

Diversity Hire



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Scene 1

Sitting in a double cubicle Lincoln added a little sign here sticker to some paperwork before putting into a file and tossing into the outgoing stack. Standing stretched his arms to the sides and then above his head, feeling his back pop and releasing some of the tension in his body from sitting at his desk doing paperwork. While standing he was able to take a few seconds to actually see out a window, or even see a window.

Outside of the Florida Mega Corp office the sky was azure blue with a sprinkling of light white clouds. It was the type of day he would rather be at the beach, but taking a day off during the week would not help him turn this low paid internship into a real job with real pay. He was about to sit down and start his next assignment when he felt something jab into the back of his head. Turning around he saw a paper airplane that must have hit him, falling to the floor.

Picking it up he looked over at the only other person in the double cubicle raising an eyebrow. His office coworker, fellow intern and good friend sat at his own desk with his feet up and chuckling to himself. He looked his friend over, Jackson Hart was about four inches shorter than his five foot ten, baby face while he couldn't go a day without shaving. Jackson kept his dark brown hair long saying it was one of the last things left from his less than thriving rock career, while he kept his own short in a stylised messy look. Today Jackson hadn't even bothered to wear a tie to the office and now he was just goofing off.

"Don't you have any work to do?" Lincoln said, holding up the paper airplane before tossing it into the trash.



“You know there is always more work to do, get close to being finished and someone else drops some of their work load off on the interns. Why bother rushing through it when it will only get you more work.” Pulling his feet off the desk, something he had been told was unprofessional more than once by their boss Alexander Dunn.

“Great work ethic, with that attitude you can forget rising from being an intern. I’m sure they will jump you right up to a vice president position.” Lincoln sat back down in his chair, he didn’t need his voice carrying over all the cubicle for others to hear.

“Come off it Linc, we met last year in an intern program. That program is over, yet here we are still doing the same job for a wage that isn’t livable. For what? The chance to have a career at the prestigious Mega Corp?”

“You saying you don’t want to have on your resume you worked in marketing or accounting at Mega Corp?”

“Marketing.” Jackson said, pointing to himself. “Where the popular kids go.” Then he pointed to his cube mate. “Accounting, with the nerds and yes of course that is what I want otherwise I wouldn’t still be here or sharing that two bedroom apartment with you. I mean really Linc, you could pick up more around the apartment.”

“I do pick up, you are the lazy one.” Jackson gave a little shrug, glancing at his monitor screen seeing an email come in, but didn’t bother to click on it. “Yeah and if you picked up more I would have less to do. Besides, who was it that paid for that maid service last month?”

“You, because I refused to clean up the mess you made.”

“See? I got the apartment all clean. You are welcome, you know it isn’t easy to afford that when we make peanuts.”

“Look Jack, they didn’t promote us I’m betting because of the stupid pranks we do on each other, but don’t fire us because we do good work. Not you today, but what we could still get what we want. A few years in a real position here and we can go anywhere.”

“We should buckle down, your right. It’s kind of hard to ask girls out when you can’t afford to date and I for one have seen a few girls I want to ask out here. Besides, ending the prank war with me on top seems like a good way to end things.”

Lincoln shook his head, he had just gotten his hair to grow back like he wanted after Jackson's last ever so innocent prank that made him have to shave his head. He agreed with his friend about some of the hot women around the office, he had even got on first name basis with a few. Though he hadn't asked any out yet, not after the last girl he brought home from a party. When he had come home Jackson had greeted him at the door wearing a sheet like a toga and held up a roll of condoms welcoming the girl to the orgy. She had left right then, and he didn't blame her. Jackson enjoyed being the center of attention, and thought his pranks were hilarious. No way he was going to stop, even if he said he would.

Their friendship wasn't some long lasting one over years, they had met in the intern program both fresh out of college and very broke. They got a two bedroom apartment they split with two other guys in the program, but they were long gone now. Making the rent go from doable with enough spare money for fun, to uncomfortable with spending money on fun being a luxury. They were friends of convenience as far as Lincoln was concerned, though he imagined if they worked in different departments instead of sharing a cubicle things would be better.

"Great so no more pranks and we focus on work?"

"That is what I said Linc, though I do need to hear you say I'm the winner. Just to clear the air, it was you who started all of this after all."

"I put tape on your mouse so the sensor wouldn't work."

"It counts." Jackson said with a smug smile. Lincoln could see a piece of food in his slightly yellow teeth and shook his head. If Jackson didn't work on his personal hygiene he wasn't going to get any girls, let alone some of the high class women around the office.

"You get chinese from the place around the corner for dinner tonight and you can be declared the winner of whatever you want."

"Done, don't ever say I didn't do anything for you."

"Then Jackson, you are the winner."

"Damn right I am!" Jackson said, turning around in his seat to click on the email that came in to see what else was on his agenda for the day.

