirty came over to retrieve him. Her clothing was simply, something closer to black medical scrubs, the tattoo sleeve on her arm on the other hand was anything but simple. “Miss Jackson, come with me if you could. I am Chelsea Rosado and will be helping you tonight, I know you were also supposed to be with Emmy tonight, but it will just be you and me. I promise you are in good hands.”

“Okay.” Jackson said not feeling an ounce of worry between the medication running

through his system and the light buzz he had from the wine.

He knew Tabitha had told them what needed to be done and he didn't know a thing about women's hair styles so he just nodded along with whatever was said to him. It was a little worrying when she said something about stripping his hair, but he did know it felt great when she was rubbing whatever chemicals or shampoo into it. At some point he completely zoned out. Easily enough to do with the earbuds that had given him, playing light relaxing music. The girl started talking about something called kerastase, how it helped with damaged hair. Something about nutrients, oils... nourishing and hydrating, but how that would wait till she was done with his color. He normally just used the blue bottle of axe when he washed his hair, and didn't really know how the color of his brunette hair really mattered.

"You are going to love this kerastase Fusio-Dose conditioning treatment, it is so good that your hair might just speak up on its own to thank me. What do you use now?" Chelsea asked, prepping the bottles. The hair needed something to come alive, but it had to wait till she was done with the all over color.

"Ahh the blue axe bottle, but recently I think I'm umm using my sister's herbal essence."

"Okay, that will have to be fixed. No more using your boyfriend's shampoo and we can do a lot better than herbal essence. I will send something home with you tonight and when I'm done for maintenance you will just have to wash it twice a week with your thick hair." She paused for a second touching some of the split ends on the long hair. "With your new hairstyle you will just have to blow it out, and come back here for touch ups of course."

"Of course." She is pretty good at sales, though I am a captive audience he supposed. "What do you mean blow it out? Like with a hairdryer? I don't have one of those."

"Don't worry honey, I will set you up with everything you need." Chelsea could practically see the dollar signs with everything that was going to be run up. She started the pre shampoo stage, explaining everything as she went along, but it was clear to her the girl in her chair wasn't paying a bit of attention to her or what she was saying. It was fine by her, small talk was part of the job, but all through the dying process she hadn't said more than three words.

Jackson closed his eyes when she started to gently massage his scalp with whatever this new thing was. All he wanted was a haircut, but it was taking forever, but he didn't mind so much when she started to rub her fingers over his head. She said something about nourishing cleanse a hair mask or something. He wasn't sure what the stylist was talking

about, other than her using different bottles of things on his hair and all of that was before she ever used her scissors at all. By the time she declared him done he wasn't sure how anyone could stand being stuck in a chair. He had come in at just after five and it felt like it was nine at night already, it couldn't have been that late, but it felt like it.

“Let me introduce you to the new you!”



Jackson opened and closed his mouth a few times, reminiscent of a fish as he looked at himself in the mirror, dumbstruck at what he was seeing. His long brown hair was now shoulder length, had a slight wave kind of thing going on and most importantly, he was now blonde! He slowly moved both of his hands up to his head, his fingers just hovering over his hair, almost afraid to touch it and confirm it was real. No spike of dread or anxiety came, he felt like he should care much more than he did, but mostly he was just processing the change. "You... ahh, I'm blonde!"

"A striking blonde I would say. I for one think you look amazing with the choppy lob, the shoulder length cut with jagged textures looks great on you. Very bold, I hope it is everything you were expecting when you wrote down what you wanted done tonight." Chelsea felt bolder when she first showed her customer the look, but she was starting to get a sense this isn't what she wanted. As the seconds ticked by without her answering or saying anything she started to feel a little annoyed. If it wasn't what she wanted, she could have stopped her at any time, it wasn't like she wasn't included in the process and she was just doing her best to follow what she had asked for in her appointment profile.

Feeling like something was caught in his throat, Jackson swallowed. There wasn't much he could do about... about what just happened. He wanted to freak out, but the extreme emotion just felt off, felt far away like it wasn't something that belonged to him to use. "I'm blonde... I hope it is more fun." He joked at his own expense trying to make light of what he was seeing.

"I can guarantee it! Oh, I was worried you didn't like it when you didn't say anything." Chelsea put her hand to her chest, letting out a sigh.

"Just, umm speechless." The hairstyle wasn't far off from what his sister had, but of course she had her natural hair color, while he by all accounts was a busty blonde secretary with inflated lips and with the corset he was the perfect looking office bimbo.

"Perfect! You head up to the counter, Jill will have everything you need ready for you. You have an amazing night Miss Jackson."

It was at that second that things clicked in Jackson's mind. He had said his real name, not Jacqueline, they thought Jackson was his last name. Jackson was sitting in a salon chair that was meant for someone else, getting their haircut and it was all his fault. Numbly he got up from the chair, smiling on reflex back to Jill when she smiled brightly to him.

"Wow, just wow you look fab! Now I have everything here for you. We have three of our

kerastase bottles for you to take home. This one here is forty two.” She said holding up a purple and pink bottle, before putting it into a bag and grabbing a purple jar. “This one is fifty and the last one is fifty three. We have two brushes, one boar bristle paddle brush, one aluminum round brush, each fifteen and the Harry Josh Pro hair dryer for two fifty. Add that to your total here, thirty five for the kerastase Fusio-Dose conditioning treatment, sixty three for the cut and blow dry and lastly one oh three for the coloring. So today’s total comes to six twenty six, before tip.”

“Six hundred dollars?”

“Little over.” Jill leaned forward on the counter, she felt a little bad. This woman had said she had a terrible day and it looked like she didn’t even have proper brushes at home. That, and there were little signs that Miss Jackson was born male, just like her and she was going to help a sister out. “I tell you what, if you will let me schedule you for another appointment in say...” She leaned away from the counter, tapping something on her screen to pull up future appointments. “In three weeks, I could let you use my employee discount. Thirty percent off.”

“Thirty percent!? That would be like a hundred dollars cheaper, that would be amazing!” He hadn’t bothered doing the math on that discount, he still had money from the little windfall and what was left of his last paycheck to cover this, but he had no idea girls ever spent this kind of money on hair.

“Close, it would be...” Jill typed her employee ID into the system to add her discount. “One hundred eighty-seven dollars and eighty cents off. Bringing your total today to four hundred, thirty eight dollars and twenty cents. Do you want to do ten, fifteen or twenty percent for tip? Just on the hair services of course, that totally on its own was two oh one before the discount and one forty and seventy cents after.”

“Yeah, yeah” Jackson nodded enthusiastically. “Totally sign me up for another appointment!” If he had to give Jill some of his blood to get that bill down he would have, but just signing up for another appointment that he could just cancel. That was a great deal. Still he was leaving this place on the wrong side of five hundred dollars poorer, paying for something he didn’t want.

Jackson stayed in the front of the salon, the last customer there for the night, chatting about little things with Jill, happy she was nice enough to give him a discount as he mentally groaned at how expensive being a girl was, all while waiting for an uber to come pick him up so he could go back to the office to get his phone. All he wanted to do now is go home, drink and drink heavily even though he was a lightweight so he could stay in a drunken haze for the weekend to pretend this wasn’t his current life. Well that

and make Linc buy him dinner again, he was the boyfriend after all and he was so close to being completely broke and he still had another week before his next payday. It had to wait though, his phone was back at the office and he would need to pick it up. On the bright side it was just about eight thirty at night, so he wouldn't be running into anyone other than security.

Scene 4

Walking through the office after hours was a little creepy to Jackson, all the lights were controlled by motion sensors. So that between sections he would be walking five or six paces into a dark area before things came to life. The place was always so busy with the worker ants that kept the behemoth of a corporation running and now it was just him in the building on a Friday evening. At this point in the day every step he took reminded him that he shouldn't be wearing heels. His feet hurt from staying arched, his calves hurt... the more he thought about it the more uncomfortable he just was dressed this way. The bra straps digging into his shoulders, the corset was nearly as bad as it had been the other day... and he had to admit the support was helpful with the extra weight on his chest, but it still wasn't comfortable. It was okay though, soon he would be home he mused, as he got up to his desk, picking up the forgotten cellular device.

“Jacqueline is that you?” Jackson spun around quickly when he suddenly heard a voice behind him when he thought he was all alone. The movement left him off balance, causing him to step backwards a step to steady himself, but being so close to his desk caused his legs to hit the hard surface, ending with him sitting on the edge. Holding his left hand to his chest, Jackson let out a breath, feeling his heart racing for the scare.

“Abe you scared me half to death, don't sneak up on me like that.” The man needs a bell around his neck, this being the second time the salesman had appeared near him.

“Sorry about that.” Abraham chuckled, drinking in the sight of the new girl as she practically seemed to pose for him, leaning back on the desk. Looking into her gorgeous brown eyes he could see they were dilated, giving him an extra boost of confidence knowing she desired him as much as he desired her. Not considering they might be dilated from the sudden surge of adrenaline from the fright of suddenly finding out she wasn't alone. “I thought I was the only one burning the midnight oil, but when I saw the lights coming on I thought I would check out who the other workaholic was that didn't have a life on a Friday night. Then I saw a pretty blonde and...” Abraham motioned his hand to the pretty secretary in front of him.

Jackson reached out, touching some of his now shorter and blonder hair, curling a piece

of it around his index finger. He was not a fan of how his hair looked, but he did have to admit it felt better. He had always been bad about maintaining himself, not brushing as much as he should and ignoring his long hair, but thanks to his recent salon visits he now had white teeth and silky feeling hair. If there was one good thing about all this he figured it was learning how much better it felt to look and just feel cleaner. "I just got it done, was kind of an accident if you believe it."

Abraham's smile grew, from his experience girls that looked like her didn't look and sound so unsure about how they looked, especially after they just got back from the salon. He thought the shoulder length blonde hair looked good on her, and the fact that she left her eyebrows their original color only added a contrast that drew his attention to her eyes. "I think it suits you, so if it was an accident, you should think of it as a happy one."

Letting out a small, uncomfortable, laugh Jackson gave the six-foot-tall man a small smile. This was a man that he had been a bit envious of with his athletic build, his height. Green eyes that he was just sure girls liked over his boring brown ones. His looks wouldn't have ever been a real consideration if he also didn't have the job he wanted. The guy seemed to just have it all, well almost all, he wore glasses. Vision, the one thing Jackson could say he had over this guy. He had called becoming blonde a happy accident, happy was not something he would use to describe his mood. Jackson laughed a second time at himself, realizing he wasn't feeling much of anything thanks to the little pills he took.

Looking over his shoulder to the cubicle farms and to where his desk was, Abraham shook his head twice. Deciding he was done working for the night after the pretty girl seemed to be laughing happily at his compliment. "I will let you get back to it, don't work too late, it is the start of the weekend after all. I for one will be celebrating it with a drink when I get home." Jackson slid off his desk, putting weight back onto his aching feet so he could finally call it a day.

"Actually, I think I'm done and a drink does sound awfully nice. Since we both sound to have similar plans, how about we go grab a drink together?" Abe was the type of guy Jackson would enjoy getting a drink with, he was sure there were a few things he could learn from the man that seemed to stay at the top of the pack on his sales team, but he knew his wallet couldn't take any more blows till he got paid.

"Not unless you are paying, the happy accident started a war with my bank account. Besides, I doubt my boyfriend would let me go out with you." Jackson laughed at his own little private joke as if the guy was asking him out on a date."

“I had a controlling girlfriend like that once, almost gave her a ring before a friend practically kidnapped me to show me what freedom was.”

“Sounds like you dodged a bullet.” Jackson was in a pretend relationship to keep the creeps away, and here was Abe just wanting someone to have a drink with. Jackson chewed on the inside of his cheek for a moment, considering the man. He was mentioning no longer being in a relationship and he was working past eight at night on a Friday night. It was sad and humanizing to think someone like him would also be single. “You know what, if you are buying the least I could do is keep you company for a drink.” Her agreeing to come out made Abraham’s night, and made him praise his unwillingness to accept her first no. She didn’t have a ring on her finger and he saw how into him she was.

The bar the two went to was just around the corner, Jackson was thinking more about the pain in his feet and calves when he took another one of the Xanax, the little pills just making everything more bearable, the fact the two were going to the same bar he went to with Lincoln for the purpose to be seen together at a bar coworkers often frequented not on his mind at all. Going inside Jackson slid into a booth, laughing with a big smile on his face as Abe finished his dirty joke. It all started with him saying something wasn’t funny and Abe started to tell a joke that was and the two began trading jokes with one another, some much dirtier than anything he knew Linc would like. His friend was a prude at times, not the audience for a good number of the jokes or quips in his arsenal. “And then I said, that isn’t a banana!”

“My turn.” Jackson stopped as he opened his mouth, realizing what he was about to say was a joke he already used. “No wait, I have a different one. What is the difference between your girlfriend and a mosquito?”

“Not a lawyer?” Abraham responded, before turning his head and giving a wave to one of the servers he knew.

“No, only one of them stops sucking when you slap them!” Abraham chuckled, smiling as he looked into the girl’s eyes, his gaze shifted down to her thick lips just for a split second thinking of the implications of her joke. “Don’t have a girlfriend.” He said to answer her unasked question. Jackson frowned, reaching out across the table to tap Abe on the back of his hand in solidarity. It was as he thought, the guy was lonely and if a guy like him was single, he didn’t have much hope. “It has been a while since I have had a girlfriend too, so I understand.”

Abraham’s eyebrows went up. “Yeah?” He wanted to hear more about that, when a waiter came by to get their order. While he wished the guy came a few minutes later, he

was sure he could swing the conversation back around to that topic given time. “I will get a Manhattan and for...” He looked over at his date, they had been caught up in conversation and they hadn’t discussed what they were getting.

“Four fingers of whiskey, and umm...” Jackson looked away from the waiter and over to Abe. “Is it okay if I get an app?” Getting a nod, he smiled at the man, he would get him next time. “And an order of the potato balls. Deep Fried mashed potatoes with ground beef at the center. The balls are delicious.” Taking the order down the server walked away, allowing Abraham to comment on her statement.

“Balls are delicious huh?”

“Have you never had them? You are missing out... wait. Haha, laugh it up.” For a moment Jackson had forgotten what he looked like, that Abe was looking at what he thought was a girl, not who he really was.

“If I’m paying, that makes them my balls, but don’t worry you can eat them as much as you want.” Jackson pointed his finger at him, trying to give him a stern look.

“You are just lucky you are paying for my drink or I would give it to you.”

“Since I’m paying, how about I give it to you?” Abraham smirked, it wasn’t often he went out with someone that would trade dirty jokes with him or be so open with sexual innuendos.

“Hey!” Jackson was used to a little ribbing going back and forth but felt much more sensitive about the fact he had fake tits stuck to his chest in order to keep the farse going.

“I meant the drink, I’m paying for the drink to give it to you. Someone had a dirty mind.” Jackson crossed his arms across his chest, not considering what it was doing to enhance Abe’s view as he looked sullenly at the man. “You know I never have been out with a girl who drank whiskey before, let alone a pour like that.”

“That is because I’m not a girl.” Jackson snapped back being way more honest than he would have liked. Immediately he started to feel a little uneasy, a dramatic decrease to what should have been a spike of anxiety thanks to the self-medication. Before he could say something else that he would regret their drinks were delivered, allowing him to buy time by sipping on the drink.



“No offense meant Jacqueline. To miss-quote a song I like. She can kill with a smile, she can wound with her eyes, but she’s always a woman to me.” Jackson coughed, drinking down the whiskey in more of a gulp than a sip.

“You skipped a lot, and I mean a lot, of lyrics.” Abraham shrugged his shoulders, happy to see Jacqueline smiling in his direction, a much better sight than the quarterly reports on his sales. If he had to look at one more excel sheet that night he was going to go mad, but instead of that outcome here he was out with the beautiful, newly blonde Jacqueline.

“So I did, so I did. You know I’m glad we are doing this, a perfect way to end a week.” Jackson moved his tongue around the inside of his mouth, happy to feel that burning sensation in his throat. He looked down at his glass, swirling around its contents, answering without looking up. “You have no idea how much I needed this.”

The one glass of whiskey was more than enough to move Jackson to tipsy and beyond, one more glass of two fingers was enough for him to forget about all of his troubles and lose track of time. “You know, I really wanted to see that. I almost went last week, but Linc said it wasn’t for him and who goes to the movies by themselves? Not me...” Jackson’s words trailed off, his foggy mind reliving the same thought as when his friend told him it wasn’t something he liked. It was an action movie made like the old eighties action movies, no real plot and lots of explosions, it was perfect. How could it not be for him?

Looking up at one of the televisions in the bar, Abraham caught the tail end of the movie trailer before pulling out his phone, checking some local listings. “You know, if we hurry we could catch the last showing of that tonight.”

“That sounds fun, but like...” Jackson stopped talking for a second, his mind stuttering. “Next time I will pay for drinks and a movie, I can afford it now.” He blinked a few times, laughing slightly to himself thinking of the bill he got today for his hair and then the bill for his lips and how quickly he blew through the money for clothes. “Unless I have to do my hair or... nails or something. Is it expensive to get your nails done?” He was asking himself the question, not remembering the cost, wondering for a second if he paid or if it was Maddy, but dismissed that thought almost right away, no way she paid.

“Tonight has been fun and I tell you what, next time you can pay for your nails to get done and I will pay for our date.” Jackson narrowed his eyes at the man across from him, leaning forward on the table, not thinking about how he was showing off the cleavage of his prosthetics.

“No, I said I was going to pay.”

“How about we compromise, you pay next time we go out and I will pay to get your nails done.” Jackson looked down at the long acrylic nails attached to his fingers.

“Okay, but I don’t know how much they cost, it could be a lot. You have no idea how expensive it is to be a girl.”

Abraham smirked. “I thought you weren’t a girl.” Looking up from his hands, Jackson put his index finger to his lips, reaching across the table with his other hand to do the same to Abe. “Shhh don’t tell anyone I’m not, it is a secret.” Taking the inebriated girl's hand, Abraham kissed the underside of her wrist twice. Incredibly happy to see her give him a big smile as he let go.

“That felt sooo good! No one has kissed me there before, and that is like a real shame. Girls get kissed on their neck and stuff, but hardly ever guys and, and they barely ever get complimented. Everyone deserves a compliment.” Jackson nodded to himself, the kiss to his wrist sent a shiver down his spine in the best types of ways, it was just a shame it was from Abe. A good guy he was happy to have as a new friend, but it would have been so much better coming from someone like Tabitha. “I have been jealous of your green eyes, sooo much better than my boring brown ones. Even Linc has boring brown eyes, but oh wow I swear it is like looking into a puppies eyes when he is sad or upset like the time I answered the door to our apartment in a sheet when he brought a date home.” Jackson gave an open mouth smile, laughing a little at the toga party prank. “Was that a compliment? I meant to give you a compliment.”

“Yeah, yeah I took it that way. Were you upset when he brought a woman home?” Jackson shook his head, he was proud of his pal for picking up a girl. Seeing her, he thought he could do better, but she was pretty enough he supposed. It wasn’t his fault she nor him could take a joke.

“No, why would I be? We have a rule that if you bring a ahh... someone around is fine so long as we give the other a heads up.” Abraham nodded, thinking he finally understood Jacqueline’s relationship. He had never been with someone who was into polygamy, the open relationship thing always just sounded like some dream for guys that couldn’t commit. Taking her hand in his own he waited till she made eye contact with him before he spoke.

“You do not have boring brown eyes. I could get lost looking into your eyes, mesmerized by their beauty and die happily knowing I got to do so.” Jackson quickly pulled his hand away, feeling a blush come to his face from the intense moment. At most, girls have described him as cute. He had gotten a few compliments on his hair from one girl, but

she was a biter and he was not into that. “Than... thanks, but umm, we should maybe go so we don’t miss the beginning of the movie.”

Abraham was starting to understand Jacqueline, why she would be flirty one moment and shy another. She had a controlling boyfriend that more than likely knew just the right buttons to push to keep her in line. While his intentions were not exactly noble, it was crazy to think she wasn’t allowed to go out for a drink with a man. While they had an arrangement for him to sleep around in some one-sided open relationship. She didn’t seem to be the brightest woman, but he liked her sense of humor, her kind nature that made her want to give compliments. Not to mention how much he appreciated the way she looked and how her smile made him feel a little warmer, and a little lighter on the inside, like being with her just made life a little better. Tonight was a good night, he was happy he was able to talk her into going on this date with him and that she didn’t seem to want it to end as much as him.

Scene 5

Feeling no pain at all, Jackson sat in the cool theater. Feeling like the chair was comfortable enough to take a nap in. He knew a big part of that was the alcohol in his system, the rest was from a long, stressful day. The potato balls he figured should help with one of those problems. Sitting there he smiled broadly, turning his head towards his coworker, thinking about how he had teased him about saying he liked the balls. Laughing a little when Jackson caught his eye. Jackson’s eyes slid down his own arm when he felt his hand get lightly squeezed, noticing for the first time the middle armrest was up and his hand was being held.

Abraham gave his date’s hand a squeeze, returning the smile as she looked at him with a smile that could easily brighten up the dark room. He knew she was inebriated, but it didn’t matter. Her giggle only endeared her more to him. “What are you all giggly about?”

Shifting in his seat, Jackson pulled his hand out of the larger hand so he could lean closer to his new friend and whisper in his ear. Not wanting the few others in the theater to hear him talk, he hated people who talked in movies. It didn’t matter if the previews were just starting, it was just rude. “I was remembering when I said I liked eating your balls.” Abraham’s eyebrows went up as the girl threw herself back into her seat in a fit of giggling laughter. ‘Wow, she knows how to tease a guy.’ Abraham thought, positive now that the two of them weren’t going to be fully paying attention to the movie.

“Oh!” Jackson stood up, all the laughing causing him to have a physical reminder of how

much he had drunk that night and causing him to feel that he needed to break the seal. “I will be right back!” He said, picking up his purse and doing his best to scoot by Abe and not get stuck forever on the sticky floor. “Don’t be gone too long, don’t think they will hold off on starting the movie.”

“They should, don’t they know who I am?” Jackson laughed at himself as he exited the theater, making his way to the restrooms. Going into the stall he locked it behind him, hanging up the purse on the back of the door before hiking up the long black pencil skirt. He wiggled as he peeled the thing up so he could lower the pantyhose and then the panties he wore so he could free his member enough to take the much-needed piss.

“Being a girl is the worst when it comes to going to the bathroom!” He complained to himself, his words reverberating in the tile walled room. Hearing himself, Jackson clasped one hand over his mouth, like it would stop others from hearing what he had already said. He held his breath waiting for someone to yell out that there was a man in the women's room. Jackson sat that way for almost ten seconds before letting out the held breath and his pee along with it, now that he knew he was alone. Getting done he retucked himself back, pulled the pantyhose back up and lowered his skirt. Exiting the stall he washed his hands, putting the purse on the counter as he saw that his lip stick wasn’t right. He had touched it up after eating and drinking and wasn’t sure how it needing fixing, just another problem women had to go through he thought, not even considering that he now had some lipstick on his palm from covering his mouth a moment ago.

After touching up his lips Jackson made his way back into the theater, the trailers going and all the house lights now off he made his way up to his row. Jackson stopped moving one seat down from Abe when part of a trailer distracted him. When that trailer moved to the next he continued on his way, taking careful side steps while facing the screen. He was almost past Abe when the sticky floor mixed with his drunken state caused him to lose his balance. Jackson fell backwards, his hand reaching out behind himself to try and catch himself or lessen the blow. Instead of hitting the hard floor Jackson landed into Abe’s lap. For a second he was happy to not have taken a tumble, he had expected something like that to happen from the first day when Maddy made him wear high heels.

“Thanks for the catch.” Jackson said, trying to shift from the uncomfortable position with his ass pinning his hand underneath him, but in Abe’s effort to keep him from falling that arm was also pinned to his side with the arm wrapped around him.

When his date stopped walking, looking over to him and then the screen he didn’t think much of it, but when she pretended to fall into his lap he realized she had been planning

this very tactic. It turned him on with how forward she was being, first the teasing and now physically throwing herself at him. He gave the girl a taste of freedom from who he thought of as her soon to be ex and she was taking advantage of it. "You can sit in my lap any time, Jacqueline."

Jackson wanted to tell him thanks, but no thanks and to help him up. When he looked to him to say just that he found himself unable to speak as their lips met. 'Shit! I moved forward when he moved forward and we accidentally kissed!' Was his first thought, but when the man's other hand came up to the back of his head, holding him in place Jackson truly froze. Trying to figure out why he would kiss him and if this was really happening or if he had actually fallen asleep when he had sat down.

Feeling the man's much rougher face brush against his as their lips met Jackson's mind should have been reeling, but his cloudy mind seemed slow to process anything. He felt Abe's mouth open, his touch brush his lips. Jackson wanted to say no, don't do that, but when he opened his own mouth any possible words were cut off as the kiss turned into a much deeper french kiss. Jackson tried shifting in his new seat, trying to pull his hand free, but seemed to have no chance of success at his task. "MMMmmoooo"

The word no sounded much more like a moan of pleasure from Jacqueline to Abraham. Not only was she sitting in his lap making out with him like they were teens, but she was also rubbing him through his pants. He had never had a handjob in public before, but the way she kept rubbing told him that was exactly what was going to happen tonight. The girl was practically demanding his dicks attention between her hand and her ass grinding into him.

His mind was finally able to click over to panic mode, Jackson used his one free hand to push on the man's chest. He wasn't able to pull himself off the man, he was bigger, stronger, but still he pushed. Not realizing his fingers had moved between his shirt buttons, pulling them apart, giving Abe the impression of a girl ready to go. When the lip lock was released Jackson was going to let him have it. "Abe! Oh... ahhhhh! Abraham Downings sto..." All protests died before they could be vocalized as Jackson felt Abe's attention moved from his lips to his neck. No girlfriend had ever kissed him like that, he had a dream, one he wished he didn't have with Linc doing this very thing to him the other day. It felt like electricity was shooting through his body, making his toes curl. "Ahhh."

Jackson wasn't sure how long it went on, the kissing on his neck also went to his collarbone, his shoulder, back up again. His eyes practically rolled back in his head he was kissed just behind his ear after the small nibble to his earlobe itself. At one point his free hand had gone up sliding through Abe's hairs. They had even kissed again, a

detached part of his mind told him how Abe was a much better kisser than Linc, reminding him that he shouldn't be kissing any man the thought coming after the comparison. The thought gave him a bit more clarity of his situation, he could feel Abe pushing up, practically thrusting his hips into him and he could feel the throbbing warm member through the man's pants. Pulling back, Jackson shook his head several times, trying to catch his breath, while he chewed on the inside of his cheek. He needed to get free, to run... pushing on his chest again Jackson wiggled himself backwards, not considering getting off the lap in that manner meant he was going to fall.

As Jackson descended to the sticky movie theater floor he landed on his knees, the hand that had been pinned under himself now reaching out, the tips of his long nailed fingers caught under the man's belt buckle from the struggle. "Yeah?!" Jackson nodded to the question, he could clearly see Abe now from the light of the movie screen behind himself. There was a sound of explosions from the action movie, making it so Jackson didn't hear the next thing Abe said. When his hand was freed from the belt as he unbuckled it Jackson felt relieved, but when Abe also unbuttoned his pants and lowered his zipper that turned to curiosity. 'My hand is already free, why is he?' Jackson's eyes opened wider, his mouth falling open when he realized what was happening as the largest dick he had seen outside of a porn video came into sight.

The world seemed to move in slow motion for Jackson as he looked at the erect cock in front of his face, the veins easy to see across its length. The man wasn't exactly a tripod, but it just didn't seem right that he was packing that compared to what he had. Jackson didn't move, he froze again as he thought of his own member, realizing it was also hard or doing its best to be as it struggled in his panties. The kissing, especially the kisses to his neck had alerted his second brain that it was time to come out and play. His cheeks flushed, his lip quivered at the realization he had gotten aroused from kissing another man.

This was more than Abraham ever expected, sure he desired the girl, but for her to throw herself into his lap, give him an over the pants hand job while grinding her ass into him was driving him crazy. So few girls initiated, waiting for him, while Jacqueline knew what she wanted and went for it. He had begun to actively press his hips into her when she started to moan into his mouth, but then she slid from his lap. Kneeling in front of him while she used one hand to try and unbuckle his pants. He had never done anything public like this before, her kneeling there trying to practically yank his belt off had him moving to help her get to what she wanted as fast as he could. When his dick sprang free of what felt like a prison at this point with how horny he was, looking at Jacqueline felt like a wonderful dream. With the dim light he could just make out how her eyes were half lidded, mouth hanging open and he was pretty sure she had a small amount of drool on the corner of her mouth. The girl was drooling, her mouth had

watered at the site of his member. This was the sexiest thing that had ever happened to him. She had initiated all of this, but she had also gave him a hint of what she liked with the joke about being spanked. Jacqueline also liked it when her partner took control, it was probably one of the reasons she stayed with her current boyfriend, something he hoped to change.

“Jacqueline, wow, girls like you deserve a medal.” The words confused Jackson, but that was quickly replaced when the large member’s tip slid into his open mouth.

“MMmooo!” Jackson could taste the fleshy member as it went into his mouth, slid over his tongue. The musky smell filled his nostrils, as his eyes went wide enough that a doll would be jealous. Looking up to Abe he only saw a man with passion in his eyes, a look of pure lust. His mind felt so sluggish as it processed the idea of someone looking at him like that, no one had ever looked at him with such desire before. The look somehow made him feel appreciated, disgusted with a kicker of shame for even feeling anything positive about the situation. “Gulg, gulg, gulg, gulg, aahh!” The sounds came out of Jackson’s mouth automatically as the huge member pushed its way more into his mouth, till it came back out. Jackson felt saliva running down the corners of his mouth as the cock pulled free.

“Abe, you gotta...” Were the only words Jackson was able to get out before the massive cock that now had smear marks from his lipstick was pushed back into his mouth.

“Shhh, I know what I gotta do and what you want to do.” Abraham moved one of his hands to the back of his date’s head, running his fingers through her blonde hair, pulling her down onto him as he pushed up with his hips to impale her wet salivating mouth onto himself.

Reaching up to the hand holding him, Jackson wrapped his hand around the thick wrist, he pulled on it, giving himself a small spike of pain as it caused his hair to be pulled and giving his now lover another idea of things she enjoyed. The cock pumped into his mouth a few more times, Jackson wasn’t thinking when he tried pushing back on the invader with his tongue, allowing him to feel the pulsing veins going up the shaft as the head slid past, deeper into his mouth.

Jackson didn’t have a lot of sexual experience, but he had been given a few blowjobs before, some lasted much longer than others, the better the blow job the faster he blew his load. This wasn’t going away and he didn’t want to think about the fact of how much he enjoyed things till it got to this point. With reluctance, Jackson let go of the wrist, reaching up with both hands to the crotch it front of him. He placed both at the base of the cock currently in his mouth, one sliding up slightly, feeling the warm fleshy thing in

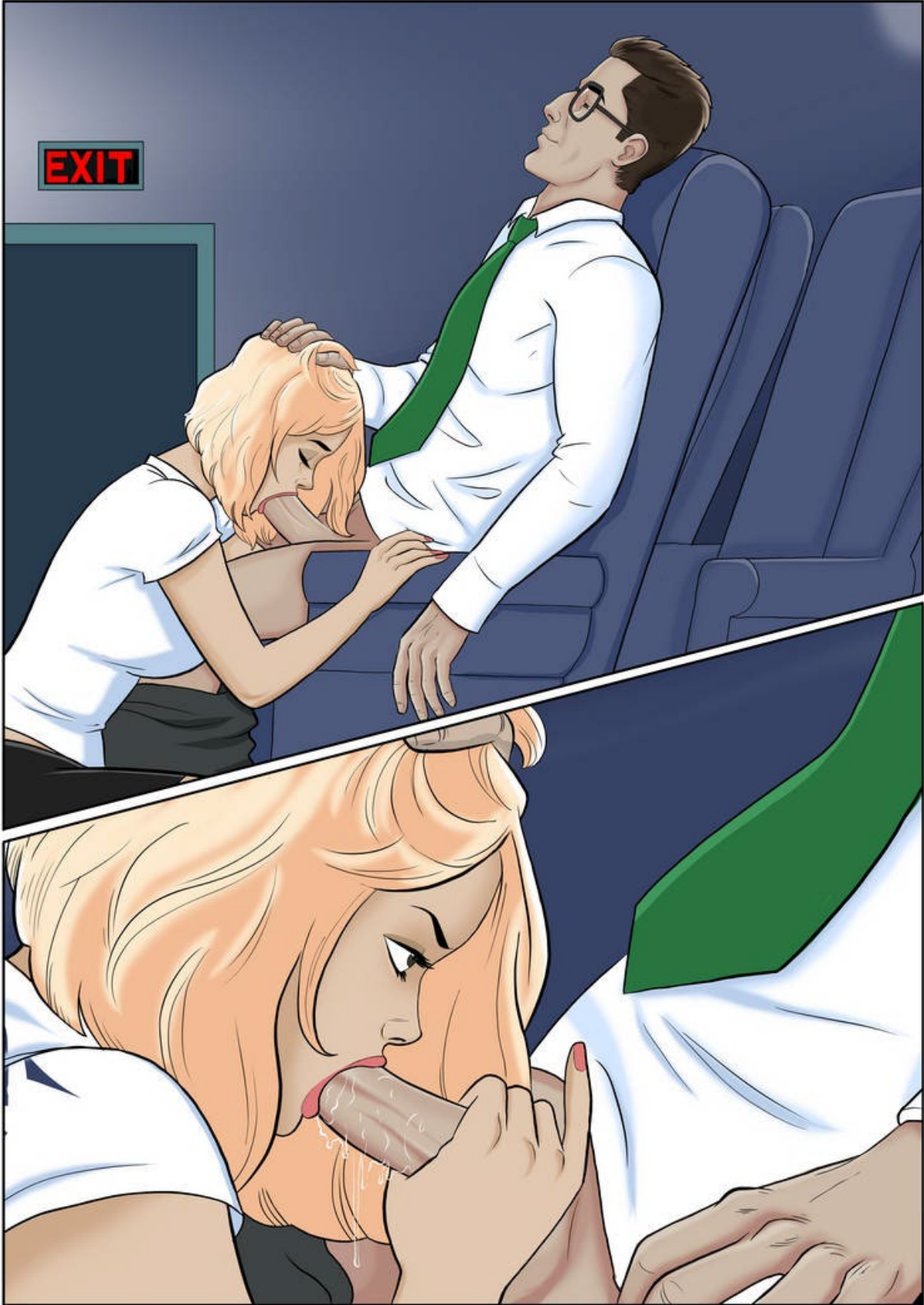
his hands. It was much like his own, something he had taken into his hands more times than he could count, but this time it was much, much different. His face was already being fucked, a hint of a salty goopy flavor had started his mouth, the only thing that was really missing was the actual sucking. Even after making the decision to go along with this even if it was just to get it over with, Jackson hesitated. “MMm, god yes!” He heard Abe say as a light pull of his hair followed, spurring Jackson into action.

Sucking on the cock as his head bobbed up and down was such an alien event that he felt like he was in little control of his own body between Abe’s directing their actions, the river of alcohol flowing through his veins and the medication clouding his mind, the two never being intended to be mixed together. He had no concept of the world around him, no fear of being caught with a dick in his mouth as he blew a guy in public, none of it was even considered. There was only one thing in his life at the moment, Abe’s cock. The thought brought a few whimpers to his full mouth, the sound seeming to just make the man move faster. That was when he felt it pulse twice in his mouth, like the shaft was quivering in excitement. “I’m cumming, ahhh I’m cumming.”

He knew the words, he knew what they meant, but his mind didn’t process them till he felt something warm and sticky fill his mouth. It tasted a bit bitter and salty, not something bad. With the dick in his mouth, he instinctively swallowed the liquid. “Hmmm.” Jackson closed his eyes as he whimpered again, the flavor and feeling of the cum present in his mouth as the dick deflated, still in his mouth, Jackson beside himself and unable to move an inch.

Sliding his hand free of the sexy vixen's hair, Abraham moved it across her cheek and jaw. In absolute bliss after shooting his load into the girl who continued to coo and suckle on him even after he had climaxed. He took a couple deep breaths before pulling himself free and putting his now limp member away. Abraham smiled down at Jacqueline, incredibly amused seeing her work her jaw a few times, closing and opening her mouth a bit of his cum on her lips before she blew out a small breath, causing the remains of his seed to form a cum bubble that popped. The popping sound caused his date's beautiful brown eyes to open, looking up at him. She looked as spent as he felt, but she still didn’t seem to want to move.

Reaching down he helped her up and back into his lap, she seemed to be content to just lean against him, letting out small coos of pleasure from time to time as the movie continued to play on the screen, both spending the time cuddling in the cool theater instead of paying attention to anything happening in the movie that he paid for.



Jackson felt spent, he could have fallen asleep before the adventures with another man's dick and now he wanted nothing more than to curl into a ball, close his eyes, letting his mind drift off. It hadn't even registered to him that he was back in Abe's lap or that the lights had turned on as the final credits rolled till he felt himself being gently shaken. Sitting up, Jackson blinked a few times, working his jaw again, it felt a bit sore. He was slowly waking up, his everything felt exhausted, he couldn't even work up an extra emotion for the taste still in his mouth. "Jacqueline, I have to say that was the best date I have ever had in my life. I wish it didn't have to end, but by now it is one in the morning so for now let's get you home. Unless breakfast in bed at my place sounds like a good way to start your Saturday?"

"I need to sleep." Jackson said groggily, the thought of Abe dropping him off after he had sucked the man's dick did not sound like the best idea. "It wasn't... it wasn't a date, I have a boyfriend." Jackson paused for a second, blinking heavily at the man he was sitting on. "You can't tell anyone what happened tonight. It didn't happen."

"It didn't happen? You didn't try to rip off my shirt while we made out and then try to pull off my pants to get at my cock? That is what didn't happen?" He watched the girl stick out her thick bottom lip, almost all of the lipstick from it gone now. She pouted as she shook her head, causing her chopping shoulder length blonde hair to twirl about. Abraham completely unaware that the girl's thoughts were saying that didn't happen at all, that isn't what happened.

"I tell you what, if that didn't happen, it can not happen a few more times and your boyfriend doesn't have to know." He would rather she come home with him, them sleep in on Saturday, cuddle before he cooked her breakfast and then she would have hopefully gone home to start planning her breakup with the controlling man, but he supposed that was asking too much after just one date, even if it was an amazing date. "Besides, you still owe me a drink."

To Jackson it sounded like he was agreeing, but the words were a bit confusing for him at the moment in time. "It didn't happen?" He asked to make sure they were on the same page. When he saw the man nod he smiled. He didn't much feel like smiling, but it had been forced to be his default facial expression for the past week and knowing no one else was going to find out about what just happened was good news and if he was willing to forget everything, buying him the drink or drinks he owed Abe was the least he could do. "Good, then I will buy you a drink later."

"It's a date." Jackson shook his head again, crossing his eyes when he stopped, the world spinning. "Nooooo, not a date. Boyfriend, this can't... didn't happen."

The way she talked, the way she moved it was clear to Abe that Jacqueline was still very much drunk, or that mixed with being overly tired after her amazing efforts. The blow job itself wasn't the best he had ever had, but the fact they had done it in public and she had initiated it brought the act to a whole new level. "Right, this never happened and it will happen again, I mean won't happen again later." Abraham gave her a wink after stumbling on his words. He knew it was way past time to call it a night when he stumbled on his words like that.

"You got it!" Abraham helped Jacqueline to her feet, happy that they were on the same page. While he had driven them to the theater, he had thought it best if they used an uber to drop her off and get him home. He wasn't a fan of having to come pick his vehicle up the next day, but the last thing he needed was to get into an accident when he got to spend such an amazing evening with a wonderful woman.

Scene 6

"What do you think about this location?" Madison asked, handing over her phone to Lincoln as the two sat on the couch. Each with their own laptops on the coffee table that had multiple tabs open about their discussion about a Florida wedding. Things had developed from discussion of if Lincoln should even take the offered job, if he should go through with the engagement to do it, who he should get to play the role of his future wife and right to what he even wanted for a wedding.

Madison had never been the type of girl to keep a wedding book for things she would want when she finally tied the knot or a wedding board on pinterest, but the idea of planning a wedding struck a chord with her. If she was going to get married to help someone out and secure her financial future... or if it was for her newly minted little sister things had to be perfect and if Lincoln was telling the truth about what he was going to pull in, then he could afford it. Or at least afford the payments on it for the next few years. They had been looking at various things, jumping from topic to topic when Callie texted her with a wedding venue idea. The pretty barmaid she had recently acquainted herself with didn't know any details other than Maddy was looking for wedding venues for someone and she just loved what was suggested. Taking the phone from her, Lincoln put down his own after reading the text from his roommate and sorta of pretend girlfriend that she was going to get a drink before coming home. He was happy his friend was feeling more confident with going out and about as his true self that had been bottled away, he wondered if the spike in confidence was because of whatever the stylist did, but he would talk to her when she came home he figured.

Lincoln thought about something and went back to his phone, adjusting the name in his

contacts from Jackson to Jacqueline. It was something he probably should have done already, but things had been going fast and considering the topic of discussion he was having his life was only picking up speed. He looked at the address on the web page from the phone, typed it into his laptop before handing the device back over.

“The Estate on the Halifax, it has just so much going on. They have a whitewashed little old timey chapel, a cute cottage that I think they call Snow White’s cottage that is for the bridesmaids before the wedding, a tavern, a gazebo and a train car where the groomsman can be before the wedding. This place has so so so much, and the site says the average price cap is seven thousand five hundred and we, I mean you.” Maddy rolled her eyes at her self correction. “Don't have to rent out everything, you can pick and choose so long as no one else is renting out the locations for the day.” Lincoln had stopped looking at the website to focus on the beauty next to him who had scooted closer, leaning into him as she looked to his laptop where he had the venue pulled up.

“You are umm, really getting into this.” Lincoln felt a small blush come to his cheeks when Madison looked at him with a smile on her face. He couldn’t stop the pink coming to his cheeks as he saw her dazzling smile and looked into her blue eyes. “Yeah, I guess I am. Bride or Maid of Honor I want this to be a perfect wedding. Shouldn’t be too hard when expense isn’t an issue, you just have your checkbook ready.” Reaching to the back of his neck Lincoln gave it a squeeze before rubbing it nervously.

“I never said that and ahh, don’t own a checkbook. Who still owns a checkbook?” Madison bumped her shoulder into the man next to her, grinning at him. She could clearly see the blush on his cheeks, it was cute that he had a reaction like that sitting next to her. He was her little brother’s friend and he didn’t have many of those, so she always considered them off limits. She didn’t think Lincoln was hot, but he was cute and if he was able to put up with her sibling she knew he was patient. She always had a habit of making jokes or quips about things, even when situations were serious. A trait that more than a few girlfriends or boyfriends found off putting, but he hadn’t seemed to mind, making him more appealing to her now that she really considered him as a prospect. Not that she was actually ready to settle down... she could picture herself in a wedding dress in front of the little chapel that was pictured on Lincoln’s laptop screen, getting married and then the two going off to the cottage to consummate the marriage and then one of her bride’s maids, Callie coming in to join them. Even if Lincoln reconsidered the open marriage idea she doubted he would ever complain if she brought a girl home.

“At this point it is just a turn of phrase and you might not have said it, but future Mr. Moneybags needs to spend a little to keep his wife to be happy. You did ask me first, and you are already dating my sister. I’m not sure how I feel about you dating both of us at

once, figure your crap out Mr. Lincoln Hatch, there will be no three ways. With her at least.” Maddy said the last part quietly to herself, not considering how close she was to Lincoln when she whispered it.

“Oh, umm. Yeah, yeah. Umm.” He swallowed what felt like a frog in his throat. “Is all of this...” He waved his hand at his laptop screen, trying to indicate the location. “Really needed? I mean my parents just went to a church and then had lemonade, tea and some drinks in the backyard.” Maddy frowned for a second.

“Needed no, but these are the types of conversations that ARE needed. If you just want your bride to be and a handful of friends then no, you don’t need all of that. You don’t even need a pastor, you can go up to the courthouse and have it done, but if you are planning to invite your bosses to be, then you might have to step it up and of course compromise with the Hart girl you want to put a ring on.”

“I hadn’t even considered people from the office coming. Do you think I need to?” Lincoln let out a sigh, his mind already giving him the answer to his question. “If I have to get engaged and married for the job, Dunn will definitely want to make sure it actually happens.”

The two sat on the couch discussing wedding ideas, at one point a pizza was ordered and a bottle of wine was opened, enjoying themselves. “I really don’t know how you can put black olives on your pizza, they barely belong in a salad.” Lincoln pointed his now empty wine glass at the girl on the other side of the couch, both sitting face each other with a medium pizza box sitting between them. Half sausage and half sausage with black olives.

“This coming from the person who said pineapple was a good pizza topping.”

“That is because it is a damn good topping!” Madison put down her empty glass of wine next to the empty bottle on the coffee table.

“If it is so good, then why didn’t you get it tonight on your half of the pizza?” Lincoln said smugly, like the point would end the argument.

“Mostly because I thought you would be a baby about it and say it ruined the pizza. The pizza I paid for by the way.”

“I’m not a baby, pineapple is okay in a drink or something, but on a pizza, no. Who even calls a grown man a baby for not liking food?”

“Me, I do! If you aren’t a baby, then prove it. We are going to order another pizza, a delicious pineapple, bacon pizza and you are going to love it, or at least you are going to eat it. I know I will love it and to use your own words. Who doesn’t like bacon?”

“You know we aren’t discussing bacon there Maddy, the bacon isn’t the problem.” Madison picked up the empty wine bottle, tossing it to him.

“No, the problem is the lack of wine. You run down to the corner store and get us another and I will order us a small delicious, perfect pizza.” Lincoln narrowed his eyes, glowering at the spirited girl, positive he not only lost the argument, but never had a chance to begin with.

“Fine, but if Jack... Jacqueline comes home while I’m gone, don't tell her about anything yet, doing it together would be the best.” Madison nodded, quirking her lips to the side.

“I mostly agree, together would be best, buuuuut” Her voice went up an octave as she drew out the word. “It would be best if we hold off on saying anything just yet.” She barreled on forward, seeing the confused look on his face. “What happens if you bring this up and your boss doesn’t actually follow through? I mean you will know for sure on Monday when he starts you on that manager training or whatever that is. Right?”

“Huh... shit you're right.” Lincoln stood up, tossing the wine bottle into the recycling bin in the kitchen. Madison turned on the couch to face the kitchen and front door to the apartment where Lincoln was, not considering how much of her legs she was showing in her dress.

“You should get used to me being right, if I’m to become your sister in law or wife it will be important to remember. The other reason we should wait, if you needed another reason, was because tomorrow night my little sister is going to follow through on her forfeit for our bet. Callie, her and myself are going to have a night out and I don’t need her distracted with notions of marriage. Single and ready to mingle!” Madison threw her head back laughing. “Now you run along, pick up something red.”

Swaying down the hallway after getting off the elevator, Jackson stopped outside his apartment door. One hand digging through his purse and the other on the doorframe to keep his balance. It took three tries to get the key in the lock, but as soon as he entered the apartment he happily reached down to take off his heels. “Ahh...” Jackson closed his eyes, wiggling his nylon covered toes he closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of the cold tile floor that was by the door and the kitchen before it changed over to carpet.

“Welcome home, you are home... oh wow, is it really that late?” Jackson opened his eyes,

hearing his sister's voice. There on the couch, looking over it to him he saw both Maddy and Linc. He felt incredibly exhausted, physically, mentally, emotionally. "Did you really dye your hair blonde!?" Jackson blew out some air heavily through his nose as he sighed, not liking the reminder of yet another change to his appearance.

"Yeah, big change... big change. Do you love it? Or do you love it?" Both Madison and Lincoln could hear the exhaustion in Jackson's voice, but they were far enough away to not hear him finish the sentence in a whisper full of self-resentment. "Because I hate it."

"I umm, love it. It looks amazing on you." Madison looked across the couch over to Lincoln, wide eyed, giving him a thumbs up where her sibling couldn't see so he would give a similar answer. If Jackson was going through these changes and did something so drastic as to change his hair style and color she knew he would need comfort and support. She... she, Madison tried correcting herself. The person walking to them looked all female, but Jacqueline had been Jackson for much longer and habits were hard to change.

Plopping down on the couch between his friend and sister, Jackson leaned his head to the side so that it lay on his sister's shoulder. "Being a girl is waaaaaay too hard." Madison patted her sister's head gently, it was almost two in the morning and she had come home with not only a new hairstyle, but her pantyhose were also ruined. She needed the support and Lincoln still hadn't said anything, so she gave him a side look that she hoped looked like a hard enough glare for him to speak up.

"I think your hair, honestly just... just you look beautiful." Lincoln didn't need Madison to tell him to approve of Jacqueline's new look, he thought she looked incredible.

Moving his head from his sister's shoulder, Jackson leaned the other way to lean into his friend, his head landing on his shoulder this time, letting out a long sigh before speaking. "Thanks, flattery will get you everywhere." The joke didn't play well in his mind, he had rinsed his mouth out four times in the bathroom at the theater when he excused himself to fix his makeup, but still the taste lingered. He was about to groan when he saw the two pizza boxes, one small and a medium on the coffee table next to a pair of empty green glass wine bottles."Oooo!"

Jackson leaned forward, opening the smaller pizza box, finding a few slices of pizza inside and nothing in the other. Pulling one of them out he sat back on the couch, crossing one of his legs without thinking about it. "So sis, what happened to your pantyhose?" Looking down at his legs, Jackson grimaced. Another reminder of what happened in the theater, something that didn't happen he reminded himself.

“I fell.” He didn’t elaborate as he went to take a bite of the pizza, stopping just shy of his mouth when he took notice of the toppings. “Pineapple and bacon... Maddy no pineapple pizza in this apartment. The bible says it is a sin or something.”

“It does not and for your information Lincoln here has come to the light. He enjoyed it enough to eat half of that pizza himself.” Jackson tossed the slice of pizza into the box, after he took the time to roll his eyes.

“Great, there are two of you now.” Jackson said as he slapped his leg before uncrossing them and standing up. “Come on Linc, it is past our bedtime, and I am not going to sleep first and have to listen to your snoring.”

“Yeah I don’t snore, that was you snorting and waking yourself up I would imagine.” Jackson put his hands on his hips to look down and glare at the man. He wasn’t in the mood, he leaned forward planning to tell him he needed to get off to bed like a stern parent would, but he still didn’t have all his faculties. He lost his balance as he leaned forward, his ripped nylon covered knee landing on the couch right between his legs while his hands went forward to catch himself, grabbing ahold of his friends’ shoulders.

Thinking Jacqueline was coming in for a kiss, Lincoln moved his face forward kissing her gently on the lips. Not prepared to be kissed by another man, Jackson touched two fingers to his puffy bottom lip. While Lincoln turned his head to look at Madison. “We will see you in the morning, night.”

Madison beginning picking up their mess, feeling more than a little drunk herself, it had been a long time since she sat with someone as the two polished off three bottles of wine together. She considered leaving it till the morning or afternoon if she could sleep in like she wanted to after staying up, but that was the kind of thing her broth... her sister would hold over her when she got on her sibling about cleaning up after themselves. She heard a crashing in the bedroom and a loud thump, causing her to laugh and think it was much more likely she was going to be the maid of honor, than a bride herself.

“Help!” Jackson cried out after getting the off the shoulder white blouse caught on his earring as he tried to get it over his head. The lack of sight had caused him to bump into the dresser, causing a few books to tumble to the floor.

“Okay, okay, just stay still.” Lincoln helped unhook the earring from the blouse, and getting it over his friend's head. With that off, revealing the corset underneath and the bra that held the now prominent D cup breasts, Lincoln sucked in air through his teeth. He watched Jacqueline reach behind herself to unclasp the bra, failing a few times. She looked at him with a sad puppy dog expression that he thought would melt the heart of

the vilest of villains. "Help more please..."

Happily he stepped behind, unclasping the bra, then moved his hands down. One on Jacqueline's hip and the other pulling down the zipper on the tight pencil skirt. She hadn't asked for help with it, but it was clear she needed help and he would never pass up an opportunity to undress someone that looked like her. Letting the skirt fall to the floor he got a great view of her thong, the hand on her hip moving down to her rear. When he didn't hear a complaint he gave it a little squeeze, leaning in he moved her new shoulder length blonde hair to the side, planning on repeating the previous night's activities. When he went in for the kiss, Lincoln had missed his mark as she stepped forward and fell to the side onto the bed.

Laying sideways on the bed, Jackson moved one long nailed hand to the edge of the corset it didn't feel like it was trying to strangle the life from him, if the compression didn't give him support for the new weight on his chest he would find the energy to cut it off with scissors or more than likely tell Linc to do it, but for now he wanted two things. To sleep, and for the throbbing to stop in his legs and that second one was something that his friend could take care of. "Hey, can you do my legs?"

"Do your legs?" Lincoln looked questionably to the now topless girl who laid in his bed wearing a corset, thong panties and torn pantyhose. He wasn't sure if she meant to massage them like the other night or to also help with taking off the ruined garment. Either way she wasn't looking back up at him, just laying there with her eyes closed and hands laying over her head.

"Yeah, yeah." Jackson said sleepily, swallowing some of his saliva, still tasting Abe. "The foot job thing."

"You want to give me a footjob?" Lincoln's mind going to a more sexual place as he looked at the rising and falling of the realistic breast forms. He knew they weren't real, but still the image turned him on.

"Mmm yeah, massage footjob thing." Lincoln pulled his shirt over his head, tossing it over in the general direction of his hamper and then pulled his pants down.

"Massage for a footjob, I can get behind that!" Stepping forward and to the side, Lincoln leaned down picking up one of Jacqueline's legs, one hand on the heel of her foot and the other on the calf. He pressed the heel of her foot to his stomach as he moved both hands to start kneading the ball of the foot and up to between the toes.

"Mmmmm" Jackson groaned, his eyes still closed as he felt his friend's warm hands

press and squeeze the soreness out of his feet. “Mmmm, yeah like that.” He said as he arched his foot, pressing against his friend, stretching out the instep of his foot while he felt thumbs pressing on it. He then felt his foot being lowered slightly as the hands started working on his calf, while that went on he felt a thumb run across his nylon covered foot. It didn’t push in nearly as hard as the hands on his calf, but the light touch as it pushed across his foot still sent chills down his spine.

“Yeah, I like that too.” Lincoln said, his dick free from his boxers, it slid across the surface of her foot as he worked on her leg. Jackson didn’t care if his friend perved out a little as he massaged his legs, if he was sober he might, but right now he was loving the feeling. He moved his other leg up so he could give attention to it as well. The massage made him feel like he was melting, it more than enough to send him off to sleep if he wasn’t fighting his exhaustion. Every so often Jackson let out another contented sigh as his friend lived up to his promise of being willing to massage his feet, something he felt was more than fair considering it was because of him that he had to wear high heels all day.

He was so lost in the feeling that he hadn’t even noticed when the massage stopped and only the foot job remained. Lincoln held up both feet together so he could press his dick between both the feet. Lincoln never had a footjob before and he was happy to experience what it felt like to have his member run across pantyhose. He always liked the way they looked on a girl, but he didn’t realize how much he loved the feeling. Lincoln had to hold Jacqueline’s feet up, but after moving them back and forth for a while she started to do it on her own. The experience wasn’t better than the blow job she had given him, but if she wanted to do this, he was not going to turn it down.

Picking up the pace Lincoln started to get more vocal, gasping and moaning as he got closer and closer to his climax. “Ah, ah, ah, Jacqueline... Jacqueline!” Lincoln’s eyes focused on the steady rhythm of his kind of pretend girlfriend’s chest as it rose and fell, completely lost in the feeling and having no idea she had already passed out. “Oh, oh, oh god.” he said as white ropey cum shot from his dick across the ripped pantyhose that covered Jacqueline’s legs.



Standing still, holding her legs to his crotch, Lincoln took a few steady breaths before letting her legs down easy. “That was new for me and I loved it.” Lincoln looked closer when no reply came, chuckling to himself when he noticed she was asleep. “Okay, a little demoralizing, but okay.” He wasn’t exactly sober himself and it was incredibly late so he couldn’t fault her for falling asleep, but it didn’t exactly feel good that he couldn’t hold her attention when they were doing something sexual either. Looking down at her ripped and now cum covered pantyhose he thought it best to get them off before he got her into bed proper.

Peeling off her pantyhose he tossed them into the trash, he considered trying to get her into some bedtime clothes, but he didn’t feel like he had the energy to wrestle a drunken limp body into anything. So he just turned her the right way, made sure her head was on the pillow before climbing into bed beside Jacqueline. Wrapping his arm around her corseted waist as he spooned her, happily drifting off to sleep knowing his friend was not only willing to open up to him, but trusted him enough to experiment as well.

Scene 7

Jackson opened his eyes slightly, regretting it immediately as the light from the window somehow magnified the throbbing in his head. He had just woken up from the noise that he thought was coming from the kitchen, all the clamoring sounded like plates and pots being banged around. He wasn't sure how it could be so loud, his bedroom... Linc's bedroom didn't even share a wall with the kitchen. Outside the bedroom door was the living room and sure the apartment was mostly an open concept, but sound shouldn't be going this aggressive. "AWWWW!" He rolled over, reaching over to the side to grab the other pillow and pulling it to the side of his head to try and muffle the sound.

The pillow did help with the noise, turning away from the window and closing his eyes helped with the light but now that he was awake he also feel the complaints from his bladder. With a huff he tossed the pillow he had taken from the other side of the bed and tossed it across the room before glumly getting out of bed. Jackson only opened one eye, and even that was only partially open to try and keep the light that was assaulting his head to a minimum as he made his way into the bathroom. Shutting the door behind him without turning the light on, leaving him in something much closer to blissful darkness, the only light in the small room coming from under the door.

Moving to the toilet he place his hand on his chest, only to let out another groan, remembering the large heavy globes on his chest and the corset. He figured the thing must have come looser over the night because he didn't feel like he was being squeezed nearly as tightly. "Why do I keep sleeping in this thing?" He asked himself, now realizing he didn't really remember coming to bed or much of the previous night. While it was painful to engage his mind, he had enough awareness now to pull down his panties, something Jackson really didn't like to even mentally admit belonged to him as he sat down to take a piss. He might have stood up just to take some control in his life, to show that he was a man, but with his throbbing head he didn't want to turn on the light or be told by Linc that he had to clean his bathroom because he pissed on the floor or something.

"Oh, that is goooood." Jackson said, feeling his bladder's relief as he pissed out what felt like half a gallon. Pressing his lips together at the sound of his own voice Jackson coughed. "Better? Better, better, better, there!" Each repetition of the word coming closer and closer to what his normal voice should sound like. It bothered him that his throat felt a little funny talking in his regular voice and the fact that without thinking about it he woke up talking like Jacqueline. "Im a man damn it... a man that drank to much with Abe last night." He said as he leaned forward putting his hands to his face, holding his head and feeling the very unmanly feeling of the D cup prosthetic breasts jiggling with the movement.

“How much did I drink last night? What did I do last night?” Jackson’s eyes opened wide, standing up from the toilet without flushing, and flicking the light switch on. The light bothered his head and somehow activating his stomach, causing him to be nauseous. He tried to ignore his bodies complaints from the hangover as he looked in the mirror. Seeing his newly yellow, blonde hair that had been cut into a log bob above his thin arched dark haired eyebrows. The trip to the salon Tab has setup from him was easy to recall, he didn’t remember telling them to do this to his hair and... he thought harder. He hadn’t been drinking not really just a glass of wine or champagne once he was there. “God Jackson, why did you let them do this to you? Fuck... fuck, fuck I made another appointment to get a discount.” He took a few rapid deep breaths, putting one hand over his corseted stomach, hoping it would calm down soon too.

“Okay, okay, today is Saturday, no work. That means I can just be myself... I said to myself!” He corrected his voice again, getting even more aggravated with himself and wishing he hadn’t raised his voice. “First something for my head, my stomach. Then some food... no clothes first... and” He looked down at the corset. “This thing is coming off... then we can just have a relaxing day, no girl shit. I can cancel the appointment and I can have two blessed days where I don’t have to even think about Jacqueline.” He said the words, but looking at his hair in the mirror, even as messy as it was from sleeping, he knew what he would think every time he looked in the mirror. Between it, his thin arched eyebrows, his puffy lips and the things glued to his chest he wasn’t going to fully escape this weekend. It was going to help when he got Maddy to give him the remover for his chest, but what had been done to his face and hair was going to remain. With another groan he took some pills, flushed the toilet and was about to reach down for the underwear he had let fall to the floor when a knock came to the bathroom door before it opened.

Jackson took two quick steps, jumping into the shower and pulling the shower curtain to cover everything below the waist when he saw his sister. “Good morning little sis... Eeeeew what are you doing in here, are you jerking off? Never mind, I don't want to know!”

“Get out of here!” Jackson closed his eyes tight as his head reminded him of the consequences of raising his voice, let alone yelling. “I wasn’t touching myself and you should be waiting for someone to say come in after you knock. How do you not have any boundaries?”

“One I don’t believe you and two I was coming in to help, I figured you still couldn’t get that corset off by yourself and you would want to have a nice shower. Especially with how drunk you were last night. But if you don’t want help...” Madison turned to leave,

not bothering to close the bathroom door behind her.

“Wait! Come back!” Soon as the words left his mouth Madison stuck her head back in the bathroom, having not taken even a full step away from the door.

“Well if you want my help should apologize for raising your voice to me, and don’t worry about the other thing. I get it, you saw a cock and couldn’t help yourself.” She smiled widely at her feminized brother, barely holding in her laughter.

“I wasn’t...” Jackson took a slow breath, knowing she could and would just as easily leave him with the corset on. “Can you please help me take the corset off and get the remover to take these weights off my chest?” Madison came into the bathroom, pulled a towel off the wall and held it out to her brother, not wanting another look at what dangled between his legs.

“Yes to the first, but no to the second, we have things to do today and speaking of doing things. Jacqueline, how much did you drink last night?” The answer to the question was he had no idea, but the fact she said no to removing the tits from his chest and her calling by the feminine name put him over the edge. Jackson was already in a poor mood from the way he felt and the way she teased him and all the girl stuff was just too much, he snapped.

“JACKSON, JACKSON! MY NAME IS JACKSON! I AM A BOY, A MAN, A MALE! NOT SOME BLONDE BIMBO SECRETARY THAT WANTS TO BLOW EVERYONE!”

Madison leaned back from the words like there was a physical force coming from them. She didn’t wilt from his outburst, instead her expression soured.

“My guess is the answer is too much, you never could hold your alcohol or know when to say to stop and on top of that you are taking xanax. I keep telling you LITTLE SISTER that they do not mix. You are going to keep your not so little fun bags attached to your chest because you need a reminder that one you have to pretend to be a girl or your life gets worse, so much worse and two. I do not take orders from you, ever. IN FACT I think the reverse should be true.”

Letting go of the shower curtain, Jackson pressed his back against the tiled wall of the bathtub shower combo, sliding down into the tub with his knees pressed to his feminine chest, his arms wrapped around his legs. “I... I just, I’m having a bad morning, a bad week in a series of crappy years. Now you... with this. I just hate you, you can be such a controlling bitch sometimes and... and I just hate everyone.” Jackson didn’t even notice as his voice slipped back to the feminine tones as he whined. He just wanted control of his life back, the more he thought about it the more he felt like he hadn’t really had

much control for a long time. Forced to be a girl was just a magnification of everything. He was stuck as an intern for longer than he should have been, he wasn't following the career path he wanted, he had no real spare money to date and even those prospects were pretty much nonexistent even if he had money to take girls out.

The expression on Madison's face softened for a moment till her sibling's words changed to hate. She pressed her lips together in a line, stepped further into the bathroom and threw back the curtain. Happy that in her haste she wasn't getting another look at her brother's privates. "Someone is acting like a moody bitch and you don't even have a period to blame." She tossed the towel over his face. Sure she had teased him, but she was helping him achieve what he wants. She didn't care that he might be scared of being accepted, she is the one that helped him look like the girl he wanted to be so he should not be blowing up at her.

"Wrap the towel around your waist so I can undo the knots for you. Then you are going to take a shower, wash that smell off you. When you get out use your lotions and put on the outfit I'm going to layout for you on the bed and so help me Jacqueline if you give me an attitude or don't do what I saw I will take you over my knee like the spoiled brat you are acting like. We have a lot to do today, so hurry your tush up or the breakfast I made you will be cold." Jackson flinched repeatedly at her words. He wasn't a weakling or some sissy, his head was just killing him and he felt so overloaded.

Madison put her hands on her hips, tapping her bare foot on the floor. She was still fuming, but the expression on her siblings' face reminded her of what they were going through. "Do you think you need to take a xanax?" When he nodded she did so in return. "Okay, when you get out of the shower and do your after shower routine you call for me and I will help you with your corset and give you a pill."

"Do... do I have to wear the corset again?" Madison shook her head, he was acting a bit pathetic. "Not that one, it needs to be washed, you will wear one of the underbust corsets today. Now come on, stand up."

When the corset was off Madison vacated the bathroom and Jackson got into a hot shower. Feeling the hot water rain down on him felt good, the steam helping clear his head. The throbbing hadn't gone away, but it seemed whatever little creature that was running around in his skull was less intent on breaking its way free as he stood there, hand braced on the wall, letting the hot water run over him. After letting the hot water invigorate him for close to ten minutes, he picked up the purple body wash bottle that tread Lilac and lavender. He much rather smell like the booze that he had sweated out, something manly, but he was positive his sister would send him right back into the shower. He wasn't even sure why he kept doing as she told him, the girl had always been

bossy and he just told her to take a hike, but... he took a little longer on that thought trying to figure out why he just kept doing as she told him. The only thing he could come up with was how much smaller and vulnerable he felt dressing as a girl.

Running the pink bath loofah covered in the scented soap between and across his large assets looked erotic, enough for him to start to feel his member get a little chubby, but he tried to squash that down. His sister had literally just given him a hard time about jerking off, he wasn't about to make that a reality. To distract himself he tried to concentrate on the past nights activities. He could recall feeling low and Abe from work offering to buy him a drink since he had almost bankrupted himself on hair products... products he wasn't sure the location of at the moment. They had talked about the potato balls with meat inside, they shared dirty jokes. One about a blonde never being bored if she was in male company bubbled to his mind, giving Jackson a brief smile. The one drink at the bar turned into two and three and they talked about a movie. He didn't remember going to the movie, but there was flashes of a sex scene with a dick covered in saliva being in front of him and figured they must have gone and scene something rated R, but he wasn't really sure what movie would be playing with a vivid sex scene like that. Everything else about the night was blank, well other than a vague memory of tasting something salty, like maybe the popcorn was over salted.

Soon enough Jackson was out of the shower, patting himself dry, an activity that took longer than just rubbing the towel over himself. Then it was time for moisturizing, an activity he really didn't mind, or he wouldn't have if it wasn't something he had to do. When he moved his hands up his leg, one hand getting up to his inner thigh he felt and saw himself starting to get erect again. "Jesus, I really need to get laid." He said as he grabbed a washcloth, running some cold water over it before wrapping it around his manhood to calm the excitable member down. With that done he wrapped the towel around his waist and went out to his now shared bedroom. "Jesus Maddy..." He said looking at what was laid out on the messy bed, before moving to the door, opening it a crack.

"Maddy I'm out, you can come torture me now I guess."

"COMING!" He could hear her feet slapping on the floor as she hurried, probably not able to contain her excitement with fucking with him some more he figured. Madison came barreling into the room she didn't bother to shut the bedroom door, stopping in the doorway with a frown on her face the second she saw her little brother.

"That." She started to walk closer to him. "Is not how you wear a towel young lady." She then grabbed the towel around his waist and yanked it up to just under his elbows. Making Jackson have to grab onto it so it didn't fall.

“Hey!”

“Hey yourself princess. I can see you have not put on your panties yet. I’m going to turn around, you put those on and don’t forget to tuck that thing away like the videos showed you.” Madison said as she turned around, letting out a sigh as she could still see her brother in the mirror over the dresser and covering her eyes with her hands. “It is like you are trying to make me look at your privates, you better not be getting off on some pervy shit.” Jackson just glared at his sister for a good fifteen seconds.

“Why do I have to tuck it isn’t like...”

“I said tuck that shit away, unless you want me to use the glue for your prosthetics to keep it tucked away. I will hate every second of doing it, but I will do it if you keep trying to show me your dick.”

“I’m not trying to show you my dick! You are disgusting!”

“Umm no, I think the one trying to flash their sister is the disgusting one, now hurry up!” Jackson went to squeeze his hands into fists, but all he succeeded in doing was stabbing himself with the long nails attached to his fingers. With great reluctance Jackson slid the red cheeky panties up his hairless legs, bending over and reaching between his legs to press one testicle and then the other back up into his body. The feeling was never going to feel normal, it wasn’t painful, just not right. Pulling his member between his legs Jackson pulled the panties into place. If it wasn’t for the tucking the panties wouldn’t be bad at all he figured, hell he wasn’t sure why men's underwear weren’t as soft.

“Alright, done.” He said tossing the towel to the side and on the floor.

“Great, time to make your waist nice and skinny just the way you like it little sis!” Madison clapped her hands together once. The peach and white colored garment she wrapped around his waist seemed much like the one he had previously wore, reminding him that he was the not so proud owner of multiple corsets.

“Jeez that feels tight!” His sides were a little sore this morning from wearing the corset to bed once again, but at least it had loosened, but now it was back to being squeezed like a grape. Madison smirked as she pressed her knee into her brother's back as she pulled on the laces as tight as she could.

“It is supposed to be tight, but the good news is I got your waist a little smaller today.

With your waist training and diet you are going to have that hourglass figure you love so much before you know it.” Jackson sat down on the bed, the corset helping or forcing him to sit up straight while he tried to compose himself. The thing around him had knocked the wind out of him, causing him to feel a bit dizzy. Something he unfortunately knew from experience, would pass.

“Alright now you get dressed, and put on your face, unless you want to sit around topless till your boyfriend gets back.”

“Where is Linc? And he isn’t my boyfriend.”

“He isn’t?” Madison gave her sibling a hard look.

“That isn’t real Maddy.”

“You swallowing his cum sounds pretty real to me.” Jackson’s eyebrows shot up just as rapidly as his eyes went wide and a blush coming to his cheeks.

“You know about that! I didn’t... I only did it because... look I’m not gay!” Madison took in her brother, toe nails painted, smooth hairless legs, cheeky panties, a narrow waist from the corset, breasts bigger than her own, thick lips that even without lipstick or gloss she knew would look inviting, long eye lashes, thinly arched eyebrows and while wet, blonde hair cut into a long bob hairstyle. She didn’t see the person she grew up with, Madison didn’t even think their father would recognize his own child if they said hello. She put her hand on the shoulder of the person in front of her, it was her brother, but no longer resembled him at all, other than them being a little shit that drove her crazy at times.

“It is okay Jacqueline, I understand. I of all people understand. Remember the first time I brought a girl home for dinner in high school? I flat out told Dad how we were dating and he dissociated, saying how it was nice I could go on little dates with my friends.” The corner of Jackson’s mouth quirked up at the memory.

“He knew, he just wasn’t... I don’t know, ready for it. I remember him squeezing your hand after dinner telling you that he loved you. So you knew he was in your corner, of course that might have been undercut by the fact he asked her if she thought about dating a strong Hart man like me. I thought I was going to die of embarrassment. You know I’m friends with her on facebook, she went and got married last month. She looked beautiful in her wedding dress.” There was a small sparkle in Madison’s eye as she tilted her head, smiling.

“You liked her dress?”

“Yeah, she looked great in it!”

“Hmmm, when you get married is that something you would like to see?” Jackson considered that question, he wasn’t thinking of marriage, heck he wasn’t dating and really couldn’t. He was lucky enough to just be able to go out for drinks and make a friend with Abe last night. Jackson also hoped he didn’t make a fool out of himself, but who knew what the future held. He could picture Tabitha or Lilian from the office in that dress.

“Yeah I think I would actually, just have to find the right person to marry.” He laughed.

“I’m sure you will find the right person, what do you like about the dress?” Jackson pressed his lips together, thinking about the dress their childhood friend wore at her wedding. His first impulse was to tell her he didn’t want to talk about dresses, but that first day she had dragged him to the mall she had insisted he look at “other girls” and how they dressed and tell her what he liked, what he thought worked and what he thought didn’t. This was just another one of her pushes or tests.

“It is one of those off the shoulder dresses, umm kind of like the white blouse I wore yesterday and...” He really didn’t want to describe a wedding dress to his sister while he was sitting there in panties, with his breasts fake or not just hanging there. If Linc was here he was sure the man would think he was getting a look into a girls locker room. “I will show you a picture of her later, aren’t you friends with her on facebook?”

Pursing her lips, Madison shook her head once. “No, we haven’t talked since I hooked up with her brother, who I didn’t know at the time was dating someone else and it might have all blown up. You didn’t know about that?”

“I can’t keep up with you Maddy, I wish I had half the luck you do when it comes to hooking up.”

“Are you trying to insinuate that I’m a slut?” She put her hands on her hips, she wasn’t upset, she liked her sex life, though the last time he called her a slut he had done it with a big smile on his face. A face she then hit with a pillow from the couch before he said he was jealous. Now she wondered if he was more jealous about her ability to pick people up or that she was free to be who she was, while he hid how he felt, who he wanted to be inside.

“No, I mean you are, butt...” Madison cut him off, pushing her brothers shoulder.

“Says the girl that blew her boyfriend in a supply closet at work. So maybe it takes one to know one.” Again, Jackson felt his cheeks start to burn, it occurring to him at the same time that his head was no longer pounding.

“Madison! Just... just get out so I can get dressed and... why are you still in your pajamas but I have to get dressed?” Madison looked down at herself, wearing a salmon cami and gray cotton shorts.

“Because I was cooking all of us breakfast, but Lincoln went to the apartment’s gym saying something about you putting in effort, so he had to as well and now you have taken so bloody long that it is going to be ice cold.”

“The gym? That doesn’t sound like him. Maybe he said that when he saw what you made. Can you even cook something that isn’t radioactive?” Madison glared at him, reaching down to the floor where one of the pillows from the bed had been for some reasons.

“Hey, hey, hey, don’t!” Jackson said as she grabbed the pillow in both hands, swinging it hard enough that when it collided with Jackson that he fell backwards on the bed. He started to laugh, stopping shortly as he felt the prosthetics jiggling with every move of his chest. He then felt another blow, this time to his thigh from the pillow. “I give, I give, I give!”



“I always win.”

“That is because I don’t fight back. Say what are we doing today that I have to get all well...” He motioned his hand to the clothes he was now laying on top of.

“We and by that I mean, mostly you. Have to do some deep cleaning of this apartment, I’m sure it hasn’t had a proper cleaning since before the two men moved in, but now that us girls are here we are going to make sure we have a proper clean apartment to live in, but don’t worry. I will help you little sister, we are roommates after all.” Jackson groaned, sitting up from the bed. He motioned to the shoes on the floor, they were a rounded toe four-inch heeled boots with a half inch platform, that had two buckles over the side zipper.

“Cleaning, deep cleaning in those? Come on!”

“You love wearing heels Jacqueline; besides you still need to get used to wearing them. The more you wear them now the less they will bother you at work. At least here at home you can take them off to rest your feet.

“Great, dressed up for cleaning.”

“Well that and tonight you, me and Callie are going out to see a show together.” Jackson’s eyebrows went up at that. He didn’t want to go out dressed as a girl, or anything dressed as a girl, but being around Callie sounded good, so long as his sister wasn’t lip locked with her that is.

“Great, what movie are we going to see?” Madison shook her head.

“No movie, you are going to make good on your wager from the game and come with us to a chippendales bar. We will have so much fun! Now get dressed little sis and I will warm up your breakfast.”

When she left the bedroom Jackson started to get dressed, regretting his wager. Not betting on his team, he would always do that, but he needed to be more careful about what the fallout of losing would be. Lincoln playing with his chest was demeaning, but he couldn’t feel it so it wasn’t a big deal, a deal, just not a big one, but going to a club where men thrust their groins around while wearing almost nothing or doing so when they had nothing on was not going to be a fun evening, no matter what his sister said.

The first thing he put on was the bra, it took him four tries to get it clasped correctly behind him. The now familiar feeling of the bra straps pulling down on his shoulders

came, but it also felt better to have support for the large breasts. They weren't real, but the skin they were glued to was and they very much listened to the pull of gravity when not contained in a bra. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, making a choice to face the other way instead of seeing the girl in the mirror. It was him, but also not, a sexy sight that could easily start getting him turned on if he looked for too long... he wasn't so vain that he thought it was okay to be turned on by the sight of his own body, feminized or not.

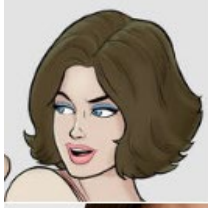
The next article of clothing was some suntan pantyhose, he always loved a girl wearing hose, but in Florida it wasn't something you saw too often, but with the seasons changing and the cold front the extra warmth would be welcome when they went outside. Rolling them up his legs he ran his hand across his shin and down his foot as he put his leg up on the bed. It felt wonderful and that wonderful feeling brought guilt along with it, he was a male and shouldn't like the feeling of nylons. He always loved running his hands over a girl's leg wearing them, but this was different. Jackson moved his foot down from the bed, purposely running one nyloned leg over the other, getting that one last feel before moving on to the rest of his outfit.

A red peasant blouse with puffy shoulders and short sleeves went over his head. Men's shirts felt different, looked different, but he wouldn't even be able to wear this blouse with how short it was. It was short enough to show a hint of his stomach, or in this case the corset, but that was all taken care of by the skirt. The skirt on the bed was high waisted, had four large fake buttons on the front, built in cloth suspenders that went up over his shoulders and then criss-crossed on his back, while the skirt itself was shorter in the front and went longer in the back. Then the last piece of clothing, before his sister helped him accessorize with jewelry, he figured she would at least or expected him to do it as there wasn't any laid out on the bed for him to wear was the boots.

Sliding his nylon covered feet into the boots he zipped up the side and clasped the two buckles. They fit, were snug and not broken in yet, but they fit... when they were shopping for clothes and shoes he only vaguely recalled this pair of shoes. Other than Madison saying the rounded toe had to be the style her little sister liked as that was the third pair she... him had picked out. Most of the time he just picked the least offensive looking shoe, but he supposed he picked the rounded toe more often because the pointed toe heels looked like they would squeeze his feet more. "So I guess this is my style, hurray for me. I have a favorite style for heels, rounded toe stilettos."

Scene 8







Looking up from his task, Jackson looked past the half wall that separated the kitchen from the living room, seeing the back of Linc's head as he sat on the couch. What had garnered his attention away from the oh so fun task of mopping the kitchen floor, something he hadn't done since he was a kid was the fact his friend had turned off the college football game on the tv. The Utah Oregon game was really close, even if he wasn't able to sit and watch it, at least he could listen and see a bit of the game, but now the tv had been turned to netflix so Linc could watch a boring documentary called Hidden History. "Hey! Do you think you could maybe pitch in?"

Lincoln turned his head enough to see Jacqueline in the kitchen. Seeing she wanted something he turned his body in the seat, moving his arm across the back of the couch. He had spent little over an hour at the gym that morning, if he didn't have a book on tape running through his ear buds he was sure the hard work of lifting this, pulling that

or riding the exercise bike would have bored him to tears. He had ended it feeling exhausted and desperately needing a shower, but when he came in the door seeing the way his friend was dressed as they moved around the apartment with a washcloth, a feather duster and a can of pledge for dusting. Those old nineteen fifties looks with girls dressed up, wearing heels as they went about their chores around the house was something he enjoyed. Something he also didn't think was real, but here was Jacqueline, not dressed like a housewife from that area, but still dressed up doing chores while wearing heels inside. While Madison had all the blinds open in the apartment as she washed the windows in a short dark jean skirt and a black blouse that she hadn't bothered to fully button, giving him a good view of her breasts inside her purple bra that had a tiny little white bow at its center. She wasn't wearing heels, in fact her feet were bare other than a pair of black nylons.

Instead of heading off to the bedroom he went over and wrapped his arms around his girlfriend's waist, giving a kiss to her cheek and loving the little squeak of surprise she let out. He still wasn't sure how the future was going to go, but soon enough one of the Hart girls would be changing their last name to Hatch and considering the footjob that happened last night he was feeling particularly affectionate towards the now blonde Hart sister.

"I'm happy to help you more. I unloaded and loaded the dishwasher; it should be running now. I changed our bed sheets and cleaned up everything on the floor." Jackson looked past his friend, over to the television that no longer had football on.

"There is still plenty to do!" Lincoln picked up the remote about to turn the tv off when Madison spoke up.

"Leave him alone sis, we don't have much more to do. Finish up the kitchen floor, then you can put on those yellow gloves and clean your bathroom and I will tackle the bathroom out here." Jackson found himself pouting, he had just thought about that morning how he didn't want to have to end up cleaning the bathroom and here he was having to do just that. He was at least thankful he didn't have some girly apron to wear to protect his clothes. His sister saying how she wished they had a pair to wear, but she would order some cute ones for cooking and cleaning in for later. He couldn't be too upset about Linc, or the cleaning, how he was dressed or even the burnt scrambled eggs that he ate. He laughed at the thought. 'I literally can't thanks to the little pills. Maddy gave me one, but I took another from her bottle, one is never going to be enough to handle what I have to go through.'

It was later that day, the apartment clean all three residents sat in the living room. Madison on the floor with her laptop sitting on the coffee table as she glared at the lines

of code on the screen. An emergency ticket had come in, an update someone else had put forward without testing had broken the connection between a series of computers and some associated printers. Her coworker had been lazy and just exported his work to all the terminals at the location without considering it messed with the naming convention of the printers and she was the one on call this weekend.

While she plugged away at the problem, that was more time consuming than difficult, Lincoln and Jackson sat on the couch. Lincoln sat on one end, with Jackson sitting up against him with his blonde-haired head resting on his shoulder, his heels sitting on the floor so he could rest his feet and have them curled up on the couch with him. When Jackson had first sat down, happy to be done with the cleaning Madison had already been plugging away on her laptop.

“The two of you should sit together.” She pointed at both people, Lincoln with her left hand and her sibling with the right and then moved her fingers together to illustrate what she meant. “You need to keep acting like a couple, you know, giving little kisses when one of you gets up or leaves a room or comes back. Sitting together, that sort of thing or it will be clear something is up with how awkward you two are together at times.” Madison saw the reluctant look on her newly minted sister's face, she really didn't get it. If they had already been intimate and they both now knew that she was aware of it, why didn't her sibling just act on their feelings? “I guess you don't have to if you want me to steal your man away from you. How about it Linc?”

Lincoln looked between the two pretty gals. Madison had buttoned up her blouse shortly after he had come home, a change he was sad about, but she had taken the time to put on makeup saying how the two of them needed to look presentable for that evening. Jacqueline looked much as she did earlier, but her makeup was more vivid, especially with her lips having that matte red lipstick on. The lipstick he recalled said long lasting, kiss proof it, when he had picked it up off his dresser. “Can I have you both?”

“Typical male.” Madison said, rolling her eyes, while Jackson just smacked his shoulder. They had talked about him not straying and committing to helping him. And they had talked about him staying away from his sister, something he seemed to need a violent reminder of.

“Aren't you dating Callie?” Madison looked up from her screen again, shrugging at the question when both of them knew she would be arriving shortly.

“I'm not your typical girl, I can enjoy two things at once.” Jackson glowered at her, reaching down to unbuckle his boots and unzip them before shifting in the seat to plop his feet down in Jackson's lap. Expecting him to just start massaging them.

“Well you aren’t going to enjoy Linc he is...” Jackson was about to say mine but felt a little queasy at the notion that a man belonged to him, even as he felt the man’s warm strong hands start to knead the muscles and tendons in one of his feet. “Just forget it!” Shortly after that is when Jackson ended up cuddling up next to the man, happy to be watching one of the college games that was recorded. It didn’t matter to him that Linc was looking at his phone, it was just nice to do something remotely manly, even if he didn’t look the part.

The game didn’t even make it to half time when a knock came to the door. Madison closed her laptop, tossing it into Lincoln’s lap as she scrambled to her feet and half ran towards the door. Jackson took note of how his friend’s eyes moved from his sister’s chest to her backside as she went past and was sure he would have turned around in his seat to keep watching if he wasn’t leaning on him. Before his sister could open the door, the realization he was still leaning on another man hit him and he jumped up, giving his friend a tight uncomfortable smile when he looked perplexed at the sudden movement.

The only things that had to be done was for Jackson to get his purse, one of the new ones that he had gotten the other day, a black uncured leather purse with a few tassels hanging down from the top. Inside he had the long girly wallet that had two twenty dollar bills inside that he had gotten from Linc. His friend wasn’t happy about handing over the money, saying how she... Jackson hated being referred to with the female pronouns. That she was supposed to be paying more. All he had to do was give him a kiss the cheek, pout and flutter his lashes and say “Pweeease!” For him to produce the money, it felt a little wrong but it felt a lot more hilarious. The other contents of the purse, many a thing he didn’t want to be carrying were two tampons, his house keys, a compact, mascara, lipstick, for some reason a backup pair of earrings, tissues, three condoms, a purple pen, two bandaids, some breath mints and his phone, with a small bottle of hand sanitizer clipped to the purses strap. With that and his heeled boots back on he met his sister at the door, who had slipped on a pair of four inch slingback navy pumps.

Callie hadn’t come into the apartment, she went back down the car saying she had to park on the street and hadn’t paid the meter. So Jackson hadn’t seen her till they got outside, the girl looked like sex on two legs to him, but considering the closest thing he had gotten to action was giving a blow job and cumming from a wet dream or wet nightmare he saw a lot of girls that way. Callie had her blonde hair in a braided updo, had lined her eyes with eyeliner, sparkly pink eyeshadow, her dark curled lashes told him she was wearing mascara and the way her lips looked told him how she had outlined her lips with a pencil before filling them in with brush of pink lipstick that made them look almost wet. Before he had to learn about makeup, he would have just

said she had pink lipstick and eyeshadow, not picking up on the little details, she had spent much more time looking nice tonight than she did for a shift at her job as a bartender and her outfit. Jackson had to contain a growl as he looked Callie over. She wore a black bodycon party dress that hugged her body tight, the hem wasn't short like a mini dress, but it didn't come close to her knees either. The bodice looked like it helped lift her breasts, putting a great deal of cleavage on display as the shoulder straps crossed over the rest of her chest, cross-crossing and without sleeves it left her shoulders bare. She had on a pair of what he would call barbie pink five-inch heels stiletto pointed toe heels. Callie seemed to match the color of her shoes to her nail polish and for accessories other than some dangling silver earrings with a pink stone the only other jewelry she wore was a delicate silver ankle bracelet.

"You look, you look." Jackson was about to say sex or hot while his mind said wet dream, but she didn't know who he was other than Lincoln's girlfriend and Madison's little sister, so he had to play the role he played at work. "Fab, really Callie you look ready to kill!" The pretty bartender gave Jackson a bright smile, making his heart beat a little quicker.

"I may have overdone it a little, but I have never been to a place like this. I would rather go to a gentlemen's club; the entertainment is more to my liking. The two of you look wonderful too, but I do feel like I should go back and change."



“NO!” Jackson called out, swallowing hard after he did so. “I mean like you look amazing and you can never be overdressed if you feel beautiful.” Madison saw the way Callie was looking at her little sister as she slid up next to her, taking her hand in her own and giving her a light kiss on the lips.

“Jacqueline is right, you are beautiful, and you promised to keep an open mind about tonight. Besides you are in good company, I’m an old hat and my little sister hasn’t been to an establishment like this before either.”

Callie smiled, wrapping one arm around Madison’s waist, returning the kiss she was given with one of her own. “I am a woman of my word, I will keep an open mind.”

“Good because you will be seeing your share of cock tonight.” Callie frowned but didn’t let go of the girl in her arms.

“Not a fan of cocks, but I am a fan of you.” That put a big smile on Madison’s face.

“Well I’m happy your coming to experience something I like. I do like cocks and...” Madison pointed her thumb over at Jackson. “Jacqueline loves a good cock. Don’t you sis?”

Jackson didn’t feel embarrassed by what they were saying, the feeling was almost there, mixed with his nerves, but the two beers he drank while watching the game with Lincoln had mixed in his system with the medication and he was feeling just fine, and more than a little horny looking at his sister's date. “Yeah...” He didn’t, but his sister wanted him to play a role and he had lost the bet. He blinked a few times, trying to remember if he agreed to come along or come along and have a good time or at least pretend to have a good time. He knew she had something along those lines, but he wasn’t sure if it was part of the agreement.

Madison was teasing her brother, but the way he stood there in his heeled boots in a pigeon toed stance, looking so girly made her want to push him some more to finally admit the things he had bottled up, that is was okay to be the girl he wanted to be. “Come on... say it like you mean it. Tell Callie and I the truth.”

He wanted to laugh at any of this being the truth, but he also didn’t want to stand out here on the street feeling the cool wind blow across his pantyhose covered legs and bare arms. Relenting only made things go quicker and that was exactly what he wanted from the night, for it to be over quicker. “You know me, I love cock.” When Madison laughed it caused Callie to laugh as well.

“Well I hope you love your boyfriends more, of course that is unless you like something better, something more feminine.” Madison narrowed her eyes at her date for the evening.

“I told you she is straight, you love your boyfriend and his dick don’t you Jacqueline.” That feeling inside of Jackson grew a little more, but couldn’t seem to make its way to the surface. He motioned to the car to indicate he wanted to get going, stepping over to the back door as he answered. “I do, I do I love my Lincoln and his manhood.” Callie scrunched up her nose as she looked at Madison.

“She doesn’t sound sincere to me.” While Madison had pressed her lips together in a line.

“Will you stop hitting on my little sister while I’m at least right in front of you. You are holding me while you flirt!” Callie gave a little shrug.

“I do like relationships.” She gave a little squeeze to Madison’s side. “But it was you who said I should try to have a little more fun and be more free spirited.” Madison huffed, shaking her head.

“First Lincoln wanting a three way and now you. We are not those kind of siblings.” Callie laughed, it was almost a musical thing to Jackson.

“I’m teasing, I’m teasing... mostly.”

Soon the three were off, paying the cover charge to get in the door to the club. The music was thumping over speakers, not loud enough that they couldn’t hear one another, but plenty loud enough that no one was going to be having any deep conversations. Coming into the club the trio walked past the bar, for a Saturday night seemed to have plenty of seats open and into a lounge type area that faced a stage. Currently there wasn’t anyone on it, but he could see a gaggle of girls chanting something he couldn’t hear, but considering one was wearing a little plastic tiara and had a sash across her he was pretty sure it was a bachelorette party. He saw a few older women sitting alone nursing drinks and one other couple. While a handful of men walked around the room, each looking like they spent most of their time working out to get what he would call pretty or show muscles. One was walking around with only a black speedo on, another a speedo and just the collar and cuffs of what should be a button up shirt and a third that seemed to have someone poured himself into a suit jacket that looked ready to burst if he so much as flexed.

“Like what you see?” Jackson snapped his head in the direction of his sister. He scrunched his nose up like he had seen Callie do to her earlier before taking a seat at the small table, smoothing his skirt as he sat and crossing his leg over the other at the knee.

“So this is nice.” Callie said, raising her voice. Madison gave her a look, knowing she was being sarcastic. She turned her head to the side giving her a small smile before patting her leg and then looked away, raising her hand in the air. Waving around her palm in the direction of the bar a few times before lowering it when she was sure they saw her.

“The first two rounds are on me, my little sister is a bit broke after getting her hair done. I would rather her not drink at all though.” Madison made eye contact with her feminized brother. Him knowing exactly what she was talking about. He shook his head, not to tell her he wasn’t going to drink, but to say there was no chance he wasn’t if he had to be here.

“Well I think you look great as a blonde, you should convince your sister to give it a try and then we can be a pack.” Madison shook her head.

“A pack of blondes? Pass, I’m happy with what my Momma gave me.”

“What can I get you fine ladies?” A deep baritone voice said, pulling all of their attention away from their own conversation.

Madison eyed the man up in front of her, he had light brown skin, wore the same black speedo that all the other men wore, a black vest that was open to show off his six pack and a white shirt collar with a black bowtie. The group ordered their drinks and soon enough were enjoying them as the music that filled the room changed so something softer as an announcer spoke.

“Ladies, we here at Men in Motion are hoping you are having a good time and would like you to prepare yourselves for some fun!” Right after the announcer spoke the music turned back up playing the song I wanna Sex You up by Color Me Badd. Jackson took a long pull from his Long Island iced tea, glancing at the glass with a smile as he enjoyed the sweet flavor of a properly made drink. It always amazed him that a drink with tequila, rum, triple sec and vodka all together could taste so good without tasting like he was drinking pure alcohol. Looking away from the glass he saw a lean toned man come on to the stage dressed much like the big men around the club and then another man, this one taller with much broader shoulders and then a third and a fourth as if the song had summoned them. The sight of their abs, their biceps made Jackson feel like less of a man.

Here he was wearing high heels, lipstick across his lips, appearing for all the world female. While those men got to look like that... it felt so unfair. Sitting there he groaned watching the muscle-bound men start to dance. "The world is so unfair." He whispered to himself. He wanted to go back to looking like himself, but even then he would never look like them and considering the sizes of the bulges in their speedos he would never compare. He brought his glass to his lips, drinking down half of the drink in one long pull. Closing his eyes as he tried to focus on the drink, instead of the music and the show that was on the stage. A task he found impossible, he wasn't even able to ignore the yells and shouts from his sister as she vocalized her enjoyment. Jackson felt her hand on his shoulder, giving him an excuse to look at her instead of the toned lean man that was closest to them on the stage.

Jackson saw her touching both himself and Callie. "Come on, cheer! Let yourselves get into it, it is all part of the fun!" He would rather leave, he would rather run and he was definitely not going to be making bets with his sister anytime soon. Drinking down the last of his drink he slapped it back down on the table a little harder than he had intended before doing as he was told. He had been to more than a few strip clubs, something he really shouldn't have done when money was so tight. He loved looking at the sexy woman, loved feeling them dancing on him, against him and he always left drunk, somehow both happy and sexually frustrated. The last part was tempered by his hand when he got home. One thing was always true though, the quite guy so long as he didn't look creepy always pulled girl after girl to them to try and pry that patrons wallet open. Tonight, he didn't want men doing that to him, and that meant doing exactly what his sister wanted, what she was doing. So he threw one of his hands up into the air yelling out with false excitement at the show in front of him. "WOOOOOO! YEAH!" It made him feel like if he died on the way here his spirit could say well it could have been worse.

So he ordered another drink and then another, the show on the stage going from multiple men to just a single one, changing from person to person. He knew men weren't Callie's cup of tea, but even she was smiling as she got a dance from one man, his sister cheering on both her and the person dancing by their table. His mind felt fuzzy, the world was... things were okay. Jackson knew he was drunk, but with it he was incredibly relaxed even in this environment. Heck when he wasn't feeling anxious or hating on himself or his sister for making him be here, Jackson was able to realize he had been much worse off. These were just men dancing, he was just watching a show, one he didn't care for, but it was just a show. Really it was more demeaning to have lost the bet to his friend to let him play with his fake tits and this was a far cry from when he was down on his knees in the supply room.

Watching Callie's expression, Jackson was actually enjoying himself, he watched in

fascination as the man took her hand in his own, moving her pink nailed fingers across his stomach and then down to his crotch. He was literally watching a girl he knew to be a lesbian run her fingers down what was obviously a man's erect dick that was contained in his little underwear, with the word contain doing a lot of heavy lifting. Sure she was doing it as the man guided her hand, but still it was erotic to see her face, she was smiling, but it was an unsure smile. He could imagine her being in one of the porn videos he watched, her saying how she wasn't sure if they should, that it wasn't right, but in the end she was still going to be blowing or fucking the guy and as she let the man guide her hand into cupping his balls he felt himself start getting hot and horny. This wasn't the environment to feel that way, but watching this girl, this woman that he thought looked like sex on legs when he first saw her this evening doing a man's crotch... Jackson wasn't self-aware enough with the medication and alcohol to know how much he was smiling, how it was a big enough smile to show the top row of his teeth.

"Oh yeah, you like that, you like that!?" Jackson could hear the man say to Callie.

"I do! Yeah Callie, get that cock!" Madison cheered on, causing her date to look over at her for some reassurance. The two cosmopolitans lessened her inhibitions enough that she hadn't even tried to pull her hand away. Jackson licked his lips, his attention pulling away for a moment as the waiter came by, him pointing to his empty glass. He was shocked by the sight he saw when he turned back, the dancer was now free of his underwear. Jackson had no idea that when his sister said they would be seeing dick tonight that it would actually really happen, most strip clubs didn't do fully nude... his hazy mind ignoring the shirt cuffs and bowtie. He had been wrong about that and wrong about the guy being hard, it was more like semi hard, but it seemed more like the guy was part elephant with what he had packed away. Jackson couldn't look away, it wasn't that he wanted to look at the dick, but it was the largest he had ever seen. He wasn't even sure how this man actually had sex with anyone without them being in pain.

Movement from his sister caused him to move his eyes in her direction, she had looked over to him, her eyebrows up close to her hairline, eyes wide as she nodded a few times. Mouthing the letters O M G.

"He's huge!" Jackson's drunken mind had him say what came to his mind unfiltered.

"I know right!? Now that is a monster of a cock! Jacqueline, you said you love cock right?" Madison tilted her head to the side, motioning towards the man that wasn't exactly having Callie jerk him off, but it was close as he kept dancing or well thrusting a massive smile on his face. Jackson felt a deep blush come to his face as he made eye contact with the man.

“I do love cock...” He partially whispered, repeating the words his sister had made him say before they had gotten in the car. A part of his mind yelled, screamed that this was wrong, even saying that was crossing a line, much like it did earlier. It was still better than the chant Madison tried to start in the car on the way here. “Cock, Dick, Penis, Cock, Dick Penis, we are going to go see some dancing Cocks!” It wasn’t catchy and she wasn’t able to get either of the other people in the car to say it along with her, though Jackson could see a smile on Callie’s face in the rearview mirror when he looked to the front seat. He imagined she was amused by how excited Maddy was at the evening’s activities. Watching them exchange some whispers, he only catching the words “At home” and “bed” giving him a decent idea of the topic.

When the man walked away, Jackson fanned himself before touching his fourth drink of the night to the side of his neck. He felt turned on watching Callie do that, not just because watching a beautiful woman let herself be controlled, led by a man to touch him, though that was part of it. Something about just knowing it was taboo, this girl played for another team and still did it, did it drunk, but still it made it hotter. If he could take her to the type of club he would rather visit, he wondered how far she would go there, letting another woman sit in her lap, to grind on her.

Somewhere in the middle of his fourth drink after another round of the man dancing together on the stage, Jackson was no longer caring about anything that was taboo or that he didn’t care for it, he got caught up in the cheers not just from Maddy and Callie, but the other woman around the lounge. “WOOO!” He called out, going up to stuff a few bills in a man’s underwear after Maddy had done the same, getting both her date and him to spend their money to encourage the show. This was their living Jackson thought, they should be paid. He would toss a dollar or two to a street performer if he stopped to listen and doing this, stuffing bills in strippers’ underwear was part of the experience. Jackson laughed along with the others at the table, played along when his sister was trying to embarrass him. He was way past feeling anything close to that, she wasn’t going to get a rise out of him. Jackson played along at first to show it didn’t bother him, but after that fourth drink had been finished, a glass of water on the table in front of him after he wasn’t even taking the time to consider anything, just answering without a thought.

“Jacqueline, what do you like?”

“Cocks!” Jackson said with a slur.

“What do you love?”

“COCKS!”

“Do you like dicks or cocks better?” He pulled his head back a little, furrowing his brow at what he thought was a trick question.

“They are the same!” He yelled back at her, raising his voice over the music. Sitting there he began to laugh, it started as a small thing but went on for twenty seconds, his chest moving more and more as the intensity went up. ‘I have a dick, and wow... I want to use it but I’m here surrounded by dicks... by cocks. GOD that guy was big! How does he even walk... no, no’ Jackson shook his head as the laughter started to subside. ‘He wasn’t that big... your just drunk.’ “I’m just drunk!” He declared happily.

It felt like just a second or two had passed, Jackson blinking, feeling a rough hand, a large warm hand holding his own. He smacked his lips together, blinking again, smiling at how odd it was to see the curtain of dark lashes. Wondering briefly if girls just stopped noticing them after a while, his thoughts moving like they were swimming through molasses as he looked up to who was holding his hand. It was the smaller guy... he was standing really close to him. Jackson wasn’t sure when he had gotten there. “You look strong... it isn’t fair. I would love abs like this...” Jackson spoke slowly as he looked up to the man with short cropped blonde hair, paying little attention to the gray eyes that looked back down at him. Only that his hand was being moved across his stomach, Jackson’s fingers tracing the edges of the muscles of the six pack in front of him.

“It takes a good deal of work, I don’t know about getting you abs like this, but I would be happy to work out with you.” Jackson smacked his lips together again, he felt thirty.

“Yeah?” He asked smiling up at the guy, having a hard time focusing on him as his sister made wooing noises next to him.

“Jacqueline, tell him what you love!” Jackson turned his head to look at her for a second blinking slowly, still feeling the had muscles of the man. ‘He is really nice. I should work out and then I wouldn’t look like a girl. Yeah...’ He squinted at Madison.

“Cocks?”

“Tell him not me!” Jackson swiveled his head, it felt so heavy and floaty at the same time.

“I like cocks.” His head dipped forward, Jackson’s eyes having to look higher up to look at his face. ‘He has a nice smile, I bet he gets lots of girls. So unfair.’ He hardly noticed when his hand was pulled down from the abs.

“Jacqueline huh? Nice name, I’m Blake.”

“Hi Blake! I’m...” He was about to say Jackson, but he stopped speaking, his mouth still open remembering he shouldn’t say that, but it taking an extra second to recall why.

“He knows your name girl!” Jackson heard Callie call from across the table from him. He didn’t pay attention that Blake was curling his fingers around the waistband of his underwear as he looked across the table, away from him to Callie. ‘She has such pretty eyes’ He smiled widely at her showing all of his white teeth.

“You are sooooo pretty!” Jackson felt warm inside seeing her smile at him. He then felt the hand gone from his hand it felt a shame because Blake’s hand was so warm and his arms were so cold. ‘I should have worn a longer sleeve shirt... oh oh a jacket or sweater yeah I could have done that.’ He moved his now free hand, feeling fabric in it. Jackson didn’t recall picking up a napkin or anything... there wasn’t even a napkin on the table that didn’t have a drink on it. ‘I should get another drink.’ He thought looking at what he was holding, a black piece of fabric that had velcro on the sides, they looked like underwear that were made to pull apart.

What he was holding hadn’t quite dawned on Jackson as he looked back to the man that had been kind of dancing in front of him. “Yeah, yeah he was dancing like did I pay him to dance for me like I did for girls. Did I do that?’ He couldn’t recall the moments that led up to his hand being held, but the sight in front of him was crystal clear. Blake now had no underwear and was way more than just a little hard. The dick was pointing right at his face, it felt surreal like he had been in this moment in time before with a cock in front of him that wasn’t there a second a second before. Raising his hand Jackson pointed at the member that wasn’t enormous like the elephant man, but it was both longer and thicker than his own. Jackson pouted looking at it, just another thing that wasn’t fair.

Blinking a few times at what was in front of him, Jackson turned his head to look at Callie. He didn’t think she looked surprised, she didn’t look turned on either. ‘She is going to go home with Maddy... in my old room. Why... why are things so unfair!?’ When he thought of his sister he noticed she wasn’t in her seat and turning his head the other way back to Blake he found her standing next to the guy. Putting a few bills down in front of him on the table with one hand and rubbing his chest with the other. Jackson shook his head, he didn’t want to see her touch a guy. He knew his sister was pretty and men would say sexy. ‘Linc thinks she is, why do I care if he sleeps with her? Why do I...’ Jackson’s half lidded eyes opened wider not because he felt his sister take his hand, but when she touched his hand to the man's dick. She had wrapped his hand around it, and made him stroke the guy. It wasn’t until the second stroke, Blake groaning that his eyes

snapped away from it to his sister.

“You said you love cock, here is one. I bet your mouth is watering right now.” Jackson smacked his lips together again, his mouth wasn’t watering, he needed to drink something. “I bet Blake here would let you suck on his manhood if you asked.” Jackson looked between his sister and the stripper, seeing his move his lips into a line, his muscles tensing as he nodded. His hand moved along the dick in his hand, sliding along it. Not fully on his own power as his sister moved it, but he wasn’t resisting either, he wasn’t even thinking about it.

‘I don’t want to suck Blakes dick, I don’t want to touch it... why am I, wait why is he excited to even... oh yeah I’m a girl, I look like a girl.’ Jackson’s sluggish thoughts were interrupted as Blake stepped closer, the dick only an inch away from his mouth. When Madison stopped moving his hand up and down the shaft he stopped moving his arm, but he hadn’t let go either. All his focus on the tip of the dick that seemed to want to stab him in the face.

“You love cock?” Madison asked with a giggle. She knew that she was told her brother had sucked on a dick, had demanded to suck on Lincoln’s dick, but part of her still had doubt. She could put together pieces that could show her brother's interest, his real feelings over the years, but she just couldn’t see it before and it felt off. Here tonight she now has Jackson’s... Jacqueline’s hand wrapped around a dick, her inhibitions lowered from the alcohol and she wanted to see where it went.

“I love cock.” Jackson answered automatically to the question that had been asked to him a dozen times that night.

“Do you want to suck on Blake’s dick?” Jackson shook his head, his hand still wrapped around the base of the male appendage that pointed at his face.

“Why not?” He heard his sister whisper.

“Because, because...”

“Is it because you have a favorite dick, because you want to be loyal?” He swallowed the almost non-existent saliva in his mouth before nodding.

“Whose cock is your favorite?”

“Mine.” He let out a whimper, feeling the dick in his hand throbbing from the blood flow.

“Yours? Jacqueline, do you mean your boyfriends? When you say yours, are you saying you own your boyfriend's dick?” He nodded again.

“Do you only want Lincoln's dick?” ‘No... I don't want any dick... I'm not a girl and... I want my own dick, but not like that.’ He self-corrected his hazy thought with a giggle, finally letting go of the dick in front of him as he nodded again, not wanting the man in front of him to know they shared a gender. ‘He is so much more of a man than me... but we can work out it would make things better. If I... if I worked out no one would mistake me for a girl. Then I could quit, why can't I just quit?’

“Don't just nod silly, say it.” Jackson had been so lost in thought he hadn't noticed Blake's expression change to something... ‘He is sad.’ Jackson flicked his eyes down to the erection, that was now further away, the man taking a step back when his dick was released. ‘He is going to have such blue balls, I'm going to have such blue balls.’ He couldn't help looking at the man's balls when he thought it. An erect dick right in front of him, Jackson couldn't help at least keep glancing at it, it was like a train wreck. Horrible and yet captivating.

“Sorry Blake, but umm I have a boyfriend.” Madison put another bill down on the table, giving the stripper a small smile, glancing down at his dick before giving him a larger one. She gave her sibling a squeeze to the shoulder as she moved back to her seat.



“So you like cock, but only love Lincoln’s cock?” Jackson reached for the water in front of him, shaking his head before taking a few sips of the ice-cold water.

“No? Then should we call Blake back over?” He made eye contact with his sister, shaking his head vigorously, the movement causing him to feel dizzy even as he still sat in his chair.

“So you like cock, but you looove your boyfriends cock?” When he nodded Madison leaned forward on the table, glancing over to her date before looking back to her feminized brother. “So say it.” Jackson smirked at her, giving a shrug.

“I love cock, I love cock, but I love Lincon’s cock so much more!” He said in a sing song manner while he kept looking into his sisters’ eyes. ‘She isn’t going to get the better of me!’

“I want another drink!” He frowned at the water; he wanted something with flavor to it.

Letting out a sigh Callie looked around the room. “Okay one more... then we have to go I can’t drive if I drink...” A hiccup interrupted her sentence. “I can’t drink if I drive I mean drive if I drink.” Madison leaned closer to her kissing her on the lips.

“You are always beautiful, but you are adorable when you are drunk and we are taking an uber back to my place. No driving for you miss drunk.” She said having only pulled back a few inches after the kiss, before going in for another.

“That sounds good, one more drink and then we get the uber.”

Scene 9

Jackson was in the dark. He couldn’t see anything other than some vague shapes thanks to a tiny bit of light coming from under a door a little ways ahead of him and to the left. Being in the dark wasn’t a big deal, but he found he couldn’t move. Not his arms, his body, his head or even his feet. It wasn’t that he couldn’t feel his body, he could tell he was wearing a dress with the fabric nipped in at his waist, how it stopped at mid thigh. On his feet had to be high heels with how his feet were stuck at an angle, he could even feel the weight of the makeup on his face. His hair felt tight on his head, but could feel it resting on his shoulders in pigtails he would imagine. His body wasn’t frozen, he could still feel his muscles straining when he tried to move, but they just seemed to be held fast, not even able to move his jaws or blink at his own command. Despite the situation he didn’t feel panic, or any anxiety, not desire to reach for those pills his sister had been given to him. Everything as odd as it was seemed like it was normal, even though his mind knew it wasn’t.

Standing there in the dark Jackson moved the one thing he could, his eyes. Trying to get a better look at what was around him, hoping his eyes adjusted to the dim light in the otherwise dark room. He either didn't have time for that to happen or he was seeing all he could by the time his situation changed. He started to move forward, not walking, he was moving on a conveyor belt of some kind. The door, a circular red one he could tell by the light when it flooded in as the door opened. The sudden bright light hurt his eyes, but he couldn't move his hand up to block it or even able to close his eyes, but it did allow him to see a few things as he was moved out of whatever room he was in. Inside there had been long metal poles moving, large gears or cogs locking together as they turned and rolled and what he was standing on was a brick path that was either gold or painted to look like it.

Understanding, or more understanding than he had a moment ago, came to him when he was able to look at his body. He didn't have the freedom to move, yet he now knew how exactly he was dressed. His long brown hair has been tied into twin braids, his lips a crimson red and his eyes done up with enough eyeliner, mascara and eyeshadow to make them look large and childlike. While he wore a tight-fitting blue and white checked gingham dress that did nothing to diminish the large set of D cup breasts or cover his legs with how it stopped halfway to his knees, his feet had little socks with ruffles that were folded down and his feet in six inch sparkling red heels. He could feel a strip of fabric between his ass cheeks and the straps of a bra under the dress. He looked like a slutty Dorothy Gale from Wizard of Oz and was still unable to move as the yellow brick road moved instead of him walking.

A single roar of a lion could be heard overhead as he saw someone else standing just off the path on some grass... or fake grass. It was his sister Madison wearing a white and pink dress that exposed much of her cleavage and was nearly as short as his own dress, she wore it with thigh high white stockings and pink heels with a little bow. She also wore a silvery crown, small white wings like she had borrowed them from a Victoria's Secret model and a wand with a star at the end that looked close to the size of his head. He wanted to call out to her, ask her what was going on, he somehow knew that had happened before and would keep happening, but not exactly what was happening. Jackson found only muffled sounds coming from his mouth as he moved closer to her.

"Mmddy!" Trying to call out her name wasn't working and she didn't seem to have any inclination to respond to him, but he could see her moving. Tilting her head from side to side with a big smile on her face that seemed less than real. She wasn't blinking, the movements of her head seemed jerky, along with her arm as it moved up and down moving the wand. When he started to pass her he felt something hard slap into his ass hard enough that he went down to his knees.

“Oh!” His jaw lowered, his puffy red lips forming into an O as he turned his head away from his sister and out into a void, his eyes opening widely in surprise, but not from any control of his own. Jackson felt like he had to move that way, like one might have to move a limb when it cramped up. All of his movements were off, even him falling to his knees felt unnatural just like those of his sister. It was like they were both some dolls in a nightmare. Nothing that scared him, it was just life, this was his life. That thought more than anything brought fear to his mind as a shiver went down his spine.

The road kept on moving, someone side stepped out into the road, but also somehow hovering just over it as the road kept on moving. The figure was dressed as the scarecrow from Wizard of Oz and even though the road moved it stayed right in front of him. Still down on his knees, Jackson’s head moved outside of his own will as he faced the scarecrow allowing him to get a better look at it. It was Lincoln, he was here too. The sight of his friend filled Jackson with hope, he wanted to call out to him, ask him to help him get free or at least off the road, but his mouth was still open and Jackson found himself leaning forward more to put the scarecrow’s wooden dick in his mouth than he hadn’t even noticed was out. The wooden shaft slid past his lips, the scarecrow, Linc thrust his hips back and forth as Jackson himself bobbed his head up and down a few times before the taste of wood was joined by the slimy, creamy, salty flavor of a man’s seed.

Soon as it filled his mouth Jackson’s lips closed and with no control over his jaw was forced to either hold it all in his mouth or swallow it down. He truly didn’t want to swallow it, but he found himself doing just that as he fell forward onto his hands when the Linc side stepped back out of his path. Jackson could feel the slimy substance move down his throat as he saw someone else to the side of the yellow brick road. A man dressed in metal armor that looked like a cheap light movie prop version of something a knight might wear. He hoped this wouldn’t be a repeat, as he watched the knight’s visor rise, showing the face of Abraham from the office. The fear that he would now be bobbing his head up and down in a mock blow job on him passed as Jackson happily kept moving past him. That was when Jackson felt the metal hands on his hips, his head moving on its own to look back at Abe with a smile on his face.



Jackson could feel the thong between his ass cheeks being parted as something pressed against his ass and then into it. Jackson of course had never had anal sex before, he never even considered letting a girl peg him. Yet here he was being fucked by a metal dick that seemed to vibrate inside of him, causing waves of pleasure to move through his body each time the man thrust and he pushed himself back into him, trying to get him to go deeper. Still with the knowledge that this was just normal, this was the trip down the yellow brick road. Then as suddenly as it started it was over, Jackson could feel some sort of liquid inside of his rear as the hands on his hips pulled away without a word.

The yellow brick road continued forward to a green door with the word Oz written on it. Relief went through Jackson as the trip was over, he was at the end, or at least he hoped so as the door opened and he was moved inside the room he had just exited a moment or so ago. The door closed behind him as he stood back up straight as the floor moved him to the center of the room and the door shut behind him, leaving Jackson again in darkness.

There Jackson stood, unable to move trying to figure out what sort of sick wizard of oz fetish this was when the floor eventually started to move again. He wasn't sure how long he had been in there other than he no longer felt the cum that had been deposited in him from both ends. When the floor moved the door in front of him opened just as it had before, the sound of a lion roaring happened again, this time twice. His sister dressed as a tarted up good witch slapped his ass with her wand that was more of a paddle, but this time it happened twice. He met up with Linc, swallowing down his cum again, but this time he had been given two loads of the white substance and two in his ass from Abe. It was all normal, this was his life he had no control and simply had to do what was expected of him.

Then it all happened again, with three roars from the lion, three swats to his ass and it finally hit Jackson as his mouth engulfed the wooden cock, his cheeks sucking in as he ran on autopilot to suck his friend, the scarecrow off. He was on some sexed-up coo coo clock. Soon as the thought crossed his mind he could picture it all as if he was standing off in the void watching the figurines move about. There were the doors on either side of the base of the clock with a yellow brick road connecting them where he ran the gauntlet every hour, feeling the other miniatures attentions a number of times equal to the hour. Above them a clock face and above that another window with monkeys with wings to either side that would open that door every hour to let out the lion to roar.

With that knowledge Jackson found he could move, or almost move. He had a choice to stay on the road where knew it was safe, or fall off into the void. Into the unknown where the only thing he could be sure about was that there were bad things he would

have to face. When everything moved for the fourth time Jackson wondered what he should do as he felt the swats to his ass, each one more painful than the last. The path was moving him to Lincoln, who this time would be filling his mouth with four loads of cum. That was the breaking point, that and the knowledge by midnight it would be twelve he was taking in both ends. The unknown had to be better than this, it had to be. He hoped, he prayed as he made the only move he could, rolling off the path and falling off the clock.

Jackson woke up with a gasp as he sat up in bed. He looked at his hands, they were his, he was able to move, even if they looked so much girlier with the long-painted nails. Looking around the room he saw that he was in Linc's room, in bed with him. The man himself somehow slept on his stomach with his face pointing towards the bathroom and away from himself. On the nightstand next to Jackson he found a bottle of water and some medicine for the headache he became very aware of right when he saw it. Taking the pills and guzzling down the water Jackson slipped from the bed, having to put a hand to the wall or furniture as he walked. The world seemed to be spinning or moving up and down like on a boat, but not at the same time and it was incredibly disorienting. "I'm never drinking again." He said to himself not recalling how he got here or much of the evening other than some chant with the word dick and cock in it about loving them. "Definitely not drinking ever again."

Getting to the bathroom he cursed himself when he turned on the light and then closed the door hoping he didn't wake up Linc. The way he looked now was not how he wanted anyone to see him, it didn't matter he had just been laying next to him. He wasn't wearing anything extra from what he had put on earlier that day, or yesterday... he was wearing less. Just the panties and the corset, nothing more. Even with his twisting stomach and throbbing head the sight of the disheveled topless blonde with large breasts caused his dick to come to life. He seemed to no longer be tucked and the panties were hardly up to the challenge of keeping his member contained. Reaching down he touched his dick through the soft panties, making him more aware of his need as he mind woke more. He rubbed it a few times, looking into his reflection, feeling himself get more and more turned on.

Jackson pulled his hand away from his member like it had been a snake that bit him. He had gotten an impression of an overly large man's dick that was almost thick enough to be a limb and someone holding it. His mind reeled; he really hoped it hadn't been him, but he could really picture anything that happened clearly. This was all wrong, not just the flash of memory, but touching himself while looking at himself. He shouldn't even look like that... so sexy, a vision he shouldn't be seeing he told himself. Closing his eyes he pressed his hand to his forehead, moving his fingers so he held his head, tightening his grip like doing so would contain the headache. He stood that way for over a minute

before he opened his eyes, taking a washcloth off the counter and soaking it in hot water. First to be used to help calm down his sexually charged lower brain and then to press on his forehead to try and cool off the bigger brain that should be making better choices but seemed to have been on vacation.

Holding the washcloth to his head Jackson pointed at his reflection. “You are done Jacqueline, today was your last day. Damned the consequences, I’m fucking done.” The personal speech to try and muster his resolve would have gone better for him if he didn’t then have to lean over the sink as his mouth watered and his stomach alerted him that it was time for an evacuation. When he was done he used the rag to wipe off his sick, before trying to rinse it off a bit and toss it into the hamper. He felt terrible and really just wanted to go back to sleep, but when he turned off the light and stepped back into the bedroom he didn’t want to slide back into a bed with another man. That was some excuse because Jacqueline was dating Linc, but that bullshit was over. So he grabbed the pillow off the bed and the blanket that Lincoln had kicked off of him. Jackson wanted the sheet too, but that was being used by his friend so he left that and the room. Curling up on the couch that wasn’t comfortable enough for anyone to sleep on, unless they were exhausted like Jackson was.

Scene 10

Sunday morning, Jackson lay curled up in a ball on the couch, clutching the blanket to himself as he slept. Completely unaware of his sister and Callie standing over him. “It is almost noon, do you think we should wake her?” Callie asked, thinking how Jacqueline didn’t look very comfortable sleeping like that.

Madison wasn’t sure why Jackie was sleeping out here on the couch and it didn’t much matter to her at the moment. “No leave her be, we don’t need her to go have brunch and I don’t want to wait around for her to get ready and end up missing unlimited mimosas.” Callie tilted her head to the side moving some hair behind her ear as she looked over at the pretty brunette.

“I think I will go with bellinis today, I’m feeling more in the mood for peach than orange. You sure we shouldn’t invite her?” Madison waved her hand in the air at the question.

“No, she can figure out her own food with her boyfriend.” Callie looked over to the open bedroom door and the empty bed that was in sight.

“Where is your roommate anyhow?” Maddison gave a shrug before walking around the couch to grab her purse.

“I haven’t seen him, but he mentioned something about setting up a gym schedule where he goes every day except Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.” Callie nodded following her.

“Good for him, I haven’t been to the gym in what feels like ages. I need to get back there and work on my glutes.” Madison let her female friend walk past her, reaching out to give her rear a smack. “Oooh!”

“Your glutes look great to me!” She tried to give a charming smile to makeup for the physical assault. Callie fully turned around, taking a step into Maddison’s personal space.

“You are so bad.” She said before giving her a kiss. “Now behave, we are about to be out in public. Today is Sunday, if you make a scene those good church folk are going to have a heart attack when they realize they have a lesbian couple dining with them.”

The closing of the heavy front door made a loud enough sound that Jackson awoke with a snort. Sitting up, he looked around the living room. Unsure of his surroundings for a few seconds, his mind once again reminding him of his bad life decisions as it throbbed. He remembered waking up last night and going to the bathroom and deciding he had enough of things. Enough of drinking, enough of this girl bullshit, but he couldn’t really remember much of what happened before that when he was out with his sister. The start of the evening was crystal clear, with Callie looking like something from a wet dream and then the drinks, he had several... to many drinks. He wasn’t new to time traveling as he liked to think of being blackout drunk. He had never been good with holding his liquor and not shy about drinking it when he wanted to party. Or celebrate, or forget something. He wasn’t an alcoholic though, he could quit anytime he wanted and right now that was at the top of his priorities. The light from the room stung his eyes, his stomach was queasy and his head was killing him. It wasn’t nearly as bad as the day before, but two days in a row of this... or three days. No shit he had time traveled and suffered the consequences four days in a row. “Get your shit together.” He told himself shifting on the couch to a sitting position.

Jackson glanced around for his phone before remembering or partially remembering it being in his purse. A thought he didn’t enjoy having at all. Wrapping the blanket around himself he stood up, listening to the apartment, hearing no one around. He moved over to the half wall between the living room and the kitchen where a pseudo bar had been set up to pick up his purse. He considered fishing through it to get his phone, but he also needed a shower. Jackson held up one of his arms taking a whiff. ‘Yeah, I need a shower...’ Moving back to Linc’s room that he shared he tossed the blanket back on the bed before sitting down with the purse next to him.

Sitting there for a few seconds without moving, Jackson reached up with both hands, placing them on either side of his head. Giving a squeeze to try and hold back the pounding. ‘God I know I took... I think I took something for my head before going out to the couch. What do I have a new super headache that is resistant to drugs?’ He sat like that for another minute before removing his hands so he could use them to look through the purse with little leather tassels. Seeing its contents just made him more sure this had to be over, but he pushed those to the side to grab his phone. It was a reminder that his cell phone carrier had already changed his name, something else he would have to fix.

Jackie: Hey Maddy, where are you at?

Maddy: Just about to get out of the car to have brunch with Callie

Jackie: Oh

Jackie: If you haven’t gone in yet could you come back home?

Jackie: or just tell me where the solvent is for these stupid fake tits

Maddy: Not a chance to the first and still no to the second

Jackie: They NEED to come off!

Maddy: I put the solvent with some personal things aside so it didn’t get lost

Maddy: And I don’t want you go through my stuff, stay out of my room

Jackie: That is my room, you are just staying there

Maddy: I already gave your boyfriend my part of the rent, it is mine now little sis.

Maddy: Stay out!

Throwing the phone on the bed it bounced once before coming to rest atop the blanket Jackson had pilfered the night before while he groaned. “Madison Hart, always willing to lend a hand so long as she can reach her controlling tentacles around. I should just go in there and find it anyway.” Jackson considered doing just that before making the decision it would be for the worst. He didn’t actually know how to use it correctly and really didn’t want to lose the skin on his pecs trying to remove the heavy globes from his chest. So instead, he went about his morning routine, after getting the ever tight corset off of his waist.

After finishing his workout Lincoln rubbed each of his thighs with his palms. The gym at the apartment complex wasn’t large, one treadmill, two exercise bikes, a rowing machine, a combination all in one type machine with adjustable weight plates, a bench press and some dumbbells lined up along one wall with a bench. He had taken the time to write out what his routine was going to be, Mondays and Fridays off and each day in the gym would start with a single rep for an overall workout and then the rest of the time he would do every other day focusing the rest of his time on either lower body or upper body. Today had been a leg day and his muscles were complaining about his current life choices. Rubbing his sore legs one last time Lincoln tossed his short towel around his

neck and made his way back to the apartment. Coming inside the apartment the kitchen was almost immediately to the right of the door and standing there was friend Jackson looking oddly dressed.

Not long ago seeing Jackson wearing a skirt would have been odd, but today his feminine friend stood barefoot in the kitchen wearing one of his shirts. Lincoln looked his friend and girlfriend or pretend girlfriend over, he wasn't sure where they were exactly. Golden hair like sunshine, a drastic difference from their normal much longer brunette hair had been pulled back into a low ponytail. No makeup, no earrings... no jewelry at all he noticed. They had on one of his button up navy blue shirts with black buttons, that was at least two sizes too big for their frame and a pair of tight fitting lycra black gym shorts. "Good morning! Is that coffee I smell?" Lincoln asked, smelling the wonderful aroma coming up from the mug his friend was holding.

"Yeah, morning. Umm yeah, want me to make you a cup?" Jackson glanced back at the coffee pot, he hadn't made a fresh cup it was just reheated from the other day, but the pot had maybe enough for another mug.

"That would be great." Lincoln took a single step into the kitchen, giving the pretty blonde a kiss on the cheek before walking away, heading towards his, now their bedroom. "Let me just grab a quick shower." Jackson lifted his shoulder to wipe at his cheek, frowning at not just the act, but at the casualness of it.

"Sorry about borrowing your shirt, but I just couldn't wear..." Jackson pressed his lips together as Lincoln disappeared into his room. Every shirt he had was made to be tight or revealing or tight and revealing to show off his impressive, but fake assets. When Maddy got home they would be gone and the good lord allowing, forgotten.

"Don't worry about it, you look cute in my shirt!" Jackson glared at the doorway. 'So he could hear me...' He sighed. He didn't want to wear the shorts either or for that matter the panties, but he couldn't exactly borrow Linc's boxers. They would be loose, and he didn't have many options for clothes of his own stuff that wasn't a dress or a skirt. He really needed Maddy to come home so he could get her to take his things out of storage, he thought as he took a sip of coffee. The shower, some medicine and time had done a lot to improve the way he felt after so much drinking, but he really needed a day to just recharge. After another sip of his coffee he made a second mug adding in a splash of the hazelnut creamer that Maddy had in the fridge, giving it a few stirs with a spoon before bringing it into the bedroom and placing it on the dresser. The sound of the shower could be heard through the thin bathroom door. "I should really join him." Jackson said flexing one skinny arm, it would certainly make me feel like a man again." He thought feeling the fabric from the panties between his ass cheeks and the sway of the fake

breasts, free of a bra as he moved back to the living room to turn on Sports Center.

“Thanks for this.” Lincoln said coming into the living room to see Jacqueline’s long legs propped up on the coffee table as they watched people, retired ball players he guessed, talk about current players and how they were performing.

“Oh. Yeah no problem.” Jackson put his feet back on the floor, raising the remote to turn the volume down. “Hey listen, I wanted to talk.”

“We need to talk. Never a great thing to hear from someone you are dating.” Lincoln said making his way to see on the couch, moving his leg so he could sit facing his friend instead of the tv.

“We aren’t really dating Linc.” Jackson said in a flat voice.

“True enough, it has only been one date, but we have had some fun. So what do you want to talk about?”

“I’m done Linc.” Jackson shook his head. “I can’t keep doing this.” Lincoln rubbed the back of his neck, twisting it enough to get a single pop. He had read about dysphoria in people transitioning and how it could lead to depression. With Jackson becoming Jacqueline, having the ability and money to work on becoming who they wanted to be and a supportive environment he hoped his friend wouldn’t go through that. He... she he corrected himself not for the first or even third time. Even without makeup the person in front of him looked more like a Jacqueline than a Jackson, but habits and how you saw someone were not always easy to change. He just hoped he hadn’t misgendered Jacqueline out loud, or it could be playing into the dysphoria.

“I’m here to help with whatever you need.” Lincoln reached out to put his hand on her own, but she pulled it away.

Jackson groaned, pulling his hand away from his roommate. He wasn’t used to people trying to be so nice to him. When a guy says he has a problem most people just say that is tough and wish them good luck. Having offers of help would be a nice change but doing so because of the way he was dressed just made him feel even more helpless. He was not some submissive girl looking for someone to save her. “I know you are and I appreciate your help.” Jackson briefly remembered what he had to do to buy the continued assistance but pushed that thought down. “I just... I’m not helpless and I like being in control.” Jackson thought of the little things he did, like tossing paper airplanes at Lincoln across their old double cubicle. It helped stave off boredom, but it and his pranks were his way of trying to grab hold of life and have control. It seemed like they

annoyed Linc at times, but the guy was always willing to bend over for Mega Corp. Working late when asked, stressing him out because they were asking him to complete other peoples work that would have been forty eight hours worth and get it down in less than twenty four. So the pranks and messing with him helped break that up. This... what was happening to him now wasn't some prank, it was like having puppet strings attached to him forcing him to... a piece of the dream he had last night that had been almost all but forgotten bubbled up in his mind.

"I don't mind you being in control." Lincoln thought of Jacqueline pulling him along into the supply room, demanding to suck his dick. Even the memory of it was enough to start waking the member in his pants. "We can try things you like. You liked what we were doing with your feet the other night before you passed out right." Jackson went to shrug, but stopped. He really did enjoy getting the foot and leg massages, and had even considered signing up from a membership to one of those places with his higher wage. He thought he could afford it, but that wouldn't be something he could afford anymore, not when he was ending the farce his life had become.

"Yeah, that was nice." Lincoln smiled, mirroring the small one he saw on her face. Getting a footjob like that felt odd, not that he ever had one before, but it was something Jacqueline wanted to try, but seemed too tired and drunk to fully enjoy it. So hearing her say she enjoyed it turned the worry in the back of his mind into joy.

"Sorry I ruined your pantyhose though, that hadn't been intended." Jackson shook his head, waving his hand, not caring about the new information that Linc had put runs in a pair of pantyhose when giving him a massage. He hadn't noticed them missing and it wouldn't matter anymore anyways. "Not a big deal, but I bet you liked it better with me wearing them. Didn't you? You big perv." Jackson teased, it was a bit at his own expense, but joking about it... joking about anything in life always made him feel better. If he could joke about it, then it was something he could get past and if he couldn't. Like with his Mom leaving, then he mostly tried to ignore it.

"I did. Pfffff" Lincoln admitted before blowing some air out, thinking about their last sexual act after the other was really getting him going, but this didn't feel like the time to try and make a move. Doubly so after telling Jacqueline he would let her be more in control, but then he thought more about her falling asleep and how she had been the last few nights. Happy, but drunk, very drunk. He thought Jackson was always a lightweight when it came to drinking and seemed to have a problem turning down a drink, especially if it was free. Before the limiting factor was him, well the both of them being broke or close enough to it that they didn't drink often, but lately it had been every night. It could be just Jackson being happy and having the ability to afford to drink now that he was living how he... she wanted. "Do you think part of what is bothering you is

how much you have been drinking?”

Touching two fingers to his temple, Jackson nodded. The mornings as of late had been killer and he didn't much care for not having full or even a good recollection of his evenings. It had never been this bad before, but alcohol had seemed to be hitting him so much harder lately.

“Yeah?” Lincoln asked seeing her nod her head. “You mentioned something about seeing a therapist through work. Maybe they could help.” Jackson looked up and into his friend's brown eyes as he bit his bottom lip, unsure and being a bit annoyed that Lincoln seemed to almost always have a beard or five o'clock shadow. The man complained about having to shave twice a day if he really wanted to have a clean face, but his ability to just configure a beard was something he never had. It was only a tiny thing of jealousy before, but now he envied him a lot more for it.

“I don't need a doctor to help me not drink I can stop. I AM stopping, but they could help I guess, but it doesn't matter. I'm quitting, like I said. I just can't do this anymore.” Jackson did not like how his friend was looking at him, like he had two heads or something.

“Why are you quitting? Isn't this what you wanted?” Jackson blinked at him a few times, moving his hands to the side, shaking them a few times, just wanting to smack the guy. Had he lost the thread on what they had been talking about?

“The money, sure. Linc, I wear heels to work everyday, I put lipstick on my lips, I look at my face in a mirror or my phone practically every twenty minutes to make sure I don't need to fix something. I'm wearing fake tits! This isn't just happening, but...” Jackson paused for a second so frustrated with his life. “The speed this is happening is maddening!” Lincoln nodded his head listening, finally understanding the crux of the issue. Jackson had never been a patient person and now that the flood gates had opened things weren't going fast enough. Less of a flood gate and more of a trickle gate, or at least he thought that was how his friend was feeling. Sure they were able to do the things they liked as she just said. Wearing heels to work, getting to freshen up their makeup as often as they wanted without anyone making judgments, but she was upset that she had to wear forms to look more like a woman instead of just being that woman.

“Okay, I understand.” He tried to give his friend a reassuring smile.

“Good because it shouldn't be hard to grasp!” Jackson threw his hands up in the air. “So you understand, I have to quit and that means I'm going to have trouble with rent, but we have Maddy here...”

“You are not going to quit.” Lincoln scooted closer on the couch, his eyes meeting Jacqueline’s soft brown eyes.

“I’m not?”

“No, you have access to everything you need at Mega Corp and have a chance to grow you wouldn’t have anywhere else. Things are hard now, but... everything will get better. You know I had that meeting with Dunn?” Jackson pressed his lips together, giving his friend a hard look.

“Yeah, I was there, sitting at that tiny desk, remember? You left without saying much and we haven’t talked about it. Shit are they letting you go? Oh that isn’t good he threatened me before too. We both can’t be unemployed...”

“Hey, hey. Calm down.” Lincoln closer now put his hand atop hers. “I’m not being fired, in fact I’m getting a promotion, a big one. Well it is all just potential at this point, some things have to happen first.”

“Yeah!?! You jerk! You made me worried!”

“I didn’t make you jump to conclusions, but yeah. I might, possibly, maybe taking over for Dunn when and if he gets a promotion that is almost definitely going to happen. When that happens I would be in charge. Just think of the fun you could have working under me.” Lincoln pressed his shoulder into his friend, thinking about having her as his own secretary and some of the fantasies he could make into a reality. The wheels inside Jackson’s head started to turn. With Dunn gone he wouldn’t have to pretend to be his diversity hire and he could go work in the sales department under Abe or even replace Abe once he showed how talented he was with his sales numbers. The only problem would be he would still have to stick it out in his current role for his first ninety days so that HR would approve the transfer that Lincoln signed off on. In half a year he could be making a hundred thousand a year with the bonuses he could pull in or more... he wasn’t really sure what the base pay of a salesman, that was something he could talk to Abe about and he could use his friendship with Linc to make sure he got the best starting salary he could.

“That might be the best news you could have told me! This is amazing! We should go out and celebrate!” Jackson said jumping to his feet.

“Go out and celebrate, I’m guessing you mean a sports bar so you can drink and watch a game.” Jackson smiled, giving a small shrug.

“It would be us drinking, not me and games not game if I can help it.” Lincoln shook his head, letting out a long sigh. Thinking that it hadn’t taken long before the no more drinking changed to lets go drink.

“I really think you should make an appointment with that therapist tomorrow, that no drinking thing didn’t last long.” Jackson looked away from his friend, his eyes moving to his toes. His pink painted toes that he wiggled. Thinking about them and how they would be staying around, his plans changing thanks to the news and him trying to avoid thinking about almost breaking his pledge. If he was going to stay at Mega Corp at least he would have access to a therapist, he couldn’t tell them that no he wasn’t really transitioning without getting back to HR, but he could get help for his drinking. His father had a problem drinking, he didn’t have one. Not now, but he also could admit that he didn’t want to get to be like his father who was a kind man, but ever since his Mom left had spent at least even time being drunk as he was sober. He did not want to be like that man, not in that way at least.

“Yeah, yeah, I will. We should still celebrate, maybe tonight. Just go out and get a cake... you don’t like cakes. Go out for ice cream tonight with Maddy, maybe?” Feeling self conscious Jackson twisted one of his feet to the side, raising the heel of the foot up. Focusing his attention on the light from the window glistening off the polish, while his reached across his stomach to hold his forearm.

“A night out for ice cream sounds good, but if we are talking about things. There is something I should be bringing up. We were going to wait to tell you, or at least do it together, but I don’t want you to think I’m hiding something from you.” Moving his attention away from his toes that just looked way to girly, he looked to his friends stupid face with its hair that he couldn’t really grow.

“When I said things have to happen for me to get the job, well Dunn says I need to look stable. A girlfriend.” Stood up, feeling awkward sitting down while she stood. “Having a girlfriend isn’t stable enough, he said I need to be engaged and making plans to get married at the least.” Jackson found himself leaning forward, his eyes felt like they would fall out of his head with how they bugged out.

“Married!”

“Yeah, yeah, umm. So I was thinking, well talking with Madison... Maddy about all this because it was a lot and well.” He coughed into his hand, telling his friend he was going to marry their sister and the sister that he had been told to stay away from or that she would eat him alive wasn’t an easy topic. She is willing to marry me for a cut of my

salary.”

“You... you are going to marry Maddy!?” Jackson accused.

“Umm, yeah. Unless...” Lincoln squinted slightly looking at his friend standing there in his shirt. “You have a better idea?”

“Maddy can be the biggest brat, she always wants to be in charge. She would eat you alive.”

“You have said that before, but to get the promotion.” Lincoln wasn’t done talking when Jackson talked over him.

“That is because you aren’t listening when I tell you, but hell. She is a computer programmer, the girl got better grades than me in some classes that she slept through. She can do better than you, hell she is dating Callie. That girl is hot with a capital H.” Lincoln swallowed hard, hearing Madison the girl he had a crush on for a while talked up like that, pointing out that she was actually out of his league didn’t feel good. She was only doing it because of the money, it wouldn’t be anything real, but she did promise some physical things. He was dating Jacqueline, but right now he didn’t feel like there was anything romantic there either. It was just her exploring who she wanted to be and he was there, he was available.

“I thought about asking you, but...” Again Lincoln found his friend talking over him. A sign she must be feeling a little better taking control of the conversation he thought.

“Me? I’m not getting married to you!” The facial expression on Linc’s face made Jackson feel like he just kicked a puppy, he was being real hard on the guy. He never thought of him as having real ambition, he was shy at times, at least shy enough that he didn’t do great with girls, being broke all the time made that harder he was sure, but right now he had just told him he wasn’t worthy enough for his sister, no man was and Linc should know that, but he wasn’t asking for love he was asking for a union to get a job. He had heard of two guys getting married so they would qualify for student loans before, he knew he was being too harsh on him. “Look, I’m not ready to get married to anyone, but you can’t marry my sister.”

“I get it.” Lincoln rubbed the back of his neck. He didn’t think Jacqueline would be ready for something like that, she was more interested in figuring out who she was and not many people their age wanted to even get married, at least not yet. “I get it, I do, but I need this to get the job and it isn’t romantic or anything like that, but I need help. She

said she would, and that is all I have to work with right now. So again, if you have a better idea, I'm all ears."

Jackson found it hard to believe his sister would go along with a marriage proposal for money, unless she was just yanking his chain, but still it irked him on another level. If he had to still go to work in a dress Lincoln would have to pretend to be his boyfriend to keep Dunn away and so many more. He couldn't do both that and tell people he was engaged to someone else. Jackson would be left to his own defenses, surrounded by potential predators.

"What about me!?" Jackson asked.

Lincoln blinked a few times, confused. She had just said she didn't want to get married. "What about you?" He asked with a gentle voice.

"I mean us! You agreed to help protect me. I gave you a blow job! What do you want another one!? Do you want me on my knees begging to suck your dick everyday or something!?"

Lincoln couldn't help the smile come to his face as he imagined that. "You would do that?" God he loved that idea, it was so encompassing he forgot about the talks of marriage momentarily.

Jackson found his muscles trembling, bringing his forearms up almost in a boxer's pose before stomping one of his feet. Frustration washed over him, the point of the loss of protection was lost on Linc, all Linc could focus on was getting off, he was no different than Dunn or the others. "You, you... god you act like every other man! What is even the point!"

Jackson turned on the ball of one foot, storming off into the shared bedroom, slamming the door closed behind him. He was so filled with rage at that second. 'We just talked about how things would change when he was in charge! For that thought I have to stay on... like, like this! But for that to happen he has to get married or engaged or whatever, but he had promised to keep pretending to be his boyfriend so every man eyeing him up like a piece of meat would stay away, but... but... That wouldn't happen if people knew he was now engaged to someone else. And that stupid grin on his face!' Jackson jumped on the bed, landing on his stomach and his large chest.

"AARRRRRRR!" Jackson pressed his face into a pillow screaming. 'What am I going to do!?'

Scene 11

Yelling into the pillow had felt good to Jackson, things were just so, so incredibly fucked up! He screamed again, kicking his feet backwards into the air before kicking them down into the mattress as it yelled into the pillow till he felt his lungs were burning from the lack of air. Rolling over onto his back he felt the fake breasts that were free from a bra move and then jiggle, again and again with each heavy breath he took to refill his lungs. Laying there in bed, Jackson seethed with anger. This wasn't even his bed, this wasn't even his room. His bossy older sister had talked him into letting her move into his room and she had sent his bed and his clothes off to her storage. That hadn't even been their agreement, he should have known better. Maddy had always been the type of person.

Growing up he would talk people into doing what he wanted and she would just do whatever... like she went where the wind blew her. It baffled him that not only did she go into programming, where you had to follow the rules of whatever code she was writing, but she had gone to work for a corporation. "She got what she wanted... to dress me up like some doll, my room and a good job." Jackson said, ignoring the fact that he knew she wasn't happy stuck as a junior programmer. "What do I have? A job as a secretary, one that I have to do while flirting with my boss and pretending I'm a girl or.. Well being trans or... fuck I hate this. I'm now hiding in my roommates room after finding out Linc won't be able to pretend to be my boyfriend anymore and that he was going to go get fake married to his sister. My life sounds like a bad sitcom!"

Bang, bang, bang

That wasn't that loud, but the knocking on the door was enough to get Jackson to stop talking to himself and turn his attention to the jerk who was on the other side of the door. "GO AWAY LINC!"

On the other side of the door Lincoln pressed his palm to the thin apartment bedroom door. Things had not gone well when he brought up the marriage thing, he could understand. He didn't want to get married, he hadn't even considered it other than he hoped to find the right girl one day. Yet he had this opportunity, that he was positive wouldn't come around again. If someone had asked him a month ago if he wanted to be the number two person for the Florida branch of Mega Corp he would have thought about how nice the money would be and then said no thanks. But now... now it was real. He could toil away inside that building for the next thirty years, getting raises and promotions along the way and would still not reach what was being just offered up to him. Sure it wasn't because he had earned it, no. Dunn was offered it to him because he

wanted a yes man working under him and not someone who would try to undermine him, but Dunn's reasons for the offer didn't change the offer itself. Lincoln sighed, before stepping away from the door to give his friend space for now. With his laptop in his room Lincoln moved over to the couch, turning the tv on to the history channel.

With joy apparent on her face and a light heart Madison came into the apartment, she had a wonderful morning with a beautiful girl. Them having picked up their more drunken activities when they had woken and then went out for a brunch that had left her feeling more stuffed than the cream cheese stuffed french toast she had with her mimosas. Over brunch her and Callie had made it official that they were a couple again, an awkward conversation when she felt obligated to bring up her deal with Lincoln. That opened up many more questions because he was supposedly taking Jacqueline and Callie wondering why she wouldn't do it. Both remembering her saying for all the world to hear how she loved the man's cock the night before. Madison told her about her little sister's fear of commitment, something Callie was all too familiar with and opening up an old wound from when they had broken up last time. Things had definitely gone smoother with the assistance of the bellinis Callie was drinking.

Madison put her purse down on the half wall counter between the kitchen and living room, looking at the back of Lincoln's head she could see over the couch. The little deal with him had almost cost her the current relationship she was building with her old flame. It was surprising to her how understanding Callie had become after she understood this was a financial arrangement and not a sexual one. Sure she would have to do a little now and then while she and Lincoln were together, but it wasn't like she was in love or even in lust with the man. After the last two times with her lover, they had more than shown they were both up to the task of keeping each other satisfied. Walking around the couch Madison fell backwards into the middle seat of the couch, leaning to the side soon as her ass hit the cushion so that she was pressing her side into Lincoln's.

"Ahhh, Hey Madison." Without looking at him she put her head on his shoulder, moving one hand over to hold his arm.

"What happened to calling me Maddy?" She said in a cheerful voice.

"Sorry, afternoon Maddy. You seem to be in a good mood." She smiled, taking in a deep breath.

"I am, today is going great so far, but I wanted to talk to you more my husband to be." Lincoln swallowed hard, glancing over to his still closed bedroom door. He hadn't heard anything from his friend since they yelled for him to leave them alone and he didn't have high hopes the topic with the girl currently cuddling up to him was going to be better.

Lincoln loved to have Madison doing just what she was doing, but at the same time it felt a bit awkward to him. Things had been great between the two of them the other night, but they both had more than a few glasses of the social lubricant that was wine.

“Actually, yeah we should talk. I let Jacqueline know about the promotion and the strings.”

“Oh and how did she take the news of the golden handcuffs Mega Corp was putting on you?” She asked quirking an eyebrow up without moving her head from his shoulder.

“Oddly, really. She said it was unfair to her, specifically saying what about me? And then offering to blow me every day and then telling me I was just like every other man before storming off and slamming my bedroom door. I tried to see about talking through it, but she just said for me to go away.”

“Hmmm sounds like you done fucked up. Flowers and chocolate, it won't make the situation go away, but everyone loves getting flowers and every girl loves chocolate. But it does sound like it went as bad as you thought it would.” Lincoln grunted a confirmation.

“Jackie really said, What about me? When you told her about putting a little ring on my finger.” Madison held up her left hand, wiggling her unadorned ring finger. “Maybe you should have a deeper conversation with her about what she wants for the future. It sounds like my little sister might have thoughts about the two of you. Besides I was talking more with Callie about all of this.”

“Callie, the blonde bartender you are dating? You told her about you maybe marrying me so I could get a job?” Madison rolled her eyes.

“Yep that is her Caroline Demir and as of today my girlfriend. Now we are both dating pretty blondes while plotting to marry.” She laughed. “But you know this isn't just some job and I'm not doing it out of the kindness of my heart. I will wear the ring, I will walk down the aisle to you in a white dress, and say the vows, and you will pay me. In fact talking with Callie she brought up alimony for when we have a divorce.”

“You don't even have a ring on your finger and you are already talking about divorce. I can just feel the love.” Madison sat up, pulling away from Lincoln and her cuddling position. She tilted her head slightly in his direction, appraising him for a second before leaning forward to give him a kiss on his cheek.

“You knew what this was, but I was also thinking after a few months we should get a

house. Something better than an apartment and when the end comes we can either sell the house or figure out who gets to stay.”

Lincoln touched his cheek where the girl he had a crush on had kissed him. The conversation was so surreal to him. She jumped from talking about her current girlfriend to them getting married at the drop of a hat and then transitioned into them getting divorced in almost the same breath. It felt... impersonal, so... hollow.

“Sounds like you would want the house.” Madison clapped her hands together with a big smile.

“You would do that for me?! You are going to make the best husband ever!” Madison didn’t consider herself a gold digger, but if the relationship started on the foundation of a financial decision and he was making the money it only made sense to her to try and get financial stability out of it.

Lincoln was about to sarcastically tell her it sounded romantic, he knew what the arrangement was and why he needed it, but it really felt shallow to him, not something he ever would normally consider. He was saved from making the retort when his bedroom door opened and out stepped his friend. Jacqueline’s blonde hair was no longer in a ponytail but didn’t look like she had bothered to brush it. “Oh, good you are both here.” Jackson said taking the few steps needed to move from the doorway to the master bedroom to stand in front of the two on the couch. He had thought long and hard about everything, and took a nap, but mostly thought hard about the situation. If he quit it would take him possibly years to even start a career and how many would depend on the wake he left when he quit. It wasn’t like he had the money to pay back the clothing allowance. If he held on longer and Lincoln took over Dunn’s role he could be set up for success. The news could be Jackie had to leave, and her brother was coming back to the company after no one had seen him for a few months. Leaving the transition thing to Lincoln to work out with HR. The more he thought about the more he thought his current situation was fucked, after he worked three months if someone called for a reference it would have to be for Jacqueline and that wasn’t going to help him be a man again.