Lincoln went back to work, but after a half hour and more than a few glances at Jackson who seemed to be actually putting in effort, he couldn't help but feel irked at the winner comment. Lincoln had gotten a bunch of odd looks, most of disapproval when he had to

shave his head, and leaving it at that and knowing Jackson wouldn't keep to his word just bothered him. He could still let Jackson be considered the winner, but he really did need to get him back and he had a good idea of what to do.

Late in the workday only a half hour before quitting time on that Friday Jackson opened up an email from the HR department.

"Good afternoon to everyone on this wonderful Friday, I hope you all had a productive week. We are late in getting this out, but we wanted to make sure everyone had a chance to participate. We wanted to announce a company function for Monday and we hope everyone participates. Last quarter we had everyone wear their favorite sports jersey and everyone that participated got put in a raffle for a new F-150 XL Pickup.

This time around we are doing something a little different. We here at Mega Corp are a diverse company and we wanted to show that. All participants this time around will be put in a raffle for a Ford Mustang GT, but you will have to actually put in real effort. While the person that is deemed to have put in the most effort will get two raffle tickets and a bonus added to their next pay check of \$2,500! To win all you have to do is participate this upcoming Monday with the theme of Gender Swap. Remember this is still an office, so dress accordingly."

Turning around in his chair Jackson let out a small snort and a laugh. "Hey did you see this email about Monday? Ridiculous right?"

Lincoln held up his hand with one finger pointing up to indicate he needed a second to finish typing up what he was working on. When he was finished he turned around in his chair to look at his friend. "Yeah, a new car would be nice but I'm not going to do it."

"No? Come on, it could be a laugh seeing you in a dress and lipstick with your five o'clock shadow on your face."

"The email said something about having to put real effort in and I know participating in the work culture stuff could really help me... well us get full time here, but I can't see myself doing it. What about you? Going to maybe ask your sister for some help to earn two raffle tickets and a windfall of cash?"

"I really could use the money, I don't think so though." Jackson paused for a second, biting his bottom lip. "Do you really think doing this could help get us out of the intern pool?"

Giving him a shrug Lincoln stood up from his desk and retucked in his shirt. "I dunno, but I can say on my last review it said I needed to be more of a team player. Course all I do all day is other people's work so not sure what else it could be other than me not doing

things like this.”

“Yeah, yeah. You heading out?”

“Almost five, going to hit the bathroom then get out of here. You need to work a little later?”

Jackson nodded his head, he was behind from doing almost nothing productive that morning. “For a bit, but I will swing by to get dinner on the way home. Need to finish off some stuff here.” As they said their goodbyes Jackson tried to focus on his work, but he kept thinking about that email. The car and the cash prize would be great, but the thing he really did want was to stop being an intern. Soon he was going to have to start paying back his student loans and his family that helped supplement his income weren’t going to be understanding about him still being an intern for much longer.

That morning he was considering just going somewhere else for a job and giving up on Mega Corp, but with the corporate event in their office it could give him another chance to show he was willing to do the work and wasn’t afraid of getting a few people to laugh at him if it meant getting the job done. Besides, wearing a skirt for a few hours for a chance to win a new Mustang was worth the price. If this didn’t show Mr. Dunn he was a team player then he would just follow through with looking for another job, not that it would be much better he was sure.

Giving one last look to Jackson before he left Lincoln smiled. He wasn’t sure if he was going to get Jackson to actually do it, but if he even said he was considering it tonight he would consider the fake email well worth it.

Scene 2

“So let me get this straight, you want me to make you look like a pretty little office girl?” Said Madison, Jackson’s older sister by two years.

“That isn’t what I said at all Maddy.” Jackson glowered at his sister as they both stood in her studio apartment. Once he decided he was going to go through with it he texted his sister to see if she was home. He knew it was going to be embarrassing to just ask her for help, but he couldn’t really do a good job on his own. When she said she was, he headed over to her place with the chinese food instead of heading home. Fried dumplings were going to be a better bribe for her and Linc was a big boy, he could fend for himself.

“Sorry, all I heard was my baby brother asking me to doll him up to be a pretty girl.” She let loose a series of giggles as she divided up the dinner onto plates.

“I said…” He added extra emphasis to his words. “That there is a contest kind of thing at

work for dressing as the opposite gender and if you do a good job you get put in a raffle for a Mustang GT and if you do the best you get two chances to win and like two thousand dollars.” He watched his sister divide the food evenly as she pulled them from the containers with chopsticks.

“You know we can eat out of those containers right? You don’t have to dirty plates.”

“Not all of us live like slob Jackson. So if I help you, you get a chance to win a sports car and I get what exactly?” After asking the question she picked up a dumpling with her chopsticks, dipped it into the sauce and took a bite. Making eye contact with her brother as she chewed on the morsel.

“You are getting dinner and the joy of knowing you are helping your baby brother. Plus the knowledge you get to torment me with makeup and whatever. You know you are going to be laughing about this for days after you see me in one of your dresses.” He gave his sister a once over, he was a little short for a guy, but not so short it really bothered him. If he took the time to think about how he was the same height and build as his sister, like he was now then he had a problem with it. Today, today though it would come in handy, so long as she agreed. He couldn’t wear what she had on today to the office, but he was sure she had something professional in her closet. Today his sister was wearing a low cut thin strapped sleeveless blouse that showed off her cleavage, some tight jeans that ended above her ankles and a pair of peep toe black heeled boots. Their build and height was about the only thing they really shared, their hair color was similar, but she kept hers in a short sheik look compared to his own that was much longer. She had inherited their mom’s blue eyes while his were brown like everyone else in the family.

“I want the weekend.” Madison said now looking at her little brother like he was prey.

“No, and for what?”

“If I get to have you as my dress up doll so you can be pretty for everyone at your office, then I want you to do everything I say for the weekend. That way you can move in heels without breaking your ankle or worse ruining my shoes.”

“I don’t need to wear heels Maddy.”

“If you want my help you will be and if you argue with me further they will be higher.”

“I’m not arguing with you, I can just wear... what do you call them flats or you know just normal dress shoes. So I was thinking maybe I come over here or you come to my place early Monday morning, I will have coffee and bagels or something. You dress me up, you get some laughs and then I head off to work.”

“Four inches.” She said, crossing her arms under her ample bosom.

“What? I don’t understand.”

“The heels you are going to wear on Monday will have a four inch heel and if you keep arguing with me it will be five. Of course you can go do this on your own.”

“This is not worth it, coming here was a mistake.” Jackson reached over taking the last dumpling from his plate and hers before shoving them both into his mouth. Chew slowly while staring into her eyes. Madison for her part narrowed her eyes down to the now empty plate and then looked back to her annoying little brother.

“Time for you to leave. You can do this on your own, but I can’t wait to hear what Dad will have to say when he hears his little boy decided to become a working girl.”

Jackson stopped chewing for a second, and swallowed everything in his mouth. Almost coughing as he forced it down. “Don’t even joke about that, besides he would probably just give me a hug and say it was so nice to have a daughter that wasn’t a dyke.”

“Jesus, I dated one girl and you will just never let that go. Wait, why am I talking to you? I said get the fuck out!” Her voice started to raise as she pointed towards the door of her small apartment.

Walking towards the door Jackson was grumbling about why he should have even bothered, as he did he saw an envelope on the counter from his father. Much like the ones he had back at his place. Their dad enjoyed writing actual letters, saying everything meant more when it was done by hand. It wasn’t that he didn’t use a cell phone, but the conversations were never more than a minute or two. Everything else was in the letters, he used to write back, but lately all he really did was cash the checks that were sent. Far as he knew his sister still took the time to write him back home. That was one of the reasons he was doing this, so he didn’t have to keep cashing those checks, so he could stand on his own. Jackson stopped moving, touching the opened envelope.

“Does he still send you money?” He asked without turning around.

“No, he got the message after about six months of me not cashing his checks. He says he just wants to make sure I am taken care of and that he is there to help.”

“He still sends me money, and I take it. My job doesn’t pay enough, not really. I was hoping this thing at work would show I’m a team player and maybe get a promotion or something.” He turned around to face his sister, letting out a held breath. “To be my own man, I need you to help me look like a woman for work. Would you please do that?”

“After what you just pulled? Four inch stilettos and I get you for the weekend.”

“Guess you win.” It felt a little funny to Jackson to be saying that after he made Lincoln say he was the winner. He had to promise dinner to get him to say it, he bailed on that and now karma had turned on him.

“Great, no time like the present. Why don’t you get into the bathroom and strip down, I will hand you things to use.”

“Now?”

“Yeah now. Get moving, the sooner I have a little sister around for the weekend the better.”

Jackson looked back towards the bathroom. “I’m already regretting this.”

“Yeah well I regret Mom ran off when I was seven, but that doesn’t change the price of milk. Get moving.”

Doing as he was told Jackson was soon standing naked in the shower with the curtain drawn with a pinkish cream all over his body. It had been a little over five minutes and it was starting to get a little uncomfortable. “Hey Maddy! How much longer do I have to keep this goop on?” He yelled over the shower, he wasn’t sure if she was still in the bathroom or somewhere else in her apartment.