“You.” Jackson said, pointing at his sister. “I’m not going to allow you to marry Lincoln Hatch.” He turned his hand over, tucking in his index finger to point to his friend with his thumb.”

“You aren’t going to allow me? What year do you think this is?” Madison looked at him with indignation. Jackson looked at her, his jaw set as he gave two small, slow shakes of his head.

“When you get married you are going to do it because you love someone. You deserve so much better than what we had growing up.” Saying that out loud it made him wonder if her penchant for jumping from one person to another was to keep herself from getting hurt and broken like their father was. “Right? You know you deserve to love and be loved, right!?”

“Well...” Madison stopped what she was about to say, she had been ready to jump down Jackie’s throat before she had even finished what she was saying, but her younger siblings words had struck a cord. “Maybe, maybe not, but Lincoln needs help. What do you suggest we do if you aren’t going to... let me marry him.” She held up both hands to make air quotes when she said the word let.

Sliding his eyes over towards Lincoln, Jackson jerked his hand toward the man, pointing his finger at the center of his chest. “We are going to get engaged and make a big deal about the wedding arrangements.” Jackson flipped his hand around again, this time to point at himself with his index finger. “The flighty, ditzzy girl Jaqueline is going to have the hardest time making decisions for such an important event in her life. Dragging out the engagement till after you start your job and then when Dunn is happy in his new position everything will work out.” Jackson smirked, wobbling his head from side to side slightly as he looked between the two. “You asked me to come up with something and I did. What do you think?”

Madison was the first to speak up, focusing on Jackie, not bothering to look over at Lincoln. “Everything will just work out? So you decided you wanted to be Mrs. Hatch? Was all that earlier that I heard about because you were upset or jealous?” Jackson looked at his sister like she was an idiot, he knew she wasn’t, but she wasn’t exactly letting any of this sink in.

“Nothing to be jealous about, it isn’t like the two of you are in love.” Jackson stopped, glancing back towards his bedroom now, where his sister was now sleeping and where he knew Callie had slept the previous night. “Well maybe a little of you and Callie.” Madison stood up, wrapping her arms around her brother, now sister. She kept her emotions mostly in control, not letting the tears in her eyes turn into anything more as she stood there just holding her transgendered sibling. Wishing Jackie didn’t have to be jealous about how her and Callie could be open about their relationship. Not everyone was accepting of her lifestyle choices, or at least not when she was dating another female, but much less were accepting of people who changed their gender. She was happy that Jackie was passable enough that no one had questioned her being her true self, it was just a shame people had such a narrow view of the world that it had taken this long for her to even admit this much.

“I love you Jackie.” She sniffled, still trying to contain her emotions. “I hope you know that you deserve to love and be loved too.”

“I love you too sis. Think that love can extend to me getting my room back?” Madison pulled away, still lightly touching Jackie, looking like she was considering her siblings request.

“I could spend a few nights at Callie’s place.” She bit her lower lip, before shaking her head. “Sorry no, it's mine now. Fair and square.”

“Fare and square!?” He asked in outrage.

“Yeah, I pay rent, I get space and you get an excuse to move in with your lover and have as much premarital sex as you want.” Jackson’s eyes bugged out, glancing over to Lincoln who was still sitting on the couch, but very much looking embarrassed. Jackson was sure he was thinking about the incident in the supply room.

“Maddy.” Lincoln said standing up, waving one hand to the left and right while his arm stayed still, wanting to have her attention and for this conversation to end. “You really don’t want to hear about our sex life do you?”

“No, of course not. Maybe?” She cocked her head to the side, raising one eyebrow.

“Okay, a little, but that is because I’m a nosy bitch, with less shame than I should. It is a feature not a bug.” Lincoln couldn’t find any words, it was supposed to be a rhetorical question.

“I’M NOT TALKING ABOUT SEX WITH YOU MADDY!” Lincoln watched the blonde stomp away back into their room, stomping on the floor loud enough that he was sure the people downstairs would be none to happy with them. The door didn’t close after her, so he counted that as a good sign. Shifting his weight, the tension fell away from Lincoln's shoulders as he looked back towards the older Hart sibling.

“Looks like that is settled.” He glanced back to the open door for a second. “Also I told you she likes being in control.” Madison shrugged.

“Runs in the family. Father wasn’t much of an in control type of person and we had to take turns being the adult. Wonderful, loving man.” She shook her head before shrugging again, not wanting to say any more about the topic.

“Guess no alimony for you, but as a consolation prize you can be a bridesmaid.”

Madison gave the man a sour look.

“Maid. Of. Honor.” She held up a finger, poking Lincoln not so gently on his chest. “Nothing less will be accepted. Now go... shoo.” Madison waved her hands in his direction. “The two of you fought earlier and now you made up, go enjoy the best part of making up.” When she saw the confused look on his face, she realized just how little experience he had in relationships. “Sex! Go enjoy makeup sex! I’m going to go to my room and put on some noise canceling headphones for the next few hours.” Madison patted the man on the shoulder as she walked away.

For Lincoln's part, he watched Maddy walk away. Feeling strangely happy about how things worked out. He had liked her, lusted after her for so long and the idea of being with her was amazing, but now that it wasn't happening. He was more than just fine with it, it felt like the two had a clean break. Where he didn't need to pine after her anymore, the two of them were never going to be romantically entwined and that was okay. Smiling to himself, he looked from her and back to his room. His grin increasing in volume as he moved, closing the door behind him, thrilled to see Jacqueline give her that tight, tiny smile. It was just a friendly little thing Jackson used to do when he would bring his friend coffee at work, or when he was waiting for some prank to be sprung, but right now. After she had said what she did out in the living room, that tiny smile felt like it meant so much more.

Scene 12

Stepping out of the car, Jackson touched his hand to his smooth cheek where Linc had just kissed him. His friend had dropped him off at the front of the Mega Corp building, promising to be back later after a dentist appointment. Jackson gave him a nervous wave as he drove off, not sure he could do this.

Everything was just so much, each car that went by, every person that walked by on the street or past to go inside the building felt jarring and repressive. Ever since the previous night when he had to tell Linc that no he wasn't getting make up sex or any type of sex, like that would ever be a thing, his nerves had been giving him trouble. He had been coming down from the Xanax his sister had given him and when he had snuck out of the bedroom to look in her purse for some more, he hadn't found any. Then he had gotten the worst news possible or close to it when she was helping him get ready for the day.

Jackson sat on the bed he now shared with his friend in a pair of lacy red cheeky panties, a matching bra that thankfully did a great job at supporting the fake breasts. While his sister put his much shorter and much blonder hair into an updo, securing it all in place with a black head band. “Hey, umm Maddy, can I get some of your pills? They have

more than worn off, I really didn't get much sleep last night."

"Would if I could little sis, but one prescription isn't made to handle the both of us and I still need them."

"Maddy, I'm sitting here wearing panties." 'Soft panties that made me use a corn washcloth in order to get myself tucked away.' He thought. "I'm freaking out, I haven't been out or..." Jackson closed his eyes taking a deep breath, one of the last he would be able to do before his sister put the vice like corset around his waist again. "You have been giving them to me since you had me dress up and I'm not sure I can do this."

Standing behind her brother, Madison put her hands on his shoulders before slipping them forward to embrace her sibling as she bent down, holding him tight. "I know this is tough for you, but it will be good for you to face the day as yourself without some chemical changing how you feel." Jackson reached out to touch her clasped hands, frowning.

"You can do that and give me your pills instead, I won't be exactly myself." Madison shook her head, still holding her brother.

"Not yet, but give it a little time." She thought about the changes that had happened to Jackson so far, the change in his hair, the lip filler, the lip flip making it so his newly white teeth would show when his lips were at rest. The complete change to wardrobe, the way he walked, sat, moved his hands as he talked, no one would confuse Jacqueline for Jackson. So much had changed, but she knew it wasn't enough or at least she tried to understand. "For now if you need something to help you should make an appointment to see a therapist, you said work was trying to set you up with one right?"

"Yeah... and you are right, I just have to be patient. It is just so hard, you know?" Things had felt like they were getting worse with what Linc wanted him to do... or what he said was going to happen to help himself and keep his sister from making a mistake.

That was earlier and despite Jackson admitting he had to be patient, it was incredibly hard to even consider that an option as he stood out front of the building, positive all eyes were on him. People quietly made fun of him for being a sissy as he stood there in the ribbed long sleeve wrap around dress, dark pantyhose and five-inch, double ankle strap pointed toe heels. With his eyes made up with the red eyeshadow like he wore it the other day, red lips, heavy gold double ringed earrings and a gold heart pendant around his neck. Jackson just knew he looked like some tarted up secretary and considering he was a male he shouldn't be wearing any of it! 'Deep breath, deep breath, just go inside, don't say a word to anyone. Get to your desk and make a call to the

therapist to ask for something to help keep you calm. We can do this... god...' Jackson let out a small whimper as he moved into the building, foot heeled foot in front of the other. Every step inside the tiled building causing small spikes of anxiety.

Jackson took calming breaths, the corset kept them from being deep breaths, but he tried to work with what he had. Catching the receptionist's eyes he gave her a small smile when she looked his way, adding a small wave with his fingers, wanting to just get by. "Jackie? Oh wow, I mean seriously girl! Lilian walked around her desk to give her work friend a quick hug. "If you didn't wave at me I wouldn't have recognized you girl! Seriously, like seriously you look amazing Jackie. You pull off the blonde look, I just love it!" Lilian stepped back, giving a little space as she took her in. "I swear you are getting skinnier too, that just isn't fair. I have been trying to lose the same five pounds for months, but I guess it would be easier if I could give up rocky road ice cream. I wish I had your figure, so unfair!"

More than before Jackson wished he had a Xanax to put in his mouth. Almost everything she said felt demasculinizing. This girl he would love to bed, was comparing herself to him and being jealous, it was more than a little wrong and like she said, unfair. "T-thanks Lil, but you shouldn't say things like that."

"That you look amazing, that you are gorgeous? Please, you are putting in the work, you deserve it." Jackson shook his head, he was putting in work, not the type of work he wanted to do, but pretending to be a girl, just standing there in the tall heels that he was sure no real woman would wear walking around an office was work.

"No, I mean..." He looked her over, she thought her hip to waist, to chest proportions were sexy as hell. The girl was no Jessica Rabbit, but no real person was. "You look beautiful... and." Jackson touched one hand to his stomach, before having to adjust the strap of his purse. "I'm honestly envious of you."

"Me?!"

"Sure, I mean like I'm cheating using a corset, but you." Jackson spoke trying to remember he was supposed to be a flirty, ditzzy girl and had to catch himself from reaching out to touch her waist. "You have what all us girls are trying for, rocky road or not." Jackson added a giggle at the end, that made him want to find the nearest dark hole to crawl into. He hadn't wanted to talk to anyone and here he was having this conversation.

"Aww, you are just too sweet! Corset or not, you are looking amazing, like I said. Not boring like me, I'm still upset that I can't wear my contacts to have golden eyes."

Jackson really didn't want to get bogged down even more talking to the girl about the office dress code and doubly so out here in the front lobby.

"You looked wonderful with them, but listen Lil, I have to get to my desk, can't be late ya know?"

"Don't let me keep you and you have a splendid day!" Jackson gave her his best calm reassuring smile that he could manage while he felt his heart pounding in his chest.

"You too Lil, we will like talk later!" He gave her another girly little wave with his fingers before moving on to the elevator. The entire ride up he felt like every single person's eyes were on him, even if they weren't even facing him. His heels were too high, his dress was too short, the fake breasts while looking real were too big. Linc's words matched Lilian's and what Madison told him before he left, but he didn't think he could have anything close to a splendid or good or even okay day, at best he might be able to pull off not having a panic attack, but that wasn't looking good. With every step in his heels, every sway of his hips he was getting closer to his small desk, it was in sight. All he had to do was sit down and make a phone call, once the therapist heard what he was going through he was sure they would send a prescription to the nearest pharmacy, god he hoped that was true. He always heard about how doctors over prescribed pain killers and how it was a problem. Xanax wasn't some crazy opioid that people got addicted too, he hoped it wasn't going to be a problem.

"There she is!" Jackson stopped in his tracks when the large frame of Abe stepped in front of him with his normal cocky grin.

"Ahhh Hi, I was just..." Jackson took a step to the side pointing towards his desk, but he didn't get any further or to say much else as his outstretched hand was taken in the larger man's firm callused hand as he stepped closer, Abe's other hand pressing on his lower back. Jackson moved along with him as he was ushered down to the end of a cubicle hallway till they got to the larger of cubicles that had Abraham's name listed out front along with his title as lead salesman.

"Abe, I..."

"You had a good time on Friday? I did too."

"Yeah..." Jackson swallowed, having a few drinks bought for him after the tough day was nice, but he didn't want to have the conversation about when he would fulfill his promise of paying next time.

“And that movie... that was a good time.” The mention of the movie made Jackson feel a little bad, he didn’t recall the movie. A shitty thing considering Abe had paid for it too.

“It was, but umm honestly I don’t remember it. Long day, I was a bit distracted, ya know?” He was ready to offer to pay him back when he felt the man’s hands around his waist before picking him up and placing him on the edge of the desk. “Ooooh!” Jackson hadn’t been expecting much, but to be picked up so easily and moved to the desk wasn’t something he would have guessed would have happened.

“Distractions like that happen, perfectly natural. We can always go out and try seeing it again, see if we get distracted again, or maybe I could cook us a nice home cooked meal. I have some veal in the freezer, I could turn it into some schnitzel.” Getting her to come to his place would be the perfect time to show her how a real man treated a lady, not like her current boyfriend.



Jackson blinked a few times, he hadn't had decent German food in years, there was a great place for it not too far away, but he hadn't really been able to afford eating out. "You know how to make schnitzel!? I would love that!" Abraham couldn't help smiling when her face lit up at his invitation. He moved a little closer glancing down at her legs, sure he had put her up on his desk, but she had her legs apart like she was inviting him to come closer. Seeing where the man's eyes went to Jackson realized he wasn't sitting like a lady should, he clapped his legs together quickly, before crossing them, one leg over the other like his sister had taught him. It wasn't till he crossed them that he second guessed himself, that he shouldn't be doing that, he should be getting down. His cheeks blushed with embarrassment, and he looked away from Abe, he had just been sitting like a guy, but all of his thoughts halted as he was looking down and saw the man's hand land on top of his thigh. Feeling his warm hand on his leg Jackson looked up, feeling the man's thumb move around in a small circle, causing a shiver to run down his spine. He didn't want to be touched by a man but couldn't help enjoy the feeling of his nylon covered shaven legs being rubbed.

"Half my family is from Germany, I promise once you come over and see what I have to offer it will change your life Jacqueline." Abraham said as shifted a few inches closer, leaning forward to press his lips to the beautiful girls who had just accepted his offer to come to his home. Jackson was worried about every little thing, like offending the man he looked up to for not remembering the movie he paid for, sitting like a man, why he was still sitting up on the desk, why he let the hand on his leg linger, it was so much that while he saw his coworker leaning closer it didn't click what was about to happen till it was too late.

Feeling the man's lips on his own, his scratchy face touching him, Jackson put one hand on Abe's chest, pushing on him, the other clasping onto the desk to keep himself from falling off as he leaned back. While Abraham kept one hand on the girl's nylon clad leg, the other came up to the back of her neck as he continued to kiss her. His libido went crazy as she stayed to lay down on his desk, he loved how forward she was with what she wanted, and while he knew they couldn't do something like that here, at least not during office hours he very much wanted it just like her.

"Mr. Downings I hope you don't mind I brought you..." Jackson took a gasp of air, looking at the mousy girl with her long brown hair up in a high ponytail as she stood in the doorway to Abe's cubicle with an oversized mug of coffee in one hand and a look of surprise on her face. "Coffee..." The girl finished in a harsher tone than she had started before practically shoving the mug into Abe's hands as he turned to face her.

"Ahh thanks Vin, I appreciate it." Abraham said in a nervous tone, a mile difference

from his normal confident one.

“Well, I see you are busy...” Jackson sat there, sitting up, looking at the girl in horror. At what she had just seen, at what had just happened and hardly taking in how the girl glared at him hard enough to murder if looks could kill.

“I... I need to go!” Jackson said, getting off the desk as quickly as he could and trying to move past the two in the cubicle. In his rush he tried to avoid them, but even with Abe’s cubicle being larger than others, it still wasn’t a large space considering the girl was standing in the doorway and he ended up bumping his shoulder into hers.

“Jacqueline, wait!” Abe cried out as Jackson left the cramped area.

“Let her go, I’m sure she isn’t done with her morning rounds.” Jackson heard Abe say something after that, but he was too far away to hear exactly one as he made his way as quickly as his heeled feet would allow to the bathroom.

Getting inside he put both his hands on the sink counter, taking one breath after another trying to count to gain control of himself, but seeing the blonde woman in the mirror with smeared lipstick wasn’t helping the situation. Closing his eyes Jackson tensed all of his muscles, causing him to shake slightly all over. ‘Football, Dolphins... Dan Marino, Quarterbacks. Tua, Ryan Fitz, Ryan Tann, Jay...’ Jackson stood there for a few minutes with his eyes closed as he thought about recent quarterbacks for his team, trying to put them in reverse order. When the world felt like it was no longer closing in on him he slowly opened his eyes again, once again seeing the woman in the mirror who had clearly just been doing something with her mouth.

“Jacqueline, I am Jacqueline Hart, I am Jacqueline Hart. I love my job, I love looking pretty. I love looking hot, I love looking pretty. I love makeup, I adore my heels.” He said out loud looking at himself in the mirror, before looking down at his foot as he turned his heeled foot to the side, trying to remember who he was supposed to be, at least far as anyone at Mega Corp was concerned. With another breath he opened up his purse to repair his makeup. “I need to look my best.” He wiped about the smeared mess, uncapping the lipstick and turning the bottom. Jackson was focused on his lips, about to apply the makeup when his thoughts drifted back to what had just happened. ‘Why did he do that!? Did I give him some sort of sign that... I had my legs open like some tart! Fuck! Wait then why did he sit me up on his desk!? How strong is that man to lift me up like that? Was it his intent to kiss me? If so, me opening my legs wouldn’t have... maybe he saw how uncomfortable I was standing in these stupid stilts. Shit, shit, shit I don’t know. Does he think I like him? Does he like me!? Dan Marino super bowl nineteen, Dolphins vs forty niner’s Joe Montana.’ Jackson calmed himself once more, pushing

aside his thoughts to try and focus on what he had to do. Fix his makeup and then get to his desk to make a phone call. 'Just a little bit more Jackson and everything will be better.'

Getting closer to his desk Jackson felt relieved, until he saw Dunn standing in the doorway to his office, glancing down at his watch. "Sixteen minutes late Miss Hart, not very punctual and you also don't seem to have my morning coffee in your hand either."

"Mr. Dunn I can explain, first Lil... Lilian at reception wanted to talk to me and then Abraham..." Alexander held up one hand to get his secretary to stop talking.

"I'm not interested in your morning gossip routine, this is a professional environment and I expect you to be on time. Now why don't you put away your purse and come into my office, you can sit on my lap while we discuss the week ahead of us."

Opening his mouth to protest, no words came out as the broad shouldered man turned and walked into his office, fully expecting him to follow. Jackson knew he had made an agreement with the man to act flirty in order for Linc to keep his job and keep his boss from trying anything more like Tabitha had mentioned, but he definitely never considered having to do it without the assistance of his sister's pills. Feeling small and defeated, Jackson followed the man in, thinking about how everything would fall apart in a horrible way if suddenly Linc got fired, not getting the promotion if he didn't keep up his end of the deal. Jackson truly knew for a fact he needed to talk to a therapist with what his life had changed into. Closing the door behind him, Jackson sashayed around the desk before sitting sideways in the older man's lap, looking into his light blue eyes. "Yes sir, what would you like to talk about sir?"

Scene 13

Sitting in the dentist chair Lincoln had his mouth open wide, half his mouth numb as he got the first half of his yearly cleaning. He never understood why insurance companies made you do half one day and half another or they wouldn't pay and if they wouldn't pay there was no point in insurance. He still had the shittiest of the options only being an intern, he hadn't considered the benefits of the new position he was offered till now as he sat in the chair with nothing else to do other than think. The money had been the biggest draw of course, that and the fear that if he passed this up he would never come close to a position like this in his life. Most people who got to that level were some rich person's kid, or went to school with one of those rich kids. Him... well he literally lucked into it. Mr. Dunn had made it clear he didn't want him because of his skills, but he didn't really think any executive got their job because of their resume.

“I will be right back, I’m sorry. Someone needs a consult, and they are being rather persistent.” Lincoln nodded to the dentist looming over him, holding up his hand, giving the rail thin woman a thumbs up instead of trying to talk with half his mouth numb and a suction tube in his mouth to keep him from drooling all over himself. As he sat there, the more he thought about the job, the more his thoughts went to Jacqueline. How his friend had changed into a completely different person, he really hadn’t changed, he supposed. This was who he always was, at least inside, now he could just show it to the world. He was happy to have been part of allowing them to feel comfortable to come out, he was also really happy to be there when she wanted to try sexual things. Lincoln wasn’t ready to put his mouth to work like she had for him, god he wanted a repeat of that day in the supply closet. She had been so demanding, and then when he had cummed on her panties, not only was she not mad, she said they should do it again and... his mind just kept going through the fun he had with her.

Last night was different, at the mention of make up sex from Madison he had been over eager and Jacqueline had turned him down hard, acting like she never wanted him to touch her like that. It was a hard blow, but it was his own fault. She didn’t owe him anything, not sex, not a blow job. He wasn’t going to be one of those guys that thought just because he bought a girl dinner that she owed him anything and he really needed to remember that desperation was one of the quickest ways to turn a girl off. Still though, she had told him how the two of them were going to get engaged and married, that wasn’t something Jackson, Jaqueline, Jackie... he had read that calling a transgendered person by the name they were born with was called using their dead name, so he needed to be better about that. He thought he had been good about it, but he also knew he had caught himself thinking of his friend as Jackson more than once. He also needed to ask her if she preferred Jaqueline or Jackie. Lincoln thought Jaqueline was much prettier, probably why she chose it, but it was her name and should be called what she wanted.

Lincoln sat there in silence for a second, the only sound in the room coming from the suction tube in his mouth as he realized his mind went off on a tangent. He really didn’t feel ready to marry, it wasn’t like he could get cold feet without throwing so much away and if he did how would Jacqueline feel? Probably betrayed, he assumed. Waking up to his alarm with his arm around her waist felt so normal. ‘Do I have real feelings for her?’

By the time the dentist had come back and finished Lincoln was still ruminating on that thought. The pranks hadn’t happened in a while, not since things changed, they could be annoying, but also they added a little fun to his days when he looked back on them. At the time of the pranks, not so much, but putting them in the context of Jacqueline they felt more endearing. The more he thought about anything really in that context felt that way, like sharing a wine bottle, when they just passed it between themselves drinking from the bottle when they had snagged it from work outside a conference when, along

with the uneaten food from a meeting.

Getting into his car, Lincoln tapped both hands on the steering. “Fuff...” He touched one hand to the numb side of his jaw, his lips hardly able to feel his fingers at all. ‘Can’t even say fuck right, okay, okay. I do, I really do like her.’ Lincoln already knew he was attracted to Jacqueline, the way she looked was incredible. When she was walking around their apartment cleaning in her high heels he had to move a pillow over his groin at one point so she and Madison wouldn’t notice the bulge in his pants and he was friends with Jack... Jacqueline for a reason. It wasn’t just because they were stuck together in that intern cubicle, that and hardly being paid sure started things, but they were friends and when he put the two together. ‘Yeah, shit. I want to date her.’

When he got back to the office Lincoln went right for her desk, wanting to tell her what he had come to realize. He didn’t want to say it like that, but he wanted Jacqueline to know that he did more than just accept her as she was, he wanted to date her for real. Coming up to the desk though he found it empty, he figured she was off running an errand so he waited and he waited a little longer when she still didn’t show back up. Feeling awkward he considered calling her, but if she was just doing something around the office her purse with her phone would be in her desk. So he walked up to their boss's door and knocked.

“You can come in.” A baritone voice called out from the other side of the door, so Lincoln opened it, stepping in to see his boss Mr. Dunn sitting at his desk. “Ah, there you are...” Alexander snapped his fingers once trying to remember the young man’s name. “Hatchet, I suppose you want to get started on that training.”

“Hatch, sir.”

“Pardon?”

“My last name, its Hatch.” Lincoln said, straightening his back. ‘If I’m going to have his job I have to be able to stand up for myself.’

“Yes, my mistake. Close the door and sit down, we can talk about more of the details for your upcoming promotion.” Turning to the side Lincoln closed the door before moving towards the comfortable looking chairs opposite the desk.

“I was umm actually hoping you could tell me where Jacqueline had gotten off to?” Alexander drummed the fingers of one hand on his desk, raising an eyebrow.

“The two of you are together and she didn’t tell you about going off to see her doctor or

shrink or what have you? Lincoln quickly nodded.

“Yeah, of course we are, I just didn’t know she got in to see anyone.” Dunn leaned forward in his chair, putting his elbows on his desk as he steepled his fingers.

“I assume she is the one you plan on marrying then?” Lincoln found himself swallowing, the man’s words felt more like some sort of accusation than a question.

“Yes sir.”

“Huh... alright, well to each their own I suppose, but you should make sure she is more discreet with your little office trysts. That's all...” Alexander made a motion in the direction of the wall. “They, them... the gossips are talking about this morning.”

“It is!?” Lincoln’s eyebrows shot up, surprised his friend would be talking about their love life like that. “She... we will do better.”

“Good, see that you do. It will be much harder for you to hold others' respect if rumors like that keep up and if you can’t keep your employees under control, then you wouldn’t be right for the position. So her legs should stay shut around the office, understand?”

Two blocks away from the Florida downtown Mega Corp office Jackson sat on the edge of a comfortable brown leather couch, legs crossed at the knee and back ramrod straight. He sat across from a counselor at one of the therapists offices HR had suggested he attend. On short notice the office's two therapists weren’t able to fit him in, but they had a new counselor that was able to see him. Jackson wasn’t really sure what the difference was between a therapist and a counselor, other than the office wasn’t willing to send in any prescriptions without him coming in for a visit.

The girl, young woman... Jackson wasn’t exactly sure her age other than she looked to be around her late twenties to him. She wore her hair in a bob with a side part, it came down halfway down her neck. It made him feel all sorts of things that the woman he went to see to talk about his feelings had a similar hairstyle to himself and that she was dressed much more professionally than himself, mostly. She had on a white collarless blouse, a light gray fitted blazer, a fitted short charcoal gray pencil skirt and a pair of black heels that looked as high as his own, but also had half an inch to an inch platform in front. She had seemed nice enough when introducing herself to him, but still she was here to appraise him and he couldn’t let her pretty hazel eyes find out the truth.

It had been pointed out to him that they had to actually believe he wanted to be a woman. ‘God I can’t wait for this to be over!’ he smiled once more at the girl, blinking a

few times as he realized he completely missed what she had just said. “I’m sorry, what was that doctor?”

“I was just telling you that it is okay for you to relax here, this is a safe space, and again. I’m not a doctor, but I am here to help you. I’m Kimberly, but everyone calls me Kimmy. I see on the paperwork you are going by Jacqueline, is that what you would like me to call you?” Jackson shrugged his shoulders at the question.

“Sure.” He said, wanting to tell her no, that isn’t my name, but he had to play things close to the lie. Kimmy gave her new patient an encouraging smile, making a mental note that she was still getting used to her new name. She liked to record her sessions and transcribe them later so anyone she was talking to felt they were just here having a conversation rather than being judged.

“Do you know what you would like to talk about today? Or would you like me to start?” Jackson opened his mouth ready to ask about Xanax again. ‘Is that drug seeking behavior? I am seeking them, but would that mean I can’t get them?’ Seeing the girl almost start Kimmy leaned forward in her seat to appear more engaging with the pretty blonde girl in front of her. She was surprised the paperwork said her new patient was just starting out her journey considering how she looked. “How about we start with what you told the receptionist, that you wanted to get a refill on your prescription for Xanax.”

Clasping his hands together in his lap Jackson ran the pad of his thumb over his smooth long nail on the other thumb nervously as she just came out and said the thing he was thinking about like she could read his mind, making him even more nervous. “Umm yeah, I had a perscrip... actually no. I was taking my sisters medication to help me handle... umm everything.”

“It can be tough, especially when you are just starting out, but you have to remember that you have already taken some of the hardest steps and that you are incredibly brave for what you have done already.” Jackson gave her an uncomfortable smile, things were definitely hard, but he sure as heck didn’t feel brave.

“Don’t need to be brave when you are taking two Xanax at a time to get through the day.” Jackson said, pressing his puffy lips together. “But I don’t really have that now.”

“You appear to be a strong beautiful woman to me Jacqueline, you put yourself together nicely...I just love your outfit,” Kimmy said trying to validate Jacqueline’s femininity, “...and I was going to wait till we were done today, but where did you get those cute shoes?”

Jackson looked past his current massive chest, down his dress covered body to the glossy red heels on his feet. He would much rather see them on Kimmy than himself, the thought of that allowed him to give the girl a genuine smile. Kimmy took notice and made another mental note about how Jacqueline took pride in her appearance.

“Umm they actually belong to my sister, I will ask her about them and let you know. Me, having to keep coming back here in all, from what I understand.”

“I would love that, thank you and yes. From what I understand your office is paying for your visits and they would like you to keep coming, but you don’t have to think about that as a negative thing. You can come in here and just vent, you can tell me about all the frustrations in your life without having to worry about anyone judging you. What would you say are your top three worries today?”

Jackson slid back on the couch, letting his back rest as he let out a long sigh. “Other than getting the medication?” Kimmy nodded, deciding she was going to put in a recommendation for Zoloft for the girl, it would help with her anxiety and was less ripe for abuse. “You mentioned my high heels.” Jackson slowly blinked before correcting himself. “My sister's heels are a problem, the breast forms are another and oh... I can’t forget about what happened at the office this morning.”

“What happened this morning?” Kimmy asked in a gentle tone trying to both listen to what she was saying and what it meant. Jacqueline was upset that she had to borrow shoes from her sister instead of having what she needed on her own and wasn’t happy with having a fake chest instead of something real.

“You... you can’t tell anyone, okay?” Kimmy shook her head, giving the blonde girl a reassuring smile.

“Everything you say with me is privileged information, I promise you that this is a safe space.”

“A guy at work kissed me today, and I think it was because he thought I was coming on to him because I sat with my legs apart.”

“How did that make you feel?”

“Crazy! Horrified! I’m not used to sitting, well like this. He is just a friend, we went out for drinks last week and a movie and everything was fine and then I went and did that.

“Sounds like you will be more mindful in the future, for everyone there is a learning

curve, but you're adapting it seems so far" When Kimmy saw her nod she continued on. "Tell me about the man who kissed you."

Jackson looked up at the ceiling tiles as he fluttered his lashes picturing the man.

"Well, it isn't just him, my best friend has also kissed me, but that is because he is pretending to be my boyfriend to keep creeps away, but Abe is umm. Tall, confident, he has one of those squared jaws that you would see on a movie star and somehow how he pulls off wearing thick rimmed glasses and he laughs at all my jokes."

"You have a boyfriend?" Jackson wrinkled his forehead, shaking his head twice.

"No, pretend boyfriend. We went out on one date to show people we were together, and we hold hands at work and okay we sleep in the same bed, but that is only because my sister is staying with us now. It isn't anything real, other than what we did..." Jackson looked at the girl across from him sheepishly.

"Go on." Kimmy said, making more mental notes.

"He was talking about seeing another girl so I umm kind of gave him a blow job." Kimmy raised her eyebrows at the confession. "I can't believe I said that out loud, I am so embarrassed!" Jackson covered his face with his hands.

"It sounds like that was hard to say." Jackson shifted his fingers to peek out between them for a second before removing them from his face.

"You have no idea."

"If it is hard to say and it is bothering you, then that is what I'm here for. Tell me, does it bother you the idea of your friend being with someone else?"

"Yeah, kind of, but there is a lot more to it."

"Jacqueline, your emotions are valid, what you feel is real and it is okay to feel the way you do. Okay?" Jackson nodded, even though he really didn't understand or at least he was sure she didn't, but he didn't want to get into the weird story about Lincoln almost getting engaged to his sister but now instead will be getting engaged to him. Kimmy looked up at the clock on the wall behind the couch her patients sat on. She had placed it there so none of her patients would feel rushed, but with her fitting Jacqueline in today they didn't have nearly as long as she would like for a first session.

“We unfortunately don’t have much time left today, but I can say I will say after speaking with you today I will make a few recommendations. I’m thinking Zoloft might be right for you.”

“Is that better than Xanax?” Jackson asked, his eyes opening up more with the hope of getting something so he didn’t feel like the world was either checking him out or seeing right through his disguise.

“I think it will be better for you, but in the end, it will be up to the doctor to decide and I think it would be a good idea to start HRT to help alleviate your other feelings, like with your chest. Can I ask you why you chose to go with those size breast forms?” Jackson looked down at the things glued to him, feeling the straps of the bra digging into his shoulders.

“Ahh well I was telling my sister how some of the other secretaries around the office looked and that turned into her buying these, well I bought them, it was my money and then because I suddenly got bigger I had to tell people I was thinking about getting implants to be D-cup and well that is how I ended up having to buy a whole new set of bras, when I don’t really need them at all. Will HRT help with these?” He asked not sure what HRT was other than maybe a brand name of breasts, getting something smaller would be amazing. “Is it something we can do right away or will it take time?” Kimmy gave the girl a lopsided grin, she knew from personal experience that it was never fast enough.

“It can take time and is just one step towards what you would like, as many will tell you...your mileage may vary.” Kimmy said with an all too personal recollection of the process.

Jackson let out a sigh, he thought he had done well towing the line between “I’m trans I swear, please give me pills” and “wanting to slow things down.” No more massive chest, no more super high heels, if he got a note or something from the therapist office that HR had sent him to then they would have to let him dial it back.

“I know things don’t always go at the speed we want, but I will make sure to put in the notes what you feel you are ready for.”

“Can I get all that today?” Jackson asked, eager to get something to allow him to dial back his feminization.

Kimmy pursed her lips together, it becoming clear Jacqueline either had a focus problem or had a hard time digesting new information. Impatience was a problem with transgender people once they have discovered themselves.

“Well, that depends on when you can get in to see your primary or endocrinologist.” Jackson fidgeted with his nails again.

“Okay, work had a list of two I could see... think I could get in to see one of them today?”

Kimmy stood up from her seat, stepping closer and holding out her hands to help her patient stand up. She had only recently got her degree in order to help people like herself, moving from California to Florida was a big move, but she knew the southern states had less help for people like herself and Jacqueline so this is where she should be.

Smiling, Kimmy wanted to try and help, “Let me pull up your file and see if I can make a few phone calls for you. No promises, but I will see if either can get you in for a last-minute appointment.”

Scene 14

Jackson sat in the lobby of a doctor's office with a clipboard in his lap. Kimmy had sort of gotten him an appointment with one of the two doctors that someone in the HR department had recommended. All he had to do was fill out the new patient form and then just sit there and wait till they were free to see him. Jackson hadn't even bothered to contact Dunn to see if it was okay, he couldn't risk the man saying no. That would be a problem for another time, right now Jackson sat with perfect posture thanks to the tight corset, one black pantyhose covered leg crossed over the other at the knee as he tapped the black pen on the side of the clipboard, while his eyes stared at the very first question on the form and his problem. Patients Name.

Thanks to the fiasco at work the government knew him as Jacqueline, the therapist he talked to thought he wanted to transition to be a girl and that was the only way he was going to get something to calm his frayed nerves. Even sitting here now he felt the urge to pull the hem of the red wrap dress down, but resisted after realizing all that did was pull the neck down on the dress exposing more of the realistic, but fake breasts.

“My life is a mess.” He whispered to himself wishing he could just write down Jackson on the line, that was who he was, not... not what everyone saw. Putting pen to paper Jackson wrote the first letter of his name, his hand pausing, feeling like writing the feminine name would be betraying himself, like writing it on the form made it more real.

Hearing the front door slide open Jackson looked up to see a thirty something woman that had a haggard appearance with a young boy in tow. Jackson would guess ten, but he was never good with ages for kids. Jackson's eyes met the boys for a second before he turned to his mother as they moved up to the front counter. "Mom, she is really pretty!" Jackson dry swallowed as the mother shushed her child, giving him an apologetic smile. Moving his attention away from the two as quickly as he could, Jackson went back to the form, writing his new feminine name down. Feeling both embarrassed and the need to see the doctor as soon as he could.

* * * *

It took little over an hour for Jackson to be sitting in the exam room on the exam table with the doctor, the wait back in the room was more than long enough for his nerves to calm. But what could he do about it, as they were squeezing him in as a last minute appointment.

The wait gave him some time to reflect and steady himself. "This is it, just tell him what he wants to hear, get a thirty-day supply and maybe have to see him once more before all of this is over." Jackson thought as the door opened and in stepped a lanky bald man little over six feet tall in a white coat.

"Good morning, Ms. Hart. I'm Dr. Allen." The man said looking down at his chart, a smile coming to his face seeing the person sitting in front of him. "Feel free to call me Keith. What can I do for you today?"

Pressing his lips together and off to the side Jackson looked down from the doctor's blue eyes and down the metal clipboard in his hand. "You can call me Jacqueline or Jackie." Jackson shook his head, Jackie was familiar thanks to his sister using it, but she did it to tease him and he had always hated it. "Just... just Jacqueline." If the doctor was giving his first name Jackson wanted to do the same to be on the man's good side. "My therapist called, didn't she say what I was here for?"

Keith looked down back to the notes and then back up. "Your counselor spoke to one of my nurses. What I see here is that you are ready for HRT and want something to help with your anxiety. They suggested Zoloft because of how you were taking Xanax. Hmm." Keith looked back up from the paperwork examining the pretty transgendered woman in front of him. He did his best to push down his personal feelings seeing her nylon clad leg bouncing as she sat there in front of him. "I do not like to waste anyone's time, you obviously are well on your way to living the life you like. I am considering four medications today, Aldactone, Estradiol and Lexapro and Samsca. The Samsca is to help

with blood sodium levels as Aldactone and Lexapro can have a reaction to lower your blood sodium levels, but we can keep an eye on that in the follow up. Funny enough the hormone medication Estradiol can also help with your mood. It tends to help serotonin stay around longer once released so it pairs nicely with the Lexapro. The Lexapro is what I plan to give you instead of the Zoloft. That medication tends to cause weight gain and I'm just guessing here, but I'm betting that isn't something you want."

Sitting there letting the doctor go on Jackson had no idea what he was really talking about. He knew serotonin was one of the chemicals released by his brain and by the context he was guessing that was the happy one. "Umm no, girlish figure and all that. So the Lexa is in place of the Xanax?"

The doctor nodded, jotting down some notes on the paperwork. "Indeed, I'm going to prescribe two milligrams of Lexapro two to three times a day or as needed, but I need you to understand that you are not to go over ten milligrams in one day, so no more than five pills throughout the day. The medication is a little slower to start working than Xanax, but its effects should last longer. Now about the others..."

"I got it doc! I mean Keith." Jackson gave the man a smile, well aware he had been looking at his legs. One part of his brain thought it was amusing how much attention he garnered dressed like a girl, he always hated being ignored. While he had more than once told his sister she should take it as a compliment when men looked at her, he wasn't nearly as keen on the belief when it was directed at him.

"Ah, I take it you are familiar with Aldactone and Estradiol then?" He couldn't help returning the smile that was directed his way. He hadn't always been so open-minded about people transitioning from one gender to the next, but this patient was a prime example of what he had grown to believe. Some people really were meant to be someone else, he couldn't imagine Jacqueline living life pretending to be a man.

"Yep, I got it!" Jackson smiled brighter hoping he would just get one with it.

"Well then one last thing. The paperwork mentions your current breast forms, how you chose the size because that is what you would like to have?"

Jackson looked down at his chest, cupping the things in his hands. 'Stupid Maddy, these things are way too heavy, how do girls stand it?' Pressing his lips together for a partial second he let out a sigh. "That is what I tell everyone. Honestly it is really a pain to have something so heavy glued to my chest. It is hard to believe girls grow them bigger." Jackson emphasized his words, holding his cupped hands a little further from his fake chest. "But the HRT thing will help me with that so I don't have to wear them anymore.

Right? That is what Kimmy said.”

Keith thought for a second bobbing his head from left to right, trying to not oggle the girl as she cupped her chest at him. “Yes and no. It will, but maybe not the size you are talking about. Those are what, a D cup? What we have you on isn’t going to help that much with a D cup or double D and it can take time.”



“Time?” Jackson slapped his hands down on the table feeling irritated. He needed to find a way to speed things up and get released from having to have breasts glued to him. Kimmy had something about mileage may vary, but he really didn’t understand why. Then he figured he could use some sex appeal to convince the doctor to help him clear whatever bureaucratic hurdles would slow down his release. After all, guys do shit for girls all the time to impress them...he knows that he has, and why wouldn’t the doctor now?

“Honestly... Keith.” Jackson smiled at him again, reaching out, touching him lightly. His attempts at trying to act flirty caused his stomach to roll. But thought that the doctor must think Jackson is pretty as he keeps looking at my legs. “I don’t want to wear these anymore, isn’t there something we can do that would be faster?”

“Yes of course, but it all depends on availability, and it isn’t exactly cheap. I can check with...” He glanced down at the paperwork again. “Your company’s insurance and get back to you later today.”

“That would be amazing Keith!”

When the doctor left the room Jackson felt amazing. He always knew he was a good salesman and now he had sold the guy moving things faster. Now he just had to sit there and wait for the nurse to return with the medications from their in-house pharmacy. He smiled contentedly as he looked around the room, his mind picking up on something he hadn’t thought about before. ‘I can just take the stupid forms off any time I want... mental note need to take the remover away from Maddy. What exactly did Kimmy and the good doctor Keith mean by HRT helping? I really need to look it up.’

Taking his small purse in hand, Jackson pulled his cell phone out and tried doing a search, but the bar just kept showing it was loading without ever actually pulling up the page. The icon in the upper right of the screen showed he had no reception in the room. With that and a sign saying no cell phone use on the wall it made him wonder if they blocked it or if it was just the way the room was made.

The thought didn’t go on long as the door opened again and an older lady, maybe in her late fifties or early sixties dressed in scrubs came into the room with a small tray in hand.

“Ms. Hart, I have some medications for you to take now.” She held out a small paper cup with three pills inside. “Go ahead and take those with this water.”

Jackson held the small paper cup in his hand, so happy that he would soon have the relaxing anti-anxiety medication working to calm his nerves, that he didn't even mind seeing his painted fingernails holding the cup. Jackson tossed back the pills, barely gagging on them, and quickly washing them down with room temperature water.

"Is that for me?" He asked, pointing to the white paper bag she had put down on the counter. Eager to have his own prescription and get on with his day.

"Yes, that is your Lexapro, Aldactone and your Samsca. The directions are on the bottles, make sure you take them all. The Estradiol we will do here, if you would please hop on down, pull up your dress and pull down your hose and you will be on your way shortly."

"Pull up my dress?!" Jackson's eyebrows shot up, as he stood up, blinking a little at the request. He realized the request was technically true, as he was in a dress. But his brain disliked associating anything girly with possessive wording as if it were normal and routine to refer to his feminine attire and accessories.

"Yes dear, so you can have your injection. We will follow up on this, so you can come in two weeks from now for some blood work and your second shot."

Jackson was a little annoyed that he would need more appointments, but if this would stop him from having panic attacks and control his anxiety until he could get free from this, it is what he was willing to do.

"The estradoll is that the thing Keith, I mean the doctor said that will make the serotonin last longer right?" Jackson followed the nurse's hand gesture to turn around and leaning over using the exam table for support, he used one hand to hike up his dress and the other to pull down the control top pantyhose, exposing the top of his right buttock.

"Estra-DYE-ol dear," the nurse corrected his mispronunciation as she swabbed an area with a cold alcohol swab. "...and if that is what the doctor said I'm not going to contradict him. I'm not familiar with the side effects."

Jackson felt the chilling effect of the alcohol exposed skin reacting to the air, and took a breath anticipating the pain of a needle. It was embarrassing to have this woman inject a mental health drug in such a feminine manner, why couldn't it be done by pill or in his arm instead?

The nurse, unaware of his shame and internal thoughts continued, "...but I do know that this is going to elevate the free estrogen in your body."

"Estrogen!" Jackson's eyes bugged out as he felt prick to his rear and a faint dull cramping spread from the site. 'Oh my god, estrogen!?' he thought to himself.

"There all set miss," the nurse said with a reassuring smile, as Jackson instinctively let the dress fall back in place. Jackson turned and wanted to demand answers, but the happy face of the nurse just dumbfounded him.

She continued again, "You can check out at the third window, and set your next appointment there...here are the disclosures for each of the drugs, you have to be very careful and use them only as prescribed, as your body can have traumatic shock, blood clots, and more if you don't follow the directions correctly."

With paper in hand, he went to the window to check out. One dose couldn't be fatal, could it? He nervously read some of the papers, worrying about things like sterilization and more. But saw that if he was on estrogen and not a testosterone blocker, it could cause severe complications, and in the worst case, even death was a possibility. Pressing his painted lips together he looked from the paperwork in hand, up to the person on the phone at the check out window. Then promptly turned and headed for the exit, he got what he needed here today and something much, much worse and was not going to do it again. 'I certainly will not be going back to do that again!' he thought, clutching the disclosure and informed consent paperwork. He wished he could forget the whole ordeal, but the mild pain from the injection reminded him. Jackson could scarcely believe how it all unfolded. He felt sick, and the day wasn't even over.

Scene 15

Standing on the sidewalk outside of his office building Jackson looked out over the sky that was threatened to rain at any moment. On the Uber ride back to the office he had read over the forms the nurse had given him more than once. His mind reeled at the idea that estrogen, female hormones were now inside of him. The doctor was trying to turn his insides into a girl, just like Mega Corp, his sister, and Linc had conspired to do on the outside.

One of the pills he had taken, without question, was to stop his male hormones... to stop the thing that made him who he was! He had whimpered to himself, feeling low at the idea that he was practically a girl and would be if he let it all continue.

Yet the paperwork told him exactly what could happen if he didn't continue down this path. Not taking the testosterone blocker, the Aldactone according to the paperwork, he would be gambling with his life, the possible side effects of system shock or a blood clot.

He had swallowed hard, rereading the word blood clot half a dozen times as he thought of his Aunt, his father's sister who died of a blood clot after a routine surgery for her back. She had died in her sleep and he couldn't imagine what that would do to his sister if she found him that way. 'Would Maddy start acting similar to how their dad acted after their mom left? Would dad get worse with his son...even how I am, dying from something preventable? The last part of the Uber ride had been spent looking out the window at the dark clouded sky that seemed to reflect his mood, wondering what he should do, what he even could do.

Now standing outside his work, Jackson hadn't decided about anything, the sky hadn't changed, the only thing that did was how he felt about it all. His red plump lips had crept up into a smile, before the medication Jackson had taken dulled the world, while the mixture in him now caused a similar effect to cloud his mind, it also seemed to release dopamine along with serotonin, leaving him feeling happy.

Jackson blinked a few times as a clap of thunder echoed across the sky followed by the sound of rain hitting the pavement. Scurrying quickly inside the building he gave a small wave with his fingers over to the reception desk and his friend before going through the turnstile. Inside the elevator he shifted his shoulders slightly from side to side as he hummed along with the soft music. Things had felt so dreadful, like the world was collapsing around him, part of Jackson knew nothing had changed, yet nothing felt nearly as bad now. His clouded mind had trouble putting a finger on anything specific, something was off he knew, but overall, the day felt rather good.

Stepping off the elevator Jackson put one high heeled foot in front of the other, swinging his hips as he continued the hum the lyricless song that had been playing he made his way closer to his desk, looking to the world like a happy woman having one of her best days. "Hmmm hmmm, mmmm mmmm mmmm, hmmm!"

"Jacqueline! Jacqueline. Hey!" A familiar deep voice called out, causing Jackson to stop in his tracks. Turning slightly to the side Jackson cocked his head to the side, the grin on his face not faltering for a second as he saw Abraham moving up to him quickly.

"Abe!" Jackson said with a light lilt in his voice. It was only after saying his name that the memory of the kiss in his cubicle wiggled its way to the front of his mind past the fog clouding most of his thoughts, a phantom feeling brightly touched his lips and the memory of warmth from being pressed against the mans toned body a contrast to the

cold air-conditioned air in the building. ‘He had kissed me!’

“Hey, yeah. I just wanted to talk to you, about earlier, and apologize for...” When Abe had gotten to the word earlier the memory that had just bubbled to the surface reasserted itself, bringing a light blush to his cheeks from the embarrassment of not only being kissed by another man, but also how he was talking about it so openly in the main area of their floor. ‘Having Linc was supposed to stop all this, does he know Linc and I are dating? Did I tell him? I think I did, but then he wouldn't have... right?’ Jackson had lost what the taller man was saying, not having the concentration to focus on more than one thing at a time.

“Umm, Abe. You know I have a boyfriend, right? I’m dating Lincoln Hatch, so we can only be friends.”

Just hearing the other man’s name put a sour taste in Abraham’s mouth. He liked Jacqueline, if the girl hadn’t given him a blow job in public he would have still been able to tell she liked him back by the mere fact she was coyly smiling at him even as she tried to let him down. Sure she had a boyfriend, but clearly liked to be pursued. He guessed that was one reason she was drawn to a controlling dick like this Lincoln Hatch, the man’s controlling nature probably made her feel like she was getting attention. He just needed to show her what the right kind of attention felt like. He was about to reply when something else struck him, Abraham looked off to his left and this right, shifting just his eyes. Realization had struck him how he had approached her way too publicly about this.

“Friends.” Abraham smiled, nodding his head. “Friends that get a few drinks together and enjoy a movie together like we did the other night?”

‘That was easier than I hoped. Linc will eat his words when I tell him how down to earth Abe is. Not an arrogant dick like he thinks most of the sales team is. How would he even know?’ Jackson’s lips parted slightly showing off his white teeth as his smile increased in volume. “Yeah, like that. I owe you a drink but maybe a little less for me next time. I can hardly remember the movie at all.”

“Great, so we are still on for dinner? I was thinking about tomorrow night.”

Jackson felt his stomach growl at the thought of a home cooked German meal and the last time he had some gravy covered spaetzle, it reminded him that with the two doctors he had seen he had neglected to get any lunch and the only thing he had waiting for him here was a diet shake. “If I could take you up on that right now I really would.”

Opening his mouth to reply Abraham stopped himself, closing it for a few heartbeats before trying again. He had invited her to dinner, and she had replied about wanting to go back to his place right then. “Honestly, I would if I could, but this afternoon I have an important call. One of the other guys on my team has dropped the ball on a client. It is one thing to make promises that are a little out of scope, it is another to not follow up with operations to make sure it gets done and I have a feeling that call will escalate into me treating them to a nice dinner to not lose them or at least keep their money coming in like normal. Would you...” Abraham paused just briefly. People had told him that he could sell girl scout cookies back to the girl scouts at a profit if he wanted, yet his confidence always tended to waver when he had a personal interest involved, that fear of failure and rejection always creeping in. “It is a long shot, but would you like to come along? You could meet one of our clients, not our biggest cash cow, but nowhere near the bottom of the list either.”

The idea of going out somewhere nice on Mega Corps dime was more than a little appealing to Jackson, doubly so with the idea of making a connection to a group that had deep pockets. It would allow him to poach the client from whomever it was on Abe’s team that was screwing up, yet he had something he was planning on doing that evening, Jackson just couldn’t remember it at the second other than it being important. “I would love to! Really! I just have something important to do tonight.”

“Let me guess, you have to wash your hair?” Abraham joked.

Reaching up to his shorter, blonder hair Jackson ran one hand’s long nails through the lob haircut. “I do actually, but that isn’t why.”

“I’m joking, I’m joking. I can wait to see you till tomorrow night, lucky for me neither of us has to with us working on the same floor and all.” Abraham said with a light chuckle.

“I’m serious, I would like to meet them. In a few months I was thinking about moving over to the sales team and I would love to poach the client. Think you could give me a few tips tomorrow?” Jackson asked thinking only of the future he wanted and not how he would transition from Jacqueline back to Jackson to take up a position on the team.

One of Abraham’s eyebrows went up, the smile on his face growing deeper, neither considering how flirty it looked for the two of them to be standing out in the open, so close together smirking as they bantered. “Do you mean that? You would like to come work under me?”

“Maybe at the start, but in time I’m betting I would be on top.” Jackson said imagining himself not just taking over the lead sales position but getting a corner office. The larger

man was ready to tell the beauty in front of him that he didn't mind a woman on top, when his cell phone started to buzz in his pocket.

A frown crossed the man's face as he looked down at the caller ID. "Sorry, have to get back to the grind. I will see you around!"

Jackson nodded, turning on the ball of one his heeled feet and made his way in the direction of his desk once more, feeling like he was walking on a cloud after Abe had agreed to not only cook some of his favorite food, but to also set him up to hit the floor running when he managed to get out of working under Dunn. If he played his cards right he could make up for all his lost time spent being an intern and slumming it as a secretary. 'Oh! Makeup. I need to check mine!' He thought as he sat down at his small desk, almost putting away his purse before he checked his appearance.

A few hours passed, Jackson sitting at his desk happily with one nylon leg crossed over the other. The top leg bouncing allowed him to enjoy the feeling of his pantyhose covered legs rubbing against one another as his mind faded in and out, at times thinking about nothing at all. One of the times that his mind came out of the happy haze he noticed an email that came through to him and to the human resources department from his doctor's office. Jackson read it and reread it a few times, having trouble focusing on the task with the beeping coming from the headset attached to his phone constantly going off. He wished it would just stop so he could focus on what he was doing.

The gist of the email he was able to gather was that the doctor's office wanted to schedule a follow up for bloodwork and another hormone shot since he had left without doing so. It also talked about how they had cleared the prior authorization for breast enhancement surgery after what he had indicated in both his appointments. Opening his desk drawer Jackson fished out some of the paperwork that he had been given at the doctor's office, running one of his long nails along a line of words to keep his place. 'I can't stop taking the anti.. Anti male pill till I'm off the estrogen.' A small shudder ran through Jackson's body, but still the smile remained on his face, it wasn't all bad, there was light at the end of the tunnel. 'I don't take the shot and then I can stop the pills and boom no blood clot.' He hit reply on the email.

It took him a while to type out his response with the almost constant interruptions from the headset beeping, not giving him more than a minute of peace before it would make the sounds again. "Thank you for getting back to me, but I do not believe the shots are right for me. You gave me a lot of information and I would like to pick an option that is both healthy and avoids injections." Jackson felt proud of himself. It was short and towed a line that he thought would not make someone think about his real intentions to

just skip all the hormone girl stuff till he could get free from the ordeal.

“Care to explain why you have not been answering your phone?” The deep baritone voice pulled Jackson’s attention away from his computer screen.

“Mr. Dunn!?” Jackson blinked at him a few times before looking in the direction of his phone seeing it said he had several missed calls. Suddenly the noise coming from the attached headphones made much more sense. To Alexander his secretary seemed both startled and happy to him, like she had forgotten he was around and that she was pleased to find him standing behind her. “I ahh umm sorry I forgot, I mean...” Jackson’s mind worked slowly trying to come up with an excuse why he never even considered answering the phone or how he never considered the noise being a phone ringing at all.

Alexander squinted his eyes, not at his secretary, but what was on her screen. He put a hand on her shoulder, giving it a light squeeze to try and get her to stop babbling. “You were gone for a while this morning, but seeing that.” He motioned with his free hand towards the computer monitor. “I can see why you are in such a good mood. Happy to get something real up top, right?”

“Yeah. I just...” Jackson felt the weight of the older man’s hand on his shoulder, touching him in just the right spot to remind him of the bra strap pulling down to hold up the weight of the breast forms glued to his flesh. Looking from his boss back to his desk Jackson touched the headset lightly with just his fingers losing track of what he was about to say. ‘Note to self don’t take pills on an empty stomach.’

“You just?” Alexander asked, noticing his admin being more flighty than normal.

“Yeah... Oh, umm.” Jackson narrowed his eyes for a second trying to move his mind into a higher gear or any gear. “I was writing an email and...” Jackson trailed off, almost telling his boss how he was trying to get out of the next appointment.

“And you got a bit stuck? I get it, a lot of big changes, but all to help you become who you want to be.”

‘Soon as you are gone I will get just that!’ Jackson took a deep breath happily, giving the man standing over him a show as he sat there with his legs crossed, back straight thanks to the corset and chest heaving with the breath.

“I will gladly help, why don’t you go get me a cup of coffee and then meet me in my office, we have to talk about some things happening around here.” Jackson’s smile widened, happy to get away from the man towering over him and his roaming pale blue

eyes.

“Coffee! Got it!” Jackson said seizing the opportunity with a visible sense of relief.

Alexander watched the transgender girl sexily walk away from him. ‘Does she always walk like that or is she putting an extra wiggle in for me?’ He asked himself before sitting down at her desk to wait.

He glanced over again to the screen, and decided to finish the email for her. He had a secretary once that typed less than thirty words a minute, but she could suck a golf ball through a garden hose. Being saddled with Jacqueline was starting to feel like he was only getting half of what he got from her.

Looking over the screen in front of him he caught one last glance at his admin’s rear before she turned a corner. He knew she was really a he but was trying to transition to be a she. The whole transgender thing confused him, but he knew one thing for sure. His instincts told him to treat his current secretary much like his old one, and that she would welcome it...considering the rumors around the office about her.

Looking back to her screen he added human resources onto the reply and blind copied himself before cleaning up her language and adding more, it now said:

“Thank you for getting back to me so quickly, it means the world to me that you are helping me with my transition. The problem I run into is I’m afraid of needles and was hoping for another option.”

He paused for a second looking down at the pamphlet on her desk. His wife was terrified of needles, just getting her to get a flu shot was a trial, so he could imagine how difficult it would be for Jacqueline to have to get injected more often, she at least had that in common with most girls, afraid of pain. Glancing at one of the glossy pieces of paper he saw something that could help, so he went back to the email, adding more.

“In the paperwork you gave me, it says there is an option for an implanted estrogen pellet. I would like to use this option if possible. Also, when do I come in for breast augmentation surgery? I’m hoping we can do it as soon as possible as you know the falsies are just a pain to wear, and I can’t wait to finally have my very own double D’s that I have always wanted!

With Loving Appreciation
- Jacqueline Hart.”

Smirking to himself at what he wrote, Alexander stared at it for half a second before hitting send. His little diversity hire had already taken some big steps, but considering she was his responsibility he wanted to see the fruits of her efforts. He had been forced to keep Hart by human resources and was going to make the best of it. After all, a large pair of tits was what she really wanted and it was also something he very much wanted to see.

While Dunn wrote the email in Jackson's name, Jackson was off in the break room making a pot of coffee, the Keurig stand with cups being currently empty of options other than tea. Leaning against the counter Jackson tapped his nails on it, one finger at a time. Catching a glance at himself on the reflective surface of the toaster. His initial thought was how horrible his life was, how he shouldn't have to wear a bra, he shouldn't have to be trotting around in heels high enough to break an ankle in, but with the dopamine and serotonin floating around in his brain and being kept there from the drug interactions the dark thoughts had difficulty finding purchase.

Changing instead to more upbeat ones, like if he had to look like a girl, at least he was pretty and how funny it would be to kiss Linc on the lips, run his long-nailed fingers down his chest to touch his crotch and then tell him how gay he was for getting hard. Standing there in the room by himself Jackson couldn't hold in a laugh at teasing his friend like he used to. "Things aren't that bad, all this is temporary, soon I will have the job I want, and a financial windfall. I have pranked both Linc and Maddy so many times, this was just my turn to take some lumps and there is nothing stopping me from using this to my advantage." Thoughts of what he could get away with turned to Abe and how the man would only see him as a rival if it wasn't for the girl act.

Jackson paid no attention to the world around him as the coffee machine percolated behind him, lost in thought about how he would turn wearing a woman's thong and heels into a better and secure future for himself.

Scene 16

Sitting on the small couch to the side of his desk Alexander watched his secretary step into his office, every step she swirled her hips, her chest bounced and with the smile on her face he was sure she knew exactly what she was doing and loving every second of the attention she garnered. "Shut the door, would you honey."

Turning slightly Jackson pressed the solid wood door closed, before moving back to face his boss and handing over the steaming mug of coffee. "There you go, had to brew a pot,

there weren't any cups left." Jackson flashed the older man a smile, before turning to leave.

"No more cups in the cabinet?" Alexander inquired.

Pursing his pouty lips together Jackson turned his head back to look at his boss, not considering what he looked like. "I didn't think to check."

"That's okay, no harm done." Alexander leaned forward to place the hot mug on his desk before patting the love seats cushion next to him. "Don't go running off now, we have a few things to discuss."

Taking in a deep breath Jackson moved to sit down carefully on the couch wondering if he was in trouble for something. Dunn had never been afraid to lay into someone and chew them out before, the little agreement between them to act all flirty had helped keep him in a gentler mood so he made sure to sit down close enough that their sides touched. After crossing one leg over the other slowly Jackson let out the breath as he put one hand on his boss's slack covered knee. "What do you want to talk about? Am I in trouble?" He asked, thinking about how it might have something to do with running off to the doctor's appointment without permission.

Swallowing the saliva in his mouth Dunn moved his arm up and over Jacqueline so that his hand rested on her far shoulder. He hardly had to pull her any closer with how she sat, she was close enough that he could smell her perfume. The scent along with her warm body pressing against his own and how she touched his leg with her hand told him he was on the right course of action. "Hmm, maybe, maybe." He answered in a soft voice, his eyes sliding up from her legs to her chest, watching what he knew to be a fake bosom heave from a deep breath, up to her lips and then into the blonde girl's eyes. "I don't mind a bad girl from time to time, are you a bad girl?"

"No I'm a good..." Jackson paused for a second, not wanting to call himself that, imagining Dunn giving him a write up. "A good girl."

Alexander shook his head. "Tsk, tsk tsk. A good girl would have checked for more cups to get me my coffee instead of making me wait and a good girl wouldn't have been gone for so long. A good girl would have asked permission and apologized, especially after she came back and refused to answer her phone. You know they have a check box on forms for call avoidance? So that makes you a bad girl, doesn't it?" As he asked the question he moved his free hand to rest atop of her own that was on his leg.

"Umm yes?"

“Tell me you are a bad girl who breaks the rules Ms. Hart.”

Jackson looked at the man’s face next to him, looking for any hint of humor, but all he found was a stern, cold expression.

“I’m a bad girl who likes to break the rules.” traces of fear ran through Jackson’s mind, he was pressed up against the man who had a major impact on his future. He wasn’t sure what would happen to being able to move from his position if he was written up or if it would lead to him being fired. That would give him a sort of peace, making so many bad things come to an end, but it would ruin him financially and if Dunn was vindictive... and he knew he was it could destroy any future career. Jackson had touched him thinking about their agreement, but saying he was a bad girl and feeling the larger man’s callused hand on top of his own made his skin crawl. Despite all of that, part of his mind still told him everything was okay, it wasn’t bad, he was in a good mood, it was nice to be touched, to be wanted.

“Hmm. Well bad girls do get punished, do you think you should be spanked?”

The feminized man’s eyes went wide, his eyebrows shooting up. “Sp...spanking? No, no, no, no. I’m not a bad girl!” The very idea of being spanked like a child horrified Jackson, but the emotion just wasn’t able to make it through his clouded mind to be fully processed in any timely manner.

“No? Ms. Hart I am very well aware of what happened with you and multiple men in this office. In a cubicle this morning, a bathroom another day and then of course what you did in the supply closet.” No one had a close or casual enough relationship with him that they would tell him the gossip around the office, but he had ears and the power to read any of his employees corporate messages on the messaging service, not that they were aware of that.

The accusation made it clear to Jackson that Dunn knew that he had given Linc a blow job in the office, how he had gone into the wrong bathroom after when he was told to use the women’s from now on and somehow it got out that Abe had kissed him. Panic wanted to grip him, but the medication kept it and his heartbeat from ramping up like they normally would.

“See? I know how naughty my bad girl has been.” Alexander kept his arm around Jacqueline, pulling her a little closer, as his other slide from her hand to her nylon covered thigh, before slipping up over her dress, to rest on her stomach as he leaned a little closer. “We can skip your spanking for another time or forget about it completely if

you do a good enough job showing your boss how happy you can make him.”

“No... please. I ahhh, I have a boyfriend, remember? We had a deal.” Jackson said pleading with the man before he heard him making the tsking sound once more before leaning in closer. Jackson couldn't move, it felt like he was standing on the train tracks, unable to move as the train barreled closer and closer. Then it happened another man's lips pressed into his own. The kiss wasn't full of passion, there was no moving of their heads, or their lips, just a single press of his own lipstick covered lips against another pair of lips for two seconds before it was over.

“Jacqueline, Jacqueline. I know you have a boyfriend; I had a talk with him just this morning about you, but our deal was only good so long as you were a loyal girl, a good girl. If you are going to act like a little slut, then I'm simply giving you what you want. No need to pretend with me. Think of how open and accepting I have been with you. Supportive and helping too...heck just now while you were getting coffee, I sent off that email that you hadn't sent off yet.”

“You... you did? No wait, I'm not a slut and...” Jackson said, embarrassed that this man knew he was discussing a transition plan, and hoping he didn't read enough into it to realize that he was trying to stop it.

“Shhhhh, shhhh.” Alexander moved the hand from his admin's stomach up so he could press one finger to her lips. “The word slut has such a bad connotation, but it is okay privately. I'm a bit of a slut myself and you know what? My wife doesn't care, so long as she has money to spend and I always come home to her. You just need to work on being more discreet, like doing things in a closed office.” He motioned his hand around his office.

“I, ahh, ahh, I can't, and we had a deal. I just flirt and you would leave me alone.”

Dunn narrowed his eyes, his hand grabbing his secretary's jaw, pinching her cheeks tightly as he made sure the blonde tease looked him in the eye. “We had a deal, but now it has changed. To borrow a line, pray I don't alter it further. Now I will give you an option, you can either do what we both know you really want, I'm not even sure why you are fighting it really. Or you can leave this office knowing both you and your boyfriend that you have cheated on will be fired.”

“You can't...” Jackson said in a small voice, already knowing he could.

“I can, but you do have a point, that I shouldn't, and you know what. I won't, that would

be cruel and that just isn't the way leadership should act.”

Relief filled Jackson as Dunn's arm retracted from him before he stood up and moved closer to his desk. “You... you won't? If I go, will you let Linc and me keep our jobs?”

Hitting the speaker option on his phone Alexander started to dial an extension. “I would never pressure anyone to do something with me they didn't want to do, I'm not a monster. Like I said before, I thought that is what you wanted when I thought about how you were acting. Jacqueline, I'm an ally and hope you can see that.” When he finished talking, he hit the last number for the extension he was dialing.

“Good afternoon Mr. Dunn, how can I help you today?” Jackson wasn't sure what was going on as he heard the voice come from the speaker phone.

“Yes, Gerald, it is Gerald right?” Alexander asked, looking down at the phone on his desk.

“Actually, it is Greggor or just Greg sir. How can I help you?”

Shifting his gaze, Alexander locked eyes with his admin. “I wanted a few things. First I wanted you to pull a report of all my employees badge swipes in the lobby today and then pull a second report of that same group's time clock punches. I haven't done an audit in a while.”

What his boss was asking for didn't make any sense to Jackson, till he realized that he hadn't punched out at all to go to his appointments, he had been in such a hurry that he had just left.

“An audit sir, just for one day?”

Alexander smiled at the sexy looking person in front of him in her red wrap dress. “For now, yes. Oh and it has been bugging me, I can't find the email about it, but could you tell me what happened to that girl that worked on Almer, what was her name... Paige something. It was his admin I think. She filed that sexual harassment report right?”

“I can get those reports to you by the end of day, that will not be a problem and just give me a second to look up who you are talking... and here it is. Looks like her name was Madison Paige Rogers was her full name, though it does look like she went by her middle name. Hmm it looks like she did file that report, but later recanted it...seems she had told other people, not just us here in HR, so legal started the paperwork for a slander suit to minimize any damage to the company.”

Alexander listened to one of the functionaries in the human resources department speak while he maintained eye contact with his subordinate. “That is too bad, I do hope she landed on her feet. Do you know if we continued on with the lawsuit? Poor girl, sounds like she got railroaded.”

“The file doesn’t say sir, but...” Both Jackson and Alexander heard the heavy sigh on the other end of the phone and the defeated tone in Greg’s voice. “I would agree with you”

“Hold on a sec would you, Greg.” Alexander said, not waiting for an answer before hitting the mute button. “Being fired like that sounds terrible, sadly things like that happen all the time. I have the power to help this girl, soon your boyfriend could too. Would you like me to help her?”

Even with his sluggish thoughts Jackson could easily see through the transparent power play. His threat earlier was still present, he was just going to go about it differently and then there was the issue of the girl, Dunn was trying to show him how little he could be touched. His mind was too clouded to parse out what he wanted with offering to help the girl, was it an olive branch? Another power play? “How would you help her?”

“Hmm, that is a good question. I might be able to get her some severance pay, I could just offer her a letter of recommendation for all the trouble, or I could offer her another position. Maybe something away from Almer. When I move up I will still need an assistant, she could work under me instead of you or... if you trust Larry she could work under him when you move up with me.”

Jackson’s mouth went dry, he hadn’t even considered Dunn would make him move up with him, not any real thought anyways. To ease the dry mouth he rubbed his tongue on the back of his teeth. “Wait, Larry?”

“Your boyfriend.” Alexander cocked his head at the girl, it was one thing for her to cheat on him, but another to forget his name.

“Lincoln. Who is Larry?”

Dunn tilted his head back. “Ah, so it was my mistake. Lincoln, like the car, I will remember that this time.” He pressed the mute button again. “Still there Greg? Just one more minute.” Alexander said before pressing the mute button one more time. “So tell me Jacqueline. Should I not help her at all, or you can choose to have her work under myself or your boyfriend, if you trust him that is. If I recall Paige was a looker, not as big in the chest as you... well what you will soon have anyhow.”

Jackson licked his lips, the medication was still working its way through his system, the doctor had picked the one that would last longer he had said, yet he felt like he could use another. The only way he was going to get out of this mess was with Linc so he could...so he could...god but that would condemn the other girl to working under Dunn. He wasn't sure about this other manager she worked under before, but he knew Dunn. 'God help me, she even has the same name as my sister.' "Hire her back, she can work for you." Jackson said, hoping the girl really did have another option or that she was smarter this time around.

With a wolfish smile on his face Alexander was about to hit the mute button once more, when Jackson spoke up again, a real thought came through the fog in his mind. "Could...you hire her back to the mailroom or even umm to a position where she wont have too... you know?"

Stepping away from his desk Alexander moved closer to Jaqueline, tapping his chin as he considered what she asked. "Right now, today? No, I don't think I can, but when the dust settles. If I was asked convincingly enough and when I was in the right mood." He shrugged. "Almer could be out on his ass and someone with the backbone to stand up for herself and the wisdom to back down when she knows that she is out gunned, they could find their way to the new open managerial position. Do you have any ideas bouncing around in that pretty head of yours that could put me in such a mood?"

'Madison Paige Rogers... Madison... Maddy.' The girl shared a name with his sister, they weren't the same person, but he could imagine he being placed in a position like this and he would never, could never put her in a position to work under this man. "I." Jackson swallowed hard again, this time stepping into his boss's personal space, pressing one palm on his chest, sliding up, up and moving the other with it to adjust his tie. "I have a few ideas of how to put you in a good mood."

Seeing the women in red in front of him purr with her smile changed the wolfish grin on his face to one of genuine pleasure. This was the real way of the world, give and take. He had the power to just take, but doing so always felt so hollow. Lifting one hand up Alexander ran his thumb up Jacqueline's jaw and across her cheek before taking her hand in his own, lifting it up to kiss the underside of her wrist. Still holding her hand in his own he half turned so he could press the mute button one last time on the phone. "Hey Greg, could you do me a favor, pass it up to whoever and get me the sign off forms to hire Paige back. What happened to her isn't right and while you are at it get me Almer's employee file. I want to go over it with a fine-toothed comb."

"Really?! Yeah, I can do that. I will get right on that and umm. Sir?"

“Yes?”

“I just wanted to thank you.”

Dunn’s eyes looked away from his desk, back to the deep brown eyes of his secretary. “No need to thank me Greg, sometimes the world is give and take. Other times people can give and the best option is just to pass on that goodwill. Now I have to go, you have a good day, Greg. I know I will.” With that Alexander picked up the phone receiver and then hung it back up, ending the call and moving his attention to where he really wanted. “Now, where were we?”

Sitting back down on the small couch in his office with his legs apart, Alexander's eyes roam across the blonde from the top of her blonde hair to the stiletto spikes of her heels and then back up again till he was looking into her brown doe eyes. She had a look of innocence to her, something almost virginal that attracted him, yet he knew what she had done to and for others in the office, to her boyfriend and once fellow intern and to the lead of his sales team. He had never been with someone transgender before, never had the inkling till he saw how feminine this creature was. The fact that he couldn't have her, drove him to want her more. She had agreed to be with him, yet hadn't moved from where she stood. “Jacqueline, you are incredibly sexy. I want to pull on that little bow on your dress to unwrap you, but... if you don't find me attractive, if you don't want to do things with me.” He paused briefly making sure he had her full attention. “Then you can just go back to work, I don't want to be with someone who doesn't want to be with me.” He lied.

Shifting his weight and taking a half a step back Jackson felt himself wobble on his heels. His instincts made him take his first steps to get away from the threat before him. ‘I can't go.’ Jackson mentally whined while he tried to find inner strength to help someone Mega Corp had chewed up and spit out. “N... No, I want to.”

“Well if you are sure.” Dunn said with a predatory smile.

The entire situation felt so odd to Jackson, he desperately wanted to be anywhere but here, he didn't want to look the way he did, dress the way he did, or move the way he did. Yet as horrible as everything was, still the inner turmoil never rose above a whisper. Allowing him to begrudgingly think of someone else before him, all while his overall feelings told him that things weren't that bad, they were even good, something to be happy about. Taking a few steps closer to the older man, Jackson sank down to his nylon covered knees pressing down on the cheap office carpet.

With his eyes on the zipper of his boss's dark pants Jackson placed one hand on the man's thigh, just a few inches from what he knew lurked beneath. Slowly the feminized man looked up into the pale blue eyes of Alexander Dunn who he had learned was a much worse person than he previously thought.