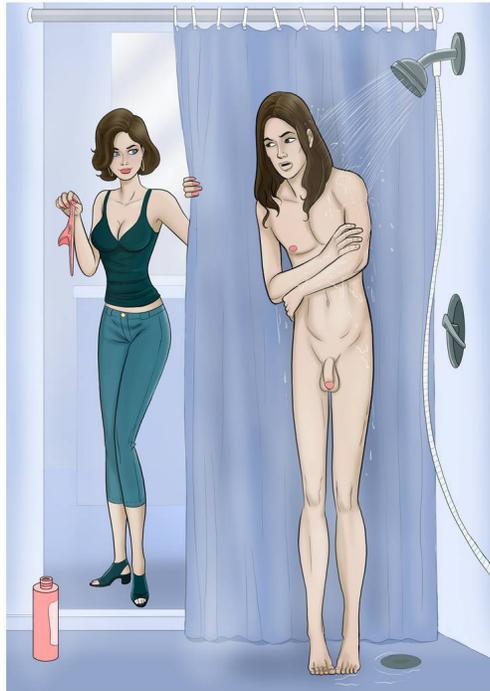
“Ten more minutes.” The voice came from outside the bathroom, so she wasn’t in there with him anymore. He was a little happy about that, he didn’t like the idea of the only thing keeping her from seeing him naked with a yellow shower curtain.

It felt like forever with him just standing there with nothing else to do but question his choice, but when he was told to rinse off he felt it was well past what she had said, but he didn’t have any way of keeping time. When he turned on the shower, he started to wipe off the cream with a wash rag and while he knew the point of all this was to get rid of his body hair, he was not ready to see it wiping off and leaving his skin hairless. He wasn’t the most hairy guy, but without his dark hair on his chest, arms and legs he felt like he was somehow more naked than he was a minute ago.

“When you get out, I have put some moisturizer on the sink. You need to rub it into your legs, feet, arms and hands. Then I have a different one in a pink bottle for your face.”

“Is that really necessary?” Jackson asked, feeling apprehensive about what he already did.

“If I tell you to practice cartwheels this weekend you should consider it necessary. Now I have sent you a video on your phone so you can tuck away your... well tuck away your dick. Then you can put on the panties I have laid out for you. After you put them on, they are your panties, I will not be wanting them back.”



Slumping his head on the cold tile wall he listened to his sister as she went on and on about what he had to do next. He could hear the barley contained glee in her voice as she talked about tonight they were just doing some basics and tomorrow how they would go all out and go shopping so her little sister could get her own underwear.

“Maddy, I don’t want to go shopping for women's clothes.”

“It isn’t about what you want right now, this weekend is about what I want to do and how much payback I want to get for years of you being a little shit. That did sound like arguing, and I was going to let you wear some cute sneakers tomorrow to the mall. Guess we will have to do a crash course on heels tonight. Just remember little brother, every time you argue with me all I really hear is you asking me to make you even more feminine.”

Hearing the bathroom door close, Jackson stepped out of the shower, the first thing he did was pick up the panties his sister left. They were black lace boyshorts with a small amount of pink woven in. They were not normal cotton panties, she had left him something sexy. Most likely to torment him, but the very idea she had panties like this to

just give away was a little unsettling. He could easily acknowledge his sister could be a smoke show as Linc put it, but he didn't want to think about what kind of lingerie she wore. With a groan he tossed them back down atop the closed toilet and pulled off the towel from the rack, patting himself dry like he was told.

Things were just starting and he already felt he was out of his depths. Cracking open the door and trying to ignore the feeling of cold air on his hairless body he called out to his sister. "I want it to be noted I'm not arguing, I'm just asking if you had... I dunno some different underwear?"

"We can pick some out in your style tomorrow, for now wear what you are given." He couldn't see his sister, but she couldn't have been far considering the open floor plan of the apartment. The bathroom was really the only other room, in fact it was the only other door in the place besides the front door.

Grumbling to himself he talked in a higher pitch voice to mimic and mock his sister. "Tomorrow we will get some in your style." He glowered at the pair of panties before getting to work with the lotion. Another ridiculous thing girls did, two different lotions one for the body and one for the face would be crazy enough, but he also knew Maddy had a third lotion that she put on at night after she took off her makeup.

"You set yourself up for a nightmare, you asked for this and you did it twice." Jackson said, pointing at himself in the bathroom mirror over the sink. "I better win that stupid car at least." He said, shaking his head.

Scene 3

"I do not like this at all!" Jackson said, as he took a few more steps to try and stride across his sister's apartment. He hated what he was wearing, he hated that his sister wanted to train him to move and act like a girl when all he really needed for Monday was to wear a skirt and look like he made more of an effort than some other guy who probably would just put balloons in his shirt. It wasn't even nine in the morning on one of his precious days off and he was wearing the black lacy boy shorts, with his male bits tucked away. He had to watch the video his sister sent to him three times before he built up the courage to push his balls back up into his body and pull back his dick so he could have a smooth front.

Around his chest Maddy had wrapped what she said was an overbust corset. The thing made breathing a challenge, but his sister had just said how her little sister would just have to learn to breathe from the top of her chest. It was uncomfortable with how tight it was, giving him a much more feminine form and pushing some of his fat up giving him the slight impression of actually having tits. This was a nightmare and his sister was only making it worse with her comments about how he could wear that as a top like she does

sometimes when they find something to give him his own girls. Then she had crammed his feet into a pair of her glossy beige high heels with a small platform for the balls of his feet while the heel itself was a thin stiletto that he was sure was at least six inches, while she claimed it was only five. Like a five inch heel could be described with the word only.

The corset kept his back straight, restricting his movements and after he fell more than a few times his sister said he was just moving too much like a man and had to take more drastic measures. So now here he was doing what he could hardly call walking in her apartment with his legs tied together with a belt around his thighs and a rope tied around him, pinning his arms just above the elbow to keep them at his sides and then looping around his wrists to keep his hands out. He was sure he looked like some simpering sissy.



“You don’t like this? Well if you weren’t such an airhead and would move like you were supposed to this wouldn’t be necessary Jackie.”

“Maddy, don’t call me that.” Jackson’s waist hurt from the vice crushing him and his feet were killing him as they were forced to be arched in such a drastic way. The belt and rope were uncomfortable, but compared to the others it was nothing.

“Shush, no talking unless you are using the proper voice Jackie.”

“Maddy... please.”

“I said shush, now march!” Madison let out a fit of laughter enjoying the power she had

over her brother, snapping a photo or two of him when he wasn't paying attention. When they were little she tried to get him to let her give him a makeover more than once, but it never happened. Now she could do whatever she wanted and he had to play along and after everything he had done to her growing up he deserved a little payback.

She wanted to go to the mall today, but she thought it would be cruel to go there and make him try on and buy women's clothes looking like his normal self and with how he was moving around like a baby giraffe just learning to walk he wasn't going to fool anyone. She supposed she could give him flats to wear, but where would be the fun in that? The extra day also allowed her to get her little brother an appointment for a makeover. Jackson was going to be pampered with a facial, a massage, getting some nice nail extensions, his hair done, teeth whitened, eyebrows threaded and that was all before they went shopping.

She wasn't drowning in extra money to afford all of this, but she had called her father after Jackson had passed out on the couch asking him for a little bit of money to help Jackson look professional for a work event. The phone conversation might have been the longest she ever had with her dad, he seemed eager to try and help her any way he could and she could tell he was low key drunk. It was coming up on that time of year again when their mom left them and while she hardly thought about the woman she knew her dad never was able to let go of the fact that the woman he loved, the woman that bore him two children would think so little of him as to just walk out. Any consoling on the subject was only temporary, just one of the reasons why both her and her brother moved away from home as soon as they could. It was one thing to have a helicopter parent, it was another to have one that would remind them of who they lost.

Breaking from the thoughts of last night Madison called out to her brother. "When I said shush unless you are using the right voice I meant you should keep saying the lines we decided on."

"Lines you decided on." Jackson said under his breath.

"What was that!?"

"These heels are just to die for, I just have to have them. Maybe in a few colors, I have been a good girl and deserve to treat myself like the princess I am."

"Thata girl Jackie, keep that up. Remember your next line." The soft breathy voice grew more muted as her brother walked away, allowing Madison to stop stifling a giggle.

"Jackie, you can do this, you got this girl. You aren't the smartest, but you can at least do this." Jackson rolled his eyes, then looked over his shoulder at his sister. He had to look through some of his hair, unable to brush it aside with his arms tied. "Maddy, I sound

stupid talking to myself like that. Do I have to?"

"That is just the type of girl you are Jackie, always talking to yourself. Sure it makes people think you are a ditz, but you don't mind people knowing the truth about you. Now I think that is the last time I acknowledge you when you speak to me like that Jackie, we might need to get you a lasagne or something, your voice just sounds too boyish. For at least the next few days your tomboy phase is over."

"Now stop getting distracted and continue your lesson."

He didn't grumble, he just turned his head back forward, did his best to take a deep breath and took another step forward to move closer to the front door. Imagining himself in a charcoal gray Mustang GT on his way to the bank to cash his first paycheck as the newest member of the marketing team, or the sales team... heck he didn't even care if he got hired over to the accounting team. If he got that and Linc was left in his dust it would be all the funnier. That was what this was for, it was torture and showed him new levels of shame, but he could do this for a few days.

Scene 4

Jackson felt nervous, like he was ready to jump out of his own skin and run away as he walked inside the Mega Corp office, not that he could run in the heels his sister made him wear. With every movement he could feel the tug of the black balconette bra and the lace thong panties currently wedged between his ass cheeks. His sister saying "A girl, and especially you likes to feel sexy and the easiest way to do that is with a good foundation." He didn't want to try and feel sexy, he just wanted this day to be over with.

The underwear wasn't just it though, his waist had been crushed into more than one corset over the weekend and he was pretty sure she had tightened this one much more than yesterday. He also had to contend with the pull of the garters that were attached to his dark stockings with every move of his legs or his hips. The stockings with the dark lace welts at the top that went down across his smooth legs before disappearing into the red four inch heeled shoes with the little bow at the front would be sexy, if they were actually girls legs and not his own.