“Go on sweetheart.” The deep voice of Alexander reverberated down to Jackson, the command clear. He watched the girl kneel before him, swallowing as she looked at his crotch, interpreting it and how she licked her lips not as acts of nervousness, but for ones of hunger, seeing only what he wanted to see in order to confirm what he already believed to be true about Jacqueline. He smiled watching her hand move to his zipper, her hand shaking in what he believed was anticipation after he gave her permission. Just watching her, knowing what was coming was driving his arousal.

When she unbuckled his pants, unclasped the button, lowered his zipper and pulled out his semi hard member he shuddered feeling her nail's slide across his flesh, the warmth of her hand on his cock causing a pleasurable growl to escape his lips.

Taking in a deep breath, or as deep as the corset would allow Jackson started to move his face closer and closer to the warm member in his right hand. His face inches from the dick he hesitated and paused hearing a growl come from Dunn. He didn't dare move as his brown eyes flicked up to look at the man. ‘Did I do something wrong? Or is he upset I'm going too slow?’ Jackson asked himself.

“Give it a kiss with those sweet lips of yours and tell me you want my cock.” Jackson nodded to the command, getting the answer to his internal question, that yes, he was going too slow.

Puckering his lips Jackson looked down to what he warm pulsing member in his hand before closing his eyes as he leaned down the extra little bit to press them to the tip of the member. It wasn't a small thing, not massive either, somewhere between his own and what Lincoln was working with and smaller than... Jackson's mind flashed briefly of another man's dick that he had seen recently that he couldn't place. He dismissed the thought, attributing it to maybe one of the dancers where his sister had taken him, a memory he was happy alcohol had made fuzzy. Pulling his face away from the man's groin and distancing himself from the musky smell Jackson opened his eyes once more, looking up to Dunn instead of down at what he knew was in his hand. “I want your cock.” Jackson said, following the instructions given.

“Mmmm, yeah I can tell you do. Call me sir and ask me permission for what you want.”

Jackson didn't say anything for a few heartbeats, just looking up into those pale eyes

before averting them and looking back down to his crotch. Even without looking up at him Jackson could feel the icy stare, making him feel small, weak and powerless. He didn't want anything to do with what was happening like the man said, but he also wasn't powerless. He had chosen to be in this position to help another. Pressing his lips together Jackson could feel the lipstick on his lips, the turn of his stomach as it told him how unhappy it was, all while he felt happy, felt pleased with himself. Not a side effect, but the actual purpose of the medication running through his system that just seemed to be doing its job too well and at odds with the situation itself. "Can I suck on your cock sir? I really want it."

"Who am I to tell a beautiful woman no when she wants something so badly."

With a smile less forced than it should be Jackson leaned back down again, giving the tip of the man's prick another kiss before opening his mouth, partially sticking out his tongue so it almost went past his bottom lip he took the tip of the cock into his mouth. Feeling the fleshy member sink a little further into his mouth as the man he knelt in front of moved his own hips Jackson sucked on it much like a child might a pacifier. Holding it in his mouth, sucking on the dick Jackson tried to imagine it was something else, anything else as he shifted his tongue from left to right knowing under the tip was the most sensitive parts. He didn't want this drawn out, every extra second this went on the worse it was for him.

Feeling the girl's tongue as she made slurping sounds after begging for him Dunn felt himself getting harder. It had been a long time since his wife ever did something like this, but he had girls like Jacqueline to take care of things now, much like she had her pool boy. "Mmmm... that's it, just like that girl." Dunn groaned feeling like he was ready to blow much faster than he would like. It had been nearly a month since he had someone giving him the attention he deserved like this and the way the girl had been teasing since she came under his service had him already worked up from imagining this very moment. "God that feels so good."

With the dick still in his mouth Jackson looked up to his boss's face, men liked it... he liked it when a girl looked up at him while she blew him. "Mmmm, mmmMMMM!" He practically hummed knowing how much he liked it when girls were vocal, not that he had a mountain or much of a hill of experience, but he had watched a lot of porn.

Holding the base of the cock in one hand Jackson could feel the veins pulsing as he shifted his head from right to left, continuing to suck and shift his tongue around the fleshy object in his mouth. Jackson moved his left hand up, sliding up across the man's leg to cup his tight balls. Wiggling his fighters, he tried to move them gently, a contrast to the more aggressive movements he was doing with his head.

“Hah, hah, hah, hah. Jacqueline. Jacqueline! Oh, oh! God yes!” Alexander said in a harsh whisper, using both of his hands to keep the girl's head from moving about and pull her down onto his dick as he felt the moment of eruption coming quickly. He heard her choking on his dick as it shot his seed down her throat, the sound of her doing so adding more pleasure to the experience, always loving the idea and sound of a girl choosing his dick over air. As the last of his cum shot into her mouth he let go.

Jackson fell back violently, he hadn't expected to be pulled down like that and had instantly started to choke and gag before even the first drop of the man's cum shot into his mouth and throat. He had moved both of his hands one on his leg, the other on the couch, trying to assist him to get up but between the lack of leverage and the other man's strength he had been stuck in place, forced to endure the lack of oxygen and the expanding fluid in his mouth and throat. On the floor he started to cough, his body fighting itself trying to both expel the thick white fluid that had made its way to his lungs and trying to bring air back into them.

Letting out a long sigh of pleasure Alexander fixed his pants before patting the girl in the red dress on the back. “You will be okay, and don't worry you were terrific. Those lips of yours were made for sucking cock. Too bad we didn't do this earlier in the day, then we would have time to do it again. I can't wait for tomorrow.” Dunn said it all with a smile as he helped the girl up all while internally, he admonished himself for being so quick to blow his load, cutting one of his favorite experiences short.



Scene 17

“Jacqueline, Jacqueline can you hear me?” Lincoln said as he leaned closer to his now blonde friend who seemed so engrossed in whatever they were working on to hear him, let alone notice him standing in front of her.

Slightly startled Jackson looked up from his computer screen, the small smile on his face grew in volume as he saw his friend. ‘Linc is here, he looks happy... I bet he wouldn’t be if I told him about...’ Jackson slowly closed his eyes before opening them again like a slow-motion blink. He had been mostly just staring at the screen; his mind felt like it was floating, only lightly touching a subject or concept before he lost his mental grip on it. After the afternoon meeting with his boss where he thought he saved or at least helped a girl named Maddy he had overindulged in his new medication. It made him feel happier, all his problems felt smaller, and the world felt... floatier. “Hiiii Linc! You look happy.”

Seeing his friend give Lincoln a bright smile, her red painted lips smiling wide enough to show her now pearly white teeth made him instinctively mimic the expression. ‘I sat next to Jackson for a year, lived with him... how didn’t I know this about him?’ He thought, still trying to reconcile the beautiful girl he saw now, compared to the greasy haired man he had gotten to know. “Time to go home, that alone would make me happy, but going home with you makes me downright joyful.”

Putting one elbow up on his desk Jackson leaned his head on his open palm, pressing his cheek into his hand as he looked up to his friend. ‘I never noticed how dark his brown eyes were... so much darker than my caramel brown. Is he really that happy to see me? Oh! Oh! He has to pretend because... yeah.’ Jackson’s eyes flitted over to the framed picture on his desk of the two of them. With his free hand he picked up the picture before leaning back in his seat, his head almost lulling down from its own weight, his body forgetting it was being propped up as he rolled his chair back a few inches. Tapping one long nailed finger to the glass covering the photo Jackson gave a small smirk, the two shared a secret, one that had to be kept. “Joyful... is this why you say you are joyful?” He nodded to himself already knowing the answer.

“Yes... Jacqueline, are you okay?” Lincoln said as he moved around the small desk, taking the framed photo from her hand and placing it back down where she took it from.

With a long inhale of breath Jackson gave a single over exaggerated nod. “Yes!” His eyes shifted around seeing a handful of people leaving their little cubical world to head home.

“I’m... joyful too. My boyfriend is taking me home!” He held out both hands so Lincoln could help him to his feet. Earlier in the day he had forgotten that to stand up correctly in heels or at least heels with this height he had to center his feet together and had fallen back down into his seat. Jackson had only raised himself up a few inches before the fall, so at least he hadn’t embarrassed himself.

Helping his blonde friend to her feet he put one hand around her hip, resting his palm on the small of her back as he got in her personal space, and whispered to her. “Are you sure you are okay?”

Closing his eyes Jackson nodded his head several times in small tight nods, each movement of his head reminded him of the earrings and of how short his hair now was. “Yeah, yeah, yeah.” Jackson responded in a whisper, his feminine voice growing softer with each word. “Everyone needs to know I’m your girlfriend and that I’m a good girl...” Jackson said thinking about something Dunn had said. His mind pulled away from the memory with a quickness like it had been a snake about to bite him, but it had reminded him how he had saved a girl. “You know...” Jackson said with the same whisper as before, but leaned in closer. “Today I’m a superhero.”

“Is that so? Not just a hero but a superhero. Why don’t you tell me about it on the way to the car. Regale me with the tales of Jacqueline Hart super heroine. Did you wear a costume?” The two started to walk towards the elevator, Lincoln keeping his hand on the small of Jackie’s back, guiding her so the two stayed in sync.

“No, well...” Jackson looked down at himself, the large prosthetic breasts on display in the red wrap dress. He watched as they bounced with each step and shimmy as he placed one heeled foot in front of the other. “Kind of.”

“Hmmm, I’m picturing something tight, maybe looking like a deer.”

Looking at the man through half lidded eyes Jackson saw his friend through the dark curtain of his long mascara covered lashes, not understanding why he would look like a deer. “A deer? Or did you call me dear? I don’t like dear, maybe honey? Hon? How about love? You did say you had to put a ring on it for your promotion.” Jackson tapped his left ring finger.

“Someone sounds like they are in a hurry to get hitched.” Lincoln laughed. After all his worry Jackson really was really onboard and the comment about calling her love as a pet name made him think she was giving him a hint at her true feelings. She was just too afraid to be herself, he would have thought after everything so far she would trust him, but it really was an uncaring world. When she was young and having to live the lie that

she was a boy her mother abandoned her and her older sister. He could be patient if that was what Jacqueline needed.

“Well Yeah... sooner it happens the faster it happens.” The skin above Jackson’s nose wrinkled as he scrunched up his face. “No wait, that isn’t right.”

Laughing as the elevator doors closed Lincoln shook his head a few times. “Well, you aren’t wrong, but before I wasn’t talking about calling you dear.” He paused, tilting his head to the side for a second, if she wanted to use pet names he could do that. Once he had a girlfriend that liked being called sweetheart or sweetie, but really hated being called baby. So he thought it best to use one she had picked out that she liked. “Honey, when I said deer, I meant it like an animal. Your last name is Hart, a hart is an adult male deer, but I think for you a doe would be more accurate.” Lincoln shifted himself in front of her, moving the hand from the small of her back to her hip as his other hand cupped her cheek gently. “You have the loveliest doe eyes.” Lincoln said before he leaned forward and pressed his lips to hers.

Jackson hardly noticed the hand on his hip and the one touching his face as he smirked at the doe eye comment. ‘Doe, a deer, a female deer. Re, a drop of golden...’ The song cut off in his mind as he felt Lincoln’s lips press into him. His overmedicated mind wasn’t able to move to panic, fear or the overwhelming feeling of disgust like it might have normally. Instead, it just seemed to stop processing everything for a few heartbeats. When Jackson felt Lincoln’s mouth open, his tongue touching his lips he opened his mouth without consideration. By the time it rebooted Lincoln was stepping back and the elevator doors were opening. ‘He kissed me. Why did he... was someone watching?’

By the time that thought finished Jackson had already started to hear his own footsteps, click, clack, click, clack on the tile floor as he was guided out. That floaty feeling made it hard to think of anything quickly, he had been focusing on Linc and hadn’t noticed if anyone else was in the elevator. Jackson turned his head to look behind him to see if he could spot anyone that might have ridden down with them, and while he saw more than a few people in the lobby, he couldn’t tell if someone else had stepped off the elevator with them. ‘There must have been others, maybe some guy was checking me out. Wait, he kissed me! Does he know I swallowed Dunn’s...?’

As they stepped into the parking garage Jackson stopped and pulled his friend to the side out of the path of others. “Today has been like... a lot! I went to the therapist, the doctor. We talked about...” Jackson closed one eye trying to think about the medications names, but the only thing he was able to grab onto was that he couldn’t stop taking them without something bad happening to him and they were making him more and more female. “He gave me things to transition... and.. It is a lot!”

Oblivious to what Jackson was going through, Lincoln put each of his hands on Jacqueline's hips and pulled her a little closer as he nodded. "My day wasn't nearly as eventful. Dentist, then I spoke with Dunn. He said something about being more discreet..."

At Lincoln's mention of the word discreet Jackson's eyes went wide. 'He knows!' Jackson thought before interrupting the man that held him. "Dunn told you about the blow job today?"

Raising an eyebrow Lincoln let go of her, taking both of her hands into his own and moving them up to his shoulders before moving his hands back to where they were. "Don't fret, what happened at the office was hot. I mean really hot, but the next blow job and maybe something more can happen back at the apartment." He thought she was talking about what they had done the other day, but the word today made him wonder if her boss had overheard her talking about wanting to do it again with him. He couldn't imagine a more awkward conversation than talking about sex with his boss, well maybe with his parents. Lincoln shook his head to dislodge that thought.

The feminized man's mouth slowly dropped as his eyes somehow grew wider at the idea of Linc not just finding it sexy that he had given a blow job to his... their boss, but that he wanted it to happen again back at their place. 'Did Dunn tell him that is what he wanted? Do they want a three-way with me?!' The grip on his hips and the thought caused his imagination to picture himself on the bed, on all fours, something in his mouth and the same pair of hands on his sides, holding him still for something more. "Are you asking for a three way? Did Mr. Dunn tell you we had to do that?!"

"Woah, woah. He did not and if we were to have a three way it would be you and..." He stopped talking, having a good idea that saying he wanted to have a three way with her and her sister would be a step too far across the line. The fact she was thinking of a three way with two men told him that she was still very much still wanting to explore this side of herself sexually. "You know what, I don't even want a three way." He lied, already feeling himself getting turned on at the idea of the two girls laying in his bed, both in lingerie, kissing one another before beckoning him closer to join in. Lincoln swallowed the buildup of saliva in his mouth before continuing, hoping the pause didn't give Jacqueline an idea of the truth. "Tonight, you are going to change into something sexy, I will give you a massage from head to foot. All the stress of the day that you had to deal with will melt away and then..."



“Mmm, that sounds nice.” Closing his eyes Jackson imagined a massage over his entire body. After what Linc’s hands felt like on just his feet an entire body massage sounded wonderful.

Pressing his forehead to hers he held her there for a few seconds before lightly kissing her lips. “And then my sexy girlfriend and I can repeat what happened at work.”

“Mmm” Jackson let out a small whimper that came across more as sexual desire to Lincoln with the frame of mind he was in. ‘He knows I sucked Dunn off.’ It came slow, the wheels in Jackson’s mind not wanting to do much critical thinking. Their entire conversation up to this point seemed to be all mixed together, he wasn’t sure if Lincoln was saying he needed to blow him or if Dunn said he had to do it again. The memory of saying he was a bad girl and the word discreet came to mind and then finally a memory of saying how he loved or was it liked? He had been talking about Linc’s cock with Maddy and Callie, but that was only because... ‘It doesn’t matter, you have to do it. Everything will be fine, you saved Maddy today, well not Maddy... Maddy, but that other girl.’

With Jackson's mind teetering off its path and back down the rabbit hole of helping the poor unfortunate young woman he smiled again as he pulled away from Lincoln. Not recalling how or when he had wrapped his arms around him or when they had gotten so close. "Mmm did I tell you how I'm a superhero?"

Chuckling, Lincoln nodded. "You did, and I know that I gave you a little push, not that I knew what I was doing. I have to say Jacqueline, you are incredibly brave to be true to yourself. You will always be a superhero to me."

Scene 18

Stepping into the apartment Linc kept one hand on at the base of Jacqueline's back, just above her rear, pushing the door closed with the other he gave her a partial smile. She hadn't said much at all on the car ride home, making him apprehensive about what they were going to do together, or at least he was till he recalled Jackson once oversharing his thoughts about a girl he had gone on a date with and the wild night they had. Lincoln was sure Jacqueline's mind was full of thoughts of what they would be getting up to tonight. Jackson may have been living a lie before, but he was often bold. A trait that he found intoxicating in Jacqueline with how she once took him by the wrist and dragged him off to a supply closet saying how she was going to end his dry spell. She knew what she wanted and the fact she wanted him gave him confidence that he had never had before. Lincoln found it difficult to pull his attention away from her soft brown eyes. He had never been smooth with the ladies, but the way she stared at him intently made it clear she wanted him as much as he wanted her. Without stepping away from the threshold of the apartment and with great effort Lincoln turned his head and called out. "Madison, are you home?"

Taking as deep of a breath as he could with his cinched waist Jackson let the air out slowly, repeating the action three times. The familiar smell of his apartment felt comforting, the trip home in traffic had gone by in a blur. His eyes tracked cars zooming about the roads without a thought in his mind as he tried to decompress after that day. With the feeling of comfort of home around him, Jackson smiled, slowly blinking as he realized Linc was not just holding him with one arm and looking at him intently. 'Why is he looking at me like that? Is there something on my face? Did I get lipstick on my teeth? He is smiling... he should do that more, he is always so uptight.' Jackson thought without stepping away. When he heard Linc call out for Maddy he turned his head to look in the direction of his bedroom... her bedroom for now. He blinked slowly, looking at the half open door through the curtain of eyelashes. Jackson's eyes felt heavy, making him wonder if that was from his prescription or just the day. "I think it is just us."

Jackson said, turning to look back at his friend, his mind picturing Callie. Her standing there in her little black dress with the straps criss-crossing over her shoulders, her standing with her hip cocked to the side in her pink heels and the flirty smile on her pink lipstick covered lips. When Maddy, Callie and him had gone out the previous night she had openly flirted with not just his sister, but also with him.

“Mmmm” Jackson let his body lean into the one pressed into him as their lips met, enjoying the slow sensual kiss. As the body pressed into him, Jackson took a step and a half backwards till his back was pressed against the door. It had taken a few seconds before his mind picked up on the fact that he was feeling stubble on his partner's face. Reality didn't so much as crash back into place, it was more of a curtain slowly parting, only to stop part way to give a peak at what was behind it. There was no sexy blonde bartender kissing him, it was Linc and even as his mind told him what was really happening it took another few seconds for it to also provide the information that this was not a situation he wanted to be in. A contrast to the pleasurable feeling coming from his neck as his brown-haired friend moved his kissing assault from his lips to his collarbone. “Linc...” Jackson said the name in a breathy voice, wishing he wasn't feeling turned on thanks to his imagination and his drug fueled brain.

Moving his face up slightly, Lincoln gave one last kiss to Jacqueline's neck, her perfume filling his nostrils as he breathed in and straightened his spine so he could look into her beautiful soft brown eyes. He had looked at Jackson's face dozens if not hundreds of times and he never gave him a second thought and now seeing those same eyes rimmed and coated with makeup made him never want to look away. His attraction for his friend wasn't without confusion, he knew who was under the makeup. Now though some of the same traits that felt abrasive felt captivating. The games Jackson played felt more playful knowing it was coming from someone attracted to him, someone that looked like this. She was still the same person as before, but the perspective had changed. No longer was it Jackson the lazy roommate, but a girlfriend that wanted to relax and temper his need to constantly do something. As a couple they could balance one another and right now they were in sync. She wanted what he wanted, but first he had made a promise. “I know, I know. I promised you a massage.”

Lincoln rubbed his jaw, nodding to himself once before stepping away from the bottle blonde. “Why don't you slip into something more comfortable and I will be right along.”

Opening his mouth Jackson was about to ask if they had to do this, if he had to do this, but no words came out. Instead he closed his mouth, biting his bottom lip as he looked at his friend. Bobbing his head a few times before moving off to their shared bedroom.

Watching her go, Lincoln's eyes watching Jacqueline's rear end he wondered what she

was about to say. 'Did she want to skip the massage?' He looked down at himself, seeing his semi erect member pressing forward in his pants and chuckled to himself having no idea that Jackson was oblivious to what had been pressing against him, his mind unable to process much and what it did all came slowly. Untucking his shirt he started to remove it as he took the few steps needed to move into the apartment's kitchen. He slung the garment over his shoulder as he gave himself a small pour of honey whiskey. Taking the glass he rolled the container in his hand, watching the liquid, contemplating how lucky he was before tossing it back and following Jacqueline to their bedroom.

In the bedroom Jackson untied the cloth knot at his side, allowing the red wrap dress to open. Sliding his arms front he long sleeves he let it drop to the floor much like he did most of his clothes when he was done wearing them. Instead of proceeding to take off the bra, the corset or even his heels so he could take off the pantyhose, Jackson just stood there. 'I did it before with Linc... but that was supposed to be just one time.' His hands came up to cup the D cup prosthetic breasts. In the large rectangle mirror over the dresser he could see the blonde girl's long red nailed fingers cupping the large breasts in her bra. It looked real, surreal, but knowing where to look allowed him to see some of the seams where the fake breasts met real flesh, the concealing makeup there either having worn off or missed. 'Didn't I promise him he could play with these if my team lost? Oh, oh that was all before today.' Jackson's eyes shifted down at his knees, seeing a small run in the pantyhose on his left knee. 'I was with Dunn... now I'm about to do it again. Why am I?'

Jackson's thoughts broke like brittle glass when Lincoln entered the room and spoke. "You didn't get very far, did you want my help?" Jackson missed the flirty tone to the man's voice, his hands moving down from the full bra and to his cinched in waist.

"A little." Jackson said as he turned slightly to make it easier for his friend to undo the corset. He hadn't thought about the thing since earlier in the day, a small smile coming to his face when two thoughts collided. That the corset, the vice that was squeezing him had stretched so it was looser and how nice it was for Linc to help get the thing off. He was getting more used to the long nails, but they made everything he did with his fingers different.

Soon Lincoln was helping unlace the corset, his hands grasping and gently squeezing her shoulders, feeling the tightness in her muscles he knew this was the right thing to do. While she wanted him, she was obviously nervous, something he hoped he was masking in himself. 'Girls like confidence, fake it till you make it!' When she didn't turn back around he unclasped her bra, turning her to face him and pull it free. He had heard of or at least seen in movies how girls would do a strip tease to turn their man on, but she was making him do the work and it was making him feel like a kid again. He was removing

her clothes like he would take off the wrapping paper for a present. When the bra fell he couldn't help himself, reaching up to cup one of her breasts in his hand, running his thumb over her eraser like nipples. He knew they weren't real, but the primal part of his mind didn't seem to care about that fact at all.

Without the corset on, Jackson was finally able to take a true deep breath, he rubbed his sides, running his fingers of one hand from his side to his stomach, the cool air of the apartment finally able to blow across his skin. A small shiver ran through him as he was turned to face Linc, seeing the smirk on his face Jackson was about to ask him what he thought was so amusing, but then then extra weight from his chest on his back and the bra straps no longer pulling down into his shoulders as the support garment fell to the floor told him what was going on. "Cheeky" Jackson said amused, he wasn't even sure Linc could take off a girl's bra, let alone do it smoothly enough for him not to notice. He let himself be led the two steps to the bed, smirking at his friend as he got down on his knees to remove his heels.

When the tiny buckle was undone and the red strappy heel pulled from his foot, Jackson rolled his ankle and bobbed his foot. "I know know..." Jackson said out loud the rest of the sentence playing out in his mind unaware he had stopped talking. '...girls wear these all day.'

"I do." Linc said, looking up at Jacqueline as he took her pantyhose covered foot in both hands and started to knead at the base of her toes.

Falling backwards from his seated position Jackson fell on the bed, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt magic come to life. It felt like Lincoln's answer to his question was that girls wore the sexy shoes so they could come home and feel what Linc was now doing to his feet. It didn't sound right, but he was unwilling to argue the point and risk it stopping.

"As much as I love touching a beautiful girl's stocking covered legs, these need to come off too." Jackson opened his eyes, blinking a few times as he felt Lincoln shimmy his body when he tried to pull on the top of the control top pantyhose. He wasn't sure when Lincoln's hands had left his foot, but now that their warmth was gone it felt a little cold. A thought bubbled to the surface of his mind at the thought of being cold. "I'm almost naked."

The pantyhose were only now just down to his thighs when they stopped moving and Linc's face appeared above him, the bed shifting from the weight as Linc put one hand on either side of him. "That is the idea." Lincoln said, his face darting in for a quick peck to the topless girls lips before going back to what he was doing.

“Finish what you started.” Jackson called out before pressing his lips together. He didn’t want to be kissed, not by him. Linc’s job was to give him a massage and he had stopped. When Jackson felt the warm hands once again resume their mission from God, Jackson dropped one hand over his eyes to block out the light from above. The pursed lips made a kissing motion as his mind drifted off back to Callie and then to Tabitha. He could feel the press of hands on his feet, easing out the tension in his instep, sliding up to take his calf in both hands and slide their thumbs up and down the muscle. As magical as they felt it reminded Jackson of the last time he had sat on a bed, his legs dangling down at the knee. A pretty girl had been kneeling between his legs, she had been picked up at a bar. Jackson laid there with his eyes closed, unable to remember the girls name, only her head bobbing up and down on him, her sucking on his dick... she had blonde hair. Just like Tabitha... or Callie. “Mmmm... that feels so good.” What was happening in the present and in his imagination mixed together in his drug clouded mind. “Ohhh... yeah, a great cocksucker.” He whispered.

Sliding his hands up to Jacqueline’s thighs Lincoln’s smile grew wider. “Yeah you are, but that is later. For now move onto your stomach.”

“Hmm?” Jackson moved the back of his hand from his eyes, looking at his friend that he had forgotten was there, despite what he was doing.

“I said.” Lincoln smirked seeing her panties doing little to hide the erect dick. Looking at the male member it confirmed in his mind that he was not attracted to male genitalia like Jacqueline was, but it was still flattering that he had caused such a reaction with just touching her feet and legs. “Turn over, I need to work on your back and shoulders.” He wanted to confirm that she was a great cocksucker just like she had said, but he had little experience with dirty talk in the bedroom and had lost his nerve.

“Oh, okay...” The light felt harsh on his eyes, making wanting to turn over an easy enough request, but laying on his stomach with the massive breasts felt so odd to him. A few seconds after he had turned over he felt the weight on the bed and then himself as Linc straddle him. Looking over his shoulder he finally noticed his friend no longer had a shirt on, but was unable to see that he had also removed the rest of his clothes from his angle. Jackson had a brief thought about how Linc would need to keep hitting the gym if he wanted real muscles, but that thought gave way when he felt his friend’s hands grip and apply pressure to the muscles in his own shoulders. “Okay... okay... yeah. Do that forever.” The pull of the bra straps, the weight of his chest, the fact that he sat and stood up straight, shoulder’s back and chest out all day had worn on him in a way he didn’t know till Lincoln’s hands eased his muscles of their burden.

“You want my hands on you forever?” Lincoln asked as he ran his thumb down her spine with slight pressure.

“Mmmm” was his only reply.

Hearing her practically moan at his touch caused Lincoln to grow more aroused, but even without it the fact that the only thing that kept them both from being naked was a thin lacy pair of panties she wore would have been enough. He continued to work his hands across her body, down her shoulders to her biceps, back up again and down to her lower back. Not one minute passing without her squirming, shivering or letting out one of her small playful moans of delight from his touch. ‘I’m giving her a massage and I feel like the lucky one!’

The feeling of his friends' hands roaming his body never came across to Jackson as off or creepy, his mind only had room for the pleasure with a sprinkling of questions about why he hadn't had this done before now, other than the obvious answer of being broke. Thoughts of what was to come hadn't entered his mind till the weight on him vanished and he sat up and saw Linc standing next to the bed fully naked, with his cock fully erect. “Mmm that was good...” Jackson's mouth hung open, his mind didn't jump to the memory of when he had seen this very dick up close before or even the one from earlier that day. Instead, the taste of cum haunted his mind and tongue.

“God...” Lincoln said looking at what appeared to be an awestruck mostly naked woman sitting on his bed. She had seen him before, had given him a blowjob before, but the way she acted in awe of what he was working with... she knew exactly how to flatter a guy. Reaching down he ran his hand through her hair, clutching the back of her head as he leaned down, his open mouth touching her own, his tongue moving inside her mouth. He felt her hands press on his body, her shiver in his grip. If Jacqueline hadn't already made him hard he would have become instantly erect he suspected as she quivered in anticipation.

When Lincoln pulled his face away from her own he kept ahold of her head with one hand, using the other to move his dick closer to her face. In his haste instead of putting it in her open and willing mouth pressed it into her cheek. Feeling her flesh against his member, her warmth, her warm breath drove him wild. To Jackson the moment stretched on forever, things seemed to move in slow motion while he was paused in place. He hardly noticed being kissed, the tongue pressing and dancing with his own. His heart started to pick up speed as he felt trapped, held in place. His mind wasn't able to panic, the extreme emotion was far out of his grasp, but he knew he didn't want this, but he wasn't sure if no was a real option. His hands moved up to press on Linc, to push him back, but the force to push him away didn't come as one hand came up and made

contact with his friend's erect member. When he touched it he reflexively grabbed on, Jackson gripped the cock in front of him, unable to see as a man's mouth pressed into his own. When he was free to breathe again he let go.

That was when Jackson felt Linc's cock slap his face while he was still held still. The slap wasn't something painful, not even close, but the idea of being slapped with a dick was so insane that it made him stop, stop moving, stop thinking. The halt in his slow thoughts only lasted a short time, but by the time he had mentally rebooted his lips were already wrapped around another man's dick. 'I love cock, I love Lincoln's cock!' The drunken chant he had said at the strip club with the girls came to mind. 'I have to do this... I have to do this...' Jackson's mind reeled, unable to complete the sentence more as to why he had to. Only able to grasp at it having something to do with Dunn and jobs.

Only the tip was in his mouth, a slight whimper asked his lips around the obstruction. Jackson could feel Linc's hips thrust slightly, the thick member sunk deeper into his open mouth just slightly, rubbing on his tongue before pulling back, but not enough for it to be free. 'You have to do this...' He thought once more imagining a clock ticking, the hands of the clock spinning around, still like this hours from now. As unrealistic as it was Jackson didn't want this to go on for another thirty seconds, let alone longer and the only way for that to happen was for him to do a good job. Like he had done before. 'Did I do a good job? Linc liked it.' He blinked, reaching up to take the base of the tick dick in front of him and sucked in his cheeks, while flicking his tongue from side to side. 'Do I want to do a good job? If I don't...' He continued to think as he pressed his father down further on the cock, allowing it more and more into his mouth.

"Yeah, yeah..." Lincoln said, as he let go of Jacqueline, allowing her the freedom to do as she pleased. "God yes... suck my cock... oh... oh... Jacqueline, you are such a good cock sucker." He decided to finally play into the dirty talk she started earlier.

"Gul, gul... gulg." The sounds came out of Jackson's mouth as he felt the tip of the dick at the back of his throat. Pulling his face back so the thick member rested on his tongue he looked up to meet Linc's eyes. Being called a cocksucker didn't feel good, it felt just as wrong as the act he was performing and an act that made the words far too real. 'Just a little more... just a little more. He is so hard he can't last long.' With each passing second Jackson felt the cock in his mouth pulsing instead of growing stiffer before blowing felt like an eternity, making his last thoughts sound hollow. 'Moan I should moan, I like it when a girl does that!'

"Mmm, mmMMM!" Pulling the dick free from his mouth Jackson took a couple breaths before kissing the dicks tip the way he loved a girl to do it for him the one time a girl had done it for him. It was like she was worshiping his cock and that stroke to his ego had

made him that much more turned on. “Come on, cum for me baby, come for me.” He didn’t want Linc to cum for him, in him, on him, but that was how this ended and his male ego that once was stroked by a girl felt brittle at the second. Each bob of his head caused his earrings to move in his ears and the fake breasts to sway. “That’s it... your Jacqueline, Jacqueline not Jackson! It is like a role, like when actors do a love scene. Everyone is calling you Jacqueline or Jackie already.’ Memories of voices calling out “Hey Jacqueline.” “Oh I love that dress Jackie! Where did you get it?” “Jacqueline, go make copies of this.” All fluttered through his mind. ‘Jacqueline this is fine for her... this is her boyfriend, this is who she is going to marry... she is just a bimbo secretary, she isn’t real, she isn’t real.’

When Jacqueline started to attack his member with vigor after telling him to cum for her, Lincoln thought he would do just that, but he greedily wanted more. It was clear to him she was enjoying herself, but he wanted her to get off just like he was ready to. So he took her head in both his hands, waited for her to look up at him and slid his dick from her mouth. “Are you ready for more?”

The words didn’t make much sense to Jackson, he needed... no. She needed to get him off. A small part of his brain thought things were over and while the now familiar salty gooey flavor was again in his mouth the sight of the saliva covered cock still there said things weren’t over yet. ‘Jacqueline, be Jacqueline.’ Jackson repeated to himself, taking the saliva covered member back in hand to redouble efforts, not understanding why Linc stopped.

“No sweetheart, get up on the bed.” Lincoln said motioning to the bed she was sitting on with one hand, very much amused at how much she wanted to suck his dick. Getting her on the bed and on to her knees facing away from him took a few directions. To him it felt like she was so lost in lust that she wasn’t sure what was going on. Putting his hands on her hips he pulled her panties down over her smooth ass so that they fell to her knees, when she looked back at him he gave her a comforting smile. “Don’t worry, we will take it slow.” He had never actually done anal before and figured this might be a first for both of them.

Jackson looked over his shoulders, part of his view blocked by his blonde hair that was a mess after Lincoln had his hands in it. What was about to happen should have been obvious to him, yet nothing was coming to mind. That changed when he felt his ass cheeks being pulled apart and something pressing against his anus. “LINC!?” Jackson cried out just before he felt the man’s dick press inside of him.

“Oh God! Jacqueline, you are so tight.” Jackson heard the man whisper behind him. Jackson gripped the sheets on the bed with both hands, his eyes going wide, his mouth

hanging open as he let out a silent cry.

“LINC! LINCOLN!” Jackson cried out, not in a yell, but something more akin to someone talking as loudly as they dared in a library. His arms grew weak and fell forward onto his elbows, the rest of his body would have followed if the man fucking him from behind didn’t have a firm grip.

Hearing her whisper his name with intent he pushed himself into her a little more before pulling back slightly and inching in once again. He wasn’t sure exactly how to do this or do it for the most pleasure for her, but the way she fell forward on the bed, having her rear up for him to take her told him he was on the right course. Lincoln wasn’t a virgin, but he didn’t have a lot of experience to draw upon, but the way she called out his name over and over was driving him wild. He wasn’t attracted to men or there... things, but Jacqueline was all girl. It didn’t matter what she had between her legs, he wanted her to feel pleasure like he did. So as he slowly fucked her, going deeper and deeper with each thrust he reached around her waist to take her member into his own hand. He wasn’t so talented to time his thrusts with the jumping of his hand around her growing member, but as it fully came to life he closed his eyes trying to ride the wave of pleasure he was feeling and pass it on to her.

Jackson knew from the last time the two were intimate that Linc was larger than him, but feeling it now, feeling it inside of him it felt like it could have grown double in every dimension. He wasn’t sure how it fit inside of him, but he was sure it wasn’t supposed to be there with how much it hurt. It felt like he was being split in two, any second he would hear something snap and blood come rushing down. ‘Breathe, breath, breathe... Jacqueline, I’m Jackie, I’m Jackie, this is fine, this is fine.’ Laying as he was, Jackson arched his back trying to relax, focusing on the undertones of pleasure that were mixed with the pain. ‘What would Jacqueline do? What would Jacqueline do? Enjoy it... she would enjoy it, God help me she would...’ Biting the edge of the bed Jackson started to move his hips in rhythm with Lincoln. The pain didn’t go away, but it did lessen along with increasing the pleasure.

The fragile grip Jackson had on his sanity as his best friend fucked him was held in place by the thin fabrication of this all being an act. With every other thrust, feeling the mixture of pleasure and pain he repeated to himself how it was okay, because she liked this. This was okay, this was normal, she wanted this, she enjoyed this. Even with the medication it felt flimsy or at least it did till a new sense of pleasure came. Letting go of the bed with her jaw, Jacqueline opened and closed it several times, feeling a hand between her legs, embracing her... pleasuring her all while everything before continued. The repeated thoughts vanished along with any others, the added layer of pleasure made thoughts about anything too much for her clouded mind. “Ha... ha... eh, eh, eh, oh... oh

LINC! GOD!" She yelled as her hands gripped the sheets tight enough for her knuckles to go white.

Lincoln felt his friend's dick change in a way, growing tighter just before it shot streams of ropey semen, each squirt had less than the one before, the member growing softer with each pump of his hand. His own breath was coming in ragged breaths, he had been ready to blow back when she was sucking on his member, he could have done it then, on her rear as she waited for him to enter her... and again when he felt her ass twitch and pump against him. A few minutes seemed to stretch on as the only sound in the room was their flesh pressing and slapping against one another and their breathing and now he couldn't hang on for another second if his life depended on it. When Lincoln came inside of her he kept thrusting his hips, feeling her practically hold him in as her ass squeezed his member, trying to get every last drop of his cum.

His now softening dick still inside of her, Lincoln held onto her hips as he fell to the side. Moving only his arms so he could hold her to him. "Jacqueline..." He paused to take another breath. "You are beyond amazing." Lincoln almost added that he was falling in love, but he held that back. Unsure if this was the right time to say something like that or if it was real. He still thought of other women, but even Maddy no longer held a place inside of him like she had before. Jacqueline... She was different, not just because she was transgendered, but also because she was really the first woman that wanted to be with him, or at least consistently wanted to be with him.

Laying there, being held as the little spoon, with another man still inside of him, Jackson's eyes were wide open. They scanned across the room, as he felt the arms around himself, his ass throbbing in pain as something was still inside of him. While it was smaller it was joined by a feeling of something liquid that was slowly oozing out of him. Laying where he was, Jackson could see the wet spot on the bed sheets where he had shot his own load. He had climaxed... it had felt good. 'God help me it felt great. It hurt.. It hurts, but it felt... why did it feel good?! Am I gay? I don't want to be gay... why did Linc fuck me? Why did I let him?'

Jackson let out a whimper, his thoughts that kept rolling and rolling over the same things. As he did he felt the hands around him tighten so that his back pressed more into Linc's chest. He didn't resist their pull, despite Linc being the one who did this Jackson knew Linc had to, they had to all because of Dunn. 'Lincoln Hatch is my friend, God why did it have to feel... it felt good.' Were Jackson's last thoughts before he finally relaxed enough to let the sleeplessness of the overuse of the medication bring peace to his mind as he fell asleep in his friends arms.

Scene 19

Reaching over to the side of the bed Jackson clicked dismiss on the phone alarm as his phone sang its morning jingle to wake him up. Pulling himself free from his friend's grip, Jackson gave him a small shove so he knew his displeasure of the man cuddling into him. He felt a bit off, gassy and as he stood in the dark room he rubbed his ass cheek with one hand, realizing one of the reasons he felt off his ass... his anus was incredibly sore. Not just that, but he was pretty sure he felt something leaking out of it. Moving quicker than he ever had this early in the morning he darted into the master bathroom, throwing the door shut as he sat down on the toilet. His awareness only let him in on the fact he was completely naked, well naked except the breast forms glued to his chest.

Sitting on the toilet he pressed his face into his hands as his body expelled things from his body. It felt both odd and painful as gas passed out of his system. 'God I hope I didn't shit the bed.' Jackson thought to himself, worried he had let out a wet fart in the night and that was what was coming up. "What did I eat last night?" He felt incredibly hungry and couldn't actually remember having dinner. "I came home after with Linc, Maddy wasn't home and we..." Jackson's eyes went wide as he parsed out something that happened through his hazy memories and hoped it was just a dream. He stood up from the white porcelain seat, flicked the light on to the bathroom and looked in the bowl. Seeing inside a small amount of waste, some blood and something whitish. The sight confirmed his hazy memory and made his sore rear end make much more sense. "Nooo, I didn't, we didn't." He said, trying to deny the truth.

Opening the bedroom door the light spilled into the dark room, Jackson dry swallowed as he looked at his friend in the bed, his back to him now. "Linc, LINC!" He called out, waiting only to see his friend stir before he continued. "Linc did we? Last night?"

Rolling over in bed Lincoln looked sleepily across his bedroom, he couldn't really see Jacqueline other than the outline of her backed by the assaulting light from the bathroom. "Last night? What?" He licked his lip, his waking mind trying to get into gear an hour before his alarm normally went off. "Yeah." His eyebrows went up as a thought hit him. "Did you want to do it again?!" The only reply he got was the bathroom door slamming closed. "Guess not... hope I didn't fuck something up or do a bad job or..." His voice trailed off as he looked at the door with the light streaming in from the crack at the bottom. "Way to go, fucking things up already... or maybe I wasn't good enough." Lincoln closed his eyes again pondering just that.

While on the other side of the door Jackson pressed his forehead against the door, leaning on it as he squeezed his eyes closed tightly as he could. 'What happened? What

happened? What happened? Dunn!’ Opening his eyes once more he felt his stomach heave and the desire to vomit. Yesterday he had given a blowjob to his boss and then the man had told Lincoln that they had to be together as a couple or... he wasn’t sure if Dunn suspected their relationship wasn’t actually real or if Lincoln had thought he was on to them. “How would Dunn even know if we... shit, shit.” Jackson shook his head, stepping closer to the shower, wincing in pain with every step. He didn’t want to think about this. He didn’t want to think about how Lincoln had rammed his cock into his ass, how he remembered despite the pain that it had felt good, really good or the fact Lincoln had jerked him off while fucking him. “Fuck... fuck. Is Linc gay? No... its Dunn, god I hate that man.” Jackson whispered to himself as he turned the shower on wanting to scrub his very skin off.

The hot water on his skin felt practically rejuvenating as it and the steam brought his mind to full consciousness. The previous days events all coming to him, he wasn’t sure if the medication was supposed to affect his memory or not, or if it was a side effect of upping his dosage, but right now he could go for a large helping of forgetting everything and slip into a drug and alcohol induced coma. He held onto that thought as he got out of the shower and patted himself dry, he was ready to wrap the towel around himself to go fetch his purse and the pills within when the feeling of his now dry skin made him reach for his lotion. When that was done he wrapped a towel around his hair into a turban, not wanting to take the time to blow dry it before he got access to his pills, he opened the bedroom door surprised to see his sister sitting on the now blanket and sheetless bed. Maddy was dressed in a pair of incredibly small jean shorts and a yellow cami shirt.

“Good morning little sis.” Madison said with a big knowing smile on her face.

Looking at his sister Jackson took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. “Maddy, don’t, don’t start.”

“Aww, don’t be like that. The fact Lincoln tossed your sheets in the washer tells me we both got lucky last night and if you are anything like me you should be in a fantastic mood.”

“I didn’t get... Maddy I’m not talking about sex with you. Please don’t talk to me about your sex life, we don’t now, nor have we ever had that type of relationship.”

Crossing her arms Madison gave her sibling a small pout. “Fine, be that way, I just hope your man has at least half the stamina Callie does. Now come on then, I made sure to get home early to help you get dressed. Maybe today you should pick out what you are going to wear and I will approve and then before you know it you can dress yourself like a big

girl.”

“Maddy...” Jackson stopped himself, deciding it was best to ignore her. She had literally picked out his entire feminine wardrobe so it wasn’t like he could pick something he actually liked, not that he liked wearing any of the girlie clothing. No matter how nice and soft some of it felt. Ignoring her he found his purse on the dresser, taking the pill bottle out he stopped, looked at his sister again. “Where is Linc?”

“Other shower, he said something about wanting to get in before you stole all the hot water like the other day.” Jackson nodded, taking two pills into his hand and dry swallowing them. He wasn't sure if he could look at his friend without a panic attack washing over him like a tidal wave. They had sex, his mind prompted him with that fact and that he had enjoyed it and he knew he shouldn't. ‘It was just physical, it has nothing to do with desire, just a body acting to stimuli. I’m not gay, I like girls... god I wish I was with Callie last night or Lilian and even... anyone that wasn’t male.’

“Come on you, pick out what you are going to wear and then I will get your corset on.” Madison said as she got up from the bed and gave her siblings towel a tug a partial second before her own mind reminded her that despite appearances she had a brother not a sister.

By the time Lincoln came back into his bedroom to put on his shoes, the rest of his clothes for the day khaki pants, a light blue polo shirt and dark blue blazer already donned, Madison gave him a wave and motioned to the mostly dressed Jacqueline. Who wore her long black pencil skirt, with a nylon turtleneck ribbed knit burgundy sweater. “Hey again Madison.. I mean Maddy and Jacqueline, wow you look lovely as ever.”

Madison gave the man a wink before exiting the bedroom to leave the lovebirds alone. It was funny to her how her brother acted like he didn’t want this, didn’t want to live as a female. He had said how he was skipping work and drinking the day away and it had only taken a small reminder that she was in her first ninety days and could be fired for any reason. If Jackson didn’t really want to be Jacqueline a bigger fight would have taken place. Jackson often did what Jackson wanted, and considering what she had seen, Jackson wanted to be Jacqueline and Jacqueline wanted to be with Lincoln. Linc was bigger than Jackson, but not by enough to force something to happen and even then it wouldn’t account for what she knew the two had done before. She gave a few final shakes of her head before heading into her own room, unlike her little sister she was taking a half day from work, wanting to get a few more hours of sleep after a long wonderful night.

In the master bedroom Jackson tilted his head to the side to put in the heavy thick cheap

golden hoop earring into one ear, a small pleasant smile on his face. His rear still hurt, but it wasn't nearly as bad after a few aspirin and now that his medication had kicked in everything that happened seemed a lot less like the sky is falling, doom is upon us and it all just fit better into perspective. Or it did when the pills first started to kick in, Linc and him did what they had to do for their role. The villain was Alexander Dunn, Lincoln did what he thought they had to do. He was playing the part of Jacqueline and it was okay for it to feel good. Things were just so much easier to put in their places when he wasn't worried and stressed out about everything. He didn't remember being this high strung before, that was Linc's job and soon Linc would have an amazing job, Jackson just had to help him get there so his friend could help him. When the pills really started to take hold though the problems from before were mostly forgotten as unimportant as the world felt more and more dream-like.

Tying one of his shoes Lincoln mentally tried to build up enough courage to talk about last night. He couldn't get it out of his head that he did something wrong or was just a bad fuck. Everything was wonderful if not a little confusing for him, but he wasn't the person going through a massive change and wanting to explore their sexuality. He was just afraid of the truth, he wasn't big enough, or didn't last long enough or just didn't know what he was doing. With one deep breath he looked over to Jacqueline who had her head tilted to the side, looking in a mirror as she put on her second earring. "Jacqueline, honey." He paused to see if she would reject the nickname, but when she didn't say a thing he continued, taking note that she at least was looking at him through the mirror. "I wanted to talk about last night, did I do okay? Did you enjoy yourself? What can we do better? And do you even want to do it again?" The questions came flooding out of his mouth one after the other, he wanted to get them all out before he lost his nerve. He was not the confident type, most of what confidence he had was bluster that he had sort of grown into. When he was younger, a senior in high school he had asked a single girl out for prom and lost the nerve to ask another after the first rejection, ending up going with his cousin. His friends thought he had a date, but all he really had was a cousin a few years older that refused to let her favorite and only cousin go stag.

The mention of the night before made Jackson's smile shift only slightly, his ass twitching as the memory of something inside of him pulsing. There was something psychological about the act, how Linc hadn't hesitated there didn't seem to be any shame, just openness and even now he was asking questions so it could be better. All of that mixed with the off putting notion of having sex with a man and his own shame. Moving away from the mirror Jackson patted his friend's cheek, he wanted to reassure him that nothing was wrong, when he knew there was. Lincoln was just doing what he thought they had too, but he needed to think it over the words and how to save them to Linc were just too far out of his grasp at the moment. "Everything is fine... later okay?"

A hesitant smile came to Lincoln's face, growing wider with each passing second. He took Jacqueline's hand, her standing and him still sitting, he kissed her fingers gently. 'Everything was fine, and she wants to do it again later!' Standing up he put one hand on her hip and looked into her soft brown eyes. "Later, yeah, yeah. Maybe after work or... we can use the supply closet again." He grimaced thinking about what his boss had told him about being discreet. "Well not at work, but that would be hot right?" He took her smile as a yes and he excitedly handed his girlfriend her purse so they could start the day.

Getting to the office Jackson gave a small peck to Lincoln's lips without thinking about it as they parted ways, him saying something about a day of virtual seminars and maybe something else, it was hard for him to focus with the much-needed double dose of Lexapro in his system. He had even had a conversation with Lilian that morning with Linc at his side, but only a few minutes later he wasn't sure of a single thing they had spoken about.

Stepping into the breakroom in the morning the drug induced smile on his face increased in volume as he saw Tabitha along with some of the other office staff and her holding out an already made cup for him. "Tab! Thank you!"

The petite blonde gave her friend a wink. "Figured I would save you the time."

Taking the mug of offered coffee Jackson leaned against the counter next to her and let out a sigh of contentment at getting to see the girl's sexy smile everyday. Having to dress the part of an attention seeking secretary, right down to the unprofessional five-inch heels was horrible, getting to spend time with Tabitha was like a balm to sore skin. "You look sexy... I mean beautiful today Tab."

The blonde administrative assistant raised a single perfectly arched eyebrow at the statement. "You are a doll, I needed that this morning. I swear I had to wrestle with my hair this morning. Sometimes I love my long hair, other times I want to go and chop it all off. Do you think I would look good with the same lob as you?"

'Doll, hair...' It took a moment for his mind to catch up with the fast spoken young women, but before he could answer she shook her head.

"Your right, your right." She held up her hand. I would regret it later. Now enough about me, well..." she took a partial step closer and leaned in a little closer, Jackson able to feel her hip touch his as she half whispered. "The heavens know I could use a few more with the caliber of man I have been pulling." She gave a small shrug before leaning back, but

didn't back away. "Now you tell me, anything fun planned today or night?"

"I have to get Mr Dunn his coffee." Jackson said holding up the mug she had given him, causing Tabitha to roll her eyes.

"Unless that is a euphemism for something, I meant fun. My last date was a total bust, the man or man child lived in a converted garage at his parents house and streams video games for a living." She made air quotes at the word living.

Taking a breath in with his upper chest thanks to the tight corset Jackson smelled a mix of the pretty women's perfume and the coffee, both smelled delicious. "Umm... Abe. I mean Mr. Downings is going to cook me a real German meal tonight. I swear I haven't had anything to eat other than a pair of diet shakes in the last two days, I'm famished."

The grin on Tabitha's face turned into one more wolfish. "Oh, you are Mr. Downings huh? Well don't starve yourself too much or you won't have the stamina for what that six foot tall drink of water has for you."

Just thinking about the food in store for him Jackson licked his lips. "That will not be a problem, I'm ready for it all." The blonde girl gave a merry laugh at their barely disguised conversation, Jackson's mind unable to grasp the thinly veiled words or realizing how many other admins were fluttering about the area and hearing everything that was being said.

"Alright well you go euphemism with your boss and I will message you later."

Walking out of the breakroom Jackson gave a single knock to the partially opened door to his bosses office before stepping in. He had taken a single step in when Dunn looked away from his computer screen. Jackson reflexively gave a bright smile back at the man when his face lit up as he came into the private office. "Shut the door, would you sweetcheeks." It had been phrased as a question, but it was anything but.

Turning to do as he was told, the coffee mug still in hand Jackson stopped moving as his long nailed fingers touched the door handle. Looking over his shoulder, Jackson turned away from the door, leaving it open as he walked over to the desk. 'Solved that.' Jackson congratulated himself, happy that his muddled mind remembered what had happened the last time the door had been closed. Moving just a few more steps Jackson placed the coffee on the desk, the swirl of the dark liquid as it moved reminded him that while talking with Tabitha he hadn't gotten any for himself.

Distracted the feminized man didn't notice Alexander slide his chair back from his desk

and pat his lap. “Come on over here and take your seat.”

“Hmm?” Jackson looked up from the mug of coffee he blinked slowly once. “Oh...” Turning his head slightly Jackson glanced at the open door before moving around the desk, sitting slowly on the older man’s lap. It wasn’t the first time Jackson had sat in Dunn’s lap, but every time brought a similar uneasy feeling.

“You know, yesterday was a lot of fun.” Alexander said as he moved his right arm around to wrap around his pretty secretary’s side and rest on her stomach, while his left hand lightly caressed her thigh through her tight pencil skirt. “Do you like working for me Jacqueline?”

The answer was no, in a profound way, but that wasn’t the answer he was looking for. With a small swallow Jackson nodded his head, ready to give an interview-like answer that he was happy to have a job at Mega Corp, but movement outside the open office door caught his attention. It wasn’t much, another office girl was just picking up some file folders from his desk, but she had made eye contact with him. The sight of the young woman had shifted what little focus he had from the question, it was completely forgotten. ‘She saw me sitting... What was her name?’

Alexander smiled seeing the pretty thing in his lap nod, she had opened her mouth to say something then looked to the door she had purposely left open. ‘She left it open on purpose and then didn’t say what she wanted, afraid someone would overhear... did she leave it open for a thrill?’ He felt his dick twitch as she shifted slightly, thinking the little vixen was in a teasing mood, but they were past that. “You know Jacqueline, I think I am going to need a little extra effort from you. With things changing around here there is a lot of pressure and stress, do you think you can help me with that?”

Feeling himself being pulled tighter to the suited man Jackson placed his palm on his chest, wishing he could push to give them some space, but sitting in his lap there would be none of that. ‘Extra work? So long as it gets me away from you.’ He thought, as he smiled, looking into Dunn’s blue eyes. “You know me, happy to help!” Jackson said cheerfully, his foggy mind already thinking about fetching files and making copies of things before putting things together in binders with color coded tabs.

“I knew you would, leaving the door open like that was on purpose wasn’t it?”

Pressing his lipstick covered lips together in a line Jackson nodded, unable to contain his smile for long, happy his plan as simple as it was, had worked.

“Perfect, just perfect.” Alexander wanted to stand the girl up so she was facing the open

door and bend her over his desk to fuck her, but that wasn't something that could be done to the little minx with her coy smile. "Then the first thing I need you to do is crawl under my desk, do you think you can fit in there?"

Jackson cocked his head to the side slightly before glancing down at the enclosed space under the solid wood desk, unsure exactly what the task was. 'Not a lot of space under there, way more than under mine. Abe has a bigger desk than I do... heck my cubicle had more space but.. Well those desks are more like tables.' His mind rambled on, happily getting off the man's lap and squatting down on his heeled feet to peek under the desk. "Not a lot of space..."

"You will fit just fine, turn around and back yourself in." Alexander said, interrupting her, his hand reaching out to his assistant's shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"Okay, I guess." He said scooting back having to get onto his knees. There was enough room for a person to kneel under the desk if they bent over and a little space on either side. 'Oh no! No, no, no, no.' The voice in his mind dwindled as it finally occurred to him what was going on. Extra effort, stress... getting under the desk and what that all had meant.

"Hiring you may have been one of the best decisions of my life." Alexander said as he moved his chair a little closer to his desk, spreading his legs wide as he looked down into the girl's wide soft brown eyes. His hands unbuckling his belt and opening his pants. "No one can see you down there, with the door open it still will be our little secret."

The floaty feeling that accompanied the double dose of the Lexapro didn't subside in the situation, and it didn't allow for panic to take over or extremes of any emotions. It didn't make him an unthinking, unfeeling robot, but it did make things seem better, especially mixed with the estradiol, the combination keeping serotonin lingering in his brain. When the semi erect male member was freed from the pants in front of him, Jackson's eyes looked left and right. There was no escape. The options for freedom seemed limited to violence, yelling for help and doing what was wanted. The first two options would end everything, the last would put more than just a bad taste in his mouth. "I, I, I..." He started to say out loud, mentally completing the sentence. 'I don't want to do this.' But flashes of himself, Linc and his sister all sitting on the curb homeless because they couldn't afford a place to live all because of him.

'I'm... I'm Jacqueline, I'm Jacqueline Hart, just a bimbo secretary. Just a bimbo... till Linc is in charge... then I will be... NO! Don't think about that, we have to focus on now!' Without any real thought Jackson's long nailed fingers had only taken the semi flaccid dick in hand as his mind stuttered with almost every word it thought of as he almost lost

track of himself looking at the monster in front of him. Leaning closer Jacqueline opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue to take dick-tation from her boss.

The word no repeated over and over in Jackson's mind, along with wishing he would just hurry up and cum. Despite wanting no part in the sexual act he was very much a part of as the dick twitched, grew harder and the man above grunting in pleasure along with the happy little chemical floating around in his brain told him he was doing a good job. With precum swimming around in his mouth Jackson felt both disgusted and happy at the same time.

"That's it... ha... that's it.. Ah, ah, ah. Oh, yeah Jacqueline you are the perfect little cocksucker. Yeah..." Alexander whispered, one hand under the table helping the girl keep her rhythm as she took to her duties like a duck to water. "I'm tempted to farm out your work and just have you do this all day... god that feels good." The word of praise didn't help the situation, but the way they interacted with the increased levels of happiness and optimism from his drug-addled mind gave Jackson a confusing sense of pride at doing a good job, but didn't change the overall feeling of disgust.

When things were over, Jackson climbed back to his shaky feet, one hand on the desk and the other taking Dunn's hand to steady himself he let out a small whimper. It made Alexander smile hearing the girl make the forlonging sound, sad that it was over. He pulled a tissue from a box and handed it to her so she could wipe the corner of her mouth where some of his seed and dripped from her mouth. 'I know she...' Alexander looked the girl up and down, seeing no trace of who she really was, or who she used to be. "How was this broad ever a man, never much of one... are all people like her cock hungry? No, I think I lucked out with this one.'

Without a word Jackson wiped this mouth, wiping away the last remaining traces of lipstick and freeing his mouth and chin of the white sticky fluid. His stomach churned as he took the mug of coffee he had brought into the room and took a large gulp of the now much cooler liquid before turning around and mincing out of the office, wanting to get to his desk and purse as quickly as possible. Getting there Jackson opened his bottom desk drawer retrieving his small purse and taking out another pill and swallowing it.

Sitting down in his chair Jackson clutched the purse to his stomach, it was only Tuesday and he had given two blow jobs and had been fucked. It felt like the worst week of his life and as fucked up as it was he was somehow still feeling like he was in a good mood. Opening the purse he pulled out a business card for Kimberly. He needed to call his therapist, he needed her to say everything was going to be okay... somehow he would be okay.

Scene 20

Sitting down at his small desk Jackson dangled his five-inch rounded toe black heel from his foot, allowing the cool air from the office to help ease at least one of his sore feet after walking around, bending down, squatting as he pulled various files. The administrative job wasn't a difficult one, but with his mind in a fog it became incredibly difficult to focus on a task for any prolonged period of time. He had left a message to get in for a follow up appointment with his therapist, but after doing the busy work he had found himself calmer between the distraction and medication. It didn't make what happened go away, it just no longer felt nearly as important and much easier to rationalize away.

One of the constants in his day was the phone on his desk ringing, this particular time Jackson hit answer on the third ring, his mind literally taking a few seconds to realize what the sound was coming from the headset he wore as he absentmindedly looked at his long nails and the smooth color across them. He always loved running a finger across a girl's nails after she got them done, they were pretty and he liked it when someone he was dating took the time to take care of themselves. A thing he wasn't particularly motivated to do for himself, till his recent life change and now here he was... with long pretty nails. That was the thought that had been interrupted by the insistent call for attention from the phone.

"Good morning and.. Oh." Jackson saw the time on his monitor screen, showing that the day had sped past in a blur, the time showing it was slightly less than an hour before quitting time. It made him stop to think if he had even taken the time for lunch. He recalled vaguely drinking a strawberry flavored diet shake and Tabitha saying something about Abe being tall and good looking and a man who can cook as they sat in the break room. Thinking on it he had felt offended, men can cook. Lots of men were cooks and he could... he could at least make pancakes and had spent enough time with his father around the grill that he thought he could do just fine grilling himself if he had to.

"Hello? Did I lose you?" The male voice on the other end of the phone said when there was a break in the greeting.

"Sorry, sorry." Jackson gave a small shake of his head. "I meant good afternoon, thank you for calling Mega Corp, Alexander Dunn's office. I'm Jacqueline, how can I assist you today?" He said with a light friendly voice and a smile on his face that came easy. Who got through to speak with his supervisor and who didn't was sometimes no one, but when Dunn's name wasn't set to do not disturb all Jackson had to do was type into the company messaging system who was calling and why and he would either take the call or a message would need to be left.

“Good afternoon yourself, I’m Bodhi Collens and I’m calling on behalf of...” The man didn’t get to finish his sentence, being interrupted by Jackson.

“I’m sorry sir, I’m umm... my computer is acting up. Could I get your name again? Jackson hit the B key a few more times, the application refusing to so much as show the blinking cursor, let alone any typing.

“The name is Bodhi Collens, I’m calling on behalf of Cynthia Abella.” The voice said on the other end of the phone, his tone still just as friendly.

“I’m sorry sir, did you say Body Collens?” Jackson squinted at the name Body written down on the post-it note, after giving up on the computer, knowing the name was wrong, he glared at the written word as if it had the answers as he started to write down the second name the man had said.

“No, Bodhi. B-O-D-H-I, Bodhi.”

Hearing the man say his name again Jackson stopped writing the other name Cynthia and crossed off the word Body, but then stopped moving his hand losing track of what the man was saying as he started to mentally admonish himself for not being able to catch someone's name.

“I’m sorry one more time sir.” It really sounded like he said body, but had also had an H in it.

“Listen girl! My name is Bodhi Collens. BODHI COLLENS! I know it isn’t a common name, but it isn’t difficult and I’m calling on behalf of Cynthia Abella. Not Cynthia Bella, or Cynthia Bell. You know the VP of acquisitions up in New York. As in the east coast HQ. Jeez, she has someone working for her like you. I’m betting Alexander only has you for... You know what, never mind. I will just email him.”

There was no hard click like when someone slammed down a phone, just a hollow silence as the line went dead. With the phone call over Jackson rolled his eyes, tossing the pen atop his desk. “Bodhi, a bit rude... Bodhi sounding like a surfer but working as a corporate flunky. Pfff...” Jackson blew out through his lips causing them to flap and make the noise as Jackson’s heavily mascaraed eyes looked back to the time on the computer, the messenger app once again looking like it was working with his last message waiting to be sent to his boss reading BodBBBBBBBBBBBBBB. With a shrug he deleted the line and changed the recipient to Abraham Downings.

Jacqueline Hart: HEY I WANTED TO SEE

Jacqueline Hart: Caps sorry

Jacqueline Hart: I wanted to see if we were still on for dinner tonight

There was no nervous energy in Jackson's body like he would normally feel asking a girl out or anxiously waiting for her to reply, to him it was just dinner. A great reprieve from being around men that were attracted to him. He didn't mind people being gay, they could do whatever they wanted to be happy, he had even been bought a drink once by another guy. It had still felt good to be the one receiving the drink instead of sending one, but what was happening with Dunn and Linc was different. What was happening from Dunn to Linc was also different from one another. The way his boss looked at him made him feel self conscious, like a deer being looked at by a wolf and with Linc... well the hugs were nice. He had never been hugged so much in his life not after his mom had left, but it was still so... odd. Abe was just another guy, they could drink, talk shop and eat... 'Mmm I hope he is a good cook because I am not swallowing something bad after starving myself.' At that thought the corner of Jackson's mouth curled up showing some of his whitened teeth as he smirked, just now getting some of the things his new work friend Tabitha had said that morning. 'She is bad, I bet she would be great in...' The thought didn't finish as a flashing icon showed he had gotten a reply.

Abraham Downings: Hey yourself! No need to apologize. I like the enthusiasm.

Abraham Downings: Yep and I hope you come hungry. I have the spaetzle and schnitzel all prepped.

Jacqueline Hart: Hungry Im starving need me to pick up some beer on the way over

Abraham Downings: I have two perfectly good bottles of wine already picked out.

Jacqueline Hart: Wine will do

Abraham Downings: I hope you like everything, I am still trying to figure out a veggy.

Abraham Downings: Asparagus, Cucumber salad, or Brussel sprouts?

Jacqueline Hart: ...

Jacqueline Hart: I will only eat the salad

Abraham Downings: Should have known to just go with a salad

Abraham Downings: Still have things to do before I can leave, see you tonight.

Jackson didn't like any of the options, both asparagus and brussel sprouts sounded disgusting, he liked cucumbers, but he wasn't exactly a salad eater. He pressed his hand to his corseted stomach, shrugging to himself at the idea he could just eat what he wanted and claim to be too fool to eat another bite, the corset would restrict how much he could eat in a way, but he wasn't planning on wearing it for the meal if he could help it. After confirming the one good thing that was happening that day it didn't take long for the work day to conclude or at least it hadn't felt like it to Jackson. He just quickly sent a message to his boss saying he was leaving for the day and locked the computer

before the man could ask him to do something else or come into his office to do something else... Putting the strap of his purse over his shoulder he quickly made his way to hunt down Lincoln so they could go home.

It hadn't been much of a hunt, his friend was sitting in their old cubicle, now all alone, just sitting there looking at his screen with a headset on. Glancing at the tiny watch on his wrist Jackson saw it was only ten after five, after quitting time for them, but still Linc was engrossed in whatever it was he was doing. Jackson leaned against the cubicle half wall and pursed his lips as he watched the man. 'Linc really is diligent, I would let him do his thing but...' Jackson glanced off to his side as more people funneled off to the stairs or the elevator, calling it quits for the day. 'I don't want to be here and I need to get ready for Abe.' He looked down at his current outfit, showing a good deal of the fake feminine shelf. 'Don't want to show up looking like a tart. God I want to kill Maddy sometimes for making me dress like...' The thought hit Jackson like a lightning bolt, he loved his sister, he would step in front of a bullet for her, but just now it occurred to him that if she hadn't forced him to dress the way he did, none of this would have happened. Linc set things up but didn't make him do anything.

Moving his hand to his chin, Jackson tapped his plumped bottom lip twice before moving over to the cheap office printer in the cubicle section before taking a few pieces of paper and folding them into paper airplanes. With a few prepared Jackson moved to the cubicle opening once more, tossing the paper plane at his friend.

"Hey!" Lincoln called out as he felt something poke him in the head, the object falling atop his keyboard after its collision course. Taking the plane Lincoln glared over to his friend, looking over just in time to see another one heading directly for him. Standing up he swiped his hand in the air to deflect the small plane, missing it and it missing him.

Jackson smiled and laughed. "You look like King Kong angry at the planes attacking him."

"Guessing this is your subtle, subtle for you at least to say it is time to go home?"

Widening his eyes to be expressive as he could be Jackson nodded slowly. "Time. To. Go."

"I have to write a paper on what it means to be a good leader... I'm betting no one will read it... but going home to spend time with you sounds like a lot better of an idea."

Pressing his lips together in a line, Jackson squinted slightly giving Linc a shake of his head. "If it was Monday night and we could watch a game sure... but sorry. Tonight I

have a hot date.” Jackson said joking, the memory of Tabitha talking about Abe in a dreamy fashion before pointing her finger at him and saying the word “jealous” followed by “hate you”

“Is tonight date night?” Lincoln thought for a second about what was in his bank account. “Yeah that sounds good, I can swing that.”

“No not you, I’m going to go hang out with Abe. I was joking about it being a date.”

“Abe?”

Jackson rolled his eyes. “Abe, Abraham Downings the lead in the sales department. I told you we were going to hang out tonight.” Jackson half closed his eyes as he blinked, not really remembering the car ride to work that morning. ‘I think I told him, didn’t I?’

“So you are going on a date with another man when...” Lincoln stopped what he was saying when his blonde friend shook her hand in the air like she was swatting down paper airplanes or more accurately the very idea of what he was saying.

“Not. A. Date. I’m going to...” Jackson trailed off for a second, losing his train of thought. “Wait what was I... Abe.” He nodded, smiling at the idea of a delicious home cooked meal. “I’m just networking, you know the thing most people have to do to get ahead. Say, you haven’t been hiding a secret cooking talent have you? Maddy can burn water and I can do a little...”

The sight of seeing Jacqueline smile when she mentioned the taller, more muscular and successful man hadn’t felt good to Lincoln, but he tried not to take it to heart. He was getting into shape, or at least starting to work at it and he was successful, he was about to be successful... it was being thrown in his lap, but it was still success. “I can cook, do you like a man who knows his way around a kitchen?” He gave the sexy girl in tall heels and a tight pencil skirt a confident smile, one that he didn’t feel. Lincoln had made a few things before, he was no cook, but he could follow a recipe.

With a flat look Jackson crossed his arms under his chest, leaned his face a little forward before moving one hand over his heart or best he could with the ever present and never forgotten fake feminine chest as he spoke in a sarcastic tone. “Oh Linc, my heart is all a flutter just thinking of a man who could provide for me, cook for me, spoil me with all manner of gifts.” Jackson stopped talking, his brown eyes looking up and to the left as he thought. The pause went on longer than he intended, making Lincoln think she was waiting on a response and making him wonder if that was actually sarcasm, a trap or a humor veiled confession. “Definitely that last one, Linc feel free to shower me with gifts,

I'm putting up with a lot for you, I mean A LOT."

The emphasis on a lot put together with putting up with made Lincoln grimace. He knew he wasn't the best of specimens and with his doubt about his performance the night before it made him think he needed to put in more effort. "Alright, I get it... how about I cook tomorrow night. How does lasagna sound?" He asked, already making a mental note to text his mom for her recipe.

"You can make lasagna? Yeah that sounds fantastic!" Jackson said, giving his friend a large open mouthed smile that practically touched his eyes. 'Right now everything sounds amazing, god I'm hungry!'

~

Back at the apartment Jackson stood in front of a mirror in what used to be his room. His arms were held down at his sides, wrists up, with palms facing the floor as Jackson turned his head and his body one way and then another. Looking very much like any girl both excited and nervous about their date and wanting to make sure they look right. When Jackson had gotten home he found Maddy sitting in the living room wearing light blue tiny cotton pajama shorts and a fluffy gray robe that had gotten just loose enough to show she wasn't wearing a bra underneath, looking very much like a lazy work from home employee, complete with bed head as she typed away on her laptop seemingly unaware that it was well past time to have gotten dressed for the day and past normal quitting time. Jackson tilted his head to the side and leaned into Lincoln as his friend gave him a kiss on the cheek before moving off to their shared bedroom, saying something about needing to get changed and hit the gym.

"You look comfortable." Jackson said to his sister, with a little irritation in his voice as he thought of how he was dressed, how she had picked out his clothes for the day while she got to be home relaxing, not dressed up to impress.

"And you my dear sister look rather fetching, the corporate thing you got going on works for you." She said with a smile, closing the lid on her laptop. "Did you have a good day?"

The answer was no, but he didn't want to get into it and wasn't sure he currently had the capacity to even say everything that happened, let alone remember it all. So instead he went right to the point. "Okay, so tonight I'm meeting up with the manager of the sales... no he isn't a manager, but he is the lead in the sales department, he is cooking us dinner and..."

"Cheating on Lincoln already." Madison interrupted making a tisking sound. The

comment had just the right timing as he came out of his bedroom in jogging pants and an A-frame undershirt.

Jackson made a face in Lincoln's direction, the grimacing fading as he put his hands on his hips, leaning long ago putting his fists to his hips ended in him stabbing himself with his nails. "I'm not cheating... Maddy stop it! It isn't a date and because it isn't a date I need to wear something less..." He motioned to his current outfit.

"Pretty, sexy, eye-catching?" His sister helpfully gave options to complete the sentence and received another glare for the effort before turning her head to Lincoln. "You sure you want to stay with a girl who isn't loyal? You could still change your mind and marry me!"

Lincoln smirked at her, shaking his head as he made his way out of the apartments small living room, not wanting to be part of their conversation, while Jackson flat out ignored his sisters comments to his friend.

"Office slutty, office bimbo... just all over looking for something not like this. I would put on a t-shirt and pants, but all of my clothes were packed up, by you." He ended the sentence by pointing at his sister, ignoring Linc as he made his way out of the apartment and presumably to the apartment's gym.

"I hate to say it... no I really don't, you deserve to hear it." Madison said as she got to her feet, tightening her robe. "Anything you wear will look sexy on you. The Hart sisters are hot, I mean even like this I know I am."

"You don't, not even a little and I don't want to look hot. I want to look normal, I want to talk to Abe about his sales numbers, what others in his department are doing and how to beat them all when I get to that department."

He watched as his sister nodded slowly, he wasn't able to parse out what she was thinking by the look on her face and started to tap his heeled foot impatiently, if she wasn't going to help him then he needed to start looking at his options because he really didn't want to show up at the man's house looking like the office tart.

"You want my help?" She asked, smirking when her sibling looked at her intently nodding their head. "Well then I think you need to give me a compliment, I have given you at least two since you have come home and all you did was insult me." Madison huffed pretending to be hurt as she tossed her short unbrushed hair back with a flip of her head.

'A compliment?' He thought. "You are the best sister I have ever had."

She shook her head. "Do better, I'm your only sister."

"I sometimes wish we were closer." Jackson admitted with a sigh.

The comment earning a small clap of Madison's hands as she grinned. "Awww that is super sweet! We live together now so we can spend nights getting closer, painting each other's nails, going over what you want for your wedding and of course we will have more girl nights out."

He could just picture him and his sister sitting on each end of the couch with their feet in each other's lap as the painted toe nails. It was not what he meant by getting closer and the only upside to girl nights as she put it was getting to see the pretty blonde bartender that had openly flirted with him. "Fun, sounds suuuuper fun!" He plastered a fake smile on his face as he spoke in an over-the-top excited way. "Now... clothes, outfit, you love this stuff."

"I do..." Madison shook her head. "I think you should complement yourself first. It is important to have good self-esteem."

"Like what?" Jackson asked, exasperated by his older sister.

"Repeat after me. I feel proud to be a sexy woman."

Jackson shook his head as he took a small step backwards, a feat that would have brought him toppling to the floor a week ago. "I am not going to say that."

"If you will not help yourself, then I will not help you." She said, giving herself conscious sister a stern look. She had been doing research wanting to support her brother as much as she could as he transitioned to the woman he wanted to be and had read a great deal about dysphoria.