His sister had really gone all out, buying him his own sleeveless navy blue dress that stopped way higher than his knee, making him feel exposed, the stockings doing nothing to alleviate that feeling. Around his waist was a thin red belt with a fake gold buckle, and thankfully he was able to talk her out of getting his ears pierced otherwise he was sure he would have jewelry hanging from them. His hands and hair though he was not able to escape from. His fingers now seemed to look more slender with the long white oval nails that went past his fingers. His hair had been pulled back into a professional woman's look, keeping the hair off his neck, the only parts that hung free were two thick strands at

the front that she said would look perfect framing his face. Jackson loved his hair, but after this he was going to chop most of it off.

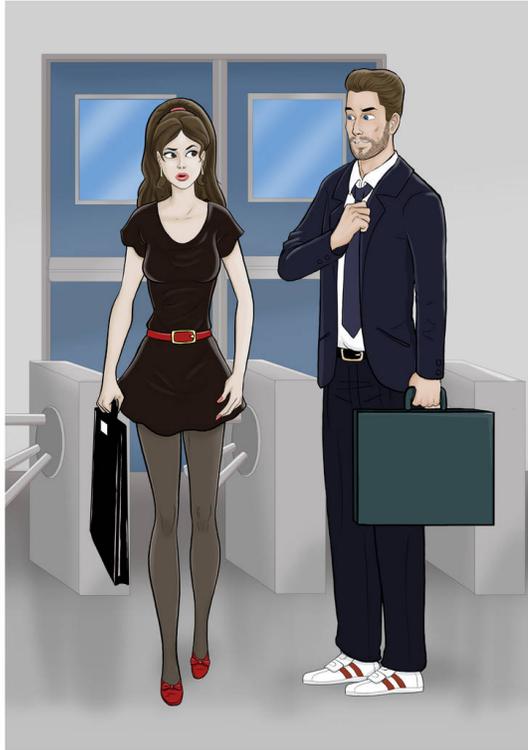
She didn't even go easy on him for makeup, it was less dramatic than what she made him wear to the mall yesterday where she talked him into it so he wouldn't look like a man shopping for girls' things. His makeup was more tasteful today, but when he looked in the mirror he hated that he thought he looked alluring with the silver and grays used for eyeshadow, how his lashes now looked long and sexy, he hated how his eyebrows would look so thin and feminine for weeks to come. There were other things for makeup, a powder on his face, a sponge with a cream he wasn't even sure what came before what at this point with it all, but he did know she finished with lipstick, making his lips look pink and kissable.

With every click that echoed on the tile floor in the building Jackson felt sicker about the fact he looked less like a guy dressing up for a gender reversal event, and more like one of the office girls. He kept telling himself what he was doing this all for and if he didn't follow through it would make him a coward and he would have given his sister the joy of what he went through this weekend for nothing.

He was so focused on himself that he paid little attention to anyone around him, just hoping no one would point and laugh as he moved through the lobby, sliding his badge across the scanner so he could move deeper into the building and to the elevators. Moving through the turnstiles Jackson only was able to take two small steps when he saw Lincoln.

"Just shut up." He told his friend as he saw his eyes move up and down his body. It felt like he was being eyed up like a piece of meat as he saw Linc's eyes move up and down his body again.

"Jackson is that you?"



“You know it’s me and it is nice to know you didn’t have the balls to participate in today’s events.” That was all Linc could take before he burst out laughing. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing in front of him. Jackson was dressed from head to toe as an office girl, he even had curves, he could smell the perfume coming off the man. If he didn’t tell him he was stuck at his sisters for the weekend to get her help for today he would have to adjust his perceptions of the man.

“Jackson, I hate to be the bearer of mad news... but remember when I said you were the winner of the panks? Well you can still keep your title if you think you deserve it, but that email about the gender swap. That was all me.” Linc punctuates the sentence by pointing to himself with his thumb. The acrylic french tipped nails stabbed into Jackson’s hand as he balled them into fists in rage.

“I did all of this for nothing!?”

“Don’t get your panties in a twist, I wouldn’t say it was nothing. Now I know you have a great gams and ass.”

“I’m done, I’m out of here.” Jackson turned to walk away, but had to put his hand on the turnstile to keep his balance after turning too quickly in the heels. He had done a good job of learning to walk on the high stilts, but he had not mastered them.

“If you want to leave that is on you girly, but if Dunn checks the logs he will see you came into the building and if I recall you have a report due before noon today that you did not finish last week.”

“Linc, I’m going to kill you.” Jackson said through gritted teeth moving his now long nailed fingers like claws reaching out to strangle his friend. “I can’t be here dressed like this!”

“Why not? You seem to fit the dress code. Do what you want, but I’m heading up to get some coffee and start the day.” Jackson’s hands fell to his sides, his head hanging low. Knowing that he had to get that report done. He was just going to go up to his cube, ignore Lincoln’s jibes, get it done and send it off in an email and be gone before one. He would get his friend back at home a thousand times over, but right now he was stuck between saving his ego and keeping his job. So with a grimace on his face he got into an elevator before it closed, trying to ignore the feeling of others staring at him. One good thing about being an intern he supposed is no one knew who he was.

When getting off the elevator Jackson bumped into one of the men he vaguely recognized from being in sales, causing his manila folder to spill to the ground. “Sorry.” Jackson said immediately bending down to help pick up the spilled paperwork. He had been so focused on getting to his desk as fast as he could that he had run his shoulder into the man. Still bending down with the guy who was squatting he went to hand the paperwork over when their hands touched in the exchange. “Thanks for helping and spending a little time with me here this morning. I haven’t seen you around here before, I’m Justin by the way and this may be sudden, but would you like to spend some more time with me and get lunch later?”

“No, no, no.” Jackson said in a whisper shaking his head, unable to believe this was happening.

“A no thank you would have worked, you try and have a good day and try to smile more. I think you would be a lot prettier if you did.”

Jackson couldn’t move quickly in the heels his sister gave him to wear, but he moved as fast as he could to get to the safety of his cubicle. Getting in he saw Lincoln was already there sipping his coffee as he got into his seat, trying to keep himself from screaming. “Is that anyway for a lady to sit?”

A glance down showed Jackson the skirt riding up, so he stood up and sat back down, smoothing it behind him and crossing his legs at the knee. "Umm I was joking dude."

"Just shut up." Jackson said, as he turned away towards his computer and uncrossed his legs. He had been having to sit like that all weekend, his sister insisting her little sister be a proper lady.

Working on the report was a lot more difficult for Jackson, everything he wore distracted him and typing with the long nails made the task take twice as long. Normally when working on a report like this after a few minutes he would tune much of the world out, but anytime he shifted his leg he would feel his stocking covered legs rub together and the pull of the garter belts. Stockings on a girl were sensual, a truly sexy thing, but on him they were nothing but a distraction.

It was almost eleven and he wasn't close to done when someone dropped off a load of files into his to do bin, the sudden noise causing him to almost jump out of his clothes. As the person spoke without ever bothering to stop to look at the intern. "Have these copied, collated and on my desk before the day is out, I'm in a hurry."

Jackson wanted to say how he was busy, but the man was already walking off to his own cube before he could respond. Blowing out some air in frustration he looked down at his hands, his fingers looking long and delicate with the long nails and decided to just keep pushing through. Going to get his attention would only bring attention to how he was currently dressed, and that wasn't something he wanted to do at all.

When he was finally finished he sent it off, hoping the deadline of noon was a soft deadline considering it was twenty minutes after. Often enough he would get a tight deadline and find out the work didn't need to be done for days and he really hoped that this was the case. He looked up to the to-do box, it had a few minor things from last week he didn't finish, but that wasn't new. There was always more work to do around here, specifically other people's work, those were not 'pressing' however. The copying and collating should be something handed off to a secretary, he thought, but why give it to them when the intern can do it. He smiled at the thought of an intern could do it and swung around in his chair to lay on the guild so Lincoln would do it so he could get out of here and into something more comfortable than four inch heels.

Grimacing at the sight of the empty chair, Jackson stood up to peer over the cubicles like a groundhog to see if he could spot his friend, but he was nowhere to be seen. Considering the time he probably headed off to lunch, and while he would be upset he didn't ask him to come along any other day, today he was going to let it slide, as he wouldn't be going out anywhere dressed like he was now except home. The thought of lunch made him stop and listen, much of the floor was quiet and that made him look at the paperwork to be done. If he needed to do it before he left now would be the perfect

time for no one to really see him.

Picking it up he moved to the copy room with a purpose, not looking around. If he focused on his walking anyone glancing over would just think he was some other office girl and so long as he kept moving no one would get a good enough look at him to know who he was. The last thing he needed was one of the girls he thought was hot to start a laughing fit when seeing him, not only ruining his chances with her and every other girl here, but drawing everyone's attention to him. This was so much worse than when he made Lincoln shave his head, he was so going to get back at him for this.

Standing in front of the copiers as they did their work was causing his feet to get sore, shoes like he was wearing now were sexy as hell on a girl, but he was a man. He thought his sister was cruel to make him wear these to work, he had men's feet, he couldn't stand in heels all day like a girl. While shifting from foot to foot he noticed a few pages being pushed to the floor as they came out of the copier, something he needed to fix sooner rather than later or they would be out of order.

As he was bent over he heard a familiar voice behind him. "Such a great view." Turning his head and peering through the strands of hair his sister left to frame his face, Jackson saw his boss Alexander Dunn, looking down at him. A crimson blush from embarrassment came to his cheeks as he forced himself to stand up, clutching the loose papers in his hand. Mentally reeling at the fact his boss who was at least twenty years his senior and another man was checking him out.



“Everything okay? I was just saying we have a great view from up here.” Alexander said, pointing out the window to the crisp blue sky with hardly a cloud in sight. “This is the kind of day I hate being in the office, I rather be at my beach house.”