"Really? Come on." Jackson touched his tongue to the inside of his cheek feeling like his always bossy and sometimes playful sister was enjoying herself way too much. "Fine." he said with another sigh, this one much heavier. "I am a proud and sexy woman. There happy?"

Moving forward quickly Madison gave her newly branded sister a big hug, whispering to her as she held her tightly. "Yes you are, and I'm proud to have you as my sister, I love you."

Reluctantly Jackson hugged her back, the hesitation being more for the reason behind the hug, than the hug itself. “I love you too Maddy.”

Stepping back Madison had a bright smile on her face, this time really inspecting her sister and how she was dressed. She had picked out the outfit and thought Jackie could easily just wear it out, but could understand the desire to change outfits. A way to step more away more and put up a type of barrier from work time and free time and make her doubt her siblings comment about this being about work more. “I have a few ideas, also... that isn’t what I told you to say, but close enough.”

Jackson furrowed his brow as his sister pulled him along into his old room unable to remember what exactly she had said less than a minute ago that he was supposed to repeat. “I got it wrong?”

All of that led up to him inspecting his current look in the mirror. A dark orange sleeveless dress, lapel collar dress with accordion skirt and a built in tie wrap belt. His lower body was free from stockings or pantyhose, a wonderful change to not feel like a rubber band or bands squeezing him and she had even allowed him to go without a corset though he had to make a promise about... something, he had jumped on the offer without considering it and now what he had agreed to escaped him. Jackson had his lob hairstyle pulled back with a simple thin alice band, wooden square earrings that had a small square within a bigger one, he had run his finger inside of one making a dinging noise like it was a type of dinner bell before Maddy had taken them from him and put them in his ears. They were lightweight, a thing he couldn’t say for the thick wooden bangle around his right wrist that looked like the wood had been twisted. One hand went up to touch the necklace around his neck. The back of it was a simple cheap gold chain and the front it had thick blue stone links with three gold ones woven in.

Touching it, seeing the contrast in color between his red nails and the necklace is mind wandered for the umpteenth time that day, it looked really familiar he just couldn’t put his finger on it.

Seeing Jacqueline touch the necklace and be lost in thought Madison spoke up, expecting her siblings was remembering the last time she had seen that very necklace. “It was Mom’s. She left a lot of things behind, Dad never tossed anything out. I think he also hoped she would come back, but he didn’t fight me when I took her jewelry. It looked good on her, me and now you.” She said with a sad smile.

“This was... oh.” Jackson’s fingers lingered longer on the necklace. His eyes welled up with tears from a painful memory of his mother, his body now full of estrogen starting

him down the path of a second chemical induced feminine puberty happy to let the normally held back tears flow.

Hugging her almost fully dressed sister from behind Madison whispered to her. “Its okay, I’m here with you, I will always be here with you.”

Turning around Jackson hugged his sister back, this time much tighter than he had earlier in the living room. His previous irritation at how she dressed him for the day forgotten along with his anger about her pushing him down his path, just happy to hold her.

After just over a minute of holding Jacqueline, Madison pulled back, leaving her hands on her siblings’ shoulders. “We are going to need to fix your makeup, clean you up, new mascara, eyeliner, concealer, blush, setting powder all of it. So keep their tears in check or we will be here all night, but first...” She let go, picking up the pair of shoes on the floor. “You need to finish getting dressed.” Madison said holding up a pair of wood and four inch brown leather wedges with thick braided band straps and inch and half platforms.

“Am I supposed to say those are cute?” He asked sneering at the shoes, happy they were at least not stilettos like he had been wearing all day, but wishing he was going to get to wear a pair of simple sandals or flip flops, his sister had plenty of those in her collection.

“They are cute and you know they are, stop pretending you don’t love them. They will look darling on you and go with your date outfit.”

“Maddy...” He gave her a flat look.

“I know, I know, it isn’t a date, because if it was a date then you would be cheating on Lincoln and you are madly in love with him and just can’t wait for him to ask you to marry him, but until he does and you accept...”

“Nope!” Jackson said, cutting her off and swiping the wedge shoes from her grasp. “Not having this conversation!” His mind felt much clearer than it had that afternoon and even more so than when he got home, some of the lexapro already working its way out of his system and making him a little less tolerant of the feminine jibes. ‘She was just hugging me and being sweet and then turns around and messes with me.’ Jackson thought as he sat down on the bed, using one hand to sweep back the skirt of the dress.

“I love you Maddy, but you are a brat.”

Scene 21

Opening his condo door, a heavy metal thing, Abraham smiled when he saw Jacqueline. The easy smile she often had on her face only made his own grow brighter at the idea of her being happy to see him. “You changed... I mean.” The tall man cleared his throat and adjusted his tie feeling thrilled that his date took the time to put something on just to come over to his place and at the same time mentally kicking himself that he was still wearing what he wore to the office. He hadn’t even bothered to remove his tie or jacket, jumping right into the kitchen as soon as he came home wanting everything to just be perfect. “You look amazing Jacqueline, welcome to my home.” Still holding the door he took a step back to allow her entry.

Getting compliments still wasn’t something Jackson was used to, it felt both nice to be appreciated and wrong to be appreciated for wearing a dress. When he had taken the time to wear a nice suit he liked it when someone acknowledged the extra effort, and getting ready any day now required more effort to just put on his makeup alone. Stepping into Abe's home and past the man Jackson looked around at the oddly set up area. To the left when coming in was a little open window in the wall where he could see the kitchen. It had what looked like all new appliances and fixtures, just past the short wall blocking off the kitchen from the rest of the room was a few pieces of furniture, a comfortable looking lounge chair, a couch on the back wall and a love seat positioned to face the couch. The area not normally would have a small kitchen table was setup like a sitting room, while the open space that should be the living room had a long rectangular table that he was sure a seller would call rustic. Along the walls were bookshelves that held vinyl records, where a tv or entertainment center would have been was a wooden armoire that looked just as old as the table. The sight of the rather large record collection made Jackson look back to the little sitting area to an end table where a record player sat.

“You have, umm an interesting.. Apartment. I mean, it is nice, just not what I expected.”

Closing the door Abraham turned the lock and set the security bar so it dug into the hole in the ground. Seeing the girl's quizzical expression, and a little worry he quickly went to explain himself. “I live in a good area I swear, I just have things in here I really do not want to lose.” He gave an almost apologetic smile as he walked past her, his hand touching her upper back before sliding down to its base as he escorted her the few feet into the room and out of the entryway. “Would you like to sit down on the sofa and have a drink first or would you like to get right to the meal?”

Putting one hand over his empty stomach Jackson looked at the taller man with pleading eyes. “Food, please, the food.”

“No problem, just have a seat at the table and I will bring it right out.” He said with a smirk, the meal he prepared tasted right when he tested it, and really hoped she liked it. His mother used to say the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach, but both of his older sisters agreed that it didn’t apply to gender.

Jackson pulled one of the chairs back, his fingers gliding along the surface of the wood as he sat down, and tapped his nails on it a few times as Abe moved just out of sight into the kitchen. “This table is interesting, I really would have expected you to have a metal and glass thing going on.”

“It belonged to my grandfather.” Abraham called out his voice elevated more than needed with the thin wall between them. Thinking about Jacqueline sitting at the table made him wince. ‘Have a seat? Didn’t even bother to hold the chair out for her, come on Abe you are better than this!’ He told himself that he shouldn’t be this nervous. Stepping out of the kitchen with two large white plates in his hands he continued. “He actually built the table and the cabinet himself, he used it for a liquor cabinet and I decided to do the same.”

Using just one finger this time Jackson moved it along the grain of the old table, feeling much more impressed, though was quickly distracted by the plate of food put in front of him. “This looks...” He took a deep breath as he picked up the knife and fork already set on the table without finishing his sentence as he cut a piece of the cordon bleu schnitzel. “Mmmm!”

Seeing and hearing her reaction to his cooking made Abraham feel like the smile on his face might never fade, but it did as he once again admonished himself as he stood back up after just sitting down, having forgotten to bring them their wine. “Sorry, let me get that wine I promised.”

Jackson paid the man no mind as he took a second and larger bite of the main dish. Moving his tongue around in his mouth Jackson savored the flavor as he waited for the host to return. Touching the fork to the spatzele that had lightly drizzled gravy on it Jackson completely ignored the grouping of cucumbers on the plate covered in dressing. It wasn’t what he was thinking about for a cucumber salad, he expected leafy greens, but still it would be the last thing on the plate he would touch. Taking the glass from Abe’s hand he held it up so they could clink glasses together. “This is... this delish!” Jackson said repeating a word Tabitha had used more than a few times. He thought for a second and smiled at the man sitting across from him.

“Okay I have one for you.” Jackson paused for a second, his mind didn’t feel as sluggish

as it had earlier in the day, but the world still felt a bit fog-like. “Heaven is where the cooks are French, the police are British and the mechanics are German, the lovers are Italian and everything is like...” The word organized left his brain, making the statement fumble. “Put together by the Swiss. Now Hell is where the cooks are British, the police are German, the mechanics are French, now the lovers are the Swiss and the Italisans organize. Yeah, organize that was what I was trying to say before!”

“I’m not much of a mechanic, honestly I don’t even know how to change the oil on my car.”

Jackson shook his head as he held up one hand for him to stop, it made perfect sense to him, but Abe just wasn’t getting it. “No, what I’m saying is... wait you can’t change the oil on a car? It is super easy. Please tell me you can at least change a tire.”

Finishing a bite off his own plate Abraham nodded a small sad nod. “Yes, I can do that and jump start a car, but that is about the extent of my knowledge. My grandfather nor my Moms taught me. We always just paid someone to do it, but if you want to show me sometime I wouldn’t mind the lesson.” He said, picturing the well dressed girl in a pair of gray overalls, a few smudges of oil on her hands and brow. Her smiling at him as she wiped some sweat from her neck with a towel, her still having perfect makeup and nails despite what she was doing.

Shrugging his shoulders Jackson cut another bite from his food before spearing it with his fork. “If you can afford it, why bother doing it yourself.” He laughed before shoving the morsel of food in his mouth in an un-lady like fashion. Something Abe said only catching up to him as he chew on his food. Holding a hand up to cover his mouth he spoke. “Did you say Moms?”

“Yeah.” Abraham motioned to the singular photo hanging on the wall that showed a twenty year old version of himself, his two older sisters and his two mothers. “Two older sisters and two mothers.” It was so normal for him that he casually admitted how he grew up, but then paused as thoughts of the world he lived in caught up to him. He had been so enamored with the girl that he didn’t even stop to think she might not be as accepting.

“Huh...” Jackson slowly chewed on his bite of food, not noticing the awkward silence between the two as Abe waited to see how she would react. “What is that like? I mean.” He shrugged thinking about his own home life. “I mostly only had a Dad and no Mom. Two sounds great.”

Tension left Abraham’s body and with it his smile returned. “Sometimes great, but there

were also four girls in the house and only one boy.” He answered her question, taking note of what she said about her own home life, but not wanting to touch on something that might be a sore subject and possibly ruin a good time.

Pointing his fork at the man Jackson narrowed his eyes. “So what about you and your sister's Dad?” He asked not considering the same tact Abraham just had.

“Never met him, none of us met them. Both of my mothers used artificial means to have us, so really they are my half-sisters. Well one of them would be, my eldest sister Mary. She isn't really related to me by blood at all, but we are all family.”

Taking the glass of wine Jackson took a long swallow thinking about how bizarre that would be. Maddy was dating Callie, what if they got married and then used a sperm bank to have kids? “You know, that is so sci-fi. Kinda cool... Did you have a good childhood?” He asked, then took another swallow of the wine, already completely forgetting the promise he made to himself to not drink or at least not drink when he was on medication after the massive hangover he had when going out with the girls.

“Like anyone it wasn't always sunshine and rainbows, but yeah, I had a good childhood. Spent a lot of time with my grandfather, my sisters were always protective of me there baby brother. We didn't really become friends till we grew up.” He then motioned to his record collection. “I got all of these from my grandfather as well. He once upon a time owned a music store and bar, where he also tried to sell furniture he made. The place was called Records & Bar, not an inventive name. All the tables, shelves and chairs were for sale, made by him. My guess is he wanted to do three things and couldn't make up his mind, so he did them all at once.”

“Huh... sounds like a cool place to grow up.”

The two continued to chat, Jackson bringing up Mega Corp and the sales department, but as the first bottle of wine vanished and a second was poured into their glasses it devolved more into trading jokes that got dirtier with each passing minute.

“Did you know.” Abraham said as he got to his feet shaking the second now empty bottle of wine. “That thirty percent of girls enjoy golden showers?”

“Gross.” Jackson replied watching the man vanish once again into the kitchen. He could hear glass clinking as he did something and yelled to continue what he was saying.

“So you tell me, what do the other seventy percent do?”

Not wanting to yell, Jackson got up, steadying himself on the table as he moved his way past the little lounging area and to the opening to the apartment's kitchen. "I don't know what?"

Popping a lid off a pair of green glass bottles of beer Abraham held one out for his date. He hadn't brought up her boyfriend at all that evening, tonight was about showing her a good comfortable time so that she knew there were better options than a controlling ass. Hearing her laugh and practically cackling as she kicked her feet at some of his jokes made his heart sing and the alcohol shushed his nervous brain. "Since you don't know you must be in the thirty percent." he said with an open mouthed grin.

Taking the offered beer Jackson blinked at him a few times not getting what he said at first. "What?" Then his jaw hung over as his medicated and drunken mind got it. One hand flew up to his face, trying to use it as a barrier as she shook his head. "No, no, no, no!" He repeated the word each having their own inflection. "Just no... I didn't mean it like that!" Tensing his muscles Jackson practically vibrated as he gave the man in front of him a hard glare, only causing the dark haired man to laugh harder. With a grunt Jackson tipped back the bottle in his hand, drinking down half of its contents, trying to wash away the very idea of the joke. "Not funny."

Abraham moved closer to the blonde girl, her backing up as he continued to chuckle. 'God even with an angry expression she is beautiful.' He thought as he put his own untouched beer on the counter as he continued to chuckle and follow her as she practically beckoned him forward as she walked backwards. "It is funny, I am funny, I believe you described me as hilarious."

Feeling something solid on the back of his legs, his drunken mind allowed him to stop and not teeter over the arm of the couch. "No, I said we are hilarious, but I mostly meant me." Jackson said glancing down to see one leg had hit the arm of the couch as he now stood in front of the end table and loveseat.

While she stopped moving Abraham continued to move closer to the girl, she was funny. One of his sisters had the mouth of a sailor, Jacqueline wasn't that bad, but he had never met a girl who would tell dirty jokes, or at least none that felt so comfortable with him to do so. She was more than just a pretty face, she was caring and understanding. Moving in close to her he moved one hand up to her cheek before leaning in to kiss her. As he touched his mouth to hers, feeling her tender lips she suddenly fell away from him, toppling backwards on the couch, but as she did she grasped his tie to pull him along with her. The girl wasn't strong enough, or heavy enough to pull him anywhere he didn't want to go, but a beautiful girl tugging on his tie to follow her on the couch, that wasn't something he was going to resist at all.

Jackson was surprised at the kiss, they were having such a good evening, they hadn't talked about what he wanted, what he had planned to talk about, not really, but it was just a fun night and now he had gone and ruined it. He had talked to Abe about this... Abe was supposed to be the guy that didn't try these kinds of things... why was it he could be friends with Tab or Lil and not Abe! Trying to step back, to create space Jackson lost his balance, the feeling of vertigo coming over him as he fell, he reached out to stop himself, grabbing hold of Abe's tie, but that had just caused them both to fall backwards onto the loveseat.

Falling down on the soft cushions of the small couch hadn't been painful in any way, but the fact that a larger man had landed atop of him dazed Jackson. Allowing the now amorous man to continue giving his undesired attentions. "Abe." Jackson said in a voice calmer than he felt, the man was kneeling over him and between his own legs. In the fall Jackson had spread his legs so that when Abe followed they two ended up straddling one another. Jackson was about to tell him to stop, to get off but as he felt a kiss to the nape base of his neck things became less clear. A tingle of pleasure caused sparks to enter his mind, as it continued the tingle turned into a flowing wave and the sparks to fireworks. Jackson's eyelids partially closed as his eyes crossed, the unwanted touch from the man had changed.

"Oh... that feels..." The rational part of Jackson's mind found no purchase between the chemical concoction running through his body and what was a fantastic feeling of pleasure from being kissed in such a sensitive area and causing his panty covered male member to awaken at the touch. "Mmmmm" Jackson's protests had been forgotten, the day had been so difficult and now... Now things felt so good. Jackson didn't even have the presence of mind to push away the hand that gripped and slid up his left thigh, instead he raised his leg up to feel more of the warm hand on his bare cool skin.



The kissing to his neck was followed by a soft bite to his flesh, mixing just a tiny bit of pain with pleasure before the kisses moved on to his own lips. The hand that had been pushing on Abe's chest slid up and over to hold the man, Jackson instinctively thrusting his hips up in a steady rhythm as he returned the kiss, his mouth open as both of their tongues slid across one another. Every second that went by Jackson felt more and more turned on, his dick now rubbing on the soft fabric of the panties as both Abe and him pressed their bodies into one another.

Kissing the brown eyed girl harder Abraham had to use one arm to keep himself from putting all of his weight on Jacqueline, the other gripped her sexy smooth thigh, moving up to feel the edges of her panties. He thrust his hips forward meeting her own thrust, his own hard cock feeling the warmth between her legs, his drunken mind not processing that something felt off as he continued to kiss her passionately. It wasn't until his hand was fully under her skirt, gripping one of her panty covered ass cheeks that things changed in a way that he had to stop everything he was doing to figure out what had happened, what had changed, what was wrong. She was crying.

"What's wrong? Did I hurt you?" Abraham asked as he dismounted the girl in a hurry

afraid he had injured her in some way.

Amidst the kissing, the swirling of their tongues, the feeling of their bodies pressing against one another one thought was able to pierce through it all. 'He is going to fuck you, you are going to enjoy it. He is going to fuck you like Linc, fuck you like Dunn.' The dark part of his brain whispered to Jackson, ignoring the fact that fucking had not happened with Dunn nor did he enjoy it, but like most dark thoughts there only had to be a kernel of truth. That dark thought allowed Jackson to notice the dick grinding into him, the thing felt massive, and it brought back the memory from a dream where he was giving a blow job to Abe. That was when his heightened emotions let free the water works. "No, no... I'm not hurt." Jackson sat up on the back of the couch, curling his knees up to his chest.

"What then?" Abraham asked his inebriated mind trying to piece together a puzzle. Jacqueline's beer had fallen on the floor, but it hadn't broken so she hadn't been cut and she said he hadn't hurt her. It caused a flicker of doubt to come to mind that maybe she didn't actually want him, but it didn't last long. She had already shown him in the movie theater how much she liked him, she had agreed to come over here and had pulled him down atop of her. 'Maybe she isn't actually ready for this step...' told himself before the thought got darker. 'Maybe her boyfriend had hurt her like this before or forced himself on her.'

Covering his face Jackson felt shame. Shame for the fact he had just been turned on from making out with another man, his hidden member was quickly growing soft once again, but still he couldn't deny what had happened. He was about to have sex again and if his hard dick told him anything he would probably enjoy it too.... Jackson felt the shame of even the possibility he would like it, like sex with a man. Then there was the shame of being stuck under a desk, giving a blow job to a man, swallowing his semen, semen his brain told him he could taste even now and then there was the fear of Abe finding out he was a man himself. No amount of makeup would hide the truth when he found his dick tenting his panties and if he had gone for his chest... the forms were real enough, but they still weren't real, the truth would be discovered. All of that swirled in his mind as he cried.

"He..." Jackson touched his tongue to the inside of his cheek before scraping it across his teeth, wanting to rid himself of the phantom taste from earlier that day. "He made me give him a blow job... under his desk.. He.. he fucked my face." Another wave of shame came over Jackson after admitting what happened, admitting to being violated, admitting to being weak.

"He what!" Abraham bellowed. "Your boyfriend forced himself on you?!" The angry man

clenched his jaw along with his fists thinking about the man that forced this wonderful person to play his kinky games. He wasn't above some office fantasies, but he would never force anyone. Remembering himself he took a calming breath, scooting closer on the small couch to put both of his hands on the girl's shoulders, forcing himself to talk gently. "It will be okay, I promise..." He stopped when the girl shook her head vigorously.

"No... Linc isn't even a real boyfriend he didn't do anything." Jackson said thinking back to just the previous night where the two of them had sex, but that had been Dunn's fault just like earlier.

"If he didn't..." Abraham paused for a second after drinking a full bottle of wine himself his mind wasn't exactly in its prime condition. "If you didn't want to do something and he convinced you then it is still... you know."

Again Jackson shook his head, he didn't want to say more, didn't want to talk about this. He wanted to stop crying, the tears just kept on coming and the longer they spoke about it the harder it was to hold back the monsoon of tears that he felt ready to burst free. Abe was a big man though and Jackson couldn't live with himself if he went after Linc. "No... it was Dunn. He... he makes me give him a blow... blow... god. He makes me give him oral and wants it every day, he wants me to sit in his lap and..."

"Come here." Abraham said gently pulling the crying and obviously terrified girl toward him. Her legs sunk down so that her chest pressed into his, he guided her face to his shoulder and just held her as she cried. He wanted to hold her, to protect the lovely young woman and he really didn't want her to see the dark expression on his face as he thought of what he wanted to do to Alexander Dunn. The thought of what his boss would do after, what the cops would do didn't cross his mind, he wanted to hurt the man and as he held Jacqueline in his arms and she started to sob the desire only increased.

Being pulled into the embrace wouldn't have been something Jackson would have let happen a week ago, but he felt so weak and vulnerable and wasn't sure what to do, hadn't really been sure what to do for a while. His life was out of control, he couldn't even get in to see his therapist, her appointment schedule had been booked up till his next appointment date. Now here he was being held... It felt nice to feel the strong arms around him, the warmth of the man's body and it was enough for the dam to break and for the light sprinkling of tears that came unbidden to his eyes to turn into a storm.

Jackson went from hugging himself, to wrapping his arms around the larger man's chest to hold him back as he cried and cried, his body shaking from the outpouring of emotions. Jackson could only remember crying like this once, the day his mother left,

the only other time he had felt so alone. At now he had a few friends... he pressed his face harder into Abe's chest momentarily forgetting the sexual act that had brought him to this position as he thought about the man. "Abe..." Jackson said with a weak voice between sobs.

"Yes?" Abraham replied gently as he held her, the awkward position causing one of his legs to grow numb.

"You are a good friend... thank you."

Scene 22

The next morning Abraham stood in the parking garage, leaning up against one of the stone pillars. He was only partially aware of the world around him as he thought about the night before. The short amount of time he had been able to hold the bottle blonde in his arms had been exhilarating, but what had followed had changed the evening. She had said something about her and Lincoln weren't a real couple, that was something he wanted to know more about. Was she saying that because she knew staying with him wasn't a long term solution? It was a question he would have to delve more into later.

He had made sure she got home to her controlling boyfriend, he offered for her to stay the night, he would even sleep on the couch, but she rejected the offer. So Abraham made sure the drunken beauty made it home safe. Jacqueline had shared more, in the say way most people inebriated shared more than they intended, it was that or she trusted him enough to unburden herself. That led up to now, where he wanted... felt he needed to address the problem that was both of their boss Alexander Dunn.

The wait wasn't terribly long for Abraham, soon enough the matte black rolls Royce phantom pulled into the reserved parking space. Adjusting his glasses Abraham watched his boss exit his vehicle with his blazer hung over one arm, and as soon as the car door closed the angry man marched forward. "Mr. Dunn!" he called out.

Alexander pivoted after hearing his name being called out in a not so friendly tone and saw his broad-shouldered lead salesman moving toward him with purpose. He controlled himself and didn't let out a long sigh having an idea why Downings was looking like he was on the war path and couldn't wait for him to at least get his morning coffee before confronting him. Rates had gone up and anytime rates went up it affected the sales team's commissions. The problem was margins had to be adjusted to show market growth, best he could do is offer the man an advance warning the next time something like this came along and an offer for considerations when it came time for his yearly review. The rest of the sales team looked up to Downings, he often spoke on their

behalf, but in the end they all would swallow what he was giving them and this man would help him do it if he played his cards right. “Morning, any chance this can wait till I have my morning coffee?” he asked out loud while also thinking about what his pretty admin would do when she brought it to him. ‘Maybe I could have her under my desk with my dick in her mouth while I settle Downings down.’

Clenching his jaw Abraham methodically shook his head, all while flexing his fingers over and over again. He wanted to throttle the man, make him feel pain in a way he would never forget, but that wasn’t how the civilized world worked and he knew enough about the cooperation where they both were to know going to human resources would be worse than a waste of time, it would be inviting the old corrupted power of Mega Corp bear down on both himself and Jacqueline. “No, this cannot wait.” Abraham said through clenched teeth.

“Alright, go ahead then, let me have it.” Alexander said, rolling his shoulders and mentally preparing his verbal repousse to the salesman's complaints.

The calm, cool expression on the older man’s face irked Abraham in a real way, his soft blue eyes seemed completely unbothered by the fact he had violated another person. “How dare you!”

“What?! How dare I? That is a bit aggressive over a handful of dollars. Why don’t you think through your approach and come back later.” Dunn said, already starting to turn and move away. It boiled his blood to have someone challenge him aggressively like that, he liked the man, but things like this always happened when two alphas were in the same area he figured and he had been playing the game too long and was too old to fly off the handle. A simple dismissal would both infuriate the younger man and cow him when he had a chance to consider what he had said. Before he got more than a step away though Alexander felt a strong grip on his forearm.

“We are not done.”

Swallowing some of his saliva Alexander worked his jaw from side to side, his eyes looking down at the hand on him, then slowly looked up to meet his employees green eyes, the overhead lights of the parking garage causing him to only get a good look into one eyes from the light glinting off his glasses. “Unhand me before you bring a world of trouble on yourself.”

Abraham did let go, but he also stepped closer into the other man’s personal space. “You do not get to treat people like they are objects for your amusement and pleasure...”

“What are you talking about!?” Alexander immediately said the accusation, taking a step backwards to create a little space. He was not a fool, Abraham Downings was two inches shorter than him and looked like he could have been a pro-athlete, if things went to blows and with how aggressive the younger man was being it really could, then Alexander knew he would be in a world of hurt. In the end Downings would suffer the most, but that did little to ease his mind of the man’s fist coming in contact with his jaw.

“I’m talking about Jacqueline, Jacqueline Hart. You don’t get to use her like some sort of sex doll. I know people like you like to lord their power over others, making them do what they want and that you aren’t unique in using it to get a pretty girl to have sex.”

Things started to fit in place for Alexander. ‘Not about rate hikes, this is a female territory thing.’ Holding up his free hand in a stop motion he gave a small grin to the upset man in front of him. “This is about her is it?”

“This is about you and what...” Abraham was jabbing his finger in the air in his boss’s direction, but didn’t get to work up much steam before he was talked over.

“Hey, hey, hey. I’m not making Jacqueline do anything she doesn’t want to do.” He said, mentally adding what he believed to be just a small correction. ‘She did need a little convincing to give in to her urges.’

The response put Abraham on the back foot, he expected a denial, he expected push back. Things were not going as he had planned them, imagined them in his head when Dunn admitted Jacqueline and him were having sex. His thoughts went back to the young woman shaking as she cried in his arms, her tears and makeup ruining his shirt as he held her. He was ready to rebuttal that bullshit, but what came out of his boss’s mouth next made him only see red.

“The girl is just a slut, I heard the two of you were making out and that she gave you a blowjob in the bathroom, heck she and her boyfriend Hatchet... no Hatch went at it in the supply room. Honestly I don’t care so long as it doesn’t interfere with every day operations, I know she isn’t the only one and with me. Well at least with me she is getting something out of it, I mean more than easing her craving.” The grin on Alexander’s face fell away when he saw Abraham clench both of his hands into fists and take a heavy step forward, cocking one of his hands back.

“Stop! You do not want to do this Downings! Don’t throw your life away over some tranny! Do you really want to go to jail because of some slut?!” Alexander said, taking a few quick steps backwards, ending with his back pressed up against his expensive vehicle.

“What?” Abraham asked in a much softer voice than he had spoken in that entire morning as he looked at his boss in confusion. His raised fist fell back down to his side. “What did you call her?”

The wind looked like it had been taken out of the aggressive man’s sails, Dunn put one hand over his heart, feeling its rapid beating. He took a few quick breaths and let out a sigh of relief before he answered. “Tranny? Is that what you are having trouble wrapping your head around? Oh yeah... had to believe someone with that perfect ass is a guy or used to be a guy... honestly I don’t know how any of that works, but when...” Alexander snapped his fingers a few times, he had already been bad with names and couldn’t remember what his secretary called herself when they were just working as an intern. “John? Jessy? I don’t know their real name or what used to be their name, but they showed up to the office one day in a dress. I was going to fire them, but HR said otherwise and ya know what. Once I was able to get past the idea that between her smooth legs was another dick then I was more than open to her advances. Well so long as she keeps that shit out of sight.”

His smile now back on his face Alexander slapped the back of his hand to his employees stomach, finding it not in the least bit doughy. “I can see you are having trouble with it, I get it, but you are going to have to make peace with with the fact that you let a guy or someone that used to be a guy give you head and before you thinking about taking all this anger back into the office if you so much as raise your voice at her in there.” He said pointing over to the door that headed into the building. “Just know that both me and HR will not tolerate any gay bashing or whatever.” Touching his jaw, the salt a pepper haired man rubbed his fingers through his beard as he thought.

“What you did here this morning, not exactly acceptable, but tits and ass, her tits aren’t real by the way, not yet. Well they can make a man go mad, been there myself in my wilder days, but this can’t exactly go unpunished. As I’m sure you know, we had a rate hike, if you can rally the troops as it were and get them to accept the change without raising a fuss, because I do not want to hear it. Then we can pretend all of this never happened. So how about it? Sounds like a fair deal?”

Slowly Abraham’s green eyes looked down to the offered hand. He felt like his bell had been rung, like it had years ago when he played baseball at university of Florida and a ball had cracked into the side of his head. That day he had been thinking about a girl too, a girl who had cheated on him and was the cause of his lack of focus. He had ended up with a concussion that day, and while nothing had physically hit him today, finding out the young woman he had a crush on was transgender definitely threw him for a loop. His hand slowly started to rise up to take his boss's offered hand, his mind felt numb,

but as it quickly settled his right hand flew up past the offered hand for a handshake and grabbed the older man's tie by the knot as he shoved him back into his car.

"A few things to make very, very, clear to you. You let me know if you need more clarity when I'm done." Abraham said, his face only an inch away from his bosses. "Jacqueline Hart... you will never refer to her in vulgar words like slut or tranny every again, you will not go near her, just pretend the two of you have been ordered by the court to keep your distance. You are not going to retaliate against her in any way, if she comes to me with so much as a snuffle and utters your name then..." Abraham narrowed his eyes, he hadn't come to confront his boss with violence, this had gotten out of hand and he wasn't going to be able to save himself at this point, but he wasn't without some means. "You remember that bachelor party you went to five years ago? I do... I was there too and just so happened to have pictures of the evening. Many, many pictures and if you were too drunk to recall what happened. Then feel free to ask what you may have done that would be embarrassing or maybe illegal. Here is a hint... it was both."

Licking his lips, Dunn looked into the stronger man's eyes, not daring to look away. He wasn't powerless, he could fight back, but that would end really in only one way. He would win in the end, not physically, that wasn't how the world worked, it would result in at least a black eye. Victory didn't need to come from pure physical aggression. The mention of that night though, a night that he truly had been incredibly drunk caused a spike of cold to run along his spine. Even if the threat of photos was real he wouldn't end up in jail, but he would end up in court and with embarrassment not just for himself, but for the company it would put his promotion in direct jeopardy. "I... I can't avoid her, she works under me."

"Transfer her." Abraham said, shaking the man by his tie.

"Can't... she has to stay for ninety days."

The reply made Abraham grimace. "Just... just fucking be nice to her. Treat Jacqueline like a person. Can you just act like a decent human being towards one person in your life?" Letting go of the man's tie, Abraham gave him a small shove, pressing him into his car a little more before turning around and taking a few steps. Rubbing the back of his neck Abraham let out a long sigh. 'I fucked up. Life isn't a fairytale, I'm not a knight in shiny armor and Jacqueline isn't a damsel in distress.' He thought before laughing out loud at the predicament he put himself in because he wanted to protect someone, because he let his anger lead him by the nose. He could just hear his eldest sister mocking him for toxic masculinity. 'I could have done this smart and now...' He let his thoughts drift off, expecting to hear his boss or soon to be ex-boss on the phone to the police any second.

“How about this for a deal.” Alexander said, taking a step away from the car, not closer to the man who had just throttled him, but around him as he adjusted his tie. “I will deny Jacqueline any personal time... far as sexual activities go, I will be gentle with my refusals to try and not upset her. You will do as I asked with the sales team. You may have leverage on me, but now I have it over you as well.” He then pointed over to a security camera. He wasn’t sure exactly how much it caught, if any or even if the thing worked. Security hadn’t shown up with the thing there after all, but for now it was a prop.

“You aren’t going to fire me or call the police?” Abraham asked, now turned around looking at Alexander Dunn perplexed.

“Not at all. I always liked you. You actually remind me a bit about myself when I was younger.” He had never been as in shape as him, he admitted to himself. “You had leverage on me and held onto it for years just for the right opportunity. Downings, you are a corporate shark and I would definitely rather keep a useful tool at hand than throw it away.” Dunn smirked. ‘So long as I can keep a leash around your neck.’ For a brief second he considered using Downings for his replacement instead of Hatch. Less people would come at Downings, but this was a man that would be harder to control.

“If you agree to the deal, then I have one more thing to offer. Soon enough I am going to be taking over this branch, everyone will be working under me. Hatch will be taking my spot, he is already in management training for just that, but he doesn’t have what the two of us have. The man is soft, so I’m going to make you his number two. I will create some bullshit title so that you can work as his proverbial fist. How about that? You get everything you want and more, and you get it all without any sacrifices.”

Alexander could see he had the man off kilter. This arrangement would keep himself safe, heck once the promotion went through, he wasn’t worried about any photos coming out and then no one would have leverage over him. Downings would become just another useful tool and he could always get some other pretty little thing. He did wish this meeting happened after he had a chance to bend his secretary over his desk, but that was a small concession to win.

Scene 23

The car pulled up in front of the Florida Mega Corp office, Lincoln moved his right arm so it rested on the back of the passenger seat as he looked at Jackson... Jacqueline who already looked to be having a bad day. They looked incredible or at least incredibly hot,

but even with the changes to their face from makeup he had seen that look on his friend's face many times before. Jacqueline wanted to go home, and the day hadn't even started. "Drinking a bunch on a work night doesn't seem like such a good idea now does it?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

Letting out a long breath of air Jackson looked down at his feet, today he wore a pair of heels that looked like solid black versions of girls oxford shoes, well if those shoes also had a five inch heel, the laces on the front mostly for show. His suntan colored five denier pantyhose covered legs would help keep him from freezing in the office, though he imagined not by a lot considering he was sure hardly anyone could tell he was wearing them unless they were up close. His legs disappeared up into a white pencil skirt with a black striped line plaid style that had a small amount of blue in it and then he had on a tight black women's turtleneck shirt. No one could see the feminine underwear he wore underneath, the bra that pulled on his shoulders or the corset that pinched his body in. Jackson shook his head, not just at his friends' comments, those he actually agreed with.

The problem was that because of all these problems in his life right now he was having to get up an hour earlier than he normally would have and even back then he hated getting up early for work. He had to make sure he was clean shaven, not just his face... smooth legs on a woman were sexy, on him... just another burden. It took time to put on makeup, time to make sure the right jewelry was worn with an outfit. It was all a massive pain in the butt and nothing in his closet was really conservative, he had seen plenty of women wear frumpy outfits, but everything he had was designed to attract the eye. Jackson had chosen the turtleneck for the same reason he had chosen the skirt, they both covered more skin than his other options and still it looked... he looked... sexy. The night before he had been with Abe, the food had been a wonderful change from diet shakes and the wine just kept flowing. Before waking up in the morning on the couch the last thing he remembered clearly or semi-clearly was the glasses wearing man telling him about his family, about having two moms or something like that. "No... it wasn't, not one bit." Jackson admitted out loud while silently condemning himself from doing so when he was taking his pills. This morning he hadn't taken any and wasn't currently planning on taking them... or at least that had been his plan before he considered what Dunn was going to have him do.

"Well at least you admit it, knowing being part of the battle and all that." Lincoln said, giving his friend a smirk.

Without turning his head Jackson gave Linc the side eye. "Recovering from a hangover or not, at least I'm not a nerd."

“Guilty as charged, but considering the dating and future plans, I think the beautiful Ms. Hart likes that about me.”

At that comment Jackson did turn to look at his friend, while his hand moved to rest on the door handle, while he raised one of his perfectly arched eyebrows. “You don’t know Maddy at all if you think that. She may be a programmer or junior programmer, but she thinks everyone else but her... in the field are dweebs.” At the word dweeb Jackson pointed one of his red painted nailed fingers in Linc’s direction, he wasn’t a programmer, but he made up for it with his interests.

“Haha, you know I’m talking about you Jacqueline.” Lincoln said, wishing she wouldn’t deflect like that when he was giving her a compliment. His friend turned girlfriend was more than a pretty face, but she did seem to have a problem admitting it. “Now I need to get off to the airport to start my real executive training, and you need to get to work.” With that Lincoln leaned closer pressing his own lips to her own. When his friend had first had his lips done, making them bigger and doing whatever lip flip thing she had complained about, but kissing her lipstick covered lips, they felt perfect. “You try to have a good day, I will text you when I land and call you when I get to the hotel.”

“Umm...” Jackson said, blinking a few times as he looked at Linc through the curtain that was his mascara covered lashes. It wasn’t close to the first time they had kissed and this one was pretty chaste, but he hadn’t expected it. He was just giving his friend shit and was expecting a verbal volley a lot more than a kiss. “Yeah, umm. Safe travels.”

With one hand hovering over his own jaw, one finger lightly touching his bottom lip, Jackson was mostly absorbed mentally in the fact that Linc had just so casually kissed him and he had returned the quick kiss on reflex he got out of the vehicle, though Jackson had to put his other hand out to catch his balance. Looking down he could see he had caught the heel of one of his uncomfortable shoes on a piece of uneven sidewalk. The sway of his body and feeling of almost falling didn’t play well with his headache, but neither did the morning sun.

So with a sheepish glance to Linc he waved him off, wishing that he was joining his friend on the trip instead of having to go upstairs and face their boss. Turning from the road Jackson started to head to the building, seeing his own reflection in the mirrored glass. He knew it was himself, but all he could see was someone he would have loved to chat up, or at the very least enjoy watching walk by. The blonde woman in the reflection walked with a sway to her hips, and a jiggle to her chest all accompanied by the click clack of her heels on the concrete. A sound that Jackson had been trained to hear so he could be on the lookout for a pretty gal, but now it came from him and was accompanied by too many other feelings to still be positive. Putting one hand on the door to the

building he looked down at his long red fingernails that made his hand look so feminine and the pearl bracelet before closing his eyes for a second. 'It is just another day, Linc is off and when he comes back things will be different. Only two more weeks of this, just two more weeks of being Jacqueline, two more weeks of pretending to be a girl, you can do this... I can do this. I have to do this.' Jackson repeated to himself before opening his eyes and plastering on a smile to himself before pulling the door open.

Walking into the building Jackson gave a small wave of his hand to Lilian, the pretty and overly friendly girl behind the reception desk. He was ready to just walk past her, but his head was still pounding and girls tended to keep things like aspirin in their purses. 'Guess I could start carrying some with me too.' He thought to himself as he corrected his course.

"Well good morning and hello to you. Lilian said, smiling at her work friend as she continued to type on the keyboard while looking away from the screen.

"Yep, a good morning. I mean... a good morning to you too Lil." Jackson said, trying to brighten his smile to match the one being given to him. He knew she wasn't flirting or even interested in him, but still having Lilian's full attention on him while she smiled still caused his pulse to pick up. "Listen Lil, I was hoping you..."

"I just love your tartan skirt, you look so good in it. I hate that you are a skinny bitch sometimes. I had a doughnut for breakfast and seeing you makes me feel like a cow." Lilian said, putting one hand on her stomach. "Not your fault, but... I'm sorry, what were you saying?"

Mouth still slightly open Jackson stopped talking for a second after the girl spoke over him. "I was..." He stopped again to really process what she had said, it was nonsense. Lilian was a tiny thing, never would he call her fat or ever hint at it. Sure she wasn't the type of girl he would want to tell them that they should go eat a sandwich like a model who ate ice for a meal, but they weren't healthy. Lilian looked like she took good care of herself, better than him... if he had hit the gym like Linc had been recently then no way could he look like this. "Lil you are not fat, by any definition. Honestly, you're hot."

"You are just saying that." Lilian said with a wave of her hand. "But, feel free to continue or mention it to any successful good looking bachelors." She added with a tittering laugh.

Mirroring the sitting girl, Jackson put one hand to his stomach feeling the corset under the blouse. "Besides, I thought I already told you that I have a little help here." Jackson said pushing forward and not dwelling on the fact the pretty girl wanted him to

introduce her to other men.

“Hmmm, guess we all have our issues.” Lilian said with a shrug of her shoulders. Glancing over at her screen her eyes opened wide as they darted back to Jacqueline. “I’m sorry you were saying something.”

Doing his best to hold back his displeasure Jackson gave the attractive woman a partial smile. ‘Just keep smiling, she thinks your female, she isn’t trying to make you feel bad. I’m Jacqueline Hart... I’m Jacqueline Hart. Of course she isn’t interested in me... god I wish she was though.’ Thoughts walking past Lilian the receptionist every day completely invisible to her back before he had been tricked and then forced into wearing high heels to the office came to mind. ‘When this is all over I wont be just some little intern, I will be able to afford to take Lil out on a date.’ Jackson nodded his head slightly to himself, making a promise that he would ask the girl out the second he back to wearing boxers instead of the lacy panties. “I... I had a rough night; I was wondering if you had any aspirin?”

“Awww, I’m sorry to hear that.” Lilian took note of Jackie holding her stomach and her friend wearing the corset made more sense. Figuring the compression was helping with her cramps. “I got just the thing.” She said pulling her purse out from a desk drawer before going through it to take out a few pills from a Midol bottle.

While the perky girl was busy Jackson watched the different people coming into the building to start their day. Most people were too self absorbed and in a hurry to get to work to notice someone watching them all and Jackson wasn’t above taking the opportunity to check out any visually appealing female, but this morning his eyes tracked the men. They all wore pants, while he wore a plaid... or tartan skirt as Lil had put it. None of them had to wear heels, he loved hearing and seeing women in them, many of his own porno searches had used heels as a key word, but now he had a new appreciation for the footwear.

“Here you go, hope this helps you feel better.” Lilian said, taking note of how Jackie was eyeing up some of the men that came into the building, her eyes not moving up past waist level. At times when she was on her period she had felt more horny than normal, so she had an appreciation for what Jackie was going through.

Taking the pills and dry swallowing them without bothering to look at the aspirin she handed him, Jackson gave her another forced smile. “I hope so too, talk to you later Lil, I have to get upstairs.”

Moving past the reception desk, badging in and heading upstairs by the elevator Jackson

once again looked at his reflection, thinking how odd his life was. It wasn't even eight in the morning, and he had been kissed by his best friend, and called a skinny bitch by a woman he very much wanted to ask out on a date, while she wanted him to introduce her to eligible bachelors. It was a truly odd day and things seemed to just be getting started. The end was in sight, Linc going away for management training put a real clock on everything, soon, but not soon enough all of this will just be something he talked about to a shrink or drank to forget. Jackson could see his own nose crinkle at the day of alcohol. The pounding in his head was no where near as bad as when he woke up, but it was still present enough to remind him that cutting back was a good idea. He just had to get through today... one day at a time, one day at a time. 'I'm a man in a dress... well a skirt, I have a boyfriend and soon to be fiancé and everyone I want to bed only sees me as a friend or competitor. I really need to see a therapist.' He thought, adding 'Shit... I should have had Linc stop off to get a travel size mouthwash.' When he saw a bearded man checking him out in the reflection, his beard reminded Jackson of Dunn.

Scene 24

Getting to his desk Jackson dropped off his purse into the bottom desk drawer, too consumed with the pounding of his head to pay attention to the looks he got as he sashayed across his floor. Even if he wasn't practiced at it as he was now the restrictive pencil skirt would have kept his steps short, and with the rolling of his hips with each step in his tall heeled booties it gave the impression the blonde secretary was looking for the attention that Jackson very much did NOT want.

The first task of his day was always the same, getting his boss a cup of coffee. Fetching coffee for someone could be considered demeaning and he once thought so too, but memories of someone dropping off a stack of files on his desk for a report to be filed on them five minutes before he was supposed to leave for work, that was worse. Not that being an intern was worse than his current role, just this task was the superior one. The next thing Jackson would have to do... just thinking about what happened the other day brought the phantom taste back to his mouth. 'Push through it' He told himself as he shuddered, feeling his long red nails press into his palms painfully at the memory. 'You are Jacqueline, you are doing this for a future for yourself, for Linc and for that girl... she is going to get another shot, a better one at a career because of what you are doing and it isn't like this will be for long. Do it, do it with a smile, don't let Dunn break you.' He told himself, trying to firm his resolve. Who he was, who he was supposed to be, who she was felt easier with each passing day or it had till he stopped taking the pills today.

The break room was buzzing with activity like normally, the sound of different people talking over one another made it feel like someone was clapping cymbals together in his head and made Jackson wonder how he ever had conversations in here with Tabitha

who was absent from the room that morning.

“Oh, sorry there.” A brown-haired man in a cheap suit said as bumped into Jackson, his hand lightly touching either side of who he thought was a hot girl's waist as he pretended to steady her. “Tight quarters here.”

“Yeah...” Jackson looked at the slightly shorter man and then to the people around him, remembering to keep a smile on his face and not make a scene. “Closer than I would like.”

He was pretty sure he had seen this very man before being rejected by his petite blonde work friend and it looked like he was moving on to a different game and Jackson very much did not like being the new target.

“I’m Andy by the way and you’re...Jacqueline, Mr. Dunn’s new assistant, right?”

“That’s me, nice meeting you and I would just love to talk, but I really need to get Mr. Dunn’s coffee.” Jackson said, trying to give the man a polite dismissal while he pushed away the long lingering hand still touching his side.

“I get it, can’t keep the big man waiting. If you like though I could make it for you and you can go rest your feet. Much as I love to see it, I can’t imagine you don’t go home with throbbing tootsies at the end of the day.”

‘Tootsies?’ Jackson repeated the man’s phrase. “Kind of you.” Jackson said with what he hoped was a polite smile. “I’m an independent woman and I can’t have a man doing my job. What would I do if you did my job for me?”

Andrew beamed at the tall woman in front of him, with her heels on she had to be almost six feet tall. So she was shorter than him when she wasn’t wearing her heels, but if he had her on her knees on his bed that wouldn’t matter one bit and she was being much more receptive to his advances than some of the other girls he had struck out with. She wasn’t being dismissive or mean and with her smile focused on him he felt like he had a shot. “I’m sure the two of us could think of something?” He said flirting with the pretty blonde.

With that line Jackson closed his mouth, the smile still on his face but no longer showing any teeth as he tried to hold in a laugh. The line could have been smooth if it was delivered correctly, and to someone that was even the slightest bit interested, but Andy had decided to wag his eyebrows up and down making it seem more ridiculous, that and Jackson was a hundred percent not interested. Not wanting to destroy the

man's confidence Jackson put one hand on Andy's shoulder and looked him in his deep brown eyes:

"I do love some fun, but I'm going to have to turn you down. I would, but..." Jackson shrugged his shoulders, holding them up for a second before letting them fall. "...I have a boyfriend."

"Of course you do." Andrew said feeling dejected.

"Hey..." Jackson really wanted to just yell at the top of his lungs for everyone to shut up, his head was killing him, but he wasn't devoid of sympathy and this guy looked like the type that asked out a dozen girls to prom back in high school only to be told they liked him more as a friend and figured he had the perfect bone to throw him. "It isn't like that, I bet you are a nice guy. In fact I might know someone that would be interested, I mean if you are interested?" When Jackson saw the light come back to Andy's eyes he continued. "So what you will need to do is head out of Mega Corp, go a block down to the Owl's Brew, that little coffee shop. Don't stop at Starbucks, go into Owl's Brew and get a half mocha coffee with a shot of espresso and buy some of the dove milk chocolates and when you are coming back in. This is important, you want to give them both to the receptionist, her name is Lillian, if someone else is there... forget. Come back another time, you give those to her and tell her Jacqueline told you to give those to her and you are to ask her why. Can you do that?"

Looking at the blonde in a bit of confusion he just stared into her soft brown eyes for a few heart beats. "Yeah sure, but why?"

This time Jackson couldn't help but roll his eyes, he knew his gender was dense. Heck he had more than a few memories of when he was younger when he had zero clue a girl was flirting with him and here he was telling the guy exactly the right way to flirt with Lillian and he wasn't getting it. The drink was her favorite and that was her favorite candy, he had filed that information away for himself later, but this guy looked like he needed the hand. "The why is for her to answer, to start a conversation."

"Oh... yeah, yeah. Wow, yeah. Thank you." Andrew said, nodding.

With the departure of Andy, Jackson was able to get the coffee and prepare it how his boss wanted, but couldn't help taking a small sip from the cup. He wanted to make himself one, but the unpleasant conversation had delayed him enough, so he headed back to his part of the office. Once there he tapped lightly on his boss's door before opening it. Inside he saw Alexander Dunn sitting at his desk like always, but today his tie was loose and his jacket was draped over the back of his computer chair. He looked

like a man who was staying late at the office, not one just starting his day.

“Good morning Mr. Dunn.” Jackson said with a forced chipper voice and a just as forced smile on his face as he pushed the office door closed behind him with his foot after stepping in.

Looking up from the open folder on his desk Alexander put down the orange highlighter he was using to mark up the paperwork as he took in his employee. He had hardly paid attention to what they looked like when they were an intern, he really didn't bother to learn most people's names unless they made an impression and he hardly took note of someone so low on the totem pole. Yet here he was sitting with this gorgeous girl striding into his office looking like this was the best part of her day.

She had been fun, but she was now a small problem after she had slept her way around the office... specifically with Downings. “Ahh, yes. Good morning.”

Picking the highlighter back up he tapped it on his desk a few times as he looked at the blonde girl, with her little hair band to keep her hair back. Her outfit covered much of her body, but all of it hugged her figure and none of it gave away her birth gender. ‘Damn you Downings...’ he thought to himself, wanting very much to unzip her skirt and bend her over his desk so he could feel how tight she was. “I'm always done with this, when I'm done I need you to file it back or hand it over to Rogers, his assistant can give it to him so he can do his part.”

Nodding his head Jackson put the mug of coffee down on the desk, not noticing the lipstick mark on the rim from when he took a sip. Then moved around his boss's desk to push Dunn's chair back all while repeating a newly created mantra in his head. ‘You can do this, just do what Jacqueline would do, she is just a slutty secretary. You can do this, Jacqueline would want to do this.’ He didn't really feel like he had a choice, he knew that wasn't exactly true, but refusing to be a little flirt and tease his boss and now... service him would result in harm to so many. Sitting down across the larger man's lap Jackson crossed his legs as they hung over the chair's armrest. Putting both hands on Dunn's tie he adjusted it to look more professional.

“I can do that for you, you will have to remind me who Roger is though, but... all of that silly work can wait till we are done having fun. You have worked hard, now it is time I got a hold of something hard.” The flirting dirty talk disgusted Jackson, but he tried to take comfort in the small things. This wouldn't last long, his life would be better soon, better than before he just had to be Jacqueline a little while longer. Jacqueline was helping her man rise rapidly to great heights and help that girl who shared a name with his sister and... and at least the headache was starting to go away thanks to what Lillian

had given him. 'You can do this, just do what Jacqueline would do, she is just a slutty secretary. You can do this, Jacqueline would want to do this.'

"Eager this morning are you." Alexander said, moving his arms to hold and caress the girl who was now demanding his attention. "And it is Rogers, not Roger... I think." Her using a different name made him question if he was calling his employee by the right name, he was self aware enough to know he had a problem with names. "Best just file it away and they can find it themselves." He decided, not caring to check if his secretary was just being ditzy or if he was wrong.

"Mmm, very eager." Jackson said as he twerked his ass in the man's lap, his stomach twisting as he did so. It didn't take much for him to feel what the older man had packing in his pants, the skirt and panties he wore weren't exactly thick. Feeling the man's girth starting to come to life he made an effort to keep the smile on his face as he uncrossed his legs and did his best to slide from his lap and to the floor with some semblance of grace. 'You can do this, just do what Jacqueline would do, she is just a slutty secretary. You can do this, Jacqueline would want to do this.'

Jackson looked away for a second, as his nylon covered knees made contact with the floor. His left hand steadied himself, and he then discretely reached back to adjust the heel of his shoe to be sure he would be comfortable, or as comfortable as he could be in this predicament.. Little really could be done to actually be comfortable with what was coming next...the inevitable.

Jackson could feel the gaze from the man above him, companies often treated executives as superiors, but kneels before his boss, knowing he was about to give him a blow job made him feel smaller, lower... like Dunn really was superior. Swallowing hard the feminized man looked upward and returned the gaze to Mr. Dunn, the evil bastard, seeing him through his mascara-covered lashes. Unconsciously he let out a light whimper, feeling as if life had defeated him and he only moved forward because of others. While Jackson hoped that Mr Dunn couldn't tell the smile on his own face was phony, he had no clue the smile on his face as he let out the whimper just made him seem like they not only wanted what was about to happen but needed it to the man sitting above him. Trying his best NOT to imagine what he looked like....a girl greeting her boss...almost instantly dropping to her knees by his desk...to satisfy him orally...and all the while, with a smile on her prettily made up face. It was like the world, or at least Mega Corp had conspired to turn him into one of the blonde bimbos from some of the porn he watched.

Alexander, oblivious to all of Jackson's thoughts, wasted no time, as the little minx seemed so eager to please him, to get her fix.. "This is where you belong Jacqueline." he shook his head slightly, not able to pull his eyes away from the sexually charged creature. Alexander could feel his arousal growing as she practically begged him to unzip his pants for her. In the past he had girls that acted less than eager, his now wife once had unzipped his pants without ever saying a word, like what was between his legs belonged to her, but those days were long gone. What he never had was a girl beg for it, whine like an animal for their treat and it appealed to him greatly. The half smile of amusement started to grow on its own before he composed himself. He needed her to think she was the one in need, not him. Reaching down with his hand he caressed her cheek with his thumb. "You really want me don't you?" he asked, knowing that he was helping this Tgirl find her destiny. "This wasn't really my thing at first...still isn't...but this is not a guy before me, just a slutty girl working hard to be who she really is"

It took conscious effort for Jackson not to jerk his head away from the touch, though he was unable to continue to hold the older man's gaze and that unfortunately gave him the view of the bulge in Dunn's pants. He wasn't sure if it was his imagination or not but he saw it twitch and while Jackson had seen the man's cock before seeing a physical reaction to him caused a small tremor to ripple through his body in disgust.

When his secretary didn't answer, her eyes now locked onto his crotch, on what she really wanted he slid his thumb down her cheek to her jaw before cupping it and lifting her head up more so that she would once again look at him. "I asked you a question girl. You really want this, you want my cock, don't you?"

The very mention of the word cock brought flashes of the different dicks Jackson had seen to mind. He didn't want to look at another man's hardware let alone touch one and yet... he had a role to play. 'No, no, no, no... come on Jackson... no Jacqueline. You can't run away now, people are counting on you. Come on, come on... I am Jacqueline Hart, secretary to Alexander Dunn, you can do this, you can... I can do this.' He thought to himself before mentally picking up the smile that had fallen from his face. "I do... I wa.. Want you."

"Yeah? Tell me girl, what is it you want?"

The sexy talk, dirty talk, whatever it was called brought another layer of disgust to Jackson, but he pushed on, pretending that it was all normal, pretending like she enjoyed it. It felt like the only way to not only get through this but to keep up the facade that Mr. Dunn required to get his rocks off. "I want you and..." the soft words of Jacqueline drifted off as she pointed to the bulge in the man's pants.

“You can say, tell me you want my cock.” He commanded, now letting go of her chin.

“I want your cock.” Jacqueline said with a slight purr in her voice. It felt like the words themselves left a bitter taste in Jackson’s mouth.

“I bet you do, I bet you don’t want it. I’m thinking you need it, you need to suck me off so that you can taste my seed. Tell me girl, tell me you need to drink my cum.” Drawing things out only increased Alexander’s desire for her. He was enjoying himself and he cursed Downings, and the deal he made with the man. He wouldn’t be allowed to have this girl who was begging him for what she wanted, still he couldn’t help himself. The little game they were playing was like edging himself, and probably for her as well, a cycle of sexual stimulation, stopping or in this case denying what they wanted, even if she didn’t know it yet.

“Mmmm I do, I need you in my mouth so I can have your... your seed. I’m so hungry.”

How Jacqueline had shuddered in desire hadn’t been lost on Dunn and as much as he wanted to give in he had given his word and as much as he was willing to bend and twist things to get his way in life he liked to believe was an honest man, mostly. Everyone lied, he told himself and so long as he made a real effort to do what he said he would do, then he was better than most. Today he wasn’t going to break his promise, but he did think he could do it in a way that would make the blonde want him more. “Stand up honey.” He scooted his chair back and stood up before offering his hand to help his personal assistant up from her knees.

“Wha... what?” Jackson asked, all attempts at pretending he was Jacqueline the woman willing to blow his boss shattered. His mind contemplated how the powerful man that could ruin so many lives wanted something more.

“Come on, on your feet.” Alexander said, helping her stand up before putting both hands on her waist and lifting her to sit on his desk. “I know you want to swallow down my cum to make me happy. Right?” he said, raising an eyebrow and nodding his head up and down twice.

“Ye.. yes?”

“Well, I’m not so convinced.” Alexander did his best to keep his gaze locked on her soft brown eyes and not look over her body. He very much wanted to push her back to lay on his desk, hike up her skirt and fuck her, but he couldn’t. “Yesterday was nice, but if you really want what you say you want, then you are going to have to convince me. So...” he motioned to his office door with his head. “You head back to your desk.”

Jackson blinked a few times, feeling completely baffled. “Wha... what?”

“I said get back to work girl and go convince your boyfriends of what you need.”

In mostly a daze Jackson left the office, the door clicked behind him as he put down the mug of coffee he had absentmindedly taken when he left. Slowly he took a few steps past his desk before sitting atop it, facing the rest of the office. Looking to Mr. Dunn’s office door out of the corner of his eye Jackson touched one of his fingers to his puffy lipstick covered lips, feeling more than a little confused, like he was out to sea and unsure how he got there. He didn’t want anything to do with his boss Alexander Dunn, he didn’t want to flirt with him or do any of the dirty talk and really didn’t want to give him a blow job like he had done the other day. Yet he had been down on his knees ready to do just that in order to help and save others.



Many years ago, when his mother had left them, Jackson had learned the value of other people. The value of his sister, even if she could be a bitch at times. Working to get ahead was one thing, but the lesson of helping others in a bad situation had been cemented in his mind. The man that practically forced him into giving a blow job had rejected him, rejected Jacqueline and that could mean others were screwed. ‘What did I do wrong? Did I say something I shouldn’t have? Or not say something I should have?’ Taking a deep breath or trying to Jackson could feel the restrictive garment helping give him a feminine waistline. ‘Is it because of what I wore?’

The initial happiness that came over Jackson knowing a dick wouldn’t be in his mouth faded, leaving guilt behind. “I shouldn’t be in this position... but I am.” He said out loud, not noticing the attention he was garnering with the way he was sitting on the front of his desk. ‘Dunn said I should talk to my boyfriend about what I need and before that he wanted me to tell him that I needed cock... and cum. Fuck, fuck, fuck... does he want me to blow Linc? But he is gone, and that ass knows that... no wait he said boyfriends. He... no he can’t mean himself.’ Another shudder went through the feminized man as he considered Dunn putting himself in the category of them being girlfriend and boyfriend. “If not him then who?”

While Jackson sat on his desk pondering whose dick his boss wanted him to suck now, back in his office Alexander Dunn sat in his own chair, drumming his fingers on his desk while he stared at his own closed door. “Did that slut take my coffee because I wouldn’t let her suck me off?”

New Scene 25

The job of an administrative assistant wasn’t difficult for Jackson, but today as he went about his duties, he discovered more than just a few mistakes he had been making:

Files put back in the wrong places or just the files put in backwards, double bookings on his bosses calendar, and notes from phone calls put on sticky notes instead of in emails.

To him it looked like he was taking over a job from someone who was struggling with the tasks, and it wasn’t until now, when his mind wasn’t medicated that he could see it all. He knew it wasn’t just the medication, but the constant whirlwind of thoughts that plagued him, was some guy checking him out? Did someone see through his disguise? Should I check my makeup? And a thousand other thoughts.

Today he was free from some of that, but not all. After he had left Mr. Dunn’s office and

closed the door, the older man hadn't so much as popped his head out, though some of that he knew was from being over booked for meetings thanks to past his mistakes. Still though, his mind kept going back to his previous thoughts, wondering what he had done wrong to be rejected.

Certainly, he enjoyed the fact he did not have to perform THOSE certain duties, or at least that shame and guilt at the potential consequences for it. Focusing on the little things kept Jackson from panicking or getting overwhelmed, though he did take the time to schedule and move up his next appointment with Kimmy, his therapist. She couldn't know everything he was going through, not without opening a different can of worms, but he was hoping she could be of some help. It was Kimmy that had wanted him on different medication and considering the choices he had made on what the doctor prescribed it felt like she had been right.

Not wanting to just dwell on the positives and negatives of not sucking his bosses dick, Jackson attempted to arrange time for company on his lunch break. It turned out Tabitha wasn't in the office today, a reason why he hadn't seen her in the break room that morning and Lillian had turned him down. Her saying how she was trying to diet and didn't trust herself to not just order the largest bowl of pasta available. Her response made her earlier comments about eating a doughnut and hating him for being skinny come more into focus. Spending time with a gorgeous girl would have been a good turn for the day, so instead he tried for his back up. Jackson had just seen Abe the night before, but talking with him about football or even his music collection would be a heck of a lot better than sitting by himself thinking about what he should have done. 'Should I have just gone for it when he said I wasn't convincing enough?' The thought turned his stomach.

Before he could reach out to a third person though an email came through that put a stop to every other thought. It was a correspondence between human resources and the doctor's office discussing his next steps for transitioning. Jackson's mind felt numb as he scrolled down to read it from the bottom up. What he read horrified him and he couldn't help but skip over several emails like jumping to the back of a book once a mystery was introduced in a story. The doctor was under the impression that he wanted breast augmentation surgery and wanted it sooner rather than later and had been discussing it with human resources and his employee insurance about coverage and dates. The last email was from Mary in HR, Jackson read it, then read it again before just staring at his screen.

"Good morning Ms. Hart.

I hope you are having a wonderful day, as you know, I am assisting to get everything

sorted out for you. Though I can imagine that this email will make any type of day you are having, better.

As you are aware, part of your employee compensation package here at Mega Corp is full assistance in handling the financial and logistical hurdles that come with your transition. After working with our insurance provider and your chosen medical professional, I am happy to present you with the date of your surgical appointment. While normally you are not entitled to use more than a few days of your paid leave time within your first ninety days I have spoken personally to your supervisor, Alexander Dunn, on your behalf. He mentioned a lot of changes happening relatively soon, things I cannot go into now, but he was not only willing to allow you paid leave but is also donating some of his own accrued vacation time to your cause.

If you need anything else please feel free to reach out.
I am truly excited for you.

-Mary”

What Jackson had no way of knowing was how surprised Mary was at Dunn’s willingness to be supportive of his employee after their first discussion on the topic of a transgender employee working under him. The only thing Jackson could focus on was the date listed in the email, it wasn’t just some far off thing that could be ignored because Linc would be in charge by then. The date of the appointment was before his friend would even be back from his work trip, let alone be in charge of anything. Suddenly that new scheduled time with Kimmy felt way too far off and the receptionist said it was the soonest she had an opening. ‘No, no, no, no, I won’t...’

The tight white hairband lightly squeezing his head and keeping his hair in place suddenly felt like a vice as Jackson became very aware of every single article of feminine clothing. The gentle touch of the hosiery and softness of the panties. The bra around his chest, his chest that had fake breasts glued to him and pulling on his skin, the restrictive nature of the skirt and blouse that hugged his body and the support and pressure from the corset around his waist and lastly of his arched feet in the heeled boots. He hardly noticed the feel of the makeup or taste of the lipstick, but in this moment with his heart picking up speed he felt it too, tasted it and smelled it along with the perfume that hung in the air around him. Swiveling his computer chair around, Jackson looked once again at the closed door to Mr. Dunn’s office. His own words he had just spoken of refusing what he had just read haunting him. ‘I have to... he wanted me to prove I wanted not just him, but this... does he know I’m faking it?’

While the beats per minute from his heart jumped up, so did Jackson. Getting to his heeled feet he moved too quickly to his boss's door, putting one hand on the solid wooden object. Jackson could hear his heart beating in his ears, the world felt off and very wrong. It was like playing a video game when boss music started, but no boss or monsters appeared, you were just in some dark corridor just waiting for things to end. "Stop, stop, stop." Jackson whispered to himself, now rushing back to his desk and throwing open his bottom drawer so he could get his purse and his phone within. Quickly he called his sister, when it went to voicemail he hung up and called again.

"Come on, come, answer!" He said to himself bouncing on the balls of his feet as he tried to retain some sense of control over himself. As his anxiety skyrocketed his body started to shake and he desperately pleaded for his sister to answer her phone, so he didn't go into a full blown panic attack. 'Please, please, please answer!'

Back in the shared apartment Madison looked down at her phone muting it as it rang for a second time, her little brother, now sister was calling her. 'Leave a voicemail.' She mentally commanded her sibling as she sat on the sofa in the living room, legs crossed in Indian style, still in her pajamas. She was in the middle of a meeting with two others, her boss and one of the senior programmers as they went over some of the errors that occurred from the most recent update, they had implemented in their test environment. Errors that would have impacted clients if it had gone live and not tested, something her boss wanted to do because of a tight deadline. If it wasn't for her senior, the update would have had a financial impact and now wasn't a good time for a phone call. When the phone rang for a third time she huffed, blowing some of her unbrushed hair from her face.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but I have to take a phone call, it is an emergency." She said after unmuting her microphone. 'It better be an emergency.' She told herself as she clicked the green accept button on her phone.

"Jack...ie." She corrected herself before she called her sibling by their old name, their dead name. "This better be important!"

Hearing his sister's voice Jackson let out a breath he didn't know he was holding and immediately marched himself as quickly as he could in his chosen footwear and skirt to the stairs where he could have some semblance of privacy. "THEY WANT ME TO HAVE SURGERY!" He said much louder than he planned as his anxiety burst out in those six words. Jackson's voice echoed in the stairwell, causing him to move over to the railing so he could look up and down, hoping no one else was in the area. Not seeing anyone he went to move down the stairs thinking he could make his way outside to have a more private conversation but the second he picked one foot off the ground to step down he

felt vertigo. He had gotten used to walking around in heels, but the way they forced his body to position itself left him feeling unbalanced as he teetered on the edge of the stairs. Quickly he grabbed onto the rail, deciding where he stood was a better choice than breaking his neck.

“Hey, hey. No yelling or the conversation is over.” Madison said in a harsh voice before her tone softened as she continued. “Now tell me what you mean by someone wanting you to have surgery. Are you okay? Did you have a doctor's appointment?” She asked now, regretting snapping, worried that Jackie got some bad news at a doctor's appointment.

Gripping the rail to the stairwell Jackson took a few mincing steps backwards till his back pressed against the wall to the side of the door he had used to enter the area. “Yeah, yeah...” Jackson answered, his voice small as he let the vertigo pass. “Well not really, but... Maddy, I don't know what to do.” He said as his mind flashed with the option of just going home and crawling into a ball and sleeping till everything was okay. It was the same feeling he felt long ago when he found out his mother had abandoned him.

Much of the time Madison could hear a teasing and jovial tone to her sibling's voice, she knew how well he... she was at hiding how they felt behind a smile and small pranks, many ill thought out. Hearing the small quivering voice on the other end of the phone quickened her pulse. “Jackie, what is going on? Are you okay? Do you need me to come get you?” She asked already moving to her bedroom so she could throw on some clothes that weren't the pajamas she had been lounging in.

“No... maybe? I... I got an email they... ahh.” Jackson swallowed hard remembering the email he had just read. “Mega Corp and the doctor has signed me up for surgery to get tits!” While he had some intensity behind his words, they were spoken in a volume close to a whisper, the last thing he wanted was his voice to carry across the stairwell once more.

“Breasts? Oh my lord Jackie.” Madison sat down on the edge of her bed before falling backwards to lay down, her legs dangling off the side as she pressed her free hand to her chest, feeling her quickened heartbeat to start to calm. “You can't scare me like that! You can't go and pretend like good news is something life threatening. I swear you almost gave me a heart attack. I thought the doc told you that you had cancer or something.”

“Cancer? What? No, but Maddy, listen this isn't good news.”

With a shake of her head and a roll of her eyes Madison kicked her feet in the air, feeling

like the little shit had gotten one over on her again. “Sorry, sorry, great news then.”

“Maddy... no! They want to mutilate me, turn me into some sort of freak I can’t.”

Hearing that Madison frowned, the conversation started to feel like a roller coaster. She knew this was good news and thought Jackie was pulling her leg, but it sounded much more like dysphoria, or how she understood it from her small amount of research she had done to try and understand her brother as he transitioned into the woman he wanted to be. She had read about how the feeling could be a paradox, how at times her sibling would feel at war with herself. Wanting her outside to match how she felt inside, and yet at the same time feel wrong when taking those steps, as if something was wrong with her. “Okay sis, you need to take a few calming breaths.” She said adding the word sis so that her sibling understood how she was accepted for who they were. “You are not a freak, no one is turning you into a freak. I know things are going fast for you, but your doctor wouldn’t move this quickly if he didn’t think you were ready and wanting this. Did you tell him you were ready?”

“No.” Jackson’s brown eyes darted from left to right after he gave the knee jerk answer. His meeting with the doctor was a bit fuzzy, but he did remember grabbing his fake chest in front of the man, but he couldn’t remember what they really talked about. Leaving the office he recalled feeling panic, but then he had been happy. “The medication...”

“No, the medication? I’m not following you.” Madison said, happy to hear the panic that had been in Jacqueline’s voice was fading.

Pressing the palm of his hand to his forehead, Jackson let out a long sigh. “I don’t know, maybe we talked about it, but I wouldn’t have...” His voice trailed off wondering what he actually had said. ‘What if I said yes thinking this was something far off I could just not do? Wait... I don’t have to do anything!’ Pressing his plumped lips together for half a heartbeat Jackson shook his head as it turned into a small smile. “Oh my god, I’m being silly.”

Blinking a few times before squinting he tried to inspect himself. ‘Silly? Where did that come from?’ He asked himself before continuing. “I don’t know why I’m panicking, I can just tell them no thanks, it isn’t like they can force me to go under the knife.”

Hearing Jackie say how she was going to throw away the opportunity caused Madison to sit up on her bed. “Didn’t you tell me before the company helping you with the transition was all covered, as in this would be free for you?”

Feeling much better Jackson stepped away from the wall and looked once again over the rail and down to the first floor. “Yeah, and my boss was even going to donate extra paid days off for me to recover. Think I could use those days off even though I’m not getting the surgery?” he asked, chuckling to himself.

“Your boss did what?” Tilting her head back Madison tightly closed her eyes as she held the phone away from her ear, not paying attention to the reply as she did her best not to get angry that Jackie was going to throw all this away. She had seen a therapist and a doctor and she didn’t believe this would have been scheduled without both their and Jackie’s consent and now her foolish sibling was backing out because of nerves. She tried to tell herself it wasn’t Jackie’s fault and knew it was her job to once again push her brother, now sister, to where they needed to go. “I need you to think for a second, think what could happen, like worst case scenario if you turn this down.”

Madison figured the corporate assistance could be canceled, funding pulled and despite Jacqueline’s improved salary from being an intern losing thousands of dollars of free money would still be a massive impact. While on the other end of the phone Jackson said little. “Umm.” The feminized man looked down over the distance to the ground as his mind went to a further place than his sister. ‘They could fire me, finding out I’m not what they think and... oh geez that would also mean Linc. God he is off training for a job he never would get and that other girl... fuck I forgot about what Dunn had said about boyfriends.’ His thoughts went on all jumbled together, jumping from one subject to another, connecting things together that had nothing to do with one another. ‘How can not wanting tits be selfish? Fuck!’

Taking a deep breath Jackson could feel the restriction of the corset he wore, the pull of the bra straps and the movement of the large prosthetic breasts glued to his chest. “You know Maddy... sometimes I hate you.”

“Yeah well, sometimes I have to be the big sister or the bitch as I have heard you call me more than once.” She said with a big smile on her face, happy she had gotten through her sister's thick skull so they could get out of their own way. “If you are really upset I have a way to blow off some steam tonight, Callie ended up having to cover a shift at the bar and we were planning on going to a place that is doing jello wrestling. Jello, bikinis, little kiddy pool. Don’t you think doing that would be a way to have a little fun and forget about everything?”

The corset kept Jackson mostly straight backed, but standing there he stood up a little straighter, his eyes a light at the idea of going to watch some hot girls rolling around and fighting in jello. “Yeah, yeah... that sounds like a good time.” He agreed quickly before the corner of his mouth quirked up in a smirk. “But only if you're buying tonight.” He

said wanting to get more out of his sister even though he had no real intention of imbibing any alcohol after the massive hangover he had to fight through today.

“I can promise to get the first round, you're pretty and all but not my type. I only liquor up people I plan to take home, or for them to take me home.” She said teasing.

A small laugh escaped Jackson's lips. “I mean we will already be going home together.” The second the retort left his lips Jackson regretted it, he was trying to be playful not incestuous.

Madison was about to stand up, feeling the conversation coming to a close and get back to work, but found herself having to hold in a laugh of her own. “Can you imagine, Lincoln's eyes would just bug out of his head if he was home.”

“Maddy... I was joking.” Jackson said in a somber tone, his smirk having fallen into a frown at the disgusting thought of being with his own sister, he was aware she was a good-looking woman, but the very idea was repulsive. At the same time he also knew she was right about Linc. ‘What guy wouldn't want to have a threesome with two hot...’ He shook his head refusing to complete the thought of including himself in the category of girls, no matter what he looked like.

Yeah! I know, I'm not as ditzy as you. Remember I'm the smart sister, programmer while you are a secretary.”

She couldn't see it, but Jackson still stuck his tongue out at his sister. “Administrative assistant and I think you mean junior programmer.” He corrected her.

While the Hart siblings spoke on the phone, back in the office Alexander Dunn came out of his office and found his assistant's desk vacant. He glared at the phone that had blinking lights, indicating incoming calls. “Didn't even log off the phone...” His voice trailed off as he looked about the area to see if he saw her about. Walking closer to the desk to do what she should have done when she left her desk he took notice that once again she had walked away from her desk without locking her computer, a habit he would have to break her of. Sitting down he clicked a few buttons on the phone and was about to get up when he noticed what was open on her screen.

“Oh!” He said happily seeing the email. Mary had spoken to him about it and he was happy for the sexy little thing to get a real chest for him to look at and play with, but that had been before the conversation with Downings in the parking garage. “Still though...” he pictured the fun he could potentially have. Imagining the blonde throwing herself at him for getting her a nice pair of beautiful tits. With that in mind he checked

her sent folder to see if she had replied and confirmed yet, seeing it not done, moved his hand to the mouse, sliding the cursor over to the reply all field. 'Abandoned her desk after getting the good news, didn't bother to log off or close a thing, girl must be off gossiping, giddy about her good fortune.' Alexander thought to himself.

Scene 26

"I can't believe you are making me do this." Jackson said standing in his living room, hip cocked to the side as he looked down at himself with a disgusted look on his pretty made up face. The bathing suit, the bikini, had a tube top that had a cut out between his breasts. Pressing his lips together at the side of his mouth Jackson corrected himself that they were his... but they were his fake tits. The glue holding them on was holding strong and the concealer made to hide tattoos did an impressive job of hiding the seams, still the little tube top bikini with a thin string going from it to around his neck did little to conceal himself. The chest may not have been real, but he was positive no one looking would know that. He had stared at himself in the mirror for a few minutes to make sure nothing looked out of place and even knowing he was looking at himself he could still feel himself feeling turned on.

It hadn't been the first time he had started to get hard looking at himself in the mirror, the blonde knockout with the D cup breasts wasn't how he pictured himself even if it was now how he looked. In the mirror he saw a sexy blonde woman, not his normal brown haired lanky self. Jackson had to turn away from the mirror, getting hard was an exercise in frustration. In the bikini bottoms he looked flat as any girl, his balls pushed up inside of him and his manhood tucked tightly between his legs. Out in the living room now he glared at his older sister who had on a light purple bathing suit on but had much of it covered. Whatever bikini bottoms she wore were covered by a pair of jean shorts that showed almost all of her legs and a long-sleeved white button up shirt that had enough buttons left undone that he could see the hint of what she wore underneath.

Giving her little sister a small smirk Madison pointed at her, moving her finger up and down. "I am not making you do anything. You said you wanted to go to the bar I talked about that was doing some jello wrestling that Callie and I were planning on going to. You wanted to unwind and that is exactly what we are going to do... but you really should put something on over your suit." She had helped her brother put on his first pair of panties, or at least the first pair he would admit to ever wearing, she very much doubted he hadn't experimented before considering how he... she really felt. Still looking at Jacqueline it was hard for her to see her brother Jackson. The corset training and diet seemed to be having the effect Jacqueline wanted, her chest was fake for now, but she both walked and sat most of the time straight back, with shoulders back and chest out. Her little brother, now looked like an attractive woman that walked with a wiggle and

had even dramatically changed her appearance by going blonde. “I’m not even sure why you are acting upset, that bathing suit looks incredible on you. The men will be drooling, and you wanting me to buy all your drinks tonight won't even be a small problem. I’m betting the two of us will have them climbing over one another to buy us some drinks.”

“I am not taking that bet.” Jackson said as he crossed his arms before forcing himself to put them back down as he noticed his faux womanly chest lifted and was pressed together from the action. The feminized man knew what he looked like and was sure his sister knew exactly what she was talking about. “I could really use a drink though.” He huffed, not thinking about his personal promise to not drink after the hangover he had earlier in the day, but at least had the mental fortitude to resist reaching for some of the pills.

“A drink, that much I can promise you will get. We will be at a bar after all.” Madison said her smirk still firmly in place, hoping her sibling would take the stick firmly up her butt out and loosen up so they could have fun.

Turning to go back into the bedroom he now shared with his friend, a thought hit Jackson, so with one hand on the door frame to the room he turned to look at his sister. “Did you really plan to go to a bar with your girlfriend on her night off, from working at a bar?”

“Hey! It was Callie’s idea, she wanted an excuse to see me in a bikini.” Madison said as she struck a pose, ignoring the fact her swimsuit was currently covered.

Rolling his eyes Jackson proceeded into the bedroom to find something to cover his way too exposed body. In the end Jackson put on the singular pair of pants he currently owned, a spike of joy had overtaken him when he pulled them from a drawer, a genuine smile coming to his face, something much brighter than the small, practiced smile he wore at work, though it faded when he put them on. They weren’t real jeans, they were more of a stretchy material that was similar to jeans, but this pair was just a few degrees away from being painted on, still... Jackson wore them, they at least covered his legs unlike most of his clothing. The options for a top weren’t to his liking, not that women's clothing was something he enjoyed at all. He thought, lying to himself, knowing full well how much he joyed the feeling of the soft fabric holding his dick when it wasn’t tucked away or the caress of nylons. Instead of taking something from one of the drawers that Lincoln had emptied out for him, Jackson stole one of his friends' shirts that had a nineties cartoon character on it that he vaguely remembered but was sure Linc could tell him all about. Pulling the shirt down Jackson bobbed his head a bit from side to side happily, congratulating himself for wearing a proper piece of clothing for once. Lincoln was about four inches taller than his five foot six and while his friend had wider

shoulders the shirt wasn't that much bigger or so Jackson thought, as he tried to adjust the slightly stretched out elastic collar on the old shirt to keep the bathing suit's string strap covered. Looking in the mirror one last time Jackson let out a sigh, as he asked himself once again, why he was letting his sister drag him along to a place where he was going to not just be in a bikini, but also in public.

"I swear you take longer than Callie and me put together when you are getting ready. Hurry up!" Madison said, sticking her head into the bedroom, her little smirk of a smile growing when she saw her sibling wearing her boyfriend's shirt.

"I do not! I have been in here for six minutes max." He snapped back, but then looked over his shoulder and over to the bed where he had thrown more than a few articles of clothing that he had rejected when his sister pointed to them as she raised an eyebrow, giving him a knowing look.

"Try twenty, but I understand. That understanding though is limited." Madison looked down at her wrist before tapping it, pretending she had a watch on. "We are on the clock."

'Nag, nag, nag.' Jackson thought, not believing his sister at all, that twenty minutes had gone by, but also sure in his quest to not look like a bimbo with his office wear had taken up a little more time than he had planned. "You know, I'm going to enjoy throwing you into a pile of jello."

"Now that is the spirit!" Madison said she hadn't been really looking forward to wearing a bikini out in public and wrestling in jello for the amusement of a bunch of drunk men. Callie had told her how it wasn't for them and it was their prerogative to do fun stupid things while they were young. How years from now they would both remember rolling around in jello together, but that wasn't going to be the case. Their on again, off again and currently on again relationship had a lot of upsides. She thought her blonde sexual partner was incredibly hot, and way more adventurous than herself. Callie does things like sky dive, go parasailing and climb mountains, things Madison couldn't really see herself doing. Going out and having fun was one thing, but her girlfriend made her step out of her comfort zone, like tonight's event. One of their only points of contention was that Callie just didn't get being bi, but at least she seemed more accepting of it this time around. Callie had come with her to the mens club with the men dancing around naked and had even put in effort to enjoy herself, so going out for some jello wrestling was the least Madison thought she could do. Her girlfriend couldn't make it, but Madison was sure she would enjoy a video of the night's events. The playful smile on her face faded slightly as she looked at her new sister and reached out and gave her biceps a light squeeze. "Thank you for coming with me tonight, I know a lot of things are new to you

right now, but tonight is new for me too and I think it will do us both a lot of good to get out of our comfort zones.”

Feeling a bit deflated Jackson huffed. “Stop that, I’m trying to be mad at you, I deserve to be mad at you and to put you in a headlock. Stop bringing feelings into this...” He was still mad at her, but in that moment, he could see his sister being vulnerable. Jackson didn’t fully understand why he was suddenly overcome with emotions that made his eyes water but chalked it up to having empathy for his sister after they had planned this together.

“A head lock? Wow, some big girl talk right there.” Madison laughed as she started to turn and head out of the bedroom so the two could make their way to the bar.

The bar itself was little over a forty-minute drive to Daytona Beach from central Florida where they lived. It was a two story building that was built up off the ground so that it wouldn’t flood when hurricane season came to the state. Inside Jackson found the place not crowded as such, but had plenty of people already drinking and staying clear of the center of the room where space had been made. Pool tables had been pushed off against a wall to make space for tonight's events and considering he had to walk up stairs to come inside he wasn’t sure how the owner even got them in here other than with a herculean effort. The center of the floor itself was covered in a bunch of pool floaties, the kind people could lay on and lounge in a pool and a pair of inflatable pools filled with more jello than he had seen in one place before. In one pool there was green, lime jello and the other red, cherry jello. “How did they do that?” Jackson asked moving closer to the pools when he noticed it wasn’t just a bunch of jello tossed into the inflatable pools, but it looked like it was made in them.

“I would imagine they used their walk-in fridge.” Madison suggested, thinking it was a bit obvious and wondering if Jacqueline had bleached her brain along with her hair, but she held her tongue.

Soon as his sister said it, Jackson felt a bit embarrassed by not thinking of it before he spoke, but instead of looking a bit sheepish he only narrowed his eyes and glared at his older sister because of the tone of her voice. Her earlier comments about being a programmer while he was just a secretary fetching coffee coming to mind. Instead of snapping back he pressed the ball of his heeled foot on one of the inflated pool things. This time instead of saying his question out loud he considered why they were there. Coming to the conclusion that they would be a lot softer than the bars hard floor for the rough housing. “Huh... smart.”

Giving Jacqueline a sideways glance Madison nodded, she didn’t really think putting the

inflatable pools in a fridge for hours to have jello in them was exactly smart. It would make the refrigerated rooms unusable till the jello had set, but it wasn't worth arguing about. "You stay here, I'm going to get us signed in."

"Sure, sure... get me a rum and coke!" Jackson called out as his sister walked away. Looking between the two pools it occurred to him that he didn't know how any of this worked. If there was a line up and he would have to wrestle one girl after another till he came out on top or if they just had two matches. Bending over like he had done tens of times at the office, bending at the waist Jackson stuck his rear out as he tapped the red jello with one of his long-nailed fingers so he could watch the red semi-solid wiggle. The smile he often had plastered on his face went up a few notches in volume as he watched his touch ripple out, but it quickly changed as he felt someone slap him on his ass. "Oh!" Jackson yelped as he almost jumped out of the white heels he was wearing. It wasn't close to the first time his sister had slapped his rear or goosed him, it wasn't even the first time this week and he was ready to toss her in the pool right now, but as he spun around he found himself staring up at one of the tallest men he had ever seen that wasn't on a basket ball court.

Off to the side of the room, sitting on a stool at the half countertop that ran along part of the bar, Austin a man of tall stature nursed his bourbon, a large smile coming to his lips when he saw a pair of sexy girls, one brunette wearing short shorts and an untucked button up shirt that showed plenty of cleavage with a pair of flip flops and a blonde wearing an oversized t-shirt, a tight pair of jeans and white heels coming into the room and stand by the pools that were going to be used for the girl on girl wrestling. When the darker haired girl went off to the bar he stood up, and with alcohol enhanced courage made his way over to the pretty little thing, his pulse starting to race when she bent over and wiggled her little ass in his direction, the tight pair of pants hugging her rear perfectly. "Mmmm" The sound escaped his lips as he gave her rear that she wiggled in his direction a light slap, just like he figured she wanted.

"HE..." Words failed Jackson as he had to crane his neck to look up at the man, the loud HEY he was about to say dying on his lips."

"Hey yourself beautiful. I saw you butt dialing me and had to come over." Austin said with the cheesy pickup line, the alcohol in his system was just enough for him to think he sounded suave.

"Did... did you just...?" The incredibly tall man was so close to Jackson that it brought his mind back to being in the office with Mr. Dunn and along with it the same feeling of being vulnerable. Jackson could feel his heartbeat quicken as he look up at the towering man that was way to close.

“I was just saying hello, how about you come with me and sit your fine ass in my lap as we get to know one another?” While Austin was genuinely asking the girl to come over with him, he was already acting as if she said yes as he stepped closer, running one hand down her back, lightly touching her spine before his palm gripped her shapely rear end.

“My... my sister... she was getting us drinks and... AH!” The sentence ended with a higher pitched noise as Jackson felt the large hand touch him and he felt like he was going to start to hyperventilate.

“I’m a big guy, there is room enough for both of you on my lap.” Austin said, chuckling at his own joke.

While Jackson failed at fending off the man that was more than a foot taller than him, Madison was coming back from the bar. She had signed in and had a drink in each hand as she made her way back to her sibling, but seeing what was going on had her stop in her tracks. What she saw was her inexperienced sister standing rigid, eyes wide in fright as a large man held her close. “Hey you! Jolly Green Giant!” She called out as she marched closer. “How about you keep your hands to yourself.”

Turning his head to the side Austin glared at the girl, not because of what she said, but because of the tone of her voice, it felt like she was talking down to him. He almost growled, it wouldn’t be the first time a girl he was going to hook up with had a friend that would cock block him. “How about you take your drinks and leave us alone, blondie here and I were just about to get to know one another and have some fun.”

Rolling her eyes Madison looked to her sister, raising an eyebrow. “Is that so? Jackie, do you want to go off and have fun with jolly green here?”

“My name is Austin, not jolly green.” Austin growled, pulling the girl who was flirting with him closer.

“N...” Jackson started to say when the man’s large hand pressed into his flesh on one side, forcing his hip to press into the man’s upper thigh. Fear started to grip Jackson, he never had been the rough and tumble type, but he was still a man and could never have expected himself to be in this sort of situation. He had to flirt and act like an air head at work in order to play his part, to not get found out and even his boss who knew he was a man still... Jackson felt himself shudder at the phantom taste of cum in his mouth and then Dunn’s words about not wanting it enough and then the worry about what that would mean for not just himself but others. Too afraid to say anything, Jackson did see the large man’s other hand form a fist. Swallowing hard, Jackson made eye contact with

his sister and slowly shook his head, wanting to tell her to back off, that he would be okay. He was not going to let this man hurt her... and hopefully not himself either and was trying to work up the courage to tell Austin that it was okay, that the two of them could go get to know one another and leave Madison alone, but he didn't get the chance.

"Oh, I'm truly sorry Austin, I didn't mean to be rude and I'm sure you didn't either, the problem we are having here is you want to get with my sister and my sister doesn't want ANYTHINGGGGGG to do with you. So what is going to happen is you are going to leave us alone, we are going to enjoy our drinks, watch the first round and then get in that pool there with the green jello. You, and please listen. You can go back to your seat and enjoy the show, or I can tell the bartender that two of the girls that were going to wrestle will be going home instead because of you. Do you think he will let us walk out the door? Or will he tell you that you need to walk out that door instead?"

Anger gripped the man, more than a few urges running through him, but he wasn't so far in his cups that he didn't understand where things would go. It felt incredibly unfair that the blonde would flirt with him, her friend then come over and not just cockblock him but threaten to have him kicked out and the blonde didn't even stand up for him. "Teasing bitch." He spat before letting go of the pretty thing and stomping away.

Letting out a long breath, Jackson gazed at his sister. Her bitchy attitude saved him from having to spend time with the brute of a man and possibly saving him from doing something to keep him calm. He felt disgusted with himself that his conflict resolution skills had deteriorated to the point that he thought giving a blow job could resolve a situation. He was just about to hug her and maybe have a little cry when the large man's words hit him. "Teasing bitch? I didn't..." Jackson wasn't sure why he would say that and it hurt, he was a man... and yet... The thankfulness in his heart faded. 'I'm a bitch... Madison used her bitchy powers to make him slink away and I was going to... if Madison hadn't made me dress like, like...' Taking the glass from his sister he gulped down the entire contents of the glass and regretting it right away. Downing a jack and coke was not like swallowing down a beer in a long pull at all.

Putting her hand on her siblings Madison looked at them worried. "You okay? You have to be careful with men like that. There is a reason some of us walk to our cars with our keys held in our hands like weapons."

"I will be fine." Jackson said after a few deep breaths, wishing he hadn't just done that with his drink.

"Good, how about we get you another one of those and enjoy the first round of fights. I know I will enjoy ogling the first match and I'm sure if you record it your Linc will too."

Touching two fingers to his temple Jackson closed his eyes for a second. “Maddy, please.”

“What!? He is a man, he will love it. Besides I’m sure he will enjoy watching the two of us roll around in the jello even more.”

“Maddy...”

“Yes?” Madison said with a bright teasing smile before taking a sip of her long island iced tea.

“I am sooo going to beat you up.” He said glaring at his older sister.

Jackson very much did enjoy watching the first match between two sexy ladies in the pool full of red jello as he enjoyed a second and then third drink. Not finding out till the third that the drinks were actually on the house for the four girls going to wrestle, and Maddy hasn’t paid a single cent. When it was his turn he felt good and buzzed and followed his sister’s lead when he saw her taking off her blouse and then shorts, the two of them getting down to their bikinis. Pulling his hair back into a ponytail Jackson raised his hand in the air as people cheered. With the alcohol in his system he only smiled a memory of some of his friends rowdily cheering for him after being on a mock stage for debate club. “You’re going down, Maddy!” He declared as he stepped into the pool of jello. The cool semi solid gelatin felt odd on his feet, going between his toes.

Moving his feet slightly, Jackson wiggled his painted toes and shuffled his feet as he looked down, losing focus on what was going on around him. A small giggle escaped Jackson’s lips as he looked up at his sister who was rushing closer to him. His eyes opened wide as he braced himself for the impact, his drunken mind too distracted to have heard the bell for the match to start over the crowd and his own amusement with messing with the jello between his toes.

When his sister slammed into him Jackson almost fell out of the inflatable pool, but grabbing onto Maddy and shifting he feet he spun them both around the green jello sloshing about and flying in the air. Letting go of his sister at the end of the spin caused her to stumble back and trip over one of his feet. The trip hadn’t been intentional, he never was a fighter, but also never really imagined he would have so much trouble pushing Maddy around. “Down you go!” He yelled out.



Falling onto her back into the jello Madison didn't feel the hard impact of the concrete underneath thanks to the inflatables spread out underneath. She went to kick up at Jackie and let out a growl as they not only didn't get hit, but grabbed her leg in a way that caused her to only flail more as she tried to attack, get free and stand up all at the same time. In the end she was able to get two of the three, herself free and back to her feet thanks to the jello making her limb slippery. Taking one deep breath after another she charged once more, Madison had always been more comfortable on the attack than defending in her life and it didn't matter if this was just some fun to blow off steam and boost her ego with the looks she knew they were getting, she wanted to win, Madison always wanted to win.

Jackson's left foot slid backwards in the slippery substance, he could feel the stupid heavy fake tits sway and bounce pulling on his chest, the bikini top doing little to control them. It along with the tuft of hair that came free from his ponytail, it was all very distracting. Panting slightly from the effort his eyes caught the gaze of the large bar patron that had made him feel so vulnerable less than an hour ago. His drunken mind lost focus on what he was doing as he paid attention to the hoots, hollers and comments of the men around him and his sister. That was when he felt Madison plow her shoulder into his stomach and flip him down into the jello, her falling down with him.

He wasn't sure how it happened by somewhere in the thrashing about, the pool's contents sloshing out to the bar, he ended up laying down across his sister, in her lap and his face buried down in the lime-flavored gelatin. Jackson ended up swallowing a mouthful when he felt a hard slap to his only partially covered rear end, the bikini bottoms doing absolutely nothing to protect him from the slap. "AHH!" He yelled out as he pulled his head back, jello falling from his face. That was when he felt another and another slap to his rear end. 'She is spanking me!' he thought.

Bringing her hand down once more, Madison brought it down on the white flesh that looked like it hardly ever saw the light of the sun. "I think I win this one little sister." She said as she slapped Jackie's ass once more. "Admit it, tell me I won and that you will be a good little sister!"

"Get off me!" He yelled, trying to thrash, but she had one hand down on his back and his feet and hands couldn't get any purchase in the slippery pool.

"Wrong answer. Who thinks I should teach my baby sister who is in charge!?" Madison yelled to the bar. With a roaring approval she continued her assault.

Smack, smack, smack

“Stop, stop!” Jackson cried, feeling like he was going to be sick, the drinks in his stomach threatening to come back up. “You win, you win! I will be a good girl!”

“Are you going to be a good baby sister, and do as you are told?” Madison said loud enough for everyone to hear. She hadn’t planned to do this, but was feeling both buzzed and exhilarated. Thoughts of Jackie wanting to throw away this fantastic opportunity popped in her mind, and she wasn’t going to let it fall away.

“Yes, I will be a good baby sister and do what you want!” Jackson whimpered, his body felt like it was covered in slime, it had even got into his bathing suit even as small as it was and could feel it in his ass crack even as his cheeks felt like they were on fire from the spanking.

Giving one more spank to Jackie’s ass, Madison raised both her fists into the air. “Are you not entertained!” She bellowed, quoting an old movie.

Scene 27

Sitting back at home in his bed Jackson ran his fingers across the surface of the cool sheets. He hated that life was so unfair, that he had to make so many compromises in order to save himself and others. Jackson always felt he was a born salesman, but lately the only thing he had been able to sell was the idea that he was an attractive woman and even that wasn’t really happening with Dunn. “I told him I wanted to suck his dick... to swallow his cum.” Jackson said thinking about when he said it and when he actually had the man’s pulsing dick in his mouth. Still feeling more than a little tipsy from all the drinks he had had with his sister, Jackson rolled his tongue around in his mouth. The memory of sucking Dunn’s dick and Linc dancing about in his mind and causing his stomach to churn. “Sick bastard says I don’t want it... I don’t but... Just!” Grabbing a pillow the feminized man screamed into it at the frustration of it all.

Letting a long breath of air and tossing the pillow to the middle of the bed Jackson bit his bottom puffy lip. “I have to convince my boyfriends... Does he want me to ask Linc if I can suck his dick? God what would Linc even think if I asked something like that?” The drunken man asked himself before looking down at what he was wearing. A red almost see through chemise and a matching set of thong panties, even here by himself he was tucked away. ‘When did I tuck myself?’ It wasn’t just what he was wearing, his legs were smooth and hair free and his toes were painted. Thinking about the paint on his toes he wiggled them with a lopsided smile on his face before looking over at the large mirror that was attached Linc’s dresser that they now shared. In the mirror he saw himself with one foot slightly raised, it didn’t look like him. The mirror showed a busty blonde with slightly damp hair after she took a shower. A girl that had gone to do jello wrestling with

her sister. "Doubt Linc would think any worse of me than he does now." He said with a sigh as he continued to look over the sexy woman in the mirror.

Eyes widening Jackson jumped to his feet. "I got an idea!" He said with the confidence of a drunkard before slipping his feet into a pair of high heeled shoes. The six inch stiletto heeled black mules, a pair he had only worn once, weren't the most comfortable. In fact, he wasn't sure how girls walked into such things, not even so much as a strap other than over his toes to keep them on, but they were perfect for what he was going to do.

Soon enough Jackson was laying back in bed, his blonde hair blow dried, a thin alic band holding it back, makeup redone and a pair of large gold hoops in his ears. Propped up on pillows he crossed one leg over the other, letting the heeled shoe dangle from his foot. Movies and porn had trained his mind to equate a woman wearing heels in bed to sex and looking at the photos of himself on his phone he was feeling both turned on and frustrated. Pursing his lipstick covered lips together he thumbed over to his messages, pulling up his pretend boyfriend. His drunken mind had come up with a plan, Dunn wanted him to give him to act flirty with him and to give him blow jobs, Jackson sure as heck didn't want to but felt more than obligated to do so... it was the only way he could not just save himself, but others. Dunn wanted him to prove that he wanted him or prove that he wanted men... at very least wanted him to prove something with Linc... he thought. So he was going to send sexy messages to Linc, his friend was out of town and the messages would prove that he wanted it, even if he didn't.

Jackie: Hey Linc, going to send you some messages playing up the girlfriend thing, just roll with it.

Jackie: I need this for work believe it or not, play along.

Lincoln: What do you mean?

Jackie: I'm here all alone, and I have been thinking of you. Do you like what you see?

Jackson looked at the image he sent, it was a selfie he posed for with the bedroom mirror before deleting the first three messages, them detracting from the story he was going to tell.

Lincoln: WOW, yes, yes I do! I love the girlfriend thing!

Jackie: I bet you do, what do you think of this one?

The second photo Jackson sent was one of just his smooth legs in the high heels that showed off his painted toes.

Lincoln: I love it! Your legs look great, you look gorgeous!

Lincoln: I can't believe how real your chest looks, your sister told me they are going to be real soon, can't wait.

Jackie: Mmm, I bet not. What would you do if you were here?

The sexting between the two continued, Jackson happy his friend was playing along. The comments about how he couldn't wait to play with his tits and saying how the two of them were going to go right to the bedroom soon as Linc got home so his friend could bend him over to fuck him were a bit jarring, but he had asked the man to play along and he sure did. While sending messages back to Linc, Jackson tried to pretend he was writing a porno. Asking himself what would he have the actress say? By the end his friend had not only sent him a dick pick, disgusting... but perfect for what he needed and had admitted to cumming. The feminized man chose to believe he had said it to play along, but Jackson understood what he looked like. The person in those photos, in the mirror across the room, was hot.

Uncrossing his legs Jackson got to his unsteady feet, those shoes he minced around in to get ready still being unfamiliar to him. He kept his eyes locked on the image in the mirror, at the sexy little vixen he had been controlling. He had been telling her what to say to her boyfriend in order to turn him on, all the while imagining her cooing, moaning as she touched herself. Jackson felt incredibly turned on looking at Jacqueline. It wasn't like he was able to separate that the girl in the mirror was him, but what he saw in the mirror looked nothing like his self-image and he could just imagine her slinking about the bedroom as he walked in. A sly smile came to her face as she saw him.

Looking at himself in the mirror Jackson's hand slid into his panties as he pressed his legs together, watching Jacqueline touch herself. "Mmmmm" He groaned, his imagination telling him she was just as turned on at the sight of him as he was of her. She was a girl that liked being looked at, being appreciated and she was a girl that went for what she wanted.

In the mirror he could see Jacqueline starting to rub herself and looking down past the breasts... 'God I love tits!' he thought, taking one hand up to his chest and giving one a squeeze, while he wrapped his fingers around his dick. Seeing the long-painted nails on his fingers it was easy to imagine it was her hand touching him. "God yes."

Now fully touching himself Jackson's mind slipped back to his imagined scenario of coming into the bedroom to find the sexy girl. She rushed to him, pulling on his tie with one hand, while the other slid along his crotch till it worked its way up to his belt. He had just come home from his job as a sales manager, making a huge sale and he wanted to celebrate with the blonde bimbo and she really wanted to show him how proud she was of him, how happy she was. "Give me your cock." Jackson said out loud in a sexy

breathy voice, playing both roles in the imagined sexual encounter.

Wrapping his arms around her waist Jackson picked her up, her legs wrapping around him, her hands grabbing ahold of his strong shoulders as he moved forward to press her back up against the bedroom wall. He could feel her fingers touching the back of his head before running through his long brown hair, Jacqueline squeezing him tighter as his member grew erect. Their lips meeting, Jackson feeling her creamy lips slide against his own. The smell of her makeup and perfume filled his senses as their warm bodies pressed against one another. He wanted her, and she needed him. While kissing he felt her touch her tongue to his lips, asking... no demanding for entry he gladly parted his lips so her tongue could have free access and his own could slide against hers. The blonde's big tits pressed against his chest, he could feel how aroused she was as her nipples poked into him.

The feminized man's breathing started to become ragged as he continued to look at himself in the mirror, his eyes half closed, not really seeing what was in front of him, his focus fully on what was going on in his mind, hardly even registering his hand was now slick from pre-cum as he worked on his less than average size dick. All while the story continued to play out, him putting the bimbo down to the floor before roughly spinning her around to face the wall and pulling her ass to his large thick cock that she and every woman would want, its length pressed firmly between her ass cheeks, her thong the only thing separating himself from her.

Leaning into her, holding her tight, Jackson kissed her shoulder just to the side of her lingerie strap, before kissing on the other side, now closer to the neck. Opening his mouth he let out a breath of hot air over where he had just kissed before kissing where the shoulder met the neck, repeating his act of letting out hot breath over the slightly damp skin as he continued up her slim little neck, knowing he was just driving her wild. Her ass with his dick firmly pressed against it swung gently from side to side, the movement creating enough friction to increase his arousal even further. "Tell me you want it, tell me you want my cock." Jackson said in a rougher voice, it not quite reaching the register he used to talk in as he commanded his imaginary partner.

Ripping down her panties Jackson bounced his dick on her ass and repeated his command. She looked over her shoulder at him, her face partially blocked by her blonde hair, but he could see the desire in her half-closed brown eyes. "Give it to me, give me your cock, fuck me, fuck me!" He was already pressing his dick to her puckered hole before she finished and by the time she said cock he had already began to fuck her. Jackson pressed just the tip in and when she mewled at feeling his girth he pushed it all in hard. He wasn't here to make love, he was here to fuck her and she wanted it.



The fantasy could have gone on for some time, or at least Jackson would have liked it to but as he opened his mouth wide he felt his lower parts tense up. “Ahhhh, ahhh, yea... YEAH! MMMM!” Long ago he had read that girls like it as much as men did when their sexual partner was vocal, and he really loved hearing a girl enjoy herself. Or at least he did in porn and in his limited experience with women and had no compunction about making some noise. They were his words to let Jacqueline know how turned on he was by her, how much he was enjoying fucking her, but in that moment all he heard was her sexy little voice letting him know how much she was loving his cock that was filling her up with his seed.

With a final gasp and the red thong panties now went from cum, Jackson focused back on the present and what he saw in the mirror. A woman that was out of breath, her pulling her hand free from her panties, it covered in white cum, his cum. Watching in fascination he hardly considered what he was doing was in his control as she slowly brought her hand up to her face. He could smell the sex on her hand as she opened her mouth and licked off his seed like a good girl.

It was then, as he tasted himself, that Jackson’s eyes opened wide and he took a few steps back from the mirror, stumbling in his heels and falling to his ass. Taking in a deep breath he looked at his slick right hand with a disgusted look. Keeping it held out like he wanted nothing to do with the limb he reached down with his left to get the heels off his feet. “What the fuck.” He said as a statement. “What the fuck?” Jackson then asked himself.

Scene 28

Lying in bed Jackson felt exhausted both physically, mentally and emotionally and yet sleep wouldn’t come. The stupid fake tits on his chest made sleeping a different animal and top of that his tired mind wouldn’t stop going. Thinking about the office, wrestling with his sister, and getting jello in his ass crack, the man that he thought could pummel him in an instant if he had just gotten a little angrier and then what he had done at home. “Did I really sext with Linc? Then I... fuck he sent me a dick pic!” Jackson averted the train of thought away from what he did for sexual release but wasn’t too happy with the new mental destination. “Sending me a picture of your dick, like it is something I want to see...” Jackson huffed as he turned to his side and pulled the blankets up to help cover his body, the apartment had felt so much cooler than it had before his body was kept free of hair and the heater that went by the name Lincoln wasn’t in bed. ‘God why am I thinking about him!’ Jackson growled mentally, forcing his eyes to stay shut.

Eventually the exhaustion won out and the feminized man found himself drifting off to sleep where his subconscious played, and dreams filled his slumbering mind. Nothing

seemed out of place as Jacqueline leaned forward over the dresser in her and Lincoln's bedroom, she hummed a little tune as she applied a fresh coat of red lipstick to her lips, her ass swaying slightly as she bent at the waist in an exaggerated fashion. When she saw the bedroom door opening, she put the cap back on the lipstick and smiled as she saw her boyfriend, one of the men she was happy to see. Seeing Lincoln coming home made her smile, the man could be a stick in the mud at times, but she loved the way he looked at her. "Welcome home." She said watching her friend step into the room and throw off his jacket before moving forward to wrap his arms around her.

Time skipped forward in the way one thing jumps to another in a dream, Jacqueline knew she had told Linc that she wanted his cock and hadn't been able to get it out of her thoughts. Something nagged at her that it was a bad thing that she had been thinking of it at all, but it didn't matter, she was horny as hell. Feeling his hardness press into her she, Jacqueline pressed her ass into the young man before turning around on the spot before squatting down and reaching to unbutton Lincoln's pants and free what she wanted from its prison. Balancing on her incredibly tall heels was less than an afterthought as she took hold of the hard member and opened her mouth to run the tip along every inch of her red lips before running her tongue from step to tip and back again. Hearing her friend's groan told her how much he liked what she was doing, giving herself some mental satisfaction. Jacqueline wasn't sure what it was, but she knew that it was important to keep Lincoln happy, she needed him to do something, but that didn't matter right now. Thinking wasn't really what she was best at, no that was for the men in her life.

The hard cock in her hand slid into her mouth, she could already taste the precum, the ultimate sign was on the right track to getting her creamy reward. A giggle bubbled up from her throat as she thought about how this wasn't even the biggest cock she had taken lately and as if thinking about it made it true, when Jackie looked up to meet her lover's eyes, she saw Abraham. His thick cock pulsed in her mouth as she sucked on its tip and ran her tongue across it before bobbing her head down. 'He is a good friend.' She thought before the dick she was sucking on pushed harder to the back of her throat causing her to gag. Jacqueline squeezed her eyes closed, feeling them start to water as the blow job changed to her face being fucked and it became much harder to breath. Pulling free she coughed and looked up to ask why, when she saw Mr. Dunn, dick hanging free from his pants as he looked down glaring at her.

The man's expression was one she had seen more than once, he had looked at her like this before, but instead of yelling she only felt a slap to her left cheek and then the right as the man's dick was swung from side to side. She had a brief thought of him being smaller than Abraham before it connected with her face a third time. Reaching up to took hold of the cock before it hit her again. She needed to make her boss happy, that

was part of her job, it was her job to make him happy so she could save people. Who those people were, was beyond her air-headed mind, but she knew it was up to her and opened her mouth to take in the cock once more but it was pulled free. “Why?” She found herself asking, despite something in her screaming that this wasn’t right. The change in venue with Jacqueline on her knees in her boss’s office didn’t seem out of the ordinary, but something in the back of her mind said that her being there was wrong, that she was wrong and how all of this was like being trapped in a horror show. Jacqueline pushed that all back, it wasn’t wrong, it would be if she was Jackson, and she was just doing her job.

“Prove to me you want it.” The voice of her boss Alexander Dunn seemed to boom, causing the walls to shake.

Reaching out Jacqueline’s red nailed fingers couldn’t reach her boss. She didn’t actually desire him, she wasn’t sure that she desired any man. That thought alone made the world around her feel disconnected in an odd way. She wanted to please them... please them because she needed them, but also because it felt good to be needed, to be desired. Sitting there on her knees Jacqueline felt like she had a mission, she needed to do her job she needed to get her hands and lips around...

Sitting up quickly in bed, a cold sweat dripped from their blonde-haired covered brow. Jackson reached up pressing both hands to either side of their pounding head, a hangover taking up the now awake feminine man’s full attention. The memory of the dream wasn’t fully lost as he regained consciousness, but in addition to what he felt from the revenge of the alcohol he drank the night before he was also feeling disturbed. A groan escaped Jackson’s puffy lips as he touched himself between his legs, feeling a semi-hard on and cum soaked panties.

Jackson felt dirty and looking over at the clock he saw that there was about twenty minutes before his alarm would tell him it was time to get up. “I miss being able to sleep in.” He thought with a sigh, the days of him getting up fifteen minutes before he had to be out the door were gone and he had to play his cards right to be able to get back to his normal life. “One step at a time. First is something for my head, then a shower, then time to get Jacqueline looking sexy for work. After that she needs to find a way so that we can avoid having surgery. “Bimbo better be up for the task.” He said being self-deprecating.

Scene 29

Getting to the office Jackson felt like he was on a mission, the nude five-inch rounded toe hidden platform heels sounded with each of his quick paced steps, him very much missing the ability to move so much faster before his own life went out of control to make him wear high heels and outfits like the one he was wearing today. The peach-colored sleeveless dress with a pencil skirt and asymmetrical neckline, along with the panties holding his tucked back manhood and bra holding up the heavy as heck fake tits that caused extra strain on his back was not what he would have liked to wear. It did however get the Madison seal of approval for looking both as she put it fine as hell and professional, just the words every brother wants to hear after he got done putting on woman's clothes and putting on makeup after a night of drinking and bad decisions.

The rapid tempo of the click clack, click clack of Jackson's heels on the tiled floor of Mega Corps entrance area caused more than a few heads to turn and while the feminized man's cheeks burned, a bright blush coming to his cheeks he still pushed forward to get to the elevator as quickly as he could. 'Head down and push forward' He thought as Jackson held his purse close to his side to keep it from bouncing about, but he could do nothing to keep the realistic breasts stuck to his chest from doing the same. Luck wasn't on his side when he got to the wall of elevators, not one was opening up and a small queue had built up around the area.

Deciding it might look odd and not wanting to look at his feet perched in the tall heels Jackson looked up from the floor and saw a short pudgy man leering. Revulsion, that was the feeling that ran through Jackson's mind as the man looked him over, seemingly not just undressing him with his eyes but fucking him too. 'All he sees is the blonde bimbo you are pretending to be, he doesn't know you're a man... god I hope no one can tell.' He didn't worry about being really seen nearly as often but Jackson couldn't help having that tremor of terror from time to time. 'Remember you are Jacqueline Hart; you like the male attention... I'm Jacqueline Hart and I like men looking at me.' He repeated the last part a few times in his mind before giving what the leering man saw as a shy but flirty smile. Jackson found a girlish giggle escaping his lips unbidden as he tucked some of his blonde hair behind his ear. "Good morning."

"Great morning now." Jackson heard the man say, his eyes moving down to his heeled feet and then back up to be level with his ample, but fake chest. The idea that he could have an impact on the kind of day the man was having just by saying good morning and smiling felt wild to Jackson. How he felt about being eye fucked didn't change, but the power to improve someone's day felt nice... empowering. He could recall sticking his head out of his cubicle to watch a sexy gal go by on more than one occasion, it certainly made his hours at Mega Corp more tolerable. A girl smiling in his direction really did have an impact on his day, heck he had been complimented on his long hair more than once and their comments had made him want to keep the look more, and now that

power was his. 'Do all women feel like this?' The dress wearing young man asked himself before being forcibly brought back to the present when he felt a pinch to his ass while standing in the close confines of the elevator. "Eeep!"

The second the elevator doors opened Jackson got out of the cramped area, having no clue who it was that had touched him. No matter how much he told himself that Jacqueline should consider it a complaint it didn't reduce the blush on his cheeks or the embarrassment as he quickly moved to the stairs in order to avoid that or more from happening. While it wasn't the same he thought to a porn video that he admittedly watched more than once that had an Asian woman on a cramped train being groped, fingered and fucked while the rest of the people around ignored what was happening. Moving up the stairs at a decent pace caused his bits to bounce more, causing Jackson to let out a sigh before centering himself and entering the floor where his little secretary desk was.

Getting there he tossed his purse into the bottom drawer before heading off to start his daily activities. 'Get Mr. Dunn his coffee, check my email and go see HR if he doesn't give me anything pressing to do.' Another light giggle bubbled up at the thought of anything he did being important, that was before another thought intruded on his mind. 'I do need to make him happy... should I show him the text messages and give him a blow job before or after I go to HR? I mean, like, what is the point of doing that if I don't follow through?' The thought brought a sour expression to his face. 'Am I really planning my day around giving a man a blow job!?'

Not staying for any chit chat or office gossip Jackson simply told Tab that he had a lot on his plate this morning and would catch up later. He could just imagine what she would say if she knew about the dream he had the night before, not that he remembered all of it, but it was disturbing and the fact that it was also a wet dream made it much more so. With a shudder and shake of his head Jackson went back to his desk, putting down the hot coffee for a brief moment as he got out his cell phone. Pressing the device to his chest he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. 'Remember what you are doing this for, you can do this, you are Jacqueline Hart.' He told himself for the tenth time today. 'This is what secretaries like me do, this is what girls like me enjoy doing.' Telling himself things like that helped at least to a degree get in the right mindset to pretend to be the airheaded personal admin, but today it felt more accurate. A feeling he would like to explore, maybe he was getting better at acting or compartmentalizing, but there wasn't time for that. She needed to see her boss and then get to HR to try nipping this silly surgery thing before it went too far.

Without a second thought Jacqueline knocked on her boss's door twice before opening it to see the older man with his graying hair and beard on his cell phone with a scowl on

his face. 'Not a good sign.' She thought before pushing forward, closing the door behind her as she entered the office. When all he did was give her a glance to acknowledge her, Jacqueline sat down atop the side of the man's desk and crossed her legs as she started to bounce her leg. Holding up the mug of coffee and raising an eyebrow in Dunn's direction.

The aroma of the hot caffeinated beverage tickled Jacqueline's nose, reminding her that she hadn't gotten herself any in her rush. Not sure why she did it, Jacqueline brought the mug up to her pink lipstick covered lips and took a sip of the coffee while looking her supervisor in the eye, a playful smile on her lips as she put the mug down, enjoying the warm flavorful dark roast coffee as she took a small swallow.

"Hey." Alexander said to the person on the other end of the phone as he looked at the blonde in front of him who was now dangling one of her heels from her toes. "We will circle back to this, I expect the numbers to be in the realm of realism the next time we speak though." Without saying goodbye, he hung up the phone, putting the device in his pocket as he took in the figure sitting on his desk. Intellectually he knew what she was, and when he had first seen the intern in the office wearing the dress he had wanted them gone... Well first he admired their rear end, but when he found out it was a man in a dress he wanted them gone. Now though he was singing the praises of HR telling him no, something he didn't care for normally. Sure he wouldn't be telling anyone that he enjoyed the time with someone who was transgender, but he just loved how feminine she was. The way she flirted without saying a word made him internally curse Downings. "You having fun?" He asked, loving how she batted her long lashes, her soft brown doe eyes making him hungry in a carnal way.

Giving her boss a slight shrug, she looked away from him. 'Be direct, men like that, Linc said he loved it.' Uncrossing her legs and crossing them the other way she looked back up to meet his blue eyes after unlocking her phone and passing it over, the text messages from the other night on the screen for her boss to read. "I could be having fun, but we could have fun today." With much of their experience with sex coming from unrealistic porno videos Jacqueline let her heel that she was dangling fall from her foot before extending her leg so that her painted toes could touch the much taller man's crotch.

Feeling his admin's touch, Alexander looked up to the ceiling of his office, damning both the head of his sales team and himself for feeling the need to stick to his deal, the fallout for breaking it being more than he wanted to pay. "Ahhh." Some tension left his body as he felt her rub her foot on him in such a provoking fashion. He had been on the phone with one of the designers. His wife, excited about his upcoming promotion, wanted to do some renovations to the house and he didn't like where the bill was going. Looking down at the phone in his hand he saw a message from her to one of his other employees

Lincoln Hatch, her telling him to cum for her and the picture of an erect dick being just one of the responses. Flicking his hand to drop the device, Alexander put one hand on the blonde's foot to hold it in place. He didn't have a foot fetish, but doing what she was doing he could understand how someone could get such a thing. "What was that?"

"You said I needed to umm..." Jacqueline bit her bottom lip so he could see her whitened teeth press against her plump pink lip. "Prove that I wanted it, and I do, I want it... I want your cock." Feeling her boss's manhood grow at the touch of her foot and toes had an uncomfortable feeling grow inside of her, but saying what she knew Dunn would like to hear, what Linc had said he loved hearing made something collapse inside of her. 'This is all wrong, I can't do this! What was I thinking!? I'm a man, I shouldn't be... I said that! What is wrong with me!'

Letting go of her foot, Alexander stepped away, letting out a drawn out sigh. Clearly the slut knew what she wanted. He didn't remember telling her she needed to prove she wanted him, he already knew that, or at least he was pretty sure he hadn't said that. What he needed from her was to get her not so little boyfriend to understand she was just at a stage in her life that one dick wasn't enough. That was clear by the fact she was Hatch's girlfriend and having relations with Downings. "Tell you what, why don't you prance on over to Downings little cubicle office and make sure he is okay with this and once you make it clear you can come on back and you can have what you want."

"Downings? You mean Abe? You want me to ask someone else if I can... can." Jackson swallowed, the role he was pushing collapsing under the weight of what he was preparing to do. The insanity of the man standing in front of him wanting him to go ask permission from his friend in order to put his dick in his mouth made Jackson's head spin, it made him stop moving entirely, paralyzed by it all.

Touching his palm to the girl's pale cheek, he moved her face so she was looking up at him, moving his thumb to press on her lips, the pretty little thing's mouth opening at his touch so he could slide his thumb into her warm wet mouth. 'She doesn't feel beholden to anyone, makes me want to claim her that much more...' Alexander licked his bottom lip, looking down into her eyes, her pink lips encircling his finger. The desire to claim the pretty blonde, make her feel and know she belonged to him filled his mind. 'If only Jacqueline had been born this way, I would break her, make her mine.' He thought, not understanding how being transgender worked, but just thinking about the fact Jacqueline had male genitalia. "Tell you what, if you don't tell anyone, doubly so for Downings then you can have my cock you so desperately want. Alexander had flings with almost all of his administrative assistants, he either got bored of them or they couldn't provide what he needed, but in all his time he never had someone so eager. Sure she acted coy at first, him having to push her to do what she really wanted, but he

could see what she wanted.

“You... you want me to not tell Abe anything?” Jackson asked, confused. There was no way he was going to go ask his friend permission to be intimate with a man, but now Dunn wanted him to keep it a secret. ‘He must have realized how crazy his little kink, powerplay was.’ Sitting there still on the desk, now one heeled shoe laying on the floor along with his phone, Jackson wasn’t sure what he was supposed to do. It had all been so clear before he came into the office and now... now he had to put up or shut up. He had to act in order to keep Linc employed and get the promotion he was not deserving but was promised, so that his own problems could be solved without talks about fraud or police needing to be involved happened and finally... to help that poor girl that shared a name with his sister. A twisted version of a movie quote came to mind about not being a hero he wanted to be, but the hero people needed. ‘Smile, smile, he just had his finger in my mouth... and that is okay, that is just foreplay... yeah, girls like foreplay, Jacqueline likes to flirt, likes foreplay and she... I need to be the hero.’ What had to be done was clear, or at least the only viable path that didn’t lead to a lot of bad scenarios. “Does that mean Linc will keep his job?”

Cocking his head to the side, Alexander pressed his lips together with a nod. “Exactly, our special time together can continue if it stays just between us and yes, that boyfriend will keep his job. He is going to be sitting in this desk before you know it.”

“What, what about Maddy?” Jackson needed confirmation that he was debasing himself for no reason, he couldn’t have this kept over his head. He wasn’t gay, he didn’t want anything to do with anything sexual with men. Despite the six-foot two man in front of him appearing in his dream last night he didn’t want to be touched by him at all, that had been a nightmare, one he was about to make much too real.

“Maddy? Oh yes. I would imagine she will be starting in her new role before the end of next week. You don’t need to worry your pretty little head about them, in here it is just you and me.”

As if the world was saying that wasn’t true, Jackson heard his boss’s phone on his desk start to ring. Giving him immediate thoughts of it giving him an out, but it was followed by dread that the confirmation of his concessions wouldn’t follow through. Against his better judgment, Jackson reached over, picking up the phone and put it to his ear while looking his boss in the eye. “Good morning, Alexander Dunn’s office!” He said in an overly chipper voice that he truly didn’t feel. “No, I’m sorry he is in an important meeting right now, please call again in fifteen minutes.” Without giving the person on the other end a chance to respond, Jackson hung up the phone. “Now... where were we?”

Not even a second passed after those words left Jackson's mouth before the larger man was upon him. One hand firmly on the back of his neck the other on his shoulder before sliding down to the small of his back and a rough kiss was initiated. Jackson could feel the man's beard brushing across his smooth skinned cheeks, the creams he had been using had been a powerhouse, he hadn't had to touch a razor to his face in what felt like too long. The contrast between himself and Dunn wasn't lost on Jackson, even if he didn't have time to dwell on it as the man's lips pressed against his own. Dunn's face turned slightly to the side as he pressed into him and not being spoiled for choice, Jackson kissed back with the same intensity. The passion on his part was purely for show, but it needed to be done or so Jackson told himself even as his stomach turned and his skin crawled at the experience.

Being kissed, manhandled, a tongue dancing in Jackson's mouth, his own dancing along with it as he grabbed and pulled on the larger man's tie to hold him close while his mind told him to not just push him away, but to move on the attack. It was all bad, but the worst parts were that there was much more to come and cum... but the fact that part of him enjoyed the feeling of true desire not just appealing, but arousing caused its own set mental anguish. Wanting it to be over, needing it to be over, Jackson's hands looking way too feminine for his tastes thanks to the painted long nails, slid down from Dunn's tie. Pressing his palm into the man's chest that felt way firmer than it had any right to be compared to his own, slid down till it got to his belt buckle. Using both hands Jackson soon had the standing man's pants fall to the floor and his thick, already erect dick in the palm of both of his hands.

Needing to give the girl room to work, Alexander stopped pressing himself so hard to the girl, the hand on her back moved around her chest, he knew her tits weren't real, something that was going to change soon, a change he couldn't wait for, but still he rubbed them through her peach dress. 'God I want to fuck her!'

The full force kissing that Jackson was positive would leave his face red from friction if it went on too long migrating down to his neck. Tilting his head to the side the feminized man allowed easier access to his neck as he lightly twisted his hands around the dick he held, closing his eyes and trying not to think about it being bigger than his own or how the lips touching his sensitive neck made him feel. 'You can do this Jacqueline; you can do that. Just... Ooohhh that shouldn't feel good...' When the lips came back up to meet his own Jackson felt himself moving his face forward to meet the older man's and squeezing the cock in his hands.

A not so insignificant spike of pain shot through Alexander as the girl's grip grew two tight for a half second. 'She wants to play rough... we can do that.' he thought before moving the hand on his admin's neck up into her blonde hair, giving it a light pull with

one hand, pushing her chest with the other so that she laid back on his desk. “Stay there.” He growled, shuffling around his desk so that his exposed ass was facing the closed door to his office, his legs caught in his fallen pants and without taking off his shoes he wasn’t going to be able to step out of them.

Pushed onto his back a bit of fear ran through Jackson, just one more thing to add to the pile. He knew the pencil skirt of his dress had been pulled up slightly, it wasn't as if anything could happen between his legs, he wasn't a girl, but he really didn't want anyone to see that he was semi-hard from what was going on. What was happening soon became clear as his head was pulled just over the rim of the desk, a spike of pain shooting through him for the second time, a sensation he didn't want to feel and that was before his head now over the desk had Dunn's cock thrust into his open mouth. It was like his face was being fucked from upside down and the hand's holding him were keeping Jackson firmly in place.

“Yeah, you like it rough don't you slut. Moan for me girl, let me hear how much you love my cock.” Alexander said enjoying the sight of the girl squirming with his dick firmly in place, her legs kicking in the air, the fact she only had one of her heels still on adding that extra hint of excitement. He hadn't forgotten her kicking it off to excite him, but seeing her flail her legs with one shoe off made it seem like it had fallen in the throes of passion.

“Mmmm MMMMAAAA!” Jackson squeezed his eyes closed tight, feeling tears coming to his eyes as he felt the firm fleshy thing in his mouth buck back and forth like a piston, it sliding across his tongue, allowing him to taste his flesh that was mixed with a hint of something creamy... slimy and salty, the man's pre-cum clearly trying to do its job with lubrication, but only making his stomach turn as he lay on his back, unable to do much more than literally take it. Jackson moaned like his boss wanted, wanting it to just end. He wasn't sure what was worse being the one willingly to hold Dunn's cock, rub his fingers around it before intending to bring it to his mouth or feeling helpless as the same happened. Either way his pink stay on lipstick was going to be put to the test as the member slid in and out of his mouth.

When Jackson felt the cock be thrust deeper into his mouth, just touching the back of his throat, his gag reflex starting to kick in and start to choke he knew the answer to his question. The hard dick that was penetrating his mouth started to pulse as it was held in place and warm globs shot free the answer came to him. It was worse to feel used, to feel like a victim, it was so much better when Jacqueline took charge and was in control, than to be a semi-willing victim.

Scene 30

Closing the door behind him as he stepped out of his boss's office, Jackson pressed his back to the now closed door. Jackson could feel the weight of his mascara covered lashes as he closed his eyes and brought the mug of warm coffee to his pink lips. He didn't even think about the fact that he had stolen the coffee, the strong flavor and warmth helped wash away his boss's seed. His mind swirled with different thoughts, like how disgusted he was at what had just happened, the fact that his stomach wasn't churning ready to throw up was another that he wasn't comfortable with, but mostly Jackson was just trying to make sure the terrible task was framed correctly. 'I saved people's jobs today and all it cost me eight or ten minutes of my day. Jacqueline, you are a god damned hero.' Opening his eyes he took another sip from the mug before chuckling at the dark perverse humor that ran through his mind. "A lot of work to get an extra cream for my coffee."

Even his own joke didn't sit well with him, considering what that cream was and how he got it. His mouth was free from the cock that had been pounding in and out but the slight ache was there in his jaw and his mind had no problem tormenting him with the knowledge of what the fleshy object felt like. "And... this is his coffee." Turning back around, Jackson knocked on the door once more before going back into his boss's office, not willing to go prepare another cup and give him time to recover. "Sorry Mr. Dunn, I took your coffee with me."

Sitting at his desk feeling more than content with himself Alexander smiled broadly as his admin came back in just shortly after they had their fun, her makeup still showing signs of their encounter. "Huh." He looked down at his desk, to confirm that she had indeed taken the coffee she had brought him, even though she clearly had the mug in her hand. "Don't worry about it, I know you had other more exciting things on your mind, just make sure they stay there." The fact that he had broken his deal with his employee to stay away from Jacqueline didn't bother him too much, he thought it should, but the fact that the broad-shouldered man had assaulted him hadn't been forgotten, and there wasn't any real harm in it besides the man's ego for getting some enjoyment out of the girl. He had found the little sex pot first after all and was helping her find herself too.

Putting the mug onto the desk Jackson fidgeted slightly a slight blush coming to his cheeks at the humiliation that this man believed or at least insinuating that the only thing he could think about was their sexual encounter where his face was fucked and worse... he wasn't far off from the truth, it just wasn't in the happy light the man thought it would be. "I won't tell a soul sir."

Seeing the blush come to the blonde's face only brought more joy to the gray-haired

man. He thought it might be trouble if she was actually growing feelings for him, but the fact he could cause such a reaction made his day that much better. “You are a good girl Jacqueline, I’m even thinking about giving you a raise to continue assisting me.”

Jackson’s brown eyes flicked up to meet the light blue eyes of his supervisor, his own brain not shifting to gear fast enough as he wondered what he had done to earn such a thing when he had only just started the position, but as he opened his mouth it dawned on him exactly what type of extra effort had been done to earn such a thing. Shame once more flooded into his body, but still something pushed forward, a kernel of confidence from the praise. “I will take it!” The shame didn’t go away or change, but the reality of what happened couldn’t be changed either. ‘If I have to do that then at least I should be paid for it... It wasn’t like the man wasn’t going to keep doing what he was doing...’ The thought sent a shudder through his body as he tried to tell himself that he would be both a fool and a horrible salesman if he passed up free money.

“I knew you would, let me type up something real quick. I will email it over to you and HR.” Dunn said as he happily thought of the girl wanting to come with him as he moved to the top floor of the building. Bringing Jacqueline, the company's little diversity hire with him when he got promoted sounded like a much better idea than taking on whoever already had the job.

“Oh, I’m actually planning to go down there in a bit and need someone to cover the phones...”

Alexander waved his hand in the air to brush away her concerns. “You don’t need to print it and bring it down, they can make their own copies, but if you want to win some extra points feel free. When you go down just forward your desk phone to the admin pool.”

The fact that he was not only getting a raise but it was going to be put in so quickly flew in the face of everything Jackson knew about corporate red tape and a great change. His thoughts were on this as he took his purse from his desk drawer and went to the lady’s room to repair his face. He almost considered going back in his boss’s office to negotiate, something he knew he should always do, but the knowledge he would be arguing over how much he was going to be paid to swallow his cum made Jackson just want to avoid the topic all together, there wasn’t any amount of money that made looking at or touching the guy’s dick worthwhile.

After getting everything in order Jackson went on to actually start his real job or at least he did for a few minutes before he stood up to get the printed copy of the pay raise form. Picking up the warm piece of paper Jackson glanced at it happily to see the number

eight next to a percent sign, his mind already doing the math. ‘Sixty a year, and eight percent... just under a five grand raise. Shit, I’m making more than some of the people on the sales team.’ He thought they made more after bonuses and with his own natural skills he was sure those bonus checks would make getting an eight percent raise look like nothing, but still it was nice.

Lost in thought Jackson turned to leave the copy room he almost ran into the head of the sales team, like he had manifested from just thinking of his team. “Oh! Abe, almost ran right into you.”

Even with the heels Jackson was wearing, the man still had an inch on him in height. And if Jackson had any inclination to think the man was a threat, he might have acted differently, other than giving the man a smile and telling his friend the good news. “I got some good news.” Jackson’s voice lilted in a pleasant way as he held up the printed piece of paper. “I got a raise!” How he got that raise wasn’t something he was going to talk about, even if Dunn hadn’t said he wanted it kept a secret. ‘See here Abe, for sucking enough cock you really can get ahead. No, not something anyone is going to find out.’

Abraham had seen the beautiful blonde move off to the copy room like she had a purpose and when he followed her over she seemed completely oblivious to his presence even after he called out her name, but the way was shifting her shoulders up and down and swinging her rear as she hummed a tune he couldn’t follow as she waited for the printer to finish warming up, it made him happy to just stand there and watch her. The other night at his place had been nice, he hoped to have many more evenings like it in the future, but had been so busy the previous day that he hardly had time to take a piss before his next meeting, let alone time to actually do something he wanted to do like go flirting with the girl he liked.

When she almost bumped into him he held his arms out like he should catch her and wasn’t really sure why he didn’t speak up or at least move out of her way. The small idea of her bumping into him appealed to him, like something that would happen in a romance movie or a sitcom. Seeing her eyes light up as she held up a piece of paper while not moving more than a few inches back brought more joy to his heart. If this girl liked talking about spiders, if she was this excited and animated about it he would listen for hours to the horrible topic. “That sounds wonderful, glad to see our boss is smart enough to see talent when it is standing in front of him.” Cocking his head to the side and trying to keep the same smile on his face Abraham pushed on. “Hey, I want to be delicate about this and I do not mean to offend, but he hasn’t... asked you to do anything you aren’t comfortable with has he?”

“Ahhh” Jackson took two mincing steps backwards, his experience in heels keeping him

steady in the pumps. 'Does he know?! Is there cum on my chin? Or... no I cleaned up, play dumb, play dumb.' Even though he knew his face hadn't had anything left behind on it, Jackson touched his chin. The realization that there had been a bit of spillage before and that he had drunk out of the older man's cup and then gave it back to him tickled something in his mind enough for a small smile to cross his face. What Jackson didn't consider though was how he might have looked as he scampered off to get cleaned up in the bathroom after. "No, I mean, unless you count having to talk all sweet to people on the phone that believe I can't string two thoughts together."

Tapping his own chest the six-foot man chuckled. "Hey, some days putting two thoughts together is an achievement, try not to take offense from those that don't know better."

Jackson rolled his eyes. "I will have you know on my best days I think I can string five thoughts together but doing that chewing bubble gum and walking in cute heels like this can be a lot." Soon as he said the words Jackson blinked a few times, giving the impression of fluttering his lashes. 'Did I just say cute shoes? It's fine, Jacqueline would say that, she loves... I love heels and cute things, remember to be Jacqueline.'

"Yeah? Color me impressed." Abraham looked down at her heeled feet as she cocked one foot to the side to show off her five inch heeled shoes that he loved seeing her in. The way she smiled at him, fluttering her lashes in his direction and drawing his attention to her soft brown eyes gave him a feeling of a gentle warmth inside to just have this girls attention and making him aware that she was fishing for a compliment. "Better than I can do most days, but if you had to trim down to do all that I would suggest losing the bubble gum before your shoes. You look great in them, but they aren't close to your best feature."

Rolling his eyes once more Jackson poked the man's chest with one his long nailed fingers. "Oh, and what is that? And why is it my amazing brain?" He then touched the same finger to the side of his blonde-haired head. Jackson knew he was supposed to be an airhead to help his story, but being treated like he couldn't count past ten had been more than demeaning and after his morning's activities being told he was smart even if coerced would feel good.

"Your brain?" Abraham tilted his head back and squinted as if he was thinking. "I think that could be part of it, but, come here, it is a secret, it shouldn't be, but for now it is."

Playing along Jackson moved closer so that he was in the man's personal space and cocked one of his hips about to tell him to spill it when Abe leaned in close to whisper in his ear, so close that Jackson could smell his aftershave and warm breath on his neck.

“Your best feature is you, everything you are, what people know and don’t know about you. Everything together makes you the amazing person you are Jacqueline and I’m happy to stand at your side.”

The words felt heavy to Jackson’s mind and his emotions. He knew everyone second guessed themselves, but no one would expect what he was going through to be real and to go through what he had been through and be told that left him standing perfectly still as he tried to process it, but before he could even do that, Jackson felt the brown-haired man’s lips gently touch his own. The world felt like it was moving in slow motion as Jackson instinctually puckered his inflated pink painted lips, kissing his friend back while a flash of memory from his dream entered his mind. Jackson clearly saw what he believed to be his imaginations interpretation of Abe’s cock and him going to town on it. Soon as everything snapped back into focus, Jackson moved away and shook his head to get the vision from his dream out of his head.. “Abe! You can’t do that!” The fact that Jackson had felt so touched and moved by his friend's words before being kissed made him feel more vulnerable, smaller, like it was okay for that to happen even though he didn’t want it to.

“Sorry, sorry.” Abraham held up his hands in surrender. The girl had been a firecracker when they had drinks together and then went to the movies, but she had made it clear on their date that she had a boyfriend, one that wasn’t treating her right. Jacqueline had said she wanted to spend more time with him but kissing her here at work wasn’t the best call. “I promise to try and not do that again.”

Glaring at him Jackson crossed his arms as he looked past Abe’s glasses into his green eyes. “You are going to try? Try?!”

Sheepishly Abraham looked away from the girl who was putting him in his place. “Hey, I fail at things all the time.” He tried to shrug it off, but it seemed like the pretty thing wasn’t going to let him off the hook.

“Linc, you... just need to stop just trying. I’m only friends with winners, no trying.” Jackson had almost said Dunn’s name but had held off in time. Sure he hadn’t told Lincoln to not kiss him at the office, heck they did a lot worse, but internally he had told them all to fuck right off.

“Yes Ma’am.” Abraham said with a sly grin at his face, wondering if she had meant to make it sound like she was a trophy for him to win.

“Well...” Jackson said as one of the other office girls came into the room and a nervous giggle escaped his lips. “I need to get going.” He held up the paper in his hands as an

excuse.

Nodding in agreement that he had to let the pretty girl get back to her day, Abraham held up his hand to forestall her. “Me too, but want to get together again, like we did the other night?”

The dinner a few days ago had been great, but he had also drunk too much, a problem he really, really needed to get on top of and so long as the man with the stupid chiseled jaw knew his boundaries it would be fine. It was hard for Jackson to blame the man for what he did, imagining the signals he was probably throwing with his bimbo act. “That depends, what do you promise to do?”

“Hmm, two things. To make an excellent meal and to win.”

A smirk forming on his face Jackson nodded, happy the man was getting it. “Sounds good, but this time less wine and more of the other stuff.” The two had a good rapport, had similar senses of humor and if he had to wear a dress to get some amazing food it was a small cost considering he would be wearing one anyhow till this entire fiasco was over. Both times they had been out together had been fun from what he could remember.

“More of the other stuff, sure, sounds like fun.” Abraham briefly looked at the person who had entered the copy room, the look on her face clearly breaking the oh so subtle code they were using. His memory happy to remind him of how they made out like highschoolers on his couch.

“Great!” Jackson said happy things were back in the place and reminded himself that he still owned the man a drink or two. “You cook and I will bring over some decent whiskey.” He didn’t plan to partake and figured it would be easier to keep himself from drinking when it was just the two of them, then to go out to a bar and not order. “Just let me know.”

Turning in place Abraham watched Jacqueline make her way down the hall before disappearing on her way to the elevators. He was brought out of his musings as he was reminded he wasn’t alone.

The other person in the room, someone from the administrative pool who had been tasked with what amounted to over an hour's worth of work in the copy room, couldn't help but smile at the little banter between the two that clearly would be at one another if they were at home. “The two of you are too cute together.”

Scene 31

Standing in the exam room Jackson shifted his stance, placing one hand on his hip, his other moving about in an animated fashion as he tried to get the nurse to understand what he wanted. “Look, I get that the doctor is busy, you have said that. All I’m asking for is a few minutes to talk with him before anything happens.”

“Miss Hart, Dr. Campbell already spoke with you, so I am going to ask you again. Can you please change into the hospital gown. Unless of course you wish to cancel the surgery.” The nurse said feeling irritated for having to repeat herself and because the patient wasn’t making sense. She had been not so subtle when trying to get the doctor to cancel her breast implant surgery, but when the doctor asked if she wanted to cancel she had said no.

“No, I can’t cancel.” Jackson’s voice fell. The doctor wasn’t really listening, or at least not understanding. Asking questions like if there was any he wanted to cancel today? Only he had used female pronouns. The cancellation fee at this point would be just under two grand, a heavy blow, but one Jackson would pay if it didn’t go down on the paperwork as him deciding not to do this. The meeting he had with HR a few days before had not been a productive one. Mary, his HR rep had gotten up from her desk and given him a hug, something he enjoyed from having to live this faux female lifestyle.

Mary had been excited, too excited actually, to push him down this horrible path. Saying how the company was happy to foot the bill for his transition as part of their medical plan. He wasn’t sure how often she mentioned how diverse Mega Corp was in reference to him, but it was more than once. When he had asked what would happen if he decided not to get surgery, the first question Mary had asked was “Why wouldn’t you want to?”

Putting aside just general concerns of being rushed into getting implants all so a corporation could check some box on a diversity form, he was sure not everyone that wanted to transition would want to get implants, but why he specifically wouldn’t want them? That was easy, he is a guy and does not want to be a female, but the question felt like an accusation and had made Jackson freeze up, as if he was balancing on a razor thin blade and if he gave the wrong answer not only would he be fired, sued and blackballed by one of the worlds largest companies, but so would Linc. Despite his spike of fear the moment passed with Mary just thinking it was nerves.

The meeting went on for another half hour, but it felt already over a few minutes in to Jackson, finding out that if the surgery was canceled it would supposedly be no big deal, but at the mention of them looking into why brought back that same nervous feeling. She acted like it was innocent, so they could reschedule, but all he saw was himself

staring into the void and then being pushed in when they found out the truth. Leaving Jackson with one option, he needed the surgeon to call it off and the man had been more interested in some golf game he had signed up for than anything else. Not that the doctor came out and said that out loud, but Jackson had seen him with a golf club when he was being escorted to his room.

“Please?” Jackson asked, taking one of the nurses hand’s between his own.

“Miss Hart. I know you are worried, but I promise you have nothing to worry about. You will see the doctor again when he comes back in before surgery, you can talk to him then, but that will not happen till you are prepped. So if you could...”

With a small nod Jackson took a step back from the woman, making a firm decision that this could not, would not happen. “Instead of canceling can we..” He started to say before the nurse cut him off. Not letting him ask if they could just reschedule, so that he had more time and if he just rescheduled a month from now, two months from now then he wouldn’t have to worry about this at all.

“Miss Hart, I’m going to step out of this room and when I come back I expect you to be in the surgery gown and in bed!” The moment she snapped, the nurse practitioner regretted it, but what was done was done. So she gave stern glare to the twenty something trans woman before stepping out of the room.

“Fuck...” Jackson said to himself. He had been sure he could talk the doctor into ending this farce, he could talk people into anything. The dress wearing man then shrugged at his own thought as he amended it. ‘Except the fact I haven’t been able to win an argument since I put on heels.’ Today he had worn his orange sleeveless dress with a short accordion skirt and a pair of brown four-inch pumps. Twisting his foot to the side to get a better look at his heeled foot Jackson sighed. ‘High heels, my kryptonite when I see a woman wearing them, and apparently when they are on me.’

If it took putting on an article of clothing to get the doctor back in the room, then so be it. “I have done worse.” Jackson said in a sing-song voice, thinking about Dunn’s cock being bounced on his tongue just the day before in one of their blow job sessions that had picked back up. Not long ago, not long ago at all, the idea of resisting getting dressed in a hospital gown when the other option was to stay in his overly feminine attire would have been laughable. Still Jackson needed to talk to the surgeon to call this all off, and he would figure out how to navigate the consequences after and to do that he had to change. So soon enough he was laying in the bed wearing just a pair of pink thong panties and the gown.

When the room's door opened, Jackson looked up from his cell phone the invitation to a fall dinner party that Tabitha had sent him, completely forgotten the second he saw Dr. Campbell. "Hey! I was hoping we could talk, in private." Jackson gave a nervous smile to the man who had walked in with a small gaggle of people with lab coats on around him.

With a smile and nod the doctor acknowledged his patient who seemed nervous about the surgery. He could understand that, many people were when it came to being cut open, but had performed breast augmentation so many times he could do it with his eyes closed. He hadn't always had the tools he did now, but that only made things safer and produced better results. "Here we have Jacqueline Hart, formerly Jackson Hart, our transgender patient here for breast augmentation mammoplasty with implants. Today instead of using silicone or saline we will be using synthskin, a fabricated flesh that Mega Corp created for us in procedures like we are doing today, skin grafts and believe it or not sex dolls. The doctor laughed at the memory of learning the product had started with a lifelike doll company called Darling Dolls that Mega Corp had bought.

"Doctor!" Jackson said with more emphasis. He had been told that younger doctors might be brought around as part of their training, but Jackson really didn't like being talked about like he wasn't in the room.

Pausing his lecture, Dr. Campbell walked to his patient's bedside. "Under Miss Hart's gown we are starting to see the effects of her hormone treatment, they are still early and while I would recommend waiting for their treatment to have a larger effect she has been eager to move forward and with the sign off from her primary care and therapist I see no reason we shouldn't move forward. She does suffer from anxiety and has a prescription to keep that under control, but did not take her medication today, as you can see she is a bit agitated."

Slapping her hands on the bedsheets Jackson pouted, sticking out his lower lip without thinking about how he looked like a flat chested woman having a small tantrum. "I'm not agitated because I didn't take my pills..."

Looking directly at his patient for really the first time to address her the doctor raised an eyebrow. "Miss Hart, you were asked not to take any medication day of your surgery. Did you take your medication today?"

"I didn't, but..."

"Good, good, you have nothing to worry about." Dr. Campbell said, patting the top of the girl's hand before motioning to her with his head as he looked at those he was

instructing. “Do you want something to help calm your nerves now?” he asked, almost saying help you calm down.

“Honestly? Yes” Jackson nodded, his anxiety was through the roof. “Then can we talk?”

Motioning with one hand for someone to assist him he gave the girl a reassuring smile. “We have more to discuss, but for now just take a deep breath.”

“A deep breath?” Jackson said confused before he felt something being pressed to his face. His hands moved up on reflex and his brown eyes darted to the person pressing something to him. The chemical-like smell filled his nostrils as he was given his first dose of anesthesia. “What are you giving me?”

“Just count to ten for me Miss Hart, count to ten and when you wake up someone will be here to speak with you.”

“Ten? Ten?” Jackson asked, his mind already growing foggy. “No, Doc, the surgery...” He needed to stop the surgery; this wasn’t right. Were Jackson’s last conscious thoughts before slumber took him.

- - -

A sharp pain caused Jackson’s eyes to flutter open, he was having a wonderful dream with a sexy girl pressing down on him as she rode his cock, her hands pushing down on his chest, him feeling her weight as they made love. The pain woke him from the dream, his mind felt foggy and things were just not normal. The girl's weight was still pushing down on his chest and he wasn’t in his own bed. Blinking a few times, he went to wipe the crud from his eyes when that pain came back in his chest as he moved his arm up. “What is...” he started to ask himself before noticing a thick bandage wrapped around his chest. His first foggy thought at seeing his chest was how odd the breast forms looked and that they were pulling on his chest in a bad way, but that all changed when he touched his fake tits and found he could feel his own hands. “Oh...” Jackson said, a lot calmer than he thought he should feel.

Using the bar on the bed he got himself up to a sitting position, feeling the weight of his chest shifting, still not all the pieces coming to his dug addled mind. “I have tits... Do I have tits?”

Pushing back his blonde hair he pressed at his chest some more. “Oh, oh, this is bad.” His mouth pressed together in a line before they cracked into a smile and a laugh came to his lips. It wasn’t funny, it was horrifying that he now had soft, if not painful feminine

breasts on his chest that seemed to be much larger than D cup or DD. Part of his foggy mind remembered being told about them appearing bigger till the swelling went down and his chest did feel like it was swollen, to the point that he thought it could bust if he moved in the wrong way.

“No, no, no, no, no, no.” He said rapidly with both hands now holding onto his newest assets.



The feminized man's mouth felt incredibly dry as he just sat there, trying to fully grasp what was going on, his foggy mind having a hard time with the task and seemingly not having the capability for him to start freaking out. "I'm... I'm..." Jackson blinked a few more times, his head feeling heavy and ready to go back to sleep from exhaustion. "I actually look like Jacqueline..." He said thinking about how he would no longer need the prosthetics. He didn't have the mental capacity to plan for the future to get things fixed, he didn't even have the capacity to fully grasp the changes to himself.

Stepping into the room Madison swallowed the soda that was in her mouth when she saw her little sister was finally awake. There had been some excess blood loss so the doctors kept Jackie under for the night to help her recover and she was happy to see the fake blonde finally conscious. "I think that was the idea." She said with a chuckle, noticing how Jackie was holding herself. "How do you feel after your surgery?" She asked hoping this would help some of her siblings' identity issues now that their body was looking more like they felt it should.

The longer he was awake the heavier Jackson's body felt, he continued to blink, his eyes not wanting to stay up as he looked up at his sister who looked incredibly pleased with herself. "Tired..." Jackson said, drawing out the word.

Scene 32

Pushing open the bedroom door Madison didn't bother to knock as she went into the apartment's master bedroom to check in on her sister. It had been over a week since Jacqueline had come home from their surgery and she didn't understand why they were so depressed. Still did her best to be both patient and empathetic, knowing she was no expert on what her younger sibling was going through, but Madison did wish Jackie would talk to her about what was going through their head. "Morning sis, how are you holding up?" Madison was not an early riser, but work demanded she be signed into her apps long before her own internal clock said it was time to be up. She knew Jackie was awake, she had heard laughter coming from the room, actual laughter after days of Jackie being a sad zombie.

"Hey." Jackson gave a half wave with one hand and hit the spacebar on his laptop that was sitting next to him to pause the movie he was watching.

"Happy to see you up, I was considering using the ice bucket challenge as a method to get you out of bed, though I suppose we still have to work on the actual getting out of bed part." Looking her sibling over she looked to be wearing a different nightie than the day before, the peach colored outfit showed plenty of her new assets. It wasn't just the clothing, Jackie looked to have actually both washed and brushed her hair. It wasn't just

the shower and change of clothes, for the first time in a while she saw a smile on her sibling's face and other than the comedy that was pulled up on their laptop, she wasn't sure what changed. Of course, she wasn't sure what caused the problem to begin with.

"I would have killed you." The soft breathy voice came from Jackson's mouth followed by a light laugh.

Sitting down on the edge of the bed Madison gave a shrug. "You might have tried, but that would have required you to get out of bed and I think we both remember how our last fight ended." A small smirk came to her face as she remembered them wrestling in the jello. "Looks like you are feeling a bit better and best of all it smells like you showered." She teased.

Things had been bad for Jackson, he had been pranked into wearing a dress for the office by Lincoln and his sister wanted to use that as an opportunity to dress him up and that led him down a path that he somehow hadn't been able to pull himself out of.

The world had seemed to not just go crazy but conspire against him. His internship that should have ended months earlier or changed over to an actual job in the sales team at Mega Corp had changed to him being not just a secretary but a bimbo secretary that serviced her manager every day. The attempts at making things better like keeping men away by proclaiming Linc to his boyfriend had spiraled to somehow, they were going to get engaged or so that was the plan.

The company had wanted to really push their diversity and show how welcoming they are by helping him transition to be the woman they believed he wanted to be, all in order to use him as some toy that their public relations could wave around. When he tried to slow the tide and get out of breast augmentation surgery, he wasn't even able to move the appointment. He felt powerless to stop these forces upon him.

It wasn't just waking up with a painful chest that now had swollen D cup breasts protruding off it. It was what else had happened that disturbed me, because...

Shortly after waking out of a fog, Jackson was still sucking on ice cubes when the doctor had come in to talk. Jackson felt contempt for the man, because he was one of the monsters stealing his masculinity.

Acting like he wasn't a butcher, the doctor performed a quick review of Jackson's vitals and chart.

“So how are we doing miss?” The doctor said while taking a few notes, thinking he was using his patients’ preferred pronouns.

The answer was bad, but Jackson had neither the energy, nor fight to open Pandora’s box at this moment. Jackson knew what had happened, but not the levels yet of medical documentation or consequences for initiating the fight to de-transition. So, Jackson just ignored the man’s question with an almost audible eye roll.

“I’m glad you’re alert.” The doctor said tracking her eye movement. “We were able to complete your requests, you were approved for the calcium deposit capsules, so no need to refill your estrogen injection prescription,” the doctor said with a smile looking up at the feminized man in front of him.

“My requests? Calcium what?” Jackson said with a furrow brow, trying to look confused, but failing to do so given the thin curvature of his manicured eyebrow arch. In failing, he just looked cute.

The MD then continued in sharing what the doctor thought would be good news. Saying how they understood the aversion to needles, So they administered what would be the last shot of estrogen while under.

Jackson was steaming mad, as he had planned on skipping the injection all together. He had went over the potential side effects and health risks and thought the were worth it. More accurately he was afraid of what would happen if he continued and even more scared at the consequences of stopping, after he had read the information the last doctor had given him, and was considering stopping regardless, but what this man was saying the option had been removed completely. A breath of relief then came to him, as he processed what was said in its entirety. How this was the last injection and hope grew inside of him like a blooming flower.

“...capsules are relatively new, but your blood work made you an excellent candidate for the trials.” The doctor continued, checking his notes with a small smile on his face, happy to give the good news. “Six calcium coated pellets are injected subcutaneously, each with different thicknesses. The result is that as the body dissolves the calcium, the estradiol and anti-androgens titrated out naturally, maintaining a consistent healthy hormonal balance.”

Jackson could feel his heart jump into my throat, it felt like he was choking on air. Pure terror was gripping the feminized man. ‘This cannot be real! This is just a bad dream, a dream brought on from too much drinking. I’m going to wake up and...’ He then did his

best to hold in the whimper, knowing this wasn't a bad dream, he hurt too much for it to be so.

The doctor continued, oblivious to the trans girl's panicked state of disbelief. "The six capsulized pellets should last about five years, so you won't need to worry about pills or needles until then, which if you like, we can repeat this indefinitely."

Jackson wanted to proclaim malpractice and sue the shit out of him, but that would lead to questions about why he wasn't happy about it, nor any recollection about why he had given authorization to Mega Corp to assist in his care when it came to transitioning.

"Only one last order of business," The the doctor said, concluding his devastating remarks, unaware he was burying Jackson's soul with news of unwanted feminization. "We couldn't do the spironactalone while you were under, for risk of anesthesia and blood pressure complications," Taking a syringe with a vial out of his pocket and drawing a healthy dosage as he spoke.

"Doc, I can't...I don't want..." he protested. "This has to stop! I have to say something before it is too late!" He thought, feeling both the pain and heaviness of his chest. 'Its.. too late.'

"Shush now, relax," the doctor said, backing away from the bed. Jackson started to catch his breath and regain some composure. "There is no need to do this as an injection," Jackson said trying to think of the right words to say to get him to stop and not get him sued for fraud at the same time. All while the doctor continued reaching for the IV syringe port.

With his eyes opening wide. "No!" Jackson cried out, deciding to just go with a firm rebuttal, removing any consent the man in the lab coat had. Things felt like they were moving in slow motion as he watched the only other person in the room insert the syringe and empty its contents fully into the dripping IV. Gaspng Jackson watched the oily swirls as it mixed into solution, the very chemicals that would further emasculate him, and cause this unwanted nightmare to continue.

"There, all done now. Sorry to give you a scare, no need to inject this into you when we already have an IV going." The good doctor said hoping his bedside manner could calm the girl down and if not he saw she was prescribed some medication to even out her mood..

Trying to be tactful, Jackson decided to ask about having another surgery. Asking if they could put him under and undo what they had done...to make him a freak.

“That isn’t an option, Jackie. The slow release hormone pellets in your body aren’t something that could realistically be removed...and to go back under the knife for your chest,” the doctor shook his head under the impression his patient was already thinking of going bigger, and simply said “...it would be best to wait three to five months, plus when the swelling goes down, it will take a better shape, and you’re about to become a very happy girl. Trust me.”

“Trust him,” Jackson thought with another eye roll.

So, I was stuck, stuck with breasts, stuck having female hormones flood his body and in pain, but not for long. Jackson had planned to remove the IV when the doctor left. But as he looked back to the doctor, he saw the doctor removing yet another syringe from the IV port.

“Painkillers and a sedative, dear” the doctor said. “Now get some rest. “

The painkillers helped Jackson shut himself away from the world, and drift off to sleep, allowing his body to get the full dosage of testosterone blockers.

A day or two later

Maddy made sure he ate, or at least tried too. His phone was full of unread text messages from Linc, Abe, Tabitha, Lilian and Dunn and almost as many missed calls. It wasn’t until the truly dark thoughts started to come, like if life was even worth living. Jackson knew if he was gone Maddy and his father would be inconsolable and only the idea of passing on pain to them kept him from exploring the thought further. Still Jackson knew he needed help, things were so out of control and because of all this mess he did have a tool in his tool box to use. Getting up and out felt like too difficult a task, but Kimmy, his counselor, had been more than willing to take his call.

Sitting on the tiled floor in the bathroom Jackson had called his mental health professional, worried about what he could say to her to get help, what he couldn’t say. She would be obligated to report him if she knew he was committing fraud and even more worried that she wouldn’t be able to help. He used to joke around most of the time, taking very little seriously, but all of that felt like a lifetime ago. With every ring of the phone Jackson could practically feel his blood pressure go up and when Kimmy answered it only increased his stress level instead of it going down. It wasn’t until she let him know that she had no problem talking on the phone that he was able to calm down, not completely, but it was a small step.

“You have to understand that what you are feeling now is normal.” Jackson heard the sweet voice of the woman say through the phone. He knew this was anything, but normal and yet wasn’t sure exactly how to say hey I don’t want to be a woman, without actually saying that.

“Kimmy, I don’t feel normal... I’m not... “ Jackson closed his eyes and with one arm hugged his legs up to his new bosomed chest.

“You feel as if you are losing control, or have lost control of your body?” When she had started her own transition, she thought changing herself to look more like how she felt would feel wonderful. There were those moments, but she had also felt crushing depression.

Pressing his lips together in a line Jackson nodded, the silence on the line dragging out before he actually put thought to voice. “Yes, I’m... I’m... I’m not me anymore.” he said, pressing the cell phone to the side of his head harder like it would help him faster.

“I know this might sound silly, but I want you to tell me three things about you. A movie you find funny, a place you want to visit and someone you love.”

The woman’s question made Jackson narrow his eyes as he looked down at the tiled floor, seeing the grime that had built up and how much it needed a good scrubbing. Not that he had ever scrubbed a bathroom floor, but he wanted to think about anything, anything at all other than himself. “I don’t know... Maybe one of those Jimmy Carry movies? The one where he is a lawyer.”

“Good, I thought that was funny too, what else?”

Jackson’s eyes shifted slightly as he thought, having no clue why she was changing the subject, he needed real help and she wanted to ask get to know you questions like they were on a date. “I would like to go to Germany one day, like for Oktoberfest and see how it is really done.” He had to really think the question through, traveling was something people loved to do, go see the sights but he didn’t have some drive pulling him off to distant places. “For love? Ahh...” He thought he should say Linc, for the story, but it wasn’t right and didn’t want to keep going back to that well. The last time Jackson had he ended up getting a dick picture and had used it as proof he actually wanted dick so he could suck his boss off. The only good thing to come of the surgery was time away from the office and away from Dunn. “Maddy, she can drive me so crazy I want to scream, but I love her.” He said just thinking about the hot soup she had given him after he told her he just wasn’t hungry and insisted he take some of it down.

“You find Jim Carry funny, you want to experience Germany in October and you love your sister? Is that all correct?” Kimmy repeated, either not knowing or intentionally ignoring that Oktoberfest was celebrated in September.

Once more Jackson nodded to the question, the actual answer to the question being delayed till he spoke up. “Yeah, I guess.”

“I want you to consider something for me. What you just told me are part of you, small pieces, but they are all you. You may watch many more movies you find funny and your favorite changes. You might decide to visit someplace else instead of Germany and you and your sister might fight, but the answers you gave me just now will always be true to who you are right now. Things change, but the pieces of you are all still there. Right?”

Thinking about what she was saying Jackson scrunched up his nose. “I guess.”

“And you have the power to change your wants and desires whenever you really want, right?”

Still confused, he shrugged. “Yeah, but what does that have to do with anything Kimmy?”

“It means change is normal and that you do have control over your life. Things are out of everyone’s hands and everyone resists change to a degree, even change they wanted. What you are going through is normal, and the unease you feel tends to go away over time. In a few weeks from now things will be better, not perfect, but better. Does that make sense?”

Thinking it over, it did make some sense to Jackson, it didn’t address the fact that he had been put on a high-speed train with destination female, but he did feel more than a little better. She had at least gotten him out of his own head where he had been folding his problems over onto themselves over and over again like it was pizza dough. “Yeah it does.”

“Good, now tell me. Have you been taking your prescriptions?”

Even though she wasn’t looking at him, Jackson fidgeted. “No.” He admitted, but at least hadn’t been drinking. That spoke more to the fact that he didn’t want to leave the room and that his sister wouldn’t give him any alcohol than him trying to stick to the promise that he had made over and over again.

“Then I want you to try a few things today and for you to give me a call tomorrow so we

can discuss how they made you feel. You are going to take care of yourself, get cleaned up and see if you can watch that movie you were talking to me about. If not something else you know you enjoy. Find yourself a cute outfit and get dressed up, look at yourself in the mirror and compliment yourself. Try to find acceptance in what you see, pride in who you are and remember this is a process and results will not happen overnight. It is okay to not feel one hundred percent, it is okay to give yourself a break. It is okay to be yourself. And?” Kimmy asked wanting her patient to fill in the blank for what else they should be doing.

“And?” Jackson asked back. “Tell my sister I love her?” He could hear the chuckle on the other end of the phone.

“Yes, that is something that is important. Remember you are not alone, but what I was getting at is that you should be taking your medication.” She didn’t think the dosage was correct for Jacqueline, but it was her MD’s job to get the balance right. She suspected once Jacqueline took it on the regular that he would lower the dosage to better fit her needs.

A partial smile formed on Jackson’s face as he sat in bed thinking about the conversation with Kimmy. She hadn’t talked him off some ledge, given him some deep insights, but what she had done was make him realize a good part of the weight that was pressing down on him was because he was compounding his issues. With her and taking his medicine things didn’t feel as dire, making it easier to cope. So he had breasts, breasts were awesome and Jacqueline looked sexy as hell. It wasn’t like they were permanent and he had testosterone in his body for since puberty, a few months of them kicking around in him wasn’t going to be the end of the world. When his primary doctor gave him injections, he had learned just not taking them could result in some serious consequences, so he just needed to be patient and maybe try to enjoy the ride. What other guy got the chance to play with tits everyday?

Putting his own hand atop his sisters’, Jackson gave it a gentle squeeze. Things were bad, but it was okay, at the moment his medication was mixing with estrogen making that happy little chemical linger in his brain, making his worries seem so much smaller. “I appreciate you trying to help me, I love you sis.”

Madison touched her hand over her chest. “Awww! I love you too.” Scooting closer Madison wrapped her arms around her sister who seemed to have turned a corner with what they were dealing with. “Care to share what is going on? I don’t have experience in dealing with what you are going through, but I promise to listen and to only tease you when appropriate.”

Pulling back from the hug, Jackson crossed his arms underneath his now real ample bosom. “When exactly is it appropriate to give me shit and when is it off limits?” He tried to look stern but couldn’t bring himself to really have any time of sour expression.

“Well.” Madison started, turning her face so she could give her sister the side eye. “It is a delicate balance that big sisters learn over time. So, I’m afraid you just wouldn’t understand.”

Giving his older sister the best glower he could Jackson let out a small huff. “Yeah, so I spoke with my therapist, and she helped. I mean not magic, but she told me to get cleaned up, take my beds, watch a funny movie, and tell someone important that I WONT name that I love them.”

“Yeah?” the short brown-haired girl said with a raised eyebrow. The way Jackie had said that made her wonder if she was talking about what she had just said to her, or if she was talking about Lincoln who had gone away just as their friendship had budded into something much more.

“Yes, no need to be a brat about it. She also said I should be nicer to myself or something like that and to get dressed up to give Jacqueline a chance.” He then rolled his eyes, she had said something closer to giving himself a chance, but that was what he took away from it. “I am Jacqueline and Jacqueline is me and all that. So, I dunno... wanna maybe go out for lunch today?” Jackson asked a part of his mind thinking about a particular low-cut top in the closet that Jacqueline would rock.

Cocking her head to the side, Maddy took her sister in once more, happy for them, wishing she could do more and wondering about seeing a therapist of her own to deal with all her own shit. ‘If they were able to help Jackson feel more like herself as Jacqueline then a therapist should do fucking wonders for me and my own issues.’ Leaning forward, she gave Jackie a quick hug, considering asking about seeing her new assets, wanting very much to see what breast augmentation surgery looked like using that new artificial skin tissue procedure, but dismissed it for now. “Sure, that sounds fun. Just us sisters? Or can I invite Callie?”

Scene 33

In the bathroom attached to the master bedroom Jackson leaned over the sink to be closer to the mirror as he slid the red creamy lipstick over his lips that promised a bold look as he hummed the beat to the song Uptown Girl. The feminized man felt like he was on top of the world, serotonin flowing thanks to his medication and what today was bringing he felt more than just a little happy. The accepting who he is, or who she was,

advice that he had gotten was utter hogwash, but still he felt pleased with himself. Soon Linc would be home and that meant when they went into work together tomorrow it would not just be both of their first days back in the office, but it would also mean the first day that things could start getting back to normal. 'Linc will take Dunn's job and I can stop, or at least start the process of being me!' Jackson thought.

Turning his head from left to right, double checking his makeup, Jackson watched the beautiful blonde in the mirror smile. The eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara made her soft brown eyes alluring while her bold red lipstick covered lips looked inviting. Jackson couldn't help himself as he blew a kiss in the mirror before a bit of laughter bubbled up. "At least I make a pretty girl." He said to himself as he turned around to get a look at his full body in the long mirror on the back of the bathroom door. The girl in the mirror still wasn't wearing any jewelry or shoes, but the white linen dress with cap sleeves looked spectacular on Jacqueline. The sweetheart neckline came down just enough to see her cleavage, something he knew he could enhance with putting the right necklace on her. In the reflection he saw the girl's smile grow as she looked herself over.

Despite his current happy mood Jackson hadn't forgotten about his troubles, but there was nothing to be done at the moment. The surgeon said that he needed to wait three to five months to get rid of the breasts and he was just going to have to let the hormones run their course and imagined once Linc got him a job in the sales department that everyone would just see Jacqueline transitioning to being male. Not ideal, but that only mattered till he got the work experience and could get the heck away from the large corporation. For now though, he had to play his part and just let the sexy woman he saw in the mirror do what she needed to do in order to get through this.

After finishing the task of getting ready, adding a pendant necklace, earrings and a bracelet he slipped his feet into some five inch wedges and buckled them on. One last glance in the mirror before throwing open his bedroom door Jackson stepped out into the living room, ready to face the day. A day that for at least the first few hours meant sitting in the living room with his sister who was only wearing a t-shirt and a pair of panties, a shirt that didn't do anything to cover her ass. Jackson watched her curiously for a second, as she sat on the couch with legs crisscrossed and work laptop in her lap as she worked. He didn't like walking around in just boxers, but his sister, Maddy was so confident and comfortable with herself that she lounged around in practically nothing.

Looking up from her PC the corner of Madison's lip tugged upwards as she took her sibling in. "Someone is looking nice. Wanting to make sure your boyfriend knows what he missed?"

Shifting his stance Jackson put both hands on his hips. "I will remind you dear sister of

mine, that you are the one that picked out practically my entire wardrobe.”

Closing the lid on her laptop, what she was working on being discarded momentarily Madison looked her sister over once more, loving how they stood in such a feminine way and felt a bit of pride being able to help Jackson be the girl she saw standing there. “You are welcome, but it wasn’t me who decided to put on shoes, heeled shoes that make your legs and ass look amazing...” Madison drew out the word. “That was you, but I would remind you little sister about you saying how you loved Lincoln’s cock when we came back from the club the other week and it looks like you want to make sure you get its attention too when your brown eyed man comes home.”

Averting his eyes Jackson felt a blush come to his cheeks, he didn’t fully remember that night, but a foggy memory of saying something like that came to mind. He knew there was a circumstance for him to say the phrase, but he couldn’t recall and it mattered little considering he had said it. “Yeah well... I wasn’t going to walk around barefoot, I doubt you have vacuumed or mopped the floor while I was bedridden.

“Suuuure.” Madison watched Jacqueline shift, the healthy blush coming to their cheeks as she teased her sister. There was truth in what Jackie had said, she hadn’t cleaned the floors, they weren’t filthy or anything, but still she let the weak excuse for wearing the shoes inside slide. “I guess I should get dressed too, maybe I should put on something sexy for Lincoln, I mean we did talk about getting married once and a girl could do a lot worse than an up-and-coming executive.”

“Madison Nicole Hart, you have a girlfriend!” Jackson chided his sister. Jackson knew she was teasing, or at least he thought she was and he didn’t need her ruining his plans before Linc took over for Dunn.

The browned haired young woman laughed. “Don’t you fret little sister, I’m not going to steal your man.”

“He isn’t...” Jackson clenched his jaw for a second before huffing. “Don’t you have work to do or something?”

Getting up from the couch Madison stretched a little to pop her back. “God yes, we pushed an update that broke all the pointers to a location’s print server and...” Madison pressed her lips together as she looked at her sibling. “It broke things, but that can wait till I have a shower and get changed. What are you going to get up to while you wait for your true love to come home?”

Ignoring what he perceived to be a barb, Jackson was about to answer when he realized

he didn't actually know what to do. Looking down at the floor he thought about what he had said to his sister before as an excuse for putting on his current footwear. Jackson wasn't one for cleaning when he could avoid it, but he was in a good mood and had been mostly stationary since the surgery. "Maybe I will clean up a bit, don't want to have Linc think my sister is okay living in a pigsty."

Like her sibling Madison wasn't the neatest person, while she hadn't cleaned, she also hadn't left a mess. "Well look at you wanting to show how much of a good little housewife you can be." She teased, already making her way to her bedroom that once belonged to Jackson.

Jackson pinched his face in as he stuck her tongue out at Maddy, knowing that if he responded verbally she would then respond in kind, she always had to get the last word in from his experience. Watching her close the door to his old bedroom he thought on her comment about being a good housewife. The thought felt distasteful and yet a soft laugh escaped Jackson's lips. 'I am about to be engaged for this ruse to come to a close.' Moving over to the closet where the washer and dryer lived the feminized man pulled out the vacuum cleaning. "Mrs. Jacqueline Hatch. Can you even imagine?" Jackson laughed again as he spoke to himself.

Busying himself, Jackson went about the late morning cleaning the apartment, still in a great mood and easily lost in thought thanks to the chemical concoction running through his system. His sister after actually getting ready for the day had taken her laptop back into her room to avoid the noise, leaving the feminized man to himself as he went from vacuuming then to other chores, zoning out and losing track of what he was doing more than once. The small living space didn't look much different, but Jackson knew it was cleaner and a small sense of accomplishment filled him. It wasn't until then that he checked his phone for messages. All the built-up text messages and voicemails from when he was wallowing had been answered, or at least answered enough far as he was concerned. So the awaiting message from Linc waiting for Jackson, made him smile.

Lincoln: Getting on my connecting flight now, can't wait to see that gorgeous smile of yours!

Lincoln: Make sure you are wearing something nice because when I get home we are going out for a memorable date.

Biting the long nail on his index finger gently, the corners of Jackson's lips rose in a soft smile as he read the message. Lincoln coming home was absolutely a reason to celebrate, that meant all of this... uncontrolled life was coming to a close or at least moving to its last chapter. "Now what would Jacqueline wear for a date when her boyfriend had been out of town?" Jackson asked himself before moving off to the

bedroom, a few ideas coming to mind.

Stripping off the outfit he had put on for the day, Jackson clapped his hands, his plump lips pressed together as he looked himself over in the mirror, enjoying the view. Getting dressed up to look sexy for his friend wasn't ideal, but Jackson didn't know what was planned. Lincoln could be having them go somewhere that coworkers would see them and Linc hadn't seen him since the surgery. The pressed lips changed into a sly smile as Jackson imagined teasing his friend as he played up the part of the devoted girlfriend for what he hoped was one of the last times. "Linc has no idea what I have done for him."

Without his consent Jackson's mouth started to water as the memory of Dunn's member slid in and out of his mouth and a phantom taste of cum came forth. 'Do I have to do something with Linc now that he is home?' Jackson asked himself. "I hope not, but if I have learned anything... it is disgusting but at least I know it won't kill me." Just thinking about that made Jackson feel uneasy and knew he shouldn't be feeling so happy, but even dower thoughts had no hold on his current mood, but it did feel much more like Jacqueline's world than his own.

"Lincoln's home, this is not good, it is great news! I just have to be Jacqueline for..." Jackson shook his head, knowing damn well it wasn't going to be like turning on and off a light bulb. "Don't think about that, think about tonight. Think about what Jacqueline would do, what would she do?" Asking himself the question Jackson looked back into the mirror before unclasping the bra that held his new breasts. "What would she do? Look her best, flirt and tease... okay, okay. Jacqueline, Jacqueline Hart. I am Jacqueline and I know exactly what I'm going to do!" Even with all the medication running through his system Jackson could feel the stress start to build, it couldn't get to panic levels, but as he said the name of the air headed secretary that he had been pretending to be something felt like it slid into place and the stress she was feeling practically melted away before it was forgotten.

Feeling excited Jacqueline changed her panties, sliding up a satin black thong, its very caress on her privates sending a shiver up her spine. She would get to tucking her little secret between her legs in a bit and she had a lot to do and wasn't exactly sure how long she had to get ready.

Wanting to look that little bit extra feminine she got out a simple black corset, the shapewear hadn't been comfortable at first when she first started to wear things like it, but it had grown on her. She was a little alarmed out how her elbows had developed the muscle memory of finding just the right spot on the curved bodice, to draw the strings tight behind her. The compression she had gotten used to before, but it was the extra support for her ample breasts that felt surprisingly comforting. Looking at the mirror,

she reflected that what it did for her waist felt like a bit like witchcraft, and there was simply no traces of a man in the mirror. She combined that with a dark red floral-patterned balconette push up bra over black transparent fabric.

Despite all this, she sensed something much more masculine stir in her, but ignored it. Biting her bottom lip she thought about what to do with her hair, but with a cloudy mind she found herself distracted and had moved on to thinking about other things for the night. Like how Lincoln loved playing with her fake breasts and wondered how it would feel to have his warm hands on her chest. The thought felt a little wrong, but she had done so much more in the office to protect Lincoln. Wouldn't it be wrong to deny him the same pleasures she gave their boss in his name?

Soon enough she had herself tucked away, her hair in place with a nighttime look to her makeup. Jacqueline's eyelashes were feathered out with mascara, she had eyeliner on and a deep blue sparkly eyeshadow that made her wonder if that would be enough to keep their friend's focus away from her chest. With hair and makeup done and the rest of the outfit laid out what stress had driven the mental deviation slowly subsided. Jackson looked himself over in the mirror and liked what he saw and knew his friend would too. It was wrong, but also a bit fun.

The mental hand off wasn't something the feminized man took note of, it wasn't like he wasn't in control of his body, it just felt like being a girl was okay, Jacqueline had a purpose and it was like a costume. Something an actor might do, but even as it made some tasks easier to digest it wasn't something that could last. Right now he saw himself in a little black dress that stopped shy of mid-thigh, that showed a good deal of cleavage without being what he considered trashy. The dress had a semi top that went with it, it left the breast area of the dress open, but covered his arms with both opaque and translucent black striped material that buttoned at his neck. In his ears were gold and sapphire, or sapphire like costume gems that hung down in three tiers of teardrops. Around his right wrist he slipped on a gold bangle that alternated with square cut diamond and sapphires, it like the earrings looked expensive, but were far from it.

The last thing Jackson needed was to slip his feet into the six-inch, sling back, peep toe heels that had a small platform to make the height of the heel easier to manage. They were higher heels than he ever wanted to wear and wasn't sure exactly why he had picked them out. Slipping them on he couldn't deny the effect they had on Jacqueline. The girl, the woman, the very sexy woman he saw in the mirror looked incredible. Giving himself a wink and blowing a little kiss he watched Jacqueline do the same back and felt his heart flutter. "Mr. Hatch isn't going to know what hit him." The idea of a small prank coming to his clouded mind, about wondering how uncomfortable he could make Linc by just doing what would come naturally to Jacqueline.

Scene 34

The apartment Jackson shared with Linc and now his sister wasn't that large, so finding a place to stand and pose for his fake boyfriend was a little difficult. The dolled up young man smirked devilishly thinking of his friend coming in and seeing him fake posing for him, giving the all too serious man all the sexy come hither energy that he had been forced to portray at the office. 'Seeing Linc's face turn all red is going to be priceless.' Jackson thought as he positioned himself behind the couch, putting his elbows up on the back of the furniture as he stood with one leg over the other in an attempt to appear feminine.

The wait was a little longer than Jackson expected, with how long it took him to get ready he thought Lincoln would be coming through the door any minute and more than once had to shoo his sister back into his old room. The idea of getting a rise out of Linc feeling off after Maddy teased him for wanting to look sexy for his boyfriend, but still Jackson was in a good mood, those happy little chemicals in his mind doing their thing as he waited.

The trip home for Lincoln hasn't been a smooth one, his connecting flight got delayed and when he boarded found himself sitting right in front of a young woman with her infant. Making the plane trip a noisy one, still when he stepped off the plane and felt the Florida humidity washing over him he was in a great mood. Or at least a good one, great being put on hold till the aspirin he took came into effect. By the time he climbed the stairs in his apartment building, suitcase in hand he felt as excited as he once was Christmas morning.

When he opened the door to the apartment, he saw Jacqueline and was pretty sure his heart skipped a beat. The person standing just down the entrance hallway looked nothing like his old coworker turned friend, Jackson wasn't there. Instead, there was Jacqueline, the beautiful woman in a little black dress that showed much of her smooth legs. Lincoln's eyes trailed up and down the girl's body from her styled blonde hair, her soft brown eyes and her red lips that seemed to promise mischief. The outfit she wore showed the tops of her breasts, reminding him of her new assets. "Wow, ahh. Jacqueline. You. Wow." More than a few things ran through his mind, telling his friend how great it was to see them, how he had missed her, how he wanted to drag her off to the bedroom, but something broke between the translation between mind and tongue and the best he could get out was wow.

Seeing Linc come in the door wearing a suit, not just a blazer over a polo and sneakers, but a real suit and cleanly shaved took Jackson aback. He was about to say something

along the lines of do you come here often when the intense look on the man's face made him feel like something was wrong. That was until Linc spoke, his friend didn't say much but those few words felt both reassuring and validating, like all the prep work for this last date had been worth it. "You don't say?"

Stepping closer Lincoln wrapped one arm around Jackie's waist as he gazed into her eyes. "Sorry, when a man walks into a room and sees a girl so beautiful that she makes the sun seem dull by comparison, it can make him a bit dumb founded."

"You sure know how to make me feel manly." Jackson laughed nervously, feeling awkward even as a blush came to his cheeks. "Remember I'm still a dude."

"Jacqueline, now none of that, you should be prepared because I plan to make you feel like a princess." Lincoln said as he leaned in and pressed his lips to Jacqueline's hungrily. "Mmmm." he felt himself groan as he pressed his body into hers. Moments, short and long of dysphoria he knew was normal, but Lincoln had no problem giving reassurances.

Feeling Lincoln's lips pressed into his own, Jackson placed his palm on his friend's chest as he closed his eyes and kissed back. A moment later Jackson's heavily mascaraed eyes fluttered open and he pushed his friend back. "Hey, hey. Save that for when we are out in public so everyone can know we are in love." The feminized man said thinking of the ruse.

"Is that what we are?" Lincoln asked playfully, still holding onto the blonde as he raised an eyebrow.

"That better be what you are telling people for this to work." Jackson said, pressing the long nail of his index finger into his friend's chest.

Laughing, Lincoln gave his girlfriend a hug believing she had been telling him that she wanted PDA and for him to confess his love so everyone knew. "I will tell the world, I love you Jacqueline Hart." He knew that he was physically attracted to his friend and that took a little bit for him to get past mentally and past that Lincoln knew he liked her. The trip away for two weeks, not seeing Jacqueline other than a few selfies and their night of sexting had him work it out and he thought he did love her. Getting married was still too quick for him, but that had to be accelerated for work. For now they had their feelings and attraction, everything else would fit in place like a puzzle.

Biting his bottom lip Jackson gave him clearly seeing his friend wanted him to say the L word back and it only seemed fair considering what they were planning. Besides he did

love Lincoln, he was a stick in the mud at times, but he was a great friend. “I love you too, Lincoln Hatch.” Soon as the words left his mouth Jackson felt himself pulled tightly and kissed once more. This time his friend's tongue slid into his open mouth. Once upon a time this would have freaked Jackson out, but after kissing his boss, another man so many times and doing much worse this was hardly a bother. It was still wrong, but Jackson had been faking melting into his boss and his advances enough that it was practically second nature. After turning the kiss, sliding his own tongue against Lincoln's and feeling his nipples get hard Jackson pulled back and slapped his friend on the shoulder. “Hey! What did I say?”

“Sorry, but how can I resist kissing you when you confess your love? PDA, I can do that, but I was hoping for some more special alone time with you and...” Lincoln's blue eyes slid down to his girlfriend's new assets. Something inside of Lincoln loved it when she used that stern tone with him and took command, that day where she demanded his dick and dragged him off to a supply closet never really leaving his thoughts fully.

“Aww, do you want to play with these?” Jackson cupped his D cup chest that was pulled up and together in the pushup bra to tease his friend and spoke in an overly cutesy voice.

“You know I do, but we can play with them when I fuck you proper later tonight.” Lincoln said, trying to mimic the sexual aggressiveness she had shown him before.

“What!?” Jackson said blinking a few times, his head was still a bit foggy, a side effect of his medication and he could have heard wrong. Linc talking like that was shocking.

“You heard me, but that can wait. For now we have to go out and do all that PDA that you want and I know just how to show everyone how much I love you Miss Hart.”

Jackson thought he was laying it on a bit thick, but still allowed himself to be taken by the hand and led to the door to the apartment. Just as they were about to leave Jackson pressed a hand on the door. “One second, I forgot something.” Mincing off Jackson grabbed his purse and knocked on his sister's door before opening it. “Hey Maddy, we are off on our supposed date night, don't burn the place down while we are gone.”

Madison was sitting on her bed, one foot over the other as she painted her nails. Looking up she cocked her head to the side. “Do you know what is happening tonight?” She asked, the word supposed raising the question.

“Yeah, we are going out so that anyone that might see us will, do a little public sign of

affection, get some food and some drink... well he can drink. I think I'm good on that. Then we come back here and I make Linc massage my feet after walking around in these shoes."

Getting up and walking as carefully as she could with wait paint on her toenails Madison put one arm on her siblings shoulder. "Tonight, you are dressed to kill and going out with a good man or at least a decent man, but you clearly like him. Have fun tonight, you have been cooped up inside for too long."

"I will, I will." Jackson said brushing his sisters arm off him, the happily little feelings still fluttering inside of him, helping the smile stay on his face.

"I mean it, you have been hard on yourself. Look at me and tell me your name, your... no better yet, just repeat after me. I am Jacqueline Hart, I am a woman and I deserve to be happy."

"Maddy..." Jackson said, dragging his sister's name out.

"Say it!" Madison said, snapping her finger like she was trying to train an animal.

"Fine! I'm Jacqueline Hart, I am a woman, hear me roar and I serve to be happy." Jackson made a clawing motion with one of his hands.

"Funny, but say it again." Jackie had scared her for a while with going into postoperative depression and she was not going to let that happen again if she could help it and positive affirmations were never a bad idea as far as she was concerned. When she got Jackie to repeat it twice more she let her younger sibling go and thought of one of her own little black dresses and wondered how Callie would react if she showed up at her door.

Not bothering to ask where they were going Jackson instead asked his friend about his trip and wanting to avoid questions about what he had been up to and not wanting to admit how many times he had seen their boss's dick, Jackson kept asking questions about the little details. "So you go to a bunch of different group meetings and they tell you how to be an effective leader? Sounds really boring."

"Some of them were boring, but this is new to me, but now I'm lean six sigma certified." Lincoln said, pointing to himself with his thumb while paying attention to the road.

While Jackson hadn't been endowed for long he didn't pay much attention to how his chest moved and bounced as he laughed. "That totally sounds like you joined a sorority or some secret club, you are such a nerd."

Glancing to the side Lincoln smirked watching his date. "It just means I know how to improve performance by eliminating waste of resources."

Jackson gave his friend a flat look before repeating himself. "Nerd."

"You are lucky you are sleeping with the boss or talking like that could get you fired." He said teasingly, trying to hide the growing nervousness he was feeling the closer they got to the restaurant. While his little tease did that, it did however make him momentarily lose focus on the road as his thoughts turned to what they were going to get up to later.

"You know about that!?" Jackson had told him about Dunn wanting certain things, but he didn't think he was so out of it that he would have admitted to swallowing his loads of cum.

"What I know would surprise you." Lincoln gave the girl next to him a wink, trying to be charming while thinking about that random fantasy knowledge he has about things like Lord of the Rings that if he said out loud would be accused of being a nerd once more. "What I do know is the two of us are going to have fun in our bedroom tonight."

The makeup on Jackson's face kept him from looking pale and he swallowed hard, thinking now that Linc hadn't been teasing about fucking tonight like he had thought. "You, you... you want to have sex?"

Watching Jackie's eyes go wide and her swallow her saliva, a tell he knew well, it was something his friend did to to buy time mentally as they worked something out or tried to calm down. It brought elation to his own mind, despite the two being intimate on more than one occasion and what tonight was all about he still wasn't so sure of himself that she would want him. That insecurity being just one of the reasons it turned him on so much when she told him how she wanted his cock. "Oh yes, you remember that day where you took my hand and dragged me off to the closet for that blow job? I have never gotten it out of my head, I can't stop thinking about you." he confessed.

"Oh." Jackson blinked his heavy lashes a few times. 'He wants to do that again!? Of course he does... he made me do it once to keep this going, why wouldn't he want to do it again?' The medication running through his system kept the oncoming panic attack at

bay but Jackson could still feel his heart rate increasing. 'It's fine, it's fine, you are Jacqueline, Jacqueline, Jacqueline Hart and a blow job or two is no big deal to you.' That was when a drunken memory came flitting to the surface of Jackie's mind, of her telling a stripper that she loved cock. She had been holding the dancer's massive member thanks to her sister and had confessed to him or just after the man left that she loved her boyfriend's cock, Lincoln's cock. "Well, we don't have to wait till tonight." Without thinking anything was odd about her behavior Jacqueline reached across the center console of the car to run her long-nailed fingers over her boyfriend's crotch, much like she did when kneeling in front of her boss.

The brown-haired man's eyes practically bulged out of their sockets when he felt his girlfriend's hand start pawing at his crotch. Lincoln's body let its desire be known as he instantly went to half-mast at the intimate touch. "Jacqueline... sweetheart." He moistened his lips, feeling more than a little awkward that the beautiful creature next to him was doing exactly as he had requested. She was being bold and demanding for what she wanted, but driving while getting a blow job or even a hand job was out of his comfort zone and was incredibly dangerous. That with the risk of getting caught made it that much hotter, but it wasn't something he was willing to risk. He would pull over but they were already running late. "Jacqueline stop, save that for later." It took an enormous amount of willpower to say no to what was about to happen. Looking down at his lap seeing his date's hand with her pretty long nails holding his bulge, it was one of the hardest things he had ever done and even if it was past the line with what he was comfortable with he wasn't sure he had made the right call.

Jackson could feel the warmth of his friend's member in his hand through his slacks and slowly withdrew his hand from it as he sat back into his seat. The smell of his own perfume, the taste of the lipstick on his lips, the cold air from the vents blowing cool air across his exposed legs all came into focus. 'I'm so desperate to get it over with that I was going to give Linc road head, get it together Jacqueline.' Jackson shook his head. 'Jackson...' he mentally corrected himself. "Ahh, sorry." The feminized man said feeling incredibly embarrassed for his own actions as he tore his gaze away from the bulge in his friend's pants that he caused. 'I have been playing the part of a bimbo secretary for too long.'

"No, no." Lincoln tried to give the pretty girl next to him a reassuring smile as he reached over to take her hand in his own, while his other stayed on the steering wheel. "I told you I love how bold you are, I'm just not ready for that. You can be all take charge like that when we get home."

Pressing his lips together Jackson shook his head a few times rapidly, despite his

feelings about Linc wanting another blow job, his own god awful humiliation for trying to give him a road head and being denied it felt almost maddening that he still felt a level of happiness. Making him understand why many people didn't like to be on mood altering medication. It wasn't exactly being happy, just that the things that would upset him seemed to matter a lot less, producing a similar effect. "Linc... I now there is a lot going on." Jackson blinked a few times, fluttering his lashes a bit to get his thoughts in order, a task that would be easier without the medication he was just considering. "Are you gay?"

Taking a deep breath and blowing it all out, the blue eyed man glanced to his side at his girlfriend. Someone he had known for little over a year as a man and only recently finding out they were transgender. Their relationship started off as something to just help them fend off other male attention, but thinking about it he had suspected that was just a ploy. A way for his friend to ask him out without having to actually ask him out. Jackson had always been good at getting people to do what he wanted, at least when he really tried. The fact that Jacqueline made an incredibly hot woman helped ease him into things, but he really did enjoy her company the more he thought about it. The question of if that made him homosexual had come into his mind a great number of times, but in the end he could honestly say that he wasn't attracted to men. Lincoln could admit that some men were good looking or even down right attractive like some movie stars, but in the end they didn't do anything for his libido. Jacqueline might have started life off as a male, but he didn't find memories of Jackson sexual in any way, it was only Jacqueline that brought about desire.

Still holding her hand, Lincoln gave it a light squeeze, taking his eyes off the road for only a second. "I'm not, but at the same time as far as I'm concerned you are a woman. It doesn't matter what is between your legs."

"You... you see me as a woman?" Jackson asked, the confession feeling like a physical blow. It made sense in a way, that was how Linc was rationalizing, wanting sexual favors from him to continue this chaotic ruse. Him being gay would have explained it, but hearing that his friend thought of him as a woman felt like it came out of left field when and at the same time the revelation felt so obvious. 'Shit I didn't even think about it... once I go back to being myself there is no way the two of us can stay friends. He will look at me and always remember that I once walked around in high heels and sucked him off and that is without him knowing about what I do with Dunn.'

As tormented as he was at living a life he couldn't fully control knowing he had people in his corner helped Jackson get through things. He didn't have a lot of friends, not close ones at least and that had been a choice, mostly an unconscious one to help protect himself. After his mother left and his dad partially checked out it had been just him and

Maddy. With how dark it was outside Jackson was able to see his own reflection in the passenger side window. What the reflection showed wasn't how he thought of himself, he was still a man even if he had massive tits that he had to admit looked sexy as hell. 'It would be weird if Linc didn't think of me as a girl, but after...'

"Are you okay?" Lincoln asked when Jacqueline didn't respond to his answer, making him nervous he had answered incorrectly. He didn't think he had and that made his mind go down the mental rabbit hole wondering if this was the dysphoria thing again that he only understood a tiny bit of.

"Hmm, yeah..." Jackson answered before pausing for a few heartbeats. "When this is over, I mean in the near future, the far future. Will we still be friends?" the dress wearing man asked without even considering the fact that he hadn't let go of Lincoln's hand.

Hearing that question made Lincoln's heart practically weep. He knew his friend wasn't codependent, so this wasn't about him being away for a few weeks, but he also knew about the Hart family's past. 'She is so fragile right now, turning her down must have felt like rejection.' Lincoln thought about the date he was desperately trying to be on time for so that things would go according to plan and how much that would probably help ease the bottle blonde's mood, but they weren't there yet, they were close, but he couldn't let the silence hang.

"You know I once thought of you as just a coworker, one that didn't always pull their fair share. A coworker that got under my skin and one that made me laugh. A coworker that pulled me out of my own head and that you were more than just a coworker or a work friend. You were a friend, at times a good friend, at times not so much. I mean really, you can be a pain in the ass. You have a great ass by the way." Lincoln tried a small step to the side in the conversation for some levativity and a compliment. "Truth is, you are my best friend. No matter the terms or titles used between us that will remain true. Or at least it will for me, and I hope you will think of me the same."

With a lopsided grin Jackson thought of one of the photos he had taken to send to Lincoln, he had been sending with his back to the mirror and had slightly bent over, looking over his shoulder to take a photo of his own rear end. Making him feel like the nice ass comment was at least partially his own fault. Being desired felt good, but being desired by a man, his best friend was different, like it was wrong. Yet here Lincoln was being very open about it and saying that it wasn't going to affect their friendship in the long term. "I hope you're right, and yeah I do think of you like that or something close." A few seconds of silence hung between them, Jackson trying to soak in the idea. "You know what though?" Jackson turned his body to face the driver's seat a little more or as

much as the seat belt would allow as he thought of how Maddy had teased him earlier about getting dressed up for Lincoln's arrival too. "No more flirting with my sister, I promise you she would eat you alive."

Pulling into a parking spot on the side of the street Lincoln bounced his head from left to right slowly the corner of his lips turning up in an almost smile. "I don't really flirt with her, honestly she is the one doing it, you Hart girls are pretty forward, but I suppose it would be wrong of me to do that...considering things."

Jackson threw his hands in the air, not paying attention to the area they just parked in. "Finally! I have been telling you to get past your crush on her for how long?"

Lincoln only nodded in response, putting pieces together in his mind about how Jacqueline had been saying just that ever since the first time he had expressed how pretty Madison was and how through the lens of what he knew now his friend had been really saying they wanted to be with him and didn't want him to be with their sister. "How long is not important, what is important is that I use a distraction to change the topic."

Scrunching up his nose Jackson tilted his head slightly to the side causing the exposed earring to visibly tilt with it from Lincoln's point of view. "A distraction? You giving up on the idea of being an executive at Mega Corp and going to become a magician?"

Unbuckling his seat belt Lincoln leaned over to his date and gave her a quick kiss. Their lips touching, the kiss lingering for just a heartbeat, enough for him to feel her creamy pouty lips. Pulling back, he spoke in a whisper. "Distraction."

As their lips met Jackson took in a deep breath, smelling the natural musk of his friend mixed with cologne. His own scent had changed so much from using feminine productions, body wash, lotion and perfume and unknowingly how the change in his hormones had affected his own natural scent. That combined with how unexpected the intimate action and his slow foggy mind had put him on the back foot, leaving him speechless.

"Now, as much as I would love to sit here and make out like we were teenagers, we are here, you stay right there while I get your door for you."

Watching Lincoln get out of the car Jackson blinked a few times trying to get himself centered as he took his own seatbelt off. Having his door opened for him wasn't something new, men had been doing it since the first day he had showed up at the office in a dress. It still didn't feel normal, it was nice a perk woman had he supposed, one he

wasn't really sure why some had a problem with. It didn't make him feel less capable, people were just removing an obstacle for him, but it happening right after that kiss. A kiss that was over so quickly, but it really had thrown him for a loop and he wasn't sure why.

"Your door madam." Lincoln said with a bad French accent.

"Oh umm one second." Jackson said pulling up his purse that had been on the floorboard of the car so that he could take out his lipstick and fix his face before walking out in public. Soon as that was done he pressed his legs together and swung them out to the side in order to not flash his panties with the short dress like Maddy had taught him and accepted his friend's hand. "So, umm." Jackson's brown eyes darted around the area, only now paying attention to where they were.

The area had an old downtown feel, with brick faced businesses on either side of the street with a large median area for people to walk around, it having trees placed to give it a natural overhang. Each of them having twinkling yellow lights spaced out through the branches and small lanterns hanging down lighting up the area pushing back the darkness while giving a comforting atmosphere. "This is a nice little area." Jackson said seeing a couple walk by holding hands, followed by an elderly man with a yellow lab that had its tongue hanging out of its mouth happily and looking more like they were taking their owner for a walk, rather than the other way around.

"I thought so, they have an old trolley off to the side down the block to take photos in front of if you want to take a little walk."

Jackson looked at his friend skeptically, he didn't have any interest in an old trolley or trains, or anything of that nature so figured he was up to something. "These shoes aren't made for walking." The very feminine man said posing with foot held to the side so that Lincoln could see it in profile.

'Come fuck me heels are not made for that purpose.' Lincoln thought as he fought back the urge to mentally ravish the sexy creature standing next to him. Taking a look at his watch he nodded to himself. "How about we just walk a little bit up ahead, there is a live band playing and we need to kill a few minutes until our reservation anyhow."

"So no trolley?" Jackson asked, raising an eyebrow, boy curious what that was about and to tease him a little.

Taking Jacqueline's hand in his own the pair crossed one side of the street to get to the median area. "I was just thinking of things to do before dinner." Lincoln walked the two

up next to a four tier public water fountain that stood a good twenty feet in front of a gazebo that had a band playing. Letting go of her hand he moved his arm to encircle Jackie's waist. The sound of the water adding an extra calming effect to the atmosphere. With his girlfriend held close Lincoln looked over at the band, making eye contact with the lead singer and nodded his head.

Planning tonight wasn't the most difficult thing he had done, but it had been costly. He had only gotten a single paycheck at his new salary level and with his plans for tonight his bank account had went right back to its old intern levels almost instantly, but he was sure... he hoped it would be worth it. It wasn't like things were going to come from left field, they had already discussed it and even though this was happening now because of what he needed to secure his new position it didn't mean Lincoln didn't want to do it right.

Feeling himself being pulled closer to his friend Jackson didn't resist, instead he leaned more into his friend and allowing some of the weight to be taken off his heeled feet. It wasn't cold out, not that it ever really got that cold in Florida, but a cool breeze blowing across his exposed hairless legs sent a shiver down his spine. The warmth of Lincoln's body was welcome and it made him wonder if that was why girls often pressed themselves into men, in order to steal their warmth. The music from the live band was nice, and had a handful of people gathered in the area. A family, two couples and a few people by themselves and it made Jackson wish he had a few dollars in his purse to tip them. When one song ended and another began he started to bob his head to the beat as the lead singer started.

"It's a beautiful night, we're looking for something dumb to dooooo. Hey baby, I think I wanna marry you."

The Bruno Mars song had just started when Jackson heard Lincoln whisper into his ear as he pulled away. "Hey what do you think of these lanterns?"

Swaying a little to the beat Jackson looked up into the trees, the sparkling lights up in the tree branches and the hanging yellow lanterns looked pretty he guessed. He thought it was a nice touch, making the area feel homier than just streetlamps. When he looked down to tell Lincoln as such he noticed the man was no longer standing next to him, but was kneeling down. It didn't click as to what was happening. There down on one knee was his best friend holding up a small open box with a ring inside. Jackson's foggy mind was having trouble grasping what was going on, him never in a million years thinking of a situation where someone would be down on one knee proposing, but something sank in as the song the band played continued.

“Don’t say no, no, no, no, no. Just say yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah and we’ll go, go, go, go, go. If you’re ready, like I’m ready.”

That was when it felt like the world fell away, the sound of the song, the beat of the music fading into the background. Jackson’s jaw hung open and his eyes went wide. Without considering what he was doing his hand reached down, fingers touching the surface of the ring as if trying to see if this was real. Trying to process things had Jackson almost completely frozen in place like a computer when opening too many applications at the same time.



“Jacqueline Hart, I love you and I promise to always be there for you, to be your best friend. Would you do me the honor of marrying me?” Lincoln said, his knee protesting its position of holding up his weight on the concrete. When Jacqueline didn’t answer, anxiety started to rise and his mind, normally a neat and orderly place, started to jump from one thing to another as he considered what was wrong. ‘She isn’t answering! This was too fast. I had to do it for work to keep this position, but I shouldn’t have pressured her...’ He started to think before it all washed away when he saw Jacqueline close her mouth and a small tight smile blossom into something bigger, her white teeth showing as she smiled large enough that it figuratively touched her eyes and she nodded her head vigorously. “You have to say it.” Lincoln gently encouraged her.

The world felt so far away for Jackson, the people around him didn’t seem to exist other than blurs in his peripheral vision. ‘He is asking me to marry him!? This was supposed to happen, calm down, calm down. We have to do this for his job, Lincoln is getting engaged to Jacqueline. She would love this...’ Jackson closed his mouth, the surprise not going away. It still felt like he was hit by a mental truck, but as he looked down at the man and the ring things fell into place and the seed of a smile took root and grew as Jacqueline thought about what was happening. The lights, the band, that song, it all fit now that she looked down at the man that was her boyfriend. She nodded her head thinking about how Linc had confessed his love and proposed to always be there for her and to always be her friend. The worries of earlier felt so much less important, they weren’t gone but they also felt like they belonged to someone else. Like she was carrying the weight for someone else and that didn’t matter right now. “Yes! Of course, yes!” She called out, giddily bouncing on the balls of her feet as Lincoln slid the ring onto her finger before standing and the two embraced.

Scene 35

Things felt like they were moving in fast forward, Jacqueline tasted the food, a four course meal and recalled it all being delicious, but for the life of her she couldn’t say what she had eaten. She would say it was because she wasn’t thinking clearly, still so shocked at the turn of events that happened before they went into the restaurant, but she often operated within similar mental confines. What she did remember was touching her splayed out fingers of her left hand to her chest, just over her heart. Then snapping a selfie with her head turned just slightly to the side with a coy smile before sending it off to her sisters.

Jackie: Need your opinion

Maddie: You know I am never afraid to provide that service

Jackie: Take a look at this picture and tell me if you think this shade of lipstick makes me look engaged?

The ring itself that was on Jackie's finger in the photo was rose gold, shaped to look like vines with a few tiny clear diamonds inset to look like leaves and at its center was a large light blue aquamarine gem. It wasn't some five-thousand-dollar ring, though it was more than half that or so Jacqueline would think later when the shock of what was happening finally wore off. The engagement had been discussed, not in any detail, just something that needed to happen for her boyfriend, her wonderful, wonderful boyfriend to succeed at Mega Corp. The entire thing felt surreal, the two of them used to be just interns working together in a cubicle. It all was just happening so fast, so blessedly fast.

Much of their time at dinner she found her mind drifting off, hard to focus on any one thing, the feeling of being wanted, Lincoln's words about always wanting to be best friends and being together filled her past the brim. Like someone pouring water into a glass that was already full she felt like there wasn't enough room for all her feelings, all her thoughts. It was almost as if it was crowded inside her own mind and soul. All the bliss didn't completely cover up some background feeling of something being off, almost as if things were wrong. She knew her medication helped her keep stress at bay, but there was something deeper to it. Her joy crashed up against a wall she couldn't really see past, one she had helped create.

Jacqueline wasn't sure where the time was going, and hardly recalled how dinner had transitioned to them being back in the car together. None of the feelings, those good and those that felt like a distance scream had left her. With a shake of her blonde hair she looked to her boyfriend, now turned fiancé and took his hand in her own. 'I am not going to let my self-doubt get in the way of being happy!' She told herself, wanting to know, needing to know that she deserved to be loved.

When the pair had made it inside the apartment she considered kicking off her heels to gain some relief, but when she felt Linc's hand on her hip she looked over her shoulder at him. The boyish smile on his cleanly shaven face had her returning it without a thought, a warm feeling growing in her belly at the knowledge that not only was that smile for her, it was because of her. She often teased people, most recently sexually, but before that with games and pranks. It was fun, it was to get attention, it was to make people smile. For them to smile at her. Leaving her stilettos on she turned to face her man. Her shoes were the type that could be described as come fuck me heels, they made her legs and ass look better, sexier and she wanted to be that for the man that had

professed his love for her publicly, to be sexy for him.

An emotional spike shot through her as she wrapped her arms around Lincoln's neck, her wrists crossing behind him as she looked into his eyes. The feeling was one of instinct, telling her she shouldn't be doing this, it was almost tangible. "God, Linc has that goofy grin on his face again." Jackson thought, feeling a bit awkward standing so close to his friend like they were a couple in love. The night had felt odd, it started with him wanting to tease him to get a reaction and then he had to ruin it by getting all emotional or whatever was involved with the proposal. Looking past the man Jackson bent his wrist and held up his fingers to get a look at the ring on his finger. "The ring is pretty, the nerd has good taste." He thought, a smile playing at the corners of his lips.

Focusing back on his friend Jackson wasn't able to suppress a laugh that came out more of a giggle with how his friend just stood there looking at him and not saying a word. "What?" He asked while ideas of exactly what crept into his mind. Remembering that his goody two shoes friends weren't so sweet and innocent, he wanted something from him. He wanted the same thing Dunn wanted, and it made his stomach churn. The fact that he had already done something like this with Linc didn't change how he felt about the idea of being sexual with him, it just told Jackson that deep down he was the type of guy to do whatever it took to get what he wanted. "I suppose you want to go to the bedroom now?"

Lincoln put his hand on the sexy blonde's hip after he locked the door behind himself. He almost put the palm of his hand firmly on her ass, he wasn't sure why he didn't, but when she looked over her shoulder at him. The way her soft brown eyes looked at him made Lincoln feel like he was the only man in the world to be so lucky. Neither of them spoke as she turned around to embrace him, wrapping her arms around his neck, her soft chest pressing into his own. With her heels she was slightly taller than him, not that height mattered much. He loved tall girls, the short stacks and everything in between.

The way she looked into his eyes made him feel like she was searching for something, or waiting on him to do something. He didn't want to believe something was wrong, but he had never been in a position like this before. She seemed so happy over dinner, but at the same time had said so little that he couldn't help letting fear creep in. Fear that she was regretting saying yes. Lincoln knew he needed to at least look stable in order for this new role at the company to happen and that was what prompted this to begin with, yet at the same time it felt like the least important thing. He just wanted Jacqueline to be happy and so desperately wanted her to be happy with him. The worried man had never been blessed with abundance of self-confidence. He had always been a nerd, from a little bit to a lot depending on who you asked and it really had only been recently that society was on board and open with nerds being cool. Not that he ever felt like he was cool, no

he felt like the butt of jokes, he felt like he had to be the voice of reason, the adult in a room and felt alone.

Being a coworker with Jackson had been an experience, he worked, just not diligently. Never afraid to just start up a conversation and joke around, sometimes saying things he really shouldn't at the office. Their meager paychecks had them moving in together so that they could get an apartment that wasn't far from the office and that allowed them to become friends. Jackson was a friend he wanted to strangle at times, driving him crazy, but he had always made him laugh or at least want to laugh even if he didn't show it. Somehow, things had evolved past that, a joke he started turned into something very real. He had allowed Jackson an excuse to show who he really was, who she really was and when Lincoln saw her, really saw her. He couldn't help himself, he felt attracted and that attraction raised all sorts of questions.

Those questions led him here to this moment, a moment where he felt incredibly unsure if he was worthy of her, all while wanting to pin her against the wall and ravish the sexual creature he had pressed against himself. It was when she looked past him, looking at her hand or so he saw in a hallway mirror. One he didn't remember being on the wall before his trip. Noticing it he noticed a few other things hung on the walls. Lincoln imagined Jacqueline was decorating, or it was Madison. Either way, with the new addition he was able to see his date, his fiancé looking at her ring. In front of him, he saw the most wonderful smile. Then she laughed a soft musical thing, her giggle helping the anxiety that had just built-up melt away. It was then she asked him What, like she was suddenly self-conscious of him looking at her, when he had been looking at this person, this young woman with love all night. Her follow up question had him jumping to action when she quipped if he wanted to take this into the bedroom.

Jackson still felt his stomach churning, not enough to be sick, but enough to be uncomfortable when his best friend kissed him. The kiss itself was rough and soon Jackson felt the man's hands hold him tighter, both hands had been on his hips, but they both moved. One encircling his thin compressed waist, the other sliding down to cup his ass. Jackson kissed him back, not with the same passion or any real passion at all, it was just something he did when kissed. Despite the man's cleanly shaven face Jackson could feel the unseen stubble, his own mind almost working itself up to ponder on the last time he had even needed to shave, but that thought was lost when he felt like he was going to lose his balance.

Along the tight embrace he now felt Jackson found himself having to take three rapid mincing steps backwards, feeling as if he was going to fall he clung on tighter to Lincoln before he was slammed up against the wall in the hallway. It wasn't hard enough to hurt, but it was hard enough that if Madison were home, she would have seen the things

hanging on the wall in her room rattle along with the loud thud of something hitting the wall out in the hallway. The hand on his ass slid down to his soft smooth legs, the move was only brief before coming back up, this time going under the skirt of the little black dress. At the same time the lip locked was released and he found the amorous assault move to his neck. “Ahhhh!” Jackson called out feeling one kiss turn to several on the more sensitive part of his body and couldn’t help digging his nails into the man holding him as his legs started to feel like jelly.

It felt good, Jackson hadn’t been with a woman in too long. ‘God that feels too good.’ He thought, wishing he was with someone prettier, someone softer, someone sexier, someone that looked much the way he did now. While the attention to his neck felt good he was trying to prepare himself for what came next. ‘You are Jacqueline, he wants Jacqueline, just do what she would do and this will be over.’ The thought was accompanied by his manhood starting to grow stiff, an uncomfortable prospect with it tucked back between his legs. The feminized man was about to mentally complain about how he shouldn’t enjoy what was happening when another sensation shot through him like a bolt of electricity. Lincoln had moved one of his hands up and rolled it across his breast.

Through the fabric of the dress, through the enhancing cups of the bra the feeling of the warm hand gently cupping the breast, sliding over the stiff nipple sent a wave of pleasure that had Jacqueline’s eyes rolling back in her head. She had touched her most resent assets, they had been sensitive and little jolts of pleasure had run through her when touching them, but for whatever reason she hadn’t explored them, not really. She wasn’t sure why she hadn’t tried to enjoy them like she should, but right now she was enthralled by the feeling of her man doing it for her, doing it with her.

The activities in the hallway continued for another few minutes, Lincoln pressing the woman who was going to marry him into the wall, pressing his body into her own while touching, massaging her chest with one hand and her ass with the other, his manhood pressing firmly to the beautiful creature. He wasn’t sure how long they were doing this, but when he pulled his face away from her neck, both sides of it slightly slick from his attention, he took a deep breath, one ragged one after another. Gazing into her eyes he didn’t see her soft doe eyes with their perfect makeup that drew his attention. They still did that, but there was something harder, something more intense there and he could hear it in her voice when she spoke.

“Bedroom, now.” Jacqueline said, giving the man a slight push so that she could have some room in order to reach down to adjust herself, pulling on her panties to make room for her growing excitement.

Stepping back from the push, Lincoln nodded ready to do whatever it was she wanted, only now seeing that the top of her dress had been ripped. He wasn't sure when that had happened and hoped she wouldn't be mad at him for it, but he also wasn't stupid enough to bring it up at that moment and quickly followed after her, eyes glued to her swaying rear.

The moment they were in the bedroom, not even bothering to close the door, Jacqueline pressed herself into the man, initiating another kiss, her tongue gently touching and then sliding against his own. The kiss in the hallway had been primal passion, this one still held the passion, but it was one of gentle affection. Stepping back she turned around, looking over her shoulder. "Help me take this off."

Jacqueline felt excited, turned on and loved. She felt what Linc was packing, felt it pressing into her as they made out like kids at a theater and knew exactly what to do about it. She practically did it for a living, it was part of her job and she had gotten very good at it. It was just sex, sex that had a purpose, it was to help herself and to help this man she was with. Still as she thought about it being desired by her boss felt good. Jacqueline knew that she hated it and was only doing it as a means to an end, like she had thought about not long ago as she was looking into Linc's face. She wasn't really sure why she thought that way about him, it felt at odds with how she felt now, but feeling at odds with herself was part of the reason why she took her medication she rationalized. 'This isn't a means to an end.' She thought touching the ring now on her finger as she watched the man behind her who had an expression she had seen in a few men that looked at her, it was the look of hunger, a primal sexual hunger, only in Linc it had been dialed up to eleven.

"OHH!" She cried out when the dress wasn't unzipped, instead her lover had put his hands on either side of the top of her dress and pulled it apart, literally ripping it off her body, destroying the garment. It was the kind of thing she thought she had seen in a porno before, but with the hormones pumping through her, the meds, how horny she was or some combination higher level thought left her.

Unwilling, unable to wait, Lincoln touched the zipper on Jacqueline's dress, it was already slightly torn in the front so instead he grabbed the article of clothing in both hands. The thought of can I actually rip it not hitting him till after he had done so. With the sexy blonde more naked than she was a moment ago, left in her bra, corset, panties and heels he half picked her up and half tossed her to their shared bed and climbed on top. The way she had commanded him into the bedroom, commanded him to take off her dress drove him wild and he felt he needed to act. He didn't even remember taking off his own shirt, or any of his clothes, but he did realize he hadn't had any on. Later he would find them discarded like breadcrumbs, leading from the hallway at the

apartment's entrance, to the living room and then into the master bedroom.

The couple picked up where they left off in the hallway, this time they were horizontal. Despite no longer feeling like she was going to fall, Jacqueline still pressed her nails into Lincoln and without his jacket and button up shirt to protect him, her nails left little marks in his flesh. Feeling his cock pressing into her, rubbing on her as they explored each other's mouths created a momentum of excitement that was building inside of her. She knew men couldn't control themselves down there, she couldn't either, but she had also learned that the better she did with how she looked, the better she did with teasing and the better she did touching a man the harder they got. It was an easy measuring tool for how she was doing, a tool she could see and feel with the right men of how much she was desired. Right now her man felt like he could blow just from the anticipation of being with her.

Pressing one hand up, so that it just lightly touched Lincoln's neck she gritted her teeth, while her other gripped his manhood. The grip on her lower region was much harder than the other, but not to cause him pain. Sliding her hand up and down, she loosened her grip slightly as she spoke. "Fuck me. Fuck me!" It had been a while since she had been with a girl, and even longer since she had fucked anyone. All of her recent intimate moments had her giving pleasure to others, and even then many of those moments were hazy, like being given half of a puzzle without an image to be guided by and told to put it together. She didn't want to put him in her mouth, she would if Linc told her to, but she wanted to fuck.

Lincoln felt the hand on his neck tightly slightly, not enough to cause any discomfort, he didn't have a strangling-suffocation fetish but the way Jacqueline held her hand there while jerking him off and giving him a command to fuck her... he at least was able to appreciate the people who did and how such a fetish could be appealing. Shifting himself he leaned over to the nightstand and grabbed both lube and a ribbon of condoms. Ripping one away from the others he smiled down at the woman under him. Forgetting till just this second that the breasts under her bra hadn't been there before he left. What she had before a fantastic replica of tits had been sexy, but watching her chest heave he thought there was no true comparison. "Take your bra off." He said, trying to return a command. He didn't feel as confident doing it, it wasn't natural, not like he thought it was for her.

Ripping open the package of the condom he thought back to the last time they had sex, the first time and she had said he didn't need it. He had loved that she had said that, he didn't have a problem putting a condom on, but it felt so much better without it. Tossing the opened rapper to the side, with the condom still inside Lincoln let out a light growl that he hadn't intended as he saw his girlfriend's breasts fully on display for the first

time when the bra came free. Her areolas weren't nearly as large as some girls he had seen in real life or in video's, but her D cup breasts and erect nipples made him respond. With the lube still in hand and partially forgotten he leaned back down, using the hand holding the lube to prop himself up, the other to massage one of her breasts and to open his mouth and take the nipple of the other into his mouth.

"GOOood LORD!" Jacqueline said when the lightning bolt that had gone through her body in the hallway when Lincoln had started to play with her breasts was ramped up several fold, causing her toes inside her heels to curl. One hand gripped the pillow under her head tightly and the other clutched onto the hair on the back of the man's head to hold him there. She could feel that piece of her in his mouth, the warmth of it, how wet it was and the pressure as he suckled and the spike of pain that added to it when he lightly bit her nipple, it not detracting from the pleasure at all, instead only heightening it. As amazing as it felt and it felt good enough that Jacqueline felt like her mind was going haywire she could only take so much. "Fuck me! Lincoln! Fuck me!"

Pulling his face free from Lincoln blinked at her, knowing what he needed to do, what he had been about to do and loving how her command now had a tint of her pleading for him to do it. Adjusting himself he took the lube in hand, squirting some into his palm, now aware that his member was already dripping pre-cum, much of it on the sexy person under him. He didn't even think twice about the dick that stuck out from her panties, he just reached down and pulled them off like he had done with the dress. It didn't go as smoothly, Jacqueline taking in a breath through her teeth from the pain. He would owe her an apology, but wasn't going to go about saying I'm sorry in the middle of what they were doing. "I'm sorry, lets fuck now." Just didn't seem like the right call.

Hands slick with the lube he rubbed it over his engorged member before helping her shift in the bed so that her legs could be up in the air, her sexy heeled feet over his shoulder as he rubbed some of the lube on her. Taking himself in hand he positioned his cock before touching the tip of it to her anus. He watched as she closed her eyes tight, shaking her head rapidly without lifting it up from the pillow, giving him just the briefest of thoughts that she didn't want this, but he ignored it. She had asked for it, commanded it so he pressed forward, leaning his weight into her and allowing his cock to start to slide in.

Something inside of Jacqueline screamed for things to stop, causing her to toss her head about and tense the muscles in her arms, but she felt so horny and was desperate for release. She could feel the cool air of the room on her wet breast where her lover had taken her in his mouth. She needed this, she needed him, she wanted to make him happy, all of it together overpowered that mental wall that was pressing in on her. "YES!" She cried out feeling him start to press into her, feeling like there was no way he was going to fit. Linc's cock felt too big, that it was going to rip her apart, causing her to whimper, not just in pain but need as he slowly thrust his hips and the pain was mixed

with pleasure. It wasn't the same as when he had nibbled on her chest, though it was similar. "Ahh, ahhh!"

Squeezing her eyes closed tight she used her own hands to hold her chest that she felt bouncing with each thrust of the man pressing into her. Jacqueline's palms pressing firmly down on her nipples quickly turned to her rubbing herself while she rocked up and down. The pleasure of touching her sensitive chest combined with what everything else had her own dick squirting streams of cum as her arousal grew to its crescendo. With how she was positioned her own cum shot back at her, splashing across her chest, neck and face. With her mouth open as she screamed out a small amount found its way on her tongue. Her own seed wasn't what it once was, months ago. Instead of a thick white ropy substance it was waterier thanks to her lower testosterone and increased estrogen levels. "GOD YES! YES!" The buildup of that warmth inside of her had exploded out and the taste of cum in her mouth brought a feeling of satisfaction of a job well done. Every time she had tasted a man's seed it meant she had done a good job, she had pleased them. Often her goal was just to get things done as quickly as possible and the reward for it had been their seed. It had made her sick, running to the bathroom to get it out more than once. While this time it was her own it was still cum, but it didn't turn her stomach. Instead of it churning like it had at the door with Linc it felt more like butterflies, content butterflies.

Hearing his lover call out had Lincoln pick up his pace it wasn't just about the extra friction, he still tried to change up the motion. At the lowest part of his thrust, he would press in harder, holding it there, pulling back just slightly before pressing back in, repeating a few times before going back for larger thrusts. He had started out slow, getting a good rhythm, trying to strike a good balance between letting himself enjoy every second of what was happening and wanting to hold back for it to not be over too quickly. If he let himself go, just live in the moment he wasn't sure he would have made it more than twenty seconds, not with how turned on he was. With her words for encouragement Lincoln let himself go and found himself almost instantly filling his lover's rear with his seed.

Jacqueline felt the man inside of her grow a little slack as his member started to shrink, leaving her with the feeling of something leaking from her rear end. Doing her best to catch her breath she felt him pull away and plop down next to her. She didn't pay attention to the fact that the only thing she wore now was her corset and heels, nor did she consider the cum and sweat that now covered her. She only smiled, putting a palm on the man's chest that lay next to her.

Scene 36

Waking up the next morning Jackson opened his eyes just enough for him to see the alarm clock that was playing the happy song that he had set that started with what he thought was windchimes. His half-awake mind noticed how warm and comfortable he was and really wished the thing would shut up without him having to move.

*“It’s a beautiful morning, ah.
I think I’ll go outside for a while and just smile.
Just take in some clean fresh air, boy...”*

Pulling himself out from under the comforter, the chilly air in the room having a chance to assault him as he turned the music off and got back under the protection of the blanket and sheet. More awake now than he had been a second ago he noted a few things. Like how he wasn’t alone in the bed, how his back was pressed into Linc’s and the firm object resting between his ass cheeks. He wasn’t sure the position of his friend’s dick before he had moved, but where it was now was clear. Shifting away, closer to the edge of the bed Jackson rolled over to face his friend, pulling the covers with him.

Many of his nights out had left him with hazy memories, but what had happened last night was clear. If it wasn’t for the object he could feel around his left ring finger and the soreness in his ass he would have thought it was a dream. He had slept with his friend because he wanted something physical to keep playing his part in everything and he had went along with it like he had with Dunn. Shame filled Jackson as he watched Lincoln open his eyes and stretch, part of his body exposed when he had pulled the covers as he rolled away.

“I only did what I had to do.’ Jack thought, remembering clearly that he had told Linc to fuck him and the absolute blissful feeling he got while they were... ‘No, I was just doing what I had to do. Lincoln said he liked it when I did that thing in the supply room, taking charge had turned him on and... and I was just taking charge to get him more turned on so that it would be over sooner.’ He thought creating mental distance, taking cover behind the thin excuse and not wanting to acknowledge how things felt.

“Mmm!” Lincoln stretched, a large smile on his face as he looked at his beautiful fiancé who had bedhead and looked like a mess after sleeping in her makeup. “Good morning beautiful. I know we have to go into the office today, but I think we can afford to sleep in a little more, cuddle some and then make up time by showering together.”

“Ahh... no.” Jackson sat up, ready to get out of bed, his breasts hanging free as his eyes looked at the tent in the bed sheets that still covered the man. Jackson did not want to

be near the man's dick more than he already had, though he also didn't consider the fact that he hadn't had his own morning wood for some time.

Seeing where she was looking, the happy smile on Lincoln's face turned into something more of a smirk. "Well if you don't want to cuddle, there are other activities we could get up to."

He loved having a girl at his side that was so sexually charged. They had just woken up after a night of fantastic sex and one of the first things she was thinking about was his morning wood. Briefly his mind slipped back to the night before where he was looming over her and she was demanding he fuck her.

'Again!? Come on Linc!' The medication had run out of his system, so those happy little chemicals weren't dancing across his brain that made bad things seem like they weren't not so bad to downright good. "I umm, I have to start getting ready. You know trying to pass myself off as a girl takes time." Pulling his eyes away from the tent in the sheets he made a motion to his phone that acted as his alarm. "That is why my alarm went off." He said trying to give him a smile and hope the excuse would be enough.

"Yeah..." Lincoln sighed, understanding. He saw the lust in Jacqueline's more raccoon looking eyes with her smudged makeup, she could hardly take her eyes off the impression he was leaving in the sheets and knew she would jump at the chance to well, jump on him if she could. So, he sat up like she was and leaned in close to give her a kiss on her soft plump lips, not afraid of morning breath. Still he wasn't able to fully help himself, wrapping one arm around her so that their bodies could share a little more warmth and he could hold one of her breasts in his hand, rolling his thumb over her nipple. "Don't worry, you will get what you want later, I promise."

The kiss was fine, Jackson had kissed Dunn almost a hundred times since this all started, it didn't make it right but it made it easy and Linc and him had been giving one another light kisses when they were leaving or entering a room with the other since this entire thing had really started or close to it. The fact that Lincoln had promised to stay friends, best friends despite everything, despite making him be with him sexually gave Jackson pause. 'How can we be anything after this?' He thought, but then they were touching. Their lips together, Lincoln's hand on his chest and Jackson could feel something inside of himself, a warmth that was like a gentle fire and at the same time butterflies fluttering about as a spike of pleasure ran through his body because of his new feminine asset being touched. "God that shouldn't feel so good." Jackson said as they pulled back from one another. The words Linc had said giving Jackson some pause. Wondering if the man meant more sexual time together or him getting the new job so that Jackson could get what he wanted. Pressing his lips together in a line he moved his

hand to cover his chest and press in his hard nipples, not wanting to think about the fact that the idea of them doing more together had them erect and between his legs he had a semi-stiffy.

“You are allowed to feel good, you deserve to be happy.” Lincoln patted his girlfriend, his lover, on her thigh. Thinking about how odd it was for him to reassure them. Months ago before she came out he didn’t think his friend ever needed reassurances with how they acted, but now that things were out in the open he saw just how much was hidden. Childhood trauma was something most people had and as an adult you couldn’t use it as an excuse for your actions, but they could be used to at least explain why you acted a certain way, even if it didn’t excuse them. His friend almost constantly did things to get attention and get others to smile or laugh and now he knew it came from a place of pain. They were afraid of being left, being abandoned. “Tell you what.” Lincoln said touching the pretty girl’s cheek, having an idea of how to keep their mind occupied. “Engagement, that happened.” With his other hand he touched the ring he put on her finger. “After that there is another step, but after even THAT we get to go on a honeymoon. How about I leave that up to you?”

Sitting there holding his weighty chest Jackson cocked his head to the side and narrowed his eyes. “The man that had high aspiring dreams of growing from an intern to joining the accounting team, a man that enjoys making plans. That man, you.” Jackson nodded his head in Linc’s direction. “Are going to let me make a plan?”

Shrugging his shoulder, Lincoln tried to give her a disarming smile and felt a bit awkward doing so.

“Alright.” Jackson slipped out of the bed, wishing he hadn’t slept in the corset. “I will let you buy me a vacation with your new fancy bank account and when the dust settles, I will enjoy my free vacation all alone.”

Lincoln was not sure exactly how the time line would work, the sudden engagement was to buy time so he could get the Division President position. A position he didn’t earn, he had worked hard enough on the bottom rung to earn a job. Just not that one, but Alexander Dunn had seen it differently. It wasn’t about what he had done, not really. In the older man’s words, it had been about securing the position to keep sharks and snakes away... him not sticking to one analogy. Dunn wanted someone under him that he could boss around not worry about being stabbed in the back, he wanted a yes man, a sycophant as he put it. That wasn’t ideal, but just training for the management role his pay had jumped from twenty-three thousand a year to eighty thousand. A jump from making just under two thousand a month to over six thousand and that was just the training pay, once he took the position it would jump up again.

Lincoln was positive he would be able to afford a nice honeymoon, the first real vacation he would be going on. That still wasn't right now though, that was plans for the future, he wasn't even sure when they would get married. "All on your own huh? Not even your best friend can come along?" he played into the joke.

Moving to the bathroom Jackson looked over his shoulder and back to his friend who was still in the bed. 'Here I am thinking things could never be the same, wanting to be mad at him and he goes and says nice shit like that and then offers a vacation package once we can drop the wedding BS. Damn him...' Jackson thought, not considering the alluring figure he made standing in the bathroom door, looking over their shoulder and backlit by the light from the room. "You know Linc, you make it really hard to hate you."

With a boyish smile on his face Lincoln laughed. "Yeah, I love you too."

Ignoring him the stupid happy feeling he got when his friend confessed his feelings like they were real, Jackson closed the bathroom door and got a good look of the mess he made by not removing his makeup before bed. It was less of a choice and more of passing out from exhaustion from the bedroom activities. The support from the corset had helped his core muscles with his legs up in the air... The disheveled feminine looking man shook his messy blonde hair trying to shake the thought free or the thoughts that he knew were coming, not wanting to think about why his rear had a mild pain or how he had come from being fucked and the feeling... 'Dammit brain!' He thought opening the medicine cabinet to get out his prescription.

Putting himself to task he went about cleaning his face and pulling out the blow dryer that was underneath the sink. This morning he was going to have to wash his hair, a few pieces of his golden locks had something that drying in it from the night before after his orgasm. 'It is in my fucking hair...' He thought, knowing he had already cleaned some of his dried seed off his face along with the makeup. 'Shower, I really need a shower!'

The hot shower had been exactly what Jackson needed, stepping out he used one of the fluffy towels to pat his skin dry before starting his now daily routine to moisturize his own body, something that had been a major hassle that made him take more time in the bathroom but it was one that felt wonderful on his skin. It took a bit, but now he always felt both healthier and cleaner. The feminine scents that clung to his body from his body wash and lotion were hardly noticed as he continued his morning tasks, picking up the blow dryer to get the moisture out of his long bob styled hair. The repetition of the actions each day, or mostly each day made things easier and with his medication kicking in that ease helped things to be much more pleasant. The idea of getting ready for the

day, looking and feeling fresh was easier to appreciate.

Without much thought he stepped out of the bathroom, completely in the nude though he kept a hand under his breasts to keep the things from bouncing around. Jackson quickly came to a halt and used his other hand to cover his maleness when he saw his friend standing in front of the mirror that was attached to the dresser. Instead of Lincoln being nude, like the last time Jackson saw him, the man was mostly dressed for work. "Ahh, Hi." Jackson said nervously, it wasn't like he hadn't been a men's room after a shower and it wasn't like the two of them hadn't seen each other naked before, but still being naked with a massive set of tits made things feel different. Though Jackson said a short thank you prayer to anyone that was listening, thinking things would be worse if he had come out of the bathroom and they both were naked.

"Hi yourself." Lincoln turned, looking at the girl he was going to marry. It was still odd to see such a feminine figure have a male appendage, it didn't bother him, it just wasn't normal for his mind to put the features together. The way Jacqueline looked embarrassed walking into their bedroom naked only made her look cuter. It wasn't as if she didn't know he would be here, sure he had used the other bathroom to take a quick shower, but he didn't take nearly as long as her though he took longer than she used to. To Lincoln that meant that she had intended for him to see her like this. "I know you are getting ready for work." His eyes went down to her painted toes, sliding up her body till he met her soft brown eyes, her coyly looking away soon as he did. "But if you want, I can get undressed and the two of us could spend the day like that together in bed. I can call in, say I caught something from my trip and gave it to you."

Jackson had just taken time off of work and had been paid for it, his boss donating his own vacation time for him to recover from the surgery, surgery that shouldn't have happened and would love to just keep getting paid to stay home, but getting back in bed with Lincoln would only mean one thing. "You can't do that, strait laced Hatch can't play hooky and I have work to do. AND." Jackson stressed the word. "We need to show everyone our news." He said holding up his hand that had the engagement ring on it before remembering why he had been holding his chest, giving the man across the room from him an eye full.

"Alright, I guess I can show everyone how lucky I am instead of getting lucky." He said, trying to joke. "Though..." Lincoln tapped his chin. "I wouldn't mind a repeat of our time in the supply closet." The way his sexy girl had been looking at his crotch this morning told him she was wanting a little something from him, he thought hoping he hadn't misread her.

"In the supply room?" Jackson's voice squeaked before pressing his lips together,

thinking about that day and then last night. The man's cock sliding into her mouth, her sucking on the meaty object to please Lincoln, to secure her place as his girlfriend. There had been other times, but those memories were much hazier, the night before was still very much present in her mind. She wasn't sure why she felt so conflicted about it when she woke up that morning. Or why she really had questioned what he wanted now, after all she was sure her boss would want the extra attention, he normally did and she was going to do that.

"Yes?" Lincoln answered, turning the answer into a question.

"We can do that." A sly smile formed on her face as she removed her hands, allowing her lover to see her body as she moved over to the dresser beside him like it was the most normal thing in the world. Even if she couldn't see him, Jacqueline would have been able to feel his eyes track her. Pulling out a pair of maroon satin panties and couldn't help teasing the man a little as she turned, he back to him and bent at the waist as she slipped them on so that he got a good view of her ass. A scene from an old movie coming into her mind, Legally Blonde where the main actress was in a nail salon giving advise on how to get a man's attention. 'Have all the right equipment, just need to read the manual.' Jacqueline said to herself quoting the movie, she was already bent over and now just had to snap. She jerked her body to a standing position once more with her back straight and hands up to her sides, right at breast level to draw attention to her assets. 'Bend and snap!'

Lincoln felt his jaw go slack at the little show he was being treated to. He almost reached out to take her ass into his hand, but she had turned him down for fun already so they could get ready for the office. "I umm... I'm going to watch the news while you finish getting ready." He couldn't believe what he was saying, leaving a room when a woman was acting like that in front of him, but if he didn't Lincoln was sure they wouldn't actually make it to work at all today. He heard a lilting laugh that resonated with his heart as he left the room, leaving his girl to get ready.

When Lincoln was gone Jacqueline couldn't help but laugh, seeing him go with his face almost completely red, like a teen boy who had looked at his first playboy. Between her medication and that man she was feeling much better about her day than when she woke up and hoped that continued throughout the day. With a smile still firmly in place she looked at her bras, almost grabbing a black lacy one before pausing and grabbing a maroon one to match her panties. 'If a man sees a girl with matching underwear, they didn't choose to have sex, she did.' Jacqueline tittered trying to think of what she should wear for her first day back.

Her mind was often foggy and a bit slow, a sad reality she had to deal with as a side

effect of the mood-altering medication, but still an idea struck her as she looked through her growing collection of clothing. Practically beaming she pulled out a black dress, not the one she wore the night before, that one was still on the floor in tatters. The one she laid out on the bed was the one she had worn that first day at work when her life had changed. Looking at it she cocked her head to the side trying to think. “Dark pantyhose, that cute little red belt and...” She considered replicating the outfit completely the red heels with the little bow on them were in the closet, but she wanted to change it up at least a little. With a self-satisfied nod she picked up her four-inch heeled black rounded toe booties with hidden half inch platform with twin buckles over the side zippers that she had worn on the girls night out with her sister and Callie.

“First day back, wearing the same dress I wore on the first day.” It felt almost poetic to her as she thought about it. Not everything was perfect, she thought the scratching in the back of her mind that said something was off was because she didn’t want to look exactly the same, not that she could. That first day Maddy had done her makeup, today she would be doing it, and her hair was different, let alone the other physical changes that had happened since that day. A diet and waist training had paid off, and one side effect of the hormones now pumping through her system was softer, clearer skin. Not able to put her finger on it Jacqueline tried to ignore the feeling as best she could. “Lincoln says I should be happy.” She said out loud to herself thinking about the nerdy man that was out in the living and smiling. “I should be happy, I’m going to be happy!”



Scene 37

With each step Jacqueline could hear the sound of her heels announcing her presence as she rolled her hips, the tall heeled booties added to the sway she moved with. Not all women moved with a natural wiggle as they walked, their wider hips made it more common, but for Jacqueline it was a learned behavior. Something she started to do to blend in with the other administrative staff that she had admired for such a long time. It wasn't something she had to really think about anymore and if someone asked, she wouldn't be able to say when the act to blend in became normal. Right now she walked into work with her head held high with her hand clasped with her lover. She gave a little wave to the pretty girl at reception, unable to stop for a chat after taking longer than she should have to get ready.

Taking the elevator up she thought about her morning was going to go, trying to make a mental checklist. 'Get Mr. Dunn his coffee, give him a blow job and then... Well maybe Linc will see him first so I will go in after and then come out and take care of Linc in the supply closet like he wanted and...' The smile on her face faltered as she thought about the order of sexually pleasing some of the men in her life, all of it something she knew she had to do, but it felt incredibly wrong to want to do it. 'Why am I making plans on who to blow?' Jackson thought, revolted at his own thoughts. Having a cock in his mouth wasn't his idea of a good time, but part of him couldn't escape the idea of feeling Dunn getting hard, his cock pressing into his gear as he sat on the larger man's lap didn't give him a little thrill at physical desire that was directed at him. With a shake of his head, Jackson tried to clear the thought away, unsure how to deal with the opposing thoughts.

"You okay?" Lincoln asked, seeing his fiancé's bottle blonde hair spill about as she shook her head.

"Yeah... just trying to wake up. Need to get my fix, ya know? I mean..." A blush came to his cheeks from embarrassment, and quickly moved to clarify. "Coffee I mean." The knowledge that Lincoln couldn't see inside his mind about the intrusive thoughts of what the morning held not really coming into play.

Soon enough Jackson was standing beside his desk, storing his purse and was about to move off to start his morning duties with getting coffee when he stopped, turned around and gave Linc a quick peck on the lips. The act itself, not giving him a second thought or feeling after the two of them doing so much more together and the repetition of such actions. It was when he got into the break room that he found extra attention poured on him.

Walking into the small room that had a gaggle of other administrative assistants, he was going to wait his turn and get two mugs of coffee for once, remembering to get something for himself. Standing there waiting, listening to the other girl's talk he didn't even consider oh his mind used the term other, as he considered himself part of the group. The office gossip with the backdrop of the smell of coffee feeling like a slice of normalcy. That was when her work friend came into the room and drew every eye to the two of them.

Tabitha, the five-foot nothing girl that dressed more like she wanted a few men's attention than to do any work tossed her hands into the air as she squealed in delight at seeing her friend back at the office. "There you are!" The natural blonde exclaimed. Her giving Jacqueline a light hug before pulling back, but still holding onto her friends' arms as she took her in. "And there you are." She said adding extra emphasis to the word there when she looked at her friend's chest.

Jackson wanted to give the sexy woman a flat look, but he couldn't help smiling as she took him in and like the smile he couldn't help looking her over. Today she was wearing a houndstooth, black and white patterned mini pencil skirt, suntan nylons that had a light shine to them, a crisp white sleeveless blouse with faux pearl buttons and a pair of stiletto hidden platform heels that elevated her five-foot self, up to a good five foot six or seven. Jackson wasn't sure how she walked in them, let alone worked in them. If he could sleep with anyone at the office it would be this girl, he couldn't help feeling aroused when she hugged him and tried not to think about a similar feeling that tickled the edges of his mind when thinking about how excited others were getting at his own presence.

Tab was someone he wanted to bed, but she didn't see him as anything other than another girl that was a friend, a blow he had taken to his ego before. Jackson had made peace with that and even if he was somehow to get lucky with her when things went back to the way they were it wasn't like he could have a relationship with the woman. She would be way too high maintenance for him, the pretty Lillian at the front desk that he had waved at he thought would be a better fit.

"Wait." Tabitha said, looking at her friend some more. She had a critical eye and a bit of a judgmental eye and had picked up on another change. It was just a piece of jewelry, a ring, something she didn't really see Jacqueline wearing. This ring also happened to be on her left hand's ring finger. "OH MY GOD! You didn't! HE DIDN'T!? OH MY GOD HE DID and you SAID YES!?"

Feeling all the eyes of the office girls on him a bit of a crimson blush shone through the makeup on Jackson's face. The woman was overly excited and couldn't help feeling it

too, something about Tab was always contagious. The way she could pull him into a conversation about something he didn't want to listen to, let alone participate in, was done with little effort. Now that meant he held up his left hand, his wrist flipped up to show off the rose gold ring with tiny diamonds and the aquamarine gem at its center. "I said yes..." He said in a half whisper that came off like he was a coy shy girl. The memory of saying exactly that ran through his mind, how his friend promised to always be there for him, to always be best friends. How that best friend had wrapped his arm around his thin corseted waist before they kissed and the joyous feeling of being wanted, accepted with the promise to stay.

Quickly the room was abuzz with chatter, everyone seemingly talking at once, Jacqueline hearing people congratulate her, asking if her man had a brother. The gaggle of young attractive women around her felt a little suffocating, but the smile her face held firm and even grew. Most if not all of these women wouldn't have given her the time of day not long ago and here, they were asking about help with their relationships. A lot was said that she missed, but one comment drew Jacqueline's attention.

"She is marrying Abraham? Lucky..." Someone said before they were corrected by someone else that Jacqueline couldn't get a good look at.

"No it is some other guy, an intern I think."

"Why would she marry someone else when she already has her hooks in that hunk?" The first voice said.

"Well she has her hooks in a few men from what I understand." Jacqueline was aghast at the hand motion the young woman was making that insinuated she was giving blow jobs. The fact that she was doing just that only made it worse, because people knew or at least suspected. The rumor that she was sleeping with Abe was the really bothering part to her though. 'He is a good man, I hope these bitches are spreading these lies.'

"Excuse me." Jacqueline said, feeling a bit overwhelmed at all the positive feedback and disgusted at the rumors that were being said about her. "I need to get Mr. Dunn his coffee."

When she had left Lincoln turned his head to watch Jacqueline walk away. Lincoln had a wide smirk on his face after getting the quick kiss, a tiny sign of her affection for him. He couldn't help thinking about how not long ago he was standing here, just outside Alexander Dunn's office, pacing around and ready to fall on the sword for his friend after tricking them into believing there was a gender swap day with a large prize. How in

this same spot he had found out that his friend had told their boss that they were dating. Getting a free lunch out of it was nice and it was no wonder Jackson had brushed off everything he had to say about them thinking he was trans when he wasn't. How he had told his friend that it was discrimination, and how they had said they tried to get out of it, but they were stuck. It had all been an excuse, an excuse to explore who they really were, an excuse to rope him into it so that they could pretend to have the man they wanted. It felt good where things ended up, but it had been a chaotic and confusing trek.

Moving up to the door behind and to the side of Jacqueline's desk Lincoln wrapped his knuckles on the hard wood door a few times, waiting for an answer before opening and entering a room that he mostly thought of as a lion's den. The idea that this would soon be his office, after practically living in a double cubicle felt strange enough that this felt more like a dream. Though he could say the same for the last few weeks of his life.

"Ah! Good day Hatchet!" Alexander said when he saw the man that was to become one of his chess pieces. 'From pawn to rook.'

"Yes..." While the tone of the bearded man was friendly, the fact that he got his name wrong made Lincoln feel like he didn't really matter, at least not enough to be remembered. All the training and networking sessions he had been part of had made him forget about how Dunn had said at the beginning that nothing was set in stone. This made his stomach start to feel uneasy, like it might if he was on a rollercoaster or at least about to go on one if he was afraid of heights. In that scenario he had been promised a severance package, but still he couldn't help adding up everything he spent recently. The engagement ring he had only put a deposit on, but he would have monthly payments and couldn't imagine having a conversation with Jacqueline about returning the ring. She had said that he needed to stay away from Maddy because she would kill him or chew him up and spit him out, the exact phrasing changed and now it very well might happen if he took things back from her sister. Then there was the price of the date itself, the live band, the city permit to get them to even be allowed there at night. "Umm Its Hatch sir, my name I mean. Lincoln Hatch, remember?"

Alexander cocked his head ever so slightly to the side and held up his index finger. His blue eyes drilling into the man in front of him. "So it is, my apologies, not truly awake yet, my assistant hasn't brought me my coffee yet." The lie came from his lips as easy as any other. He had been awake for hours, had already gone to the gym, swam in the heated pool before showing and coming here. "Have a seat and let's start the hard conversation."

The man's words caused Lincoln to swallow hard, sitting down on one of the two chairs on his side of the desk. Reaching up he pinched the bridge of his nose, letting his eyes

stay closed after a blink for almost two seconds. ‘Here it comes.’

Adjusting how he was sitting, Dunn leaned forward, elbows on his desk and fingers bridged together. “So this is how things are going to play out. Trip Salizar, my boss, plans to retire at the end of next month. He has not made an announcement yet, leaving that up to my discretion as it is now official, paperwork signed and notarized that I will be taking up his position as the next President of Mega Corp’s Florida branch.”

“Congratulations sir.” Lincoln said, still trying to brace for the news that he would not be filling the man’s shoes when he exited his current position. ‘It only makes sense, I’m not qualified.’ He told himself.

“Yes.” Alexander nodded at his employee in acknowledgment. “That leaves you a bit in the lurch.” He waved his hand in Lincoln’s general direction, his eyes looking off to the side at one of his monitor screens when an email came in. He thought it was odd that Lincoln looked so apprehensive, like a child that was waiting to be scolded for stealing a cookie before dinner. It confused him at first, but he was quick on the uptake. Instead of dispelling the man’s fears he decided to play into them.

‘Fuck...’

“I know what you are thinking.” Dunn easily added a somber tone to his voice and did his best to look as if he was disappointed. “Not everything we want is something we can have. We all make plans and hope for the best, but it is always wise for us to plan for the worst. Much like we did with you.”

“Yes, sir.” Lincoln said having no idea what kind of severance package he would get. Believing it would only make sense for him to get it based on his old pay rate, never actually getting the position he was training for. It wouldn’t be a lot and in the state of Florida unemployment paid less than three hundred a week and that was after a waiting period.

“Yes indeed.” Alexander slapped his open palm down on his desk. “I am just happy we don’t have to put you through any of that. Son, how are you feeling about taking on the division president role? Are you confident?”

“Excuse me?” Lincoln asked, feeling like he just had emotional whiplash. “I’m getting the job?”

“Of course!” Alexander held his arms wide. “What else do you think we are talking about? You went through the training and from what I understand you did reasonably

well. Not perfect, taking the time to go out for drinks with the movers and shakers when it is offered is part of the job. Your new job. Though, I have to ask. Did you follow through with what else we talked about? I went to bat for you with Trip.”

Taking in a partial breath Lincoln pinched the bridge of his nose once more, though this time it lasted for just a heartbeat. “Of course.” He replied, using the same words as his superior. “I did actually, last night to be truthful.” He said with a wide grin while thinking about the lack of real time to do it properly. He had just come back on a flight from across the country, a three-hour time difference. With adrenaline pumping and a five-hour energy drink he had kept from yawning on the date and somehow didn’t pass out till after a night of fun, but then he had passed out hard. “What I did was, and it took a bit of work.” Lincoln felt proud that all his efforts paid off and hadn’t really had anyone to talk to about it other than Jacqueline’s sister. He was sure she would have loved to hear the details, knowing that because she had no problem texting him and asking for them, but the beautiful woman had been on his short list of who to put a ring on. She had been willing, but it would have been something transactional. Maddy promised it wouldn’t be a loveless affair, but she was just talking about physical things, or so now he really grasped. Jacqueline and him had a connection, something real and yet it felt like it would be wrong to tell Maddy about his plans after they had discussed tying the knot together.

“Yes, yes.” Alexander held out one hand, lifting it only slowly as he pumped it like he was pushing on a break. “I’m sure it was magical.” He gave the young man a small grin that came to his face as he wondered just how his secretary showed him just how happy she was.

“It was!” Lincoln smiled back at the man, his words felt a little biting, like he didn’t care but grin on his face made it seem more like he just didn’t have the time to discuss it at the moment.

“About you. Now the time gap between now and when Trip leaves us does leave you actually a bit in the lurch. For the time being you are going to need to take up residence back at your old desk. Don’t worry though, you are being kept at your eighty a year salary till the transition actually happens, that old pay of twenty something a year is in the past for you.” The man said, having no problem rattling off his employees’ current rate of pay and his old, the numbers easier for him to pluck from the depths of his brain than the man’s name. “I will pull you into meetings and...” Alexander stopped when a knock came to his office door just a moment before it opened.

Stepping into his office was his administrative assistant. He saw her wearing a black dress with a thin red belt, dark hose on her legs and stiletto ankle boots. The older man

couldn't help his eyes roaming her body, then stopping briefly on her chest that while was the same size as the breast forms she wore before, somehow looked larger now that they were real. He watched as they shifted up and down with each of her steps, it wasn't a big movement, but it was enough for him to catch. He couldn't help giving her a bright smile as she walked over to put the mug of coffee on his desk. Dunn didn't really notice the flushed look on her face, or how she paused when she saw the man sitting across from him. If he thought he could get away with it he would have her right now, in front of the man, but he wasn't about to make a cuckold of the person he was going to have to rely on. At least he wasn't going to do it to his face. "Good morning, Jacqueline, you are a sight for sore eyes. Sorry Hatch, but she is much prettier than you."

"Umm, none taken sir." Lincoln looked from the pretty blonde standing at the corner of Dunn's desk and then back to the man himself. Wondering why she looked so nervous, having no idea of the thoughts raging through their head.

"Have a seat Miss Hart, I suppose all of this involves you as well." Dunn motioned to the other free chair. He would have liked to have the girl sit on the couch to the side of his desk, or on the desk itself, but he needed to keep his priorities in order. He had already made that promise to Downings that he had been smart enough to wiggle his way out of, it would be idiotic to blow the promotion of his pawn to rook because he couldn't keep it in his pants for a few minutes.

Jaqueline smoothed the skirt of her dress out under her as she sat, crossing one leg over the other, while reaching over to take her man's hand in her own. She had been prepared to come in to the office, put down Dunn's coffee on his desk and then get down on her knees in front of him. Seeing Lincoln sitting in the office had put those thoughts to a crashing halt, causing a spike of fear to run through her. 'Does, does... he want me to suck him off while Linc watches? This... this was supposed to be just be between the two of us. I'm just doing this for him and...' A brief thought crossed her mind, just flashing for the barest of instants, her on top of the desk, on hands and knees with Linc standing behind her and Mr. Dunn in front, her pleasing them both at the same time.

The medication she was on helped not just keep her calm, but happy, adding rose tinted glasses to situations she would normally think were horrible. It wasn't as if the medication changed how she thought, just tinted the world, altering how she interpreted the data that ran through her foggy mind. Part of her feared that it was her that was changing, her wanting sexual activity and considering the warmth welling up inside of her at the brief thought she couldn't fully deny it. In the elevator she had admonished herself for making plans to suck both of these men off and she just wasn't sure why any feelings of revulsion came to her. 'I really need to talk to Kimmy.' She thought about the therapist and how she had helped in the past.

“And of course you wouldn’t be sitting here now without Jacqueline acting as your cheerleader here in the office while you were gone.” Jacqueline’s attention snapped back to the conversation happening in front of her, not sure what she had missed.

“I’m sorry?” She asked, hoping that they weren’t talking about putting her in a cheerleading costume, at least not till Halloween.

Lincoln gave his girl’s hand a light squeeze, noticing the signs that she had checked out. He could remember his friend doing that more than once during meetings in the past, but never so blatantly. “He... Mr. Dunn was just saying that Mega Corp is willing to offer me a starting salary of two hundred a year to start, but not till I actually take on the role that he has pushed so hard for me to get.” Lincoln knew Jackie could be persuasive at times but didn’t really expect her to use her ability to tip the scales in his favor for this very odd promotion to go through. “Thank you for all you do for me.” He said leaning over to give the girl a light kiss on her cheek.

Reaching up she placed her hand over her cheek where she had been kissed. It was a nothing kiss, but it made her feel acknowledged, like he was not just thanking her, but saying it was okay for her to be proud of what she had accomplished. ‘Girls have done more for less.’ She thought, feeling like it was okay to accept what she had to do, what she wanted to do and how they came together. She had needed to be a bimbo secretary and that was exactly what she became and because of that she had gone from making less than thirty thousand a year to sixty and her best friend was going to make two hundred. A bubbly giggle escaped her lips as a wide toothy smile took hold.

“Mr. Hatch.” Alexander said as she stood up and held out his hand for the younger man to shake. He was happy to get this all done and glad he would be starting his new job saving over two hundred thousand on salary thanks to the difference between what he got paid now and what his replacement would be making. He was one of the highest paid people at the level he was, but that was also thanks to the people under him and they wouldn’t be changing or at least nothing was going to change so long as the man replacing him did as he was told. “If you will excuse us, the lovely Miss Hart and I have a few things to go over that we have to catch up on after she was out of the office for so long.”

Lincoln gave the beautiful girl’s hand another light squeeze before getting up and leaving the room, remembering when she had said to him. “You are dating me, we are in love and make each other very happy. Remember?” She had said it through clenched teeth, it was a happy memory now, even if it made him feel awkward before.

Scene 38

“Jacqueline, Jacqueline, Jacqueline.” Alexander said once the door to his office was shut. “You know I have gone through more than a few secretaries.” His thirsty eyes drank the young woman in. He knew this was a man, or used to be a man, but couldn’t see any sign they were ever male, like that had been the lie and what he saw in front of him now was the truth. “But when you were gone, doing what you needed to on your vacation... I would say I missed you the most.”

“I...” Jacqueline started, thinking about how things were starting to pay off. Proud of herself for what she had achieved, the cost of it not seeing terrible at all. “I missed you too.”

Dunn’s grin grew wider. “I bet you missed something about me, that I’m sure of. Why don’t you come over here and show me just how much you missed me.”

Uncrossing her legs, Jacqueline placed her feet close together as she stood, putting one hand on the desk in front of her she left it there, letting it trail along the edge of the desk as she slunk along it till she was next to her boss who swiveled in his chair so that they could face one another. “I missed you sooo much Mr. Dunn.” She said in a breathy voice. She hadn’t missed him at all, but this was still the man that held so many futures in the palm of his hand. Keeping him happy was the key to their future and sucking his cock again wasn’t going to make things better but refusing him would alter the path she had worked so hard to forge. So she hiked up her black dress just a little as she got into his lap, straddling the man.

Her brown eyes grew a little wider as she felt how excited the man already was. ‘I can do this, I know who I am and I can feel... gosh I can feel how much he wants me!’ That little voice that sometimes cried out to her wasn’t screaming that something was wrong, it wasn’t that it was gone either. That voice just felt more distant, enough that she couldn’t tell what it was saying. It felt that way from the moment her lover, her best friend had told her that he was proud of what she had done. Looking into Alexander’s blue eyes she blinked a few times, fluttering her lashes slowly. Not sure if Linc had said those actual words or if she had just felt them. Either way she had done it, was doing it. She was her man’s superhero and he didn’t even know it and she hoped it stayed that way. The shame of what she was doing, the weight of it didn’t feel like a burden it once had, but she was sure it would return if the man that confessed his love to her were to find out. With her legs spread Jacqueline could feel the older man’s cock pressing against her pantyhose and panty covered crotch, her own member securely tucked away.

Clasping her hands together on the back of the man's neck she shifted her pelvis forward and then back, rubbing herself on him, all while holding eye contact with a smile on her face. "This started with me just pretending to be some bimbo secretary and... and it's kinda fun!" She thought seeing the man's face grow slack, giving him a look of bliss even as she felt him grow larger, and harder. She considered dropping down to her knees right then, just feeling her boss through his pants was making her mouth water, on an instinctual level knowing what was coming next. It was then as she thought about what she was going to do that the voice that seemed to have gotten further away or the proverbial voice, had gotten closer, close enough to be heard once more. But she pushed it away, knowing it was just her self-doubt. That part of her that said she wasn't good enough, that she shouldn't do the things she knew she enjoyed.

Even as she tried to push it away though it felt like it was holding firm, telling her that she shouldn't do this, at least not enjoy it because she was a man. That voice, that part of her felt like it was telling the truth. Jacqueline tried to think of something Kimmy had said. That everyone's darkest thoughts didn't play fair. The darkness knew all the weak spots and would always go for them. How it was okay to have the thoughts, that it was normal, but she shouldn't listen to them or let those dark whispers control her. The introspection happened all in the blink of an eye and came crashing down just as fast, every thought in her mind washing away in a wave as she felt large, rough, warm hands start touching and rubbing on her chest. "OHH! OHHH! Ahhh!"

Alexander watched as the girl in his lap fluttered her eye lashes, trying to seduce him as she dry humped him. He wasn't at some men's club with a no touching policy, and he wasn't going to get off through his pants, but before that could happen he wanted to take the time to appreciate her newest assets. Taking her large globes into his hands he ran them across her dress, feeling her bra underneath. They didn't feel like any fake tits he had ever had his hands on. "Tomorrow wear that little red wrap dress... I want to unwrap you like a present." He said, making a mental note to bring some lube so he could finally fuck the girl. She didn't have a pussy, but anal would do just fine, something his current wife had never been open to.

Continuing running his hands across the girl's tits he couldn't help a feeling of amusement join his arousal when he watched the girl's eyes roll back in her head. He had never been with a girl who had gotten off from tit play, but he thought if he kept going he would see it firsthand. Or he would if he thought he could hold out till then, the girl kept grinding on him and he needed things to move on. "Down on your knees girl. Down on your knees."

"HMM!?" Jacqueline made the sound, unsure of things as she was practically picked up

to be put back onto her feet. She had lost focus on what was happening, she could feel her nipples stiff along with her parts between her legs. The member now fighting for its freedom, but being held in place by her pantyhose. Taking a moment to collect herself she nodded, before slipping down to her knees, reaching for Dunn's belt, then the button of his pants and finally his zipper. Touching her tongue to her top lip she reached inside his pants, feeling the man's girth, his member so incredibly warm to her touch. "Someone likes me." She said with a small titter, running her long nails along the cock's length.

"Such a perfect sight. Jacqueline you were born to suck cock..." Alexander ran his hand over the girl's cheek, his thumb touching her lips before pressing between them. The fact that she had his dick in her hand and sucked on his thumb while making eye contact had him feel like he could have come right then, right there on her face. "MMmm god girl. You know, it was in this office that I named you. Jacqueline, that was what I called you and it was right here in this office you became the perfect little cock sucker. Hatch is a lucky man to have you, but I think you should thank me for helping you learn to be the perfect cock hungry girl for him."

While he was talking Jacqueline pulled her face free of his hand and pulled his cock to her mouth so that she could kiss its tip and run her lips down his shaft, leaving a trail of kisses as she came closer to its base. "MMmm Thank you." She said before taking one of his balls into her mouth. She wasn't sure what gripped her or gave her the idea to do it. She didn't even like the idea of being called a cock sucker, the title fit. Jacqueline, the name this man had dubbed her, back when she didn't understand how wonderful being a woman was... She had worked so hard to make everything work. She had been so stressed, but that all seemed so silly now. There wasn't really any reason to stress about what she was doing, fighting it only made the world harder. All she really needed to do was stop acting and start being.

"AAHHH! JeSUS! Oh... you're my little cock sucker. Tell me you are."

'I am a cock sucker... he isn't insulting me, just telling me what I am and what I am is someone who is making him happy and that is exactly what we need. Linc is going to be so happy, we are going to be happy and it is all thanks to me!' Taking the tip of his member in her mouth she slid her tongue under the of it, flicking her tongue where she it was sensitive. Feeling the meaty object in her and pulse, she resisting the urge to hike up her dress and pull down her pantyhose so that she could rub her own member at the same time. Hearing the man's groans made her own feelings of lust grow. The dick itself didn't attract her, nor did the faint taste of what was to come as he leaked pre-cum, but this man wanted her, felt like he needed her. It was her efforts that did this to him and it was like an aphrodisiac. "I am, I am your little cock sucker." Licking the tip of his cock

she slid the sample of his cum around her mouth before opening her mouth wider and taking more of his dick into her mouth, starting to bob her head up and down, taking more of him with each dip.

Jacqueline didn't even care when she lost the power to control the pace of what was happening, Dunn's hands firmly taking her head into his hands, the blow job turning into a face fuck. "MMMmm!" She groaned, not because she was enjoying herself like he was, but because she knew it always drove him wild. That was when she felt his balls tighten, the shaft growing just a little more and it was when she earned her victory. The man's seed shooting into her mouth and down her throat, the creamy substance filling her mouth enough that she imagined she looked like a chipmunk with puffed out cheeks.

Taking a few deep breaths Alexander let out a sigh of pure contentment. He had sought out his own wife while Jacqueline was away, but she had denied him. Making him take matters into his own hands while this sexy girl that he had practically built recuperated after her surgery so that she could come back to him. With a smile on his face he ran the fingers of one hand through her pretty blonde hair, enjoying every last second of her suckling away at his cock to get ever last drop of what he had to offer. "You are amazing girl. Simply amazing. Now let's say you climb back up into my lap, you can type for me as I talk. Do some real dictation for a change."

Swallowing down more of what had been offered for her efforts, Jacqueline put Dunn's member away and fixed his pants before climbing into his lap. She was happy, more so than what the medication offered, but also a bit flustered from being blue balled. Jacqueline couldn't ever remember getting hard herself from sucking someone off but chalked it up to finally accepting herself. Standing up she rolled her tongue around in her mouth as she sat down in her seat, her boss's lap. "What do you want to say?" She asked, feeling a bit less sure of herself now that the moment was passing. 'I can't believe I said that!' Thinking about the dirty talk.

"We can spruce up the wording a bit." Alexander wrapped both arms around the girl's waist, resisting the urge to play with her tits again. "Start with some basics and we can fill in the gaps. Salizar will be retiring at the end of next month and I, Alexander Dunn have been chosen to fill his shoes, or at least to the best of my ability. Trip has steered this branch for many years, and no one can truly replace him, but after working with him for years, hand in hand, I believe I can follow in his footsteps if not fill his shoes. Period, new paragraph." Alex looked over what the admin was typing, he wasn't actually in love with it, but he could tinker with it before end of day when it was sent out.

"Next paragraph. That leaves me to announce some more good news. In my place

another among you will be rising, as I don't believe in hiring from outside when someone deserving that is already here can take up my mantle. Larry..." He stopped talking after saying the name, knowing it was wrong, but picked back up before the man's fiancé could correct him. "Lincoln Hatch will be taking over my position when I move up. Until then he will be around, attending meetings with me and getting to know each of you and I hope you treat him as good, if not better than you treated me. The man's promotion... the mans?" Alexander scratched his head not liking the sound of it but pressed forward to get something written before he excused the sexy girl in his lap that was writing for him. "Yeah, for now go with the man's. The man's promotion isn't even the best news. He told me just this morning that he is getting married to the love of his life our very own Jacqueline Hart, my executive administrative assistant, who will be moving up with me as I take the helm of our branch."

"What?" Jacqueline turned her head and shifted as much as she could in his lap with him holding her in place. "I'm doing what?"

Squinting at her Alexander shook his head twice. "We talked about his dear, you will be getting a slight raise, remember?"

The sound of getting another raise sounded vaguely familiar to Jacqueline, but moving with him didn't ring a bell. "I was, ahh, going to move to the sales team." She said, her plan for what was going to happen when he moved on slipping from her lips."

"The sales team? That isn't a place for you, no we talked about this. You are moving up with me, a little extra money for your pocketbook too. Now back to the email if you would please." Dunn gave the girl an expected look, waiting for her to put her hands back to the keyboard before he continued, hoping what he said next would be a happy surprise for her. At least in the moment before the airhead forgot it. "I'm inviting everyone from my department to join us in celebration at a local watering hole around the corner so that we can all have a little food and a few drinks to gather in celebration... don't like that I said celebration twice... I will fix it later." Giving the person in his lap a light squeeze like she was a stuffed animal he pushed forward. "In celebration to celebrate..." He sighed, feeling too distracted now. "Your coworkers joining together and their rise within Mega Corp."

Letting go of the girl in his lap he helped her to her pretty heeled feet. "You head on out to your desk; I will polish this before sending it out." Alexander then gave his admin a light swat on her rear as he glared at the email, feeling a bit sleepy after the time he had with the sexy creature.

Jacqueline felt out of sorts as she minced out of the office. "I'm not supposed to stay a

secretary!” A hard pout formed on her lips, she was still having a good day and was determined for it to stay that way. Jacqueline didn’t feel like a feminized man marching off on a mission, just a woman with a goal as she made her way to Lincoln. A simple plan in her mind, drag him off to the supply closet, get him all hot and bothered, then make him promise to make her his admin. Thinking there was no way Dunn could deny his knew protégé her affections when he had just so proudly said he had trained her for Linc. ‘Other girls sleep their way to the position they want, no reason I can’t too... the sales team will just have to wait a little longer.’

Scene 39

Sitting at the bar Jacqueline gave Lincoln a light kiss, just a little peck on his cheek, sitting here in his lap while he sat on the barstool, she felt happy. This was the same place they went for their first date, a date that had been just for show in order for their coworkers to see them together. She gave him a playful smile, thinking about how the fact that she had practically blackmailed her best friend into pretending to be her boyfriend. Maddy teasing, saying how she would never have the confidence to just pick out a man she liked and demand that he be her boyfriend. Here Jacqueline was, sitting in that boyfriend’s, her fiancé’s lap, someone that she had done that exactly too.

Tonight she wore a black asymmetrical dress with white around the edges, the dress long enough to hide the decorated welts of her stockings when standing, leaving them a bit exposed when she sat down like she was now. Like the location the outfit she had on was the same as she wore on their first date, or close enough to it. Back then she hadn’t wanted to go on the date at all, had complained to her sister that no girl had ever worn stockings on a date with her before. Maddy had countered by saying Jacqueline was the type of girl that liked being sexy, looking sexy, feeling sexy and even made her say those exact words. Jacqueline bounced her head slightly from side to side, able to admit the word exact wasn’t a good fit, but it was close.



The bar was crowded, people gathered to celebrate her engagement, her promotion, Lincoln's promotion and Dunn's. Looking past a group of people Jackie was able to see her big sisters talking with Callie and had to admit that the pushy, opinionated, headache inducing woman he had grown up with was right. She did enjoy feeling sexy, feeling desired. It was a hard thing for her to admit, even to herself. The world seemed to have warped to push her down this feminine path and it had given her an ocean's worth of new experiences, almost all of them she had been dragged through kicking and screaming, at least mentally. It had allowed her to move from an underpaid intern with no prospects to a not so glamour job as the personal assistant to an executive, but her salary had jumped. She went from needing to cash those checks her dad sent to being able to ignore them like Maddy. Jacqueline remembered once saying something about needing her sister's help to be made into a woman so that she could be a man and stand on her own.

Jacqueline's older sister had done just that, but over the course of her time in heels she had found herself not alone. Gaining friends, pretty friends that she crushed on a bit. Growing closer to her sister, the pair had always been close ever since they were abandoned by their mother, but now that bond between them was stronger and then there was her relationship with her best friend. They had started out as coworkers and now she had an engagement ring on her finger, the feel of it, the weight was still new, but it felt nice, comforting. That night had been magical, and confusing and she knew that there wasn't actually a white dress in her future. This was another show, just like their dating had been. That had evolved... the feminized man's mind lingered on that word evolved.

'All of this is fake... I made Linc start to date me to keep men away and then I ended up being with him.' The way he looked at her didn't feel fake, the way he told her how he was in love, that they would always be best friends. Her plan, their plan was for her to go back to being a boy. It wasn't going to be something that happened quickly, thanks to Mega Corp and what those butchers... doctors did to her body. A body she saw had an effect on men, made people feel attracted to her and giving Jacqueline a small rush of power. It would all be gone in the future, where she could get back to her old life. Her manly... simple, lonely life.

Taking in a deep breath Jacqueline glanced over to the full wine glass on the bar and almost reached for it. She had made a promise to herself to stop drinking, a promise she had broken more than once and was determined to do better. Determined to not become some alcoholic that felt like they needed it to help cope. She also felt determined to enjoy her life, to be happy in what she had, for however long she had it. That voice in the back of her mind hadn't been as pressing as it once had, the happier she was the less the

self-doubt rattled around. 'Tonight is supposed to be a happy night, come on girl, have some fun.' She told herself leaning in close to the man she sat on to whisper in his ear. "This is kinda like a dream, I mean... I never really thought about getting married, and not a white dress, but... the more I think about it." She paused for just a second. "It sounds fun and this feels real, ya know?"

Putting his beer bottle back on the bar top Lincoln wrapped the arm around his girl's waist. "Funny how dreams can become a reality, even ones you didn't know you had." He said back to her, his heart swelling with joy to hear her talking about not being able to even dream of her desires, how they weren't possible and now with him they were becoming real. "I'm betting you will look ravishing in a white dress."

Jacqueline laughed and gave her friend a brilliant smile. "I look ravishing in anything and everything." she said playfully. Her own comment feeling a bit wrong, not that she was wrong in the opinion, but wrong because it shouldn't be true. Ignoring that self-doubt she reminded herself that she was going to have fun and once more resisted the urge to sip or even gulp down her glass of wine, stead pushing it out of her own reach.

"Yeah you do." Lincoln's hand slipped from the girl's back, moving to her thigh, his fingers brushing along her stocking covered leg. "Much as I would love to do just that with you now, I think we do have to mingle a bit."

Nodding she agreed, this party was being paid for by their boss and she needed to show off the ring on her finger to Trip the man at the top so the old man could feel secure in knowing the next executive was a stable family man. She rolled her eyes at the old-fashioned idea, but looking down at her finger she still couldn't help a smile playing at the corner of her lips. It was when she was getting down from Lincoln's lap when someone came up to them. "Abe! You came!" Jacqueline said looking at the tall man that she had become friends with.

"Hey." Abraham said, fighting back his natural instinct to hug the pretty girl, wishing he could do that and give her a kiss hello, but that time had passed. "Sorry I haven't seen you around." He then adjusted his glasses slightly before holding out his hand to the still seated Lincoln. "Jacqueline has told me a lot about you. I'm Abraham and I guess you will be my supervisor soon." It felt like salt in a wound to have to play office politics with the man in front of him. Lincoln Hatch, the controlling boyfriend had talked Jacqueline into marrying him and somehow talked Dunn into promoting him in the largest leap from one position to another he had ever seen. 'This man is a snake.' He thought shaking the man's hand.

Abraham hated this, hated he lost two members of his team when he had played ball

with Dunn. It felt worthy at the time to save the gorgeous girl from his clutches. Just thinking about her soft brown eyes, her mascara covered lashes fluttering as she looked up to him and knowing his boss, their boss was taking physical advantage of her had sent him into a rage before. She was safe from that now thanks to his efforts and compromise, but in doing so he felt like he lost an important battle. Protected the girl from one monster, only for her to be kept captive by another. The extra workload from a smaller team meant more work, more hand holding of clients and it meant he didn't have the time he needed... the time he wanted to spend with the blonde that now had an engagement ring on her finger.

Getting to his feet Lincoln shook the larger man's hand, wondering if the man that was just muscle and glasses knew how hard his own hand shake was. It gave him a bit more motivation to keep hitting the gym, a task that was hard to stay motivated to do. "Yeah, I guess I am. Hard for me to wrap my head around honestly." Lincoln stretched his neck to the side to try and work out a kink he just felt. The pop as things realigned gave him a little bit of relief, pulling his hand back. "You head up the sales team from what I understand, Jacqueline has been wanting to work under you for a long time what I understand."

Turning his head slightly Abraham squinted, wondering how open Jacqueline had been about their relationship. He didn't think a controlling asshole would be able to stand her trying to leave him for someone that would actually treat the young woman right, make her feel like the princess she deserved to be and dismissed the idea that he knew entirely. "I have a few openings on my team, I would love to have her under me." He said with the double meaning.

"Ahh." Lincoln sucked in some air through gritted teeth. "Wish I could do that, but she is going to move with Mr. Dunn." He rolled his hand in the air. "Just like the email said, but I have worked it out so that is just temporary. Once he is settled in she will be with me, I would put her on the sales team if I could, but that is beyond me at the moment." He said wishing he could make his friend's wishes become real. She had been incredibly persuasive in that supply room on their first day back at the office together. Saying how she would rather work as his secretary till things could change. Lincoln wasn't sure exactly what she meant by things changing, best he could figure she meant till after they got married. He wasn't able to talk their boss into changing things, at least not right away, he had already made everything official, so the woman he loved would have to wait to transfer because the company frowned upon people bouncing around from one department from the next. Thinking back to how persuasive she was Lincoln gave Jacqueline a small grin and making a mental note to have the closet deep cleaned when he took over the area.

Abraham nodded wishing violence could solve his problem, positive the way Hatch said she will be with me was a claim to the girl like she was property. Him making claims that there was nothing he could do, when both knew it would take one phone call to get Jacqueline in the place she wanted to be. 'Controlling dick.' He thought resisting a primal urge. "I'm sure in time I can help her be where she wants to be."

"That." Lincoln started to say, feeling like the taller man was saying one thing, but meaning more and he just wasn't catching what it was. "I'm sure Jacqueline would appreciate that. Right?" Instead of finding the pretty blonde paying attention to the conversation, he found her engrossed in another conversation with one of the receptionists that worked the front desk, Lilian he thought her name was. Looking back to the man he was having a conversation with Lincoln gave him a small shrug and an expression that he hoped conveyed "What are you going to do?"

"We will see." Abraham said, thinking he still had a chance to help the young woman. Trying not to think of it as saving her, she wasn't helpless even if she did probably feel stuck. Looking at Jacqueline in her tight dress he wanted to help her now, but tonight wasn't the time. He had a chance, but let work get in the way. "Hey, Jacqueline." Abraham said raising his voice a bit, and continuing when the bottle blonde looked his way. "Want to come over for another home cooked meal sometime soon?"

Already nodding Jacqueline smiled at her friend, half whispering. "He is an amazing cook." The beginning of an idea forming in her mind. Thinking about how happy and bubbly Lil was, and how down to earth Abe acted while still not being a stick in the mud like Linc could be at times and imagined the two hitting it off. "That sounds great count me in!" She said the smile on her face flashing brighter before turning back to her work friend. "You are going to love eating his food."

Sipping on her cocktail Lilian gave her friend a quizzical look. "He invited you." She then looked just over Jacqueline's shoulder wondering just what kind of relationship the two had that an invite like that was okay.

"Would you date him if you could?" Jacqueline asked, stepping to the side and back so she could be shoulder to shoulder with Lilian, watching the tall man walk away with a bounce in his step.

"Ahh yeah!"

"Then I'm betting things can be worked out." She said imagining inviting Lil around for the night, having her show up with a bottle of wine and her sending a message to Abe that she couldn't come, leaving her two friends alone together.

Lincoln pinched the bridge of his nose, he knew Jacqueline was friend's with the man, but it felt like he was asking his fiancé out on a date right in front of him, the way Abraham locked eyes with him when Jackie said yes, felt like it was a challenge. 'Am I reading too much into this?' he asked himself, not having a lot of experience in things like this to be sure. His own insecurities made him read the worst into situations at times. Turning his back to Abraham as he walked off Lincoln tried to keep a confident grin on his face, he had asked her to marry him, and she had said yes. 'How can you be insecure knowing that?' No plans had been made, but the conversation about a white dress and dreams tickled his mind as he looked at Jackie with her friend. "What are you two discussing? You look thick as thieves."

"I'm not sure." Lilian admitted.

"Talking about love." Jacqueline responded, getting an even more curious look from Lilian. The feminized man had never set anyone up on a date before, but the idea of her machinations being the reason a couple go together gave her a thrill. 'I am a god damned superhero. Saving jobs and fighting for love!' The thrill that ran through her hit a bit of a speed bump when Jacqueline realized that doing this would mean taking the bubbly girl off the market. 'Stop that!' She told herself. 'Live in the moment, today we are happy, I am happy. I'm Jacqueline Hart and we are celebrating.'

Mingling continued, much of it going by in a blur, but when Jacqueline interacted with her sibling next the memory of it would last a lifetime. "Are you having fun?" Jacqueline asked her sister, looking around her to see where the gorgeous blonde bartender that had been at her side all night had gotten off to. "Where is the love of your life?"

"Really?" Madison rolled her eyes. The two had gotten a little more serious, but she didn't feel ready to commit and really didn't want things to move in fast forward like she heard some girls do when they become official. It was a running joke that lesbians moved in together almost right away when they became an item. She didn't subscribe to that belief and still wasn't sure if in the long term if she wanted to settle down with a man or a woman, but she did know that Callie was a lot of fun to be with. "She had to go, her boss." Madison motioned to a man behind the bar that was mixing a drink. "He asked her to clock in and help even though she is here with me and tonight is a night off. So she told him no and then told me she needed to leave."

With a small shrug and a nod of her head Jacqueline understood. It was like worlds colliding, if she worked then Callie would more than likely feel bad for abandoning her date and not clocking in and staying would cause friction with her boss. "You didn't want to go with her?"

“Contrary to what you may believe I am cable of not running off to go fuck every chance I get.” Madison said putting the empty glass she had in her hand onto the bar before turning back to her sister, trying to keep her back towards the front door.

“Gah! I wasn’t... I don’t want to hear about that!” Jacqueline bunched her arms up, forming loose fists and purposely made her body shake, wishing Maddy hadn’t said that.

“Okay.” Madison smirked, looking to the man that hadn’t left her sister’s side. “How about you? Do you want to hear more about... Callie... Me... Sex...?” She said drawing out the last few words.

“I...” Lincoln started to speak before feeling an elbow hitting him hard enough to leave a light bruise. “No, no... not something I would even want to think about.” The interaction caused Madison to laugh. “I swear you are trying to get me in trouble.”

“Trouble? Noooo” She shook her head, glancing over at someone walking closer to the group. “I might be in trouble, but I’m hoping I did a good thing here.” She said pointing behind the two, at her and Jackie’s father. The reason she had stayed with her date had to leave. She had kept her sister a secret from their father, at first. The two still exchanged handwritten letters and he had begun to worry about his son. No word from Jackson, no text messages returned, no phone calls answered, and no checks cashed. Her sister seemed to have her life going in the right direction, the direction they wanted for so long, but just couldn’t... didn’t feel safe enough to speak of. She knew her sibling, at least now she was positive she did and understood just how terrified they were of abandonment. Jackie hadn’t spoken to their parent because she was afraid of that happening, not being accepted. Telling him could be considered a breach of trust, but she also trusted their dad and took the risk. As the couple turned, she slunk away, moving to the other end of the bar wanting to watch her dad meet the daughter he never knew and wanting to give some distance in case things didn’t go well. Madison had hope, but she also felt like a coward as she put distance between herself and her family.

“Ja... Jackson?” Mr. Hart said as he took in the sight of his youngest child. He could have walked by the person he saw standing in front of him a dozen times and never thought it was his baby boy. Jacqueline, the name Madison had said Jackson was using now looked so much like their mother, but so did Madison. He never considered how much the two looked alike, not identical by any means, but them being siblings... sisters was obvious. His eldest had shared pictures to help him prepare, but nothing could prepare him for the young woman in front of him. “Jacqueline.” He said in a softer, somber voice.

“Dad!?” The room around Jackson fell away, his dad was here. He was here in the bar seeing him wearing a dress, high heels and a face covered in makeup. The man that raised him... that was there when he grew up had shown up to a party that at least partially was happening to celebrate his engagement to his best friend. Even if this wasn't a real engagement, he didn't think there was any way to explain why his son for all the world looked like a big breasted woman.

Scene 40

The rest of the world didn't seem to exist, all the sounds of conversations fell away and were muted. The only thing Jackson could hear was the sound of his own breathing and his heartbeat and that felt like it was throbbing hard enough that he could feel it.

“Dad...” Jackson said as he took two short steps backwards, all the time he had spent in high heels had meant he didn't stumble at all when his instincts made him move slightly away unconsciously. The small steps, the feeling of his feet held at an angle in the white strappy pumps, the feel of the dresses tight skirts shifting, the bra straps under the dress pulling as they supported and lifted his bosom. The very idea, let alone the feeling of his breasts, his D cup breasts bouncing slightly from the movement... all of it ran through his mind at the same time.

The weight on his chest, the most recent addition to the changes to his body and wardrobe hadn't even been on his mind and now while his father looked at him it was one of the very few things he could think about. ‘My Dad is seeing me with tits!’ Jackson hadn't taken his second dose of his medication today, thinking there would be little stress at a party and yet... “I can explain.” Jackson's words sounded almost pleading, but each of them came out in the husky feminine voice he had been using for weeks.

Jackson's eyes went wide as he watched his father close the distance between them. The man had never been abusive, verbally, emotionally, physically, but in that moment as afraid as Jackson was he flinched. The instinctual reaction didn't save the femininely dressed man from what was coming, his tensed and coiled muscles ready to help him flee were for nothing. The assault that came was a hug, a tight one where Jackson felt his father's arms encircle him.

“I'm sorry... I'm so sorry.” Mr. Hart said, holding his youngest child as tightly as he dared.

“You... you are sorry?” Jackson felt like his body was trembling and didn't dare move

from the embrace.

Speaking in a quieter voice, the bar so full of people and not wanting anyone to overhear. "I have not been the best father to you... I love you. I am sorry for not being there for you." The man said thinking about how his son kept this part of himself... herself hidden away from him. "I love you Jacqueline and I'm proud to have someone strong, stronger than they know. Someone brave, brave enough to be themselves. I am proud of you and proud to have you as my daughter."

The embrace didn't exactly end, it got tighter for a second before the two pulled slightly apart. "Dad..." The fear slipping away, the endorphins from the hug, the emotion that could be heard in their father's voice and the hormones that left the youngest Hart more emotional than they once were all caused their eyes to start welling up the tears. "You, Dad... you don't understand."

Moving his hands to hold his child by their biceps, he gave his hands a slight squeeze, making sure to meet Jackson, not Jacqueline's gaze. With a smile and nod of his head Mr. Hart spoke. "I do, and I don't. What I know is that I love you and that I want you to be happy. Jacqueline, are you happy?"

"I... I am." Jacqueline said, her jaw quivering. So many things were abnormal and far from where her life should be. There was a plan in place for her to go back to her old life, only better, it would take a little time but that was on the horizon and yet standing there looking at her father. A man who had been distant for so many years, there had never been a question if there was love between them, but he really hadn't been the best father. The man acted more like they were a friend and here he was admitting his faults, apologizing for them and then saying how proud he was of her. She had more friends than she had since school and a career that was on the rise. Thoughts of looking at herself in the mirror that night not long ago, admiring her own beauty... it was like she was looking at someone else that could be admired and... and... that was her and she had been pushing against that thought all while pretending she was someone else. "I am happy."

Heart swelling Ben Hart gave the youngest child the biggest smile he could muster. He didn't actually understand his son wanting to be a girl or being a girl on the inside. The transgender thing was confusing to him, but he understood himself. That he loved his children and that little else mattered. In front of him was a young woman, they looked different than his idea of them, but it was still his child. No matter how old Madison got he would always remember her as the girl that hold up a wooden spoon and declaring it was her scepter as she was queen of the land as she stood up on the couch, one leg up on the armrest. Just like Jackson... would be that child that would run around the house

with a towel tied around their neck as they pretended to be a superhero. Holding in his own tears, Ben cleared his throat. He was ready to offer to buy his daughter a drink and her fiancé and maybe get a chance to get to know the man and his new daughter, but the touching moment was interrupted.

“Who do we have here? Another well-wisher?” Alexander Dunn said walking up, glass of whiskey on the rocks in one hand his other entwined at the elbow with his wife.

Swallowing the saliva in her mouth Jacqueline looked at her boss wishing he would go away or at the very least keep his mouth shut. “Mr. Dunn, this is my Dad, we were just...”

While Jacqueline kept talking, at least for a few more words she was talked over by the older bearded man who proved time and time again how little considered others. Dunn pulled his arm free from his wife, moving a little closer to his admin as he gestured to her. “Alexander Dunn, your daughter’s superior. A pleasure to meet you sir. You must be proud of your little...” he almost said boy turned girl but something that was said in one of the seminars he had to attend flitted through his mind. ‘Well, your little girl. You know I was one of the first people she told about her... well about herself. I gave her a permanent position and I like to think it is because of me she met this fine young man here.’

Hardly any of that was true, at least not directly, but Alexander Dunn was the type of man that thought highly of himself and through that lens he had no problem stating things in his own favor, a trait that had made him highly successful. Turning his head slightly he gave his new protege a wink before slapping his secretary on her rear. “You are a lucky man to have Jacqueline here, Hatch.”

An explosion of pain was what Alexander felt, it was so sudden that it took him a moment to even realize that it was coming from his right cheek, let alone that he had been struck by a closed fist. Then after another few moments to realize he was lying on the bar’s concrete floor, his drink spilled over himself. “Ahhh.” He groaned, blinking a few times as his hand came up to his face while his vision cleared.

“DAD!” Jacqueline cried out as she witnessed her father’s face change, the joy she had seen clouded over with rage as he pulled back his arm and swung in a large swing that just anyone could avoid with how much it was telegraphed, but the intended target hadn’t been paying attention. When the fist connected with Dunn’s face, and he crumpled to the floor she felt anxiety grip her. The tension that had fled Jacqueline came back in such force as terrible outcomes came to mind in such a rush that she couldn’t even think about one long enough to grasp it.

Shaking his hand Ben looked at the fear on his daughter's face. "Sorry," he whispered. He was sorry for so much, but he wasn't sorry for what he had just done. His child... adult or not just had their ass slapped by their boss and done so in a manner that made it look like the man didn't even consider it to be a deal, let alone a big one. Taking a step closer so he could loom over the man he spoke in what he thought of as his commanding voice, not something he was well practiced with. "How dare you lay a finger on her!" Ben had started to feel bad this his child had felt close enough to this man to come out of the closet, he wasn't even sure coming out of the closet was the right term, but whatever it was Jackson had shown Jacqueline to this Alexander before himself and that hurt. He couldn't say none of that came into play when he lashed out from seeing him touch Jacqueline like that though.

"Dad! You can't... you have to go!" Jacqueline felt the anxiety flowing through her like it was part of her bloodstream and some of it was terror that her father was about to be arrested. Part of her would be able to look back at this and feel the pure joy of seeing the arrogant man get his lights punched in, but in the bar at that moment it was overshadowed.

"Mr. Hart..." Lincoln started to say, he hadn't noticed what had set his girlfriend's parent off after what the man said he wished he had. Still, he didn't get to say much before the man on the floor started to yell, raising his voice as he struggled to get back to his feet, his wits still a bit scrambled.

"How fucking dare you! I could..." things that ran through his mind were how he could buy and sell him a hundred times over, how he could throttle him or even how he could have him thrown in prison. Dunn said none of them as his wife bent down and put one finger over her raging husband's lips, the other pressed lightly on his chest so that he would pay attention to her.

"Shush dear. I think you have done enough and doing so in front of me." Her words weren't loud or harsh, they were, however, thick with disappointment. "Now get to your feet and think for a second about your own actions." Standing back up and righting herself Mrs. Dunn held one hand out at waist level, fingers splayed and pressed it forward like she was pushing on a brake. "I'm sorry." She said in the bottle blonde's direction before turning to her father and repeated the motion and her words. "I'm sorry." Glancing down to her husband as he pulled himself up to his feet, she shook her head. "I am sorry for my spouse; he has had more than a few drinks this evening. Not that it is an excuse for his behavior."

"Ma'am." Ben started to say it wasn't her fault, or her place, but stopped. He hadn't been

in a relationship in so long that he wasn't even sure that he was right. Couples covered for one another he considered, now not really sure how to take her apology, other than knowing he still wanted to hit the man again. The touch had just been so casual, like he knew he could not only do it, but get away with it.

"Alex." The older woman said to her husband this time in a stern voice. "I think it best if you go wait for me in the car."

Dunn had more than a few words to share and many actions he wanted to take, but his wife was right on one thing. He had a good deal to drink in a short time and had done a bit of pre-gaming before the party. Tonight was a celebration, people were here for Hart and Hatch, but tonight was his night most of all. His marriage wasn't one of love, but he knew better than to argue with the woman out in public. Much as he did know that fact his drunken mind almost ignored it, but in the end he made the call to slink away. No apologies given, just leaving.

"Again, I am sorry." Pushing some air out of her nose Mildred Dunn let out some of her frustration. "I have not properly introduced myself, I am Mildred Dunn, the very apologetic and embarrassed wife to the man..." She waved her hand in her husband's direction as he made his way to the door.

"Mrs. Dunn." Jacqueline started to say, her heart still pumping her blood fast enough that she could have been in danger of a stroke or heart attack.

Taking the girl's hand between her own Mrs. Dunn should her head in small motions. "Please, call me Millie. Mrs. Dunn and Mildred make me sound old, and I owe you so much dear. Could we please talk?"

Looking around the area where she stood Jacqueline looked from her boss's wife. A woman that looked to be ten years Dunn's junior, brunette hair with hints of red done up in a curled updo that Jacqueline didn't think she would be able to mimic without a video tutorial and a few hours practice. Then her gaze shifted to Linc, her father and then finally to the faces of everyone else who was watching the ordeal. Suddenly embarrassment joined the other feelings and Jacqueline wanted to be anywhere other than here.

"How about we go to the lady's room and touch up a bit." Mildred offered, tugging lightly on the girl's hand that she held. Not sure what else she could do Jackie followed into the lady's room a place she once saw as a forbidden place like most males did.

"Well then." Mildred started speaking again when they entered the lavatory. "That was a

bit of excitement, more than enough for you it seems.”

“Mrs. Dunn... Millie. I’m sorry for what my father did! I will ahh...” Thoughts of being fired, Linc being fired, her father being arrested, and everyone being told how she sucked off Dunn daily all seemed like possibilities. Each of them caused part of her life to fall apart, a life that she had just admitted she was happy with.

“Jacqueline... may I call you Jackie?” The older woman said with an easy smile on her face and a soothing tone to her voice. “You do not have a thing to worry about, honestly Alex needed to be taken down a peg or two, I think. You and the people you love are all safe from any wrath he has brewing in his mind.”

“Are you sure?” Jacqueline asked, thinking about the story of the girl who shared her sister’s name and how she had been treated for so much less.

“I’m sure dear.” Millie patted the girl’s back. “A little thing like what he did to you... being knocked on his ass might have been excessive, but I would imagine your Daddy would do much worse if he knew how intimate the two of you were.”

“WHAT!?”

“Relax dear, relax. I promise you I did worse things than a few blow jobs in my day to get ahead.”

“You... you know?” Suddenly Jacqueline was thinking about Dunn’s hand on the back of her neck, guiding her pace as she slid his member in and out of her mouth. She knew he was married, he had said as much and had made it all seem like no big deal. The feeling of his strong hand on her neck and the feeling of his ring felt so daunting. ‘What do I do?’ She had told herself so many times that she was Jacqueline Hart, a bimbo secretary and it was just what she did, what she had to do. If this was someone else, someone else that was confronting her she could use that... please them to make the problem go away, but that wasn’t going to work here.

“Jackie. Jackie... It is okay. It is more than okay; Alex and I don’t have a relationship like that. At least we haven’t for a long time. Honestly, I should be thanking you.” Giving the doe eyed girl a smile, she turned to the mirror to check her reflection.

“Tha... thanking me?”

“Yes dear, thanking you. Alex is a shark, I mean that in the best and worst ways. Always moving, looking like he can bite someone’s head off but since you started working for

him, he has been... let's say easier to manage. Other girls, other pretty little things like yourself have worked for him and he has his dalliances, but in the end there often is a payoff that must be made or embarrassment could befall us. You see, Alex and I..." Millie then shook her head, not feeling as if she needed to go into the details of their mostly political marriage, not when she was here in part to celebrate her own upcoming nuptials. "From what I understand, what is happening between you and my husband is mutual."

Seeing her husband's mistress blush looked adorable. It was distasteful that Alexander would be playing around with some trans girl and thought word of it could hurt their reputation, but the way he talked about her being some diversity hire that the company wanted to flaunt made her think she wasn't changing fast enough with the times. "It is fine dear, like I said I did more than my fair share when I was young and beautiful too. Men used to use terms like slut or bimbo, but in the end, I got what I wanted. So, what do I care if you want to suck a little cock to get ahead. "

What the woman was saying sounded insane to Jacqueline. She was not after Dun's dick the man had manipulated and blackmailed to get what he wanted. "That isn't..."

"Jackie, you do not have to defend yourself here. I would like to think we are friends, or we could be if you want. In fact, I wanted to reward you."

"Reward me?" Jacqueline blinked, the anxiety in her not nearly as palpable as before, but she felt more confused than anything. 'She thinks I want to suck his dick and wants to reward me for it?!

"Yes. Like I said we tend to or the company tends to have to pay off girls from time to time." Mildred said, knowing full well that more than a few were eaten up and spit out instead of being paid off. "I know you aren't going to say anything to anyone, the benefits of being happy and going to marry yourself. So, what I'm going to do for you is myself and my husband are going to pay for your wedding."

"I'm sorry what?" Jacqueline said leaning a little closer, trying to listen better because she was sure she hadn't heard correctly.

"Your wedding dear." Mildred turned from the mirror to face the girl. "As a thank you for all you have done to keep my husband happy, we are going to finance your wedding and being a bit of a party organizer myself, I'm going to coordinate it all for you. That is why I say we should be friends. What do you say?"

'The wedding... being engaged has been fun and... it was supposed to be for show right?'

Jacqueline had to put a hand on the sink's counter to keep herself steady. "We... we couldn't ask you to do that, that is too much. Way too much... Millie. Thank you, but..." Coming up with a good excuse seemed impossible, so Jacqueline said the first thing that came to mind, the topic her boss's wife had been talking about. "What Mr. Dunn and I have done together has been rewarding enough." Thoughts of the man's cock pulsing as he groaned in pleasure came to mind. 'At least it had been someone's pleasure.'

Waving her hand in the air in a dismissive gesture Mildred shook her head twice. "Weddings are expensive and stressful. I am going to take away both of those worries from you by helping you organize everything. We can pick out the right caterers together, go dress shopping for your big day. All of it I will be there at your side and at no point will you have to check your bank account. I wasn't always as wealthy as I am now dear. Now, I insist and won't hear another protest. Now, what do you say?"

Mildred's kindness wasn't just that, she also had her own personal motives. The girl was pleasing her husband, a job she hadn't done in a while and couldn't let that grow to Alex getting feelings for the trans girl. Her husband sleeping with her was one thing and that would be bad enough if it got out, but him leaving her because of it would be an order of magnitude worse. So, it was up to her to make sure Jackie hitched her wagon to another man.

"Ahhh." Jacqueline said eloquently. "I guess... thank you." She said, feeling like the woman hadn't left any room for argument. 'Am I really going to marry Linc?' the feminized man said touching the ring on her finger, it somehow feeling more real than before. Jacqueline saw herself in the mirror, wearing her dress from her and Lincoln's first date, a small smile blooming on her face and growing till it touched her eyes. 'I am Jacqueline Hart, Jacqueline, a blonde bimbo secretary... and I'm going to marry my best friend.'

"And you are welcome, dear, now let's go out there and tell your father and future husband the good news that they won't have to pay for a wedding a princess like you deserves."

Epilog

Jacqueline sat in her swivel chair, it pulled back slightly from her desk that was just outside of her boss's office. She sat with her legs crossed at the knee as she bounced one of her heeled feet as she thought about the meeting she had just been in. She had been supposed to be taking notes during the meeting, but the paper on her clipboard was blank. She had been thinking about a few of the honeymoon options she had picked out

and just wasn't able to decide.

With the end of her pen in her mouth, she lightly bit the cap on the back of it, trying now to think of where to start. The meeting itself had been recorded but listening to the recording after sitting through the meeting felt like a hassle when she had so much else going on. The wedding was four months away and she was supposed to meet up with Millie after work with Lil and Tab and couldn't help feeling excited about it.



While the blonde executive admin sat there pondering she had no idea her boss was watching her. Lincoln had gone to the restroom and had been stopped along the way to discuss something with one of his employees. Now he stood not far off admiring the young woman who had said yes to him. Today she wore a forest green short sleeved, low-cut blouse, a short white skirt and matching strappy heels. Her blond hair had been pulled back into a low ponytail and with its current shorter length it added something he thought was adorable to an incredibly sexy office look that any HR department should have admonished her for, but that was one of the perks of working at Mega Corp. So long as the executives were happy and he was very happy, then there was no problem.

With the wedding coming up Lincoln didn't feel like he got to spend enough personal time at home with Jacqueline, she was often spending time with her friends. A fact that made him feel happy, before... before he had pranked his friend in what felt like a lifetime ago, they didn't go out much. Not that either of them could really afford to, but still Jackson didn't have many friends and now that they had come out of their shell, Jacqueline was surrounded by people she liked being around.

Their wedding coordinator, Mrs. Dunn felt like she was sent by God with how much she had done for them. Because her planning for the wedding had been a breeze, because of her and her husband they weren't having to pay for a thing. He still wasn't sure why they were doing that, with his new salary they could afford a wedding, but maybe something less extravagant. She said it was a thank you and a wedding present, and he wasn't going to argue himself into spending money. The best part was because of her the woman he loved worked directly under him instead of Dunn. That meant they got to have some fun in the office, making up for time they didn't get to spend at home.

Not sure where to begin Jacqueline tossed the clipboard on her desk, looking up she caught Lincoln looking at her, his dopey smile bringing one of her own to her face. "What are you looking at?"

Stepping closer Lincoln tried to think of some clever line, but nothing came to mind, so he just said what he felt. "Just the woman I love, my best friend."

A feeling of warmth blossomed in Jacqueline's chest at that, any lingering self-doubt that would tell her it was wrong was gone. Soon she was going to be a married woman, she didn't know how she got here. From a man stuck in a rut that had been tricked and trapped into pretending to be something he was not. Learning what it felt like to be looked at with desire, treated like she was worthwhile and to finally accept that truth and how happy it made her. "Well... Mr. Hatch, remember I'm going out after work today with the girls. What are you going to be up to?"

“Umm.” Lincoln knew the answer to the question, every night she had gone out he had been catching up on an anime. His girl was many things, but an anime geek wasn’t one of them. “If you must know Miss Hart.” He tossed back her mock professionalism. “Hit the gym, maybe do something bad like eat too many carbs and watch a few shows on my laptop.”

“A few shows?” Jacqueline raised an eyebrow at the man. “I bet it is those cartoons. You are such a nerd.” She said with a smile on her face and love in her heart.

The End

Jackie and Lincoln celebrating Valentines Day.