Standing now facing his boss Jackson looked to the window seeing where he was indicating. He was sure he saw the man leering at him, but figured he could just have looked down after looking at the view because he was talking to him. The blush started to slowly fade, his boss wasn't checking him out and didn't seem to care about how he was dressed at all. “Yeah it is, but while I have you here, I wanted to apologize for getting you the eighteen forty report in late. I know it was only twenty minutes late, but I'm normally much more prompt than that, you know.”

“What? I gave that report to the intern Jack...” Alexander peered closer at the pretty girl he had just been admiring the rear of when it hit him who he was talking to. “Jack is that you?!” He said, his eyes slowly rolling down from the apparent man's eyes, to the lipstick covered mouth, the blouse with noticeable breasts, the skirt, nylon covered legs and heels that made it look like this person was asking for attention. He had taken the voice in stride that maybe the girl had a sore throat or something, but realizing who it was made it obvious the voice did not fit the image of the pretty women in front of him.

“I'm not a fan of having pranks pulled on me Jack.”

“It isn't a prank, well it is, but not you and... its Jackson sir.” His voice squeaking a little as he corrected his boss on his name for the fifth or sixth time that month alone.

“Your name is dirt as far as I'm concerned, I'm not going to have you prancing around here like, like... like some kind of fairy. Go to your desk and wait for me there so I can decide what to do to...” He waved his hand in Jackson's general direction. “You... you just will make a lot of people feel uncomfortable, try not to be seen.”

Looking down at the pieces of paper in his hand and then over to the copier still trying to finish its task and finally back at his boss. “Mr Dunn, I'm not done here and I can explain.” The older man waved his hand, standing another step back.

“No, just... just go back to your desk.” He didn't wait to see if the crossdressing employee followed his directions, he went right to the elevator and down to the first floor,

barging right into the HR departments office.

"I need to see Mary, and I mean now, like right now." Alexander said, pressing down hard enough with his index finger on the counter to make a thumping sound. The young girl that he didn't think was old enough to buy a drink smiled up at him. He could see he was taking her away from her important task of reading some magazine she had open over her keyboard.

"I think she is available, what can I tell her this is about?"

This was a girl he could look at and looking at her made him feel much better about looking at Jack's ass as he bent over in the tight skirt. This was a real girl, not someone dressing up like one. His eyes moved up from her breasts to her eyes. "Employee termination."

He didn't have to wait long before he was called into the office of the head of HR for the building. "Mr. Dunn, take a seat and tell me what this is all about."

"I have an intern who showed up to the office today wearing a skirt and heels. I can't have some man walking around the office like that!" Thinking about her again caused Alexander to shake his head mentally correcting himself to think of the person as a male.

Mary leaned forward to put her elbows on her desk, steeping her fingers. It was easy enough to let go of an intern, but the way the man in front of her was reacting she had to make sure there was no incident to protect the company. "I will need to know a few things first, the employees name and if you interacted with them today and if so what happened."

"Jack, Jack something..." Alexander snapped his fingers a few times. "Jack Love? No, no Jack Hart and yeah I spoke with him. He was prancing around the copy room and I told the fairy.."

"Hold on one second, did you call him that or just think it?"

"I said it, what does it matter? I told him he was being fired and to go wait at his desk for it to be finalized."

"You told him he was fired because he was dancing in heels and a skirt?"

Alexander started to feel uncomfortable with her question, squirmed a little in the seat, not because he thought he was doing something wrong, he just didn't like being interrogated. He would have just called down here to get this done, but he wanted to make sure they did it right away. "Yeah, well maybe. I'm not sure."

Turning to her computer it was easy for Mary to find the file for a Jackson Hart, no write ups and no accolades and was just what Mr. Dunn said an intern, though looking at the date of hire he was well past the timeline for an intern program. Both him and a Lincoln Hatch should have been hired on or let go at this point and it would be easy to let them go to solve this problem, except for the things Mr. Dunn had said and he had said them in a copy room where anyone could have overheard to be a witness. She let out a strangled sigh, so many people here had their heads so far up their ass they didn't think through the consequences for their actions.

"So here is the deal Mr. Dunn. We cannot fire Jackson Hart."

"Why the hell not!?"

She wished she could just drum her fingers on the desk and tell him to try thinking it through, to actually think critically, but that wouldn't fly. "You said he wore female clothes to the office, so that could mean he is transitioning from male to female."

"And?" He didn't care what the kid did, but he just didn't want him doing it here and he didn't see why any of that meant she couldn't start the process to fire him.

"Please let me finish." She tried holding his steady gaze, but he had an intensity she didn't enjoy experiencing. "Because **she**." Mary stressed the female pronoun. "Is transitioning and because of what you said it would be an easy case for her to file a wrongful termination lawsuit, a discrimination lawsuit, heck her lawyer could push for this to be considered a hate crime. I doubt that would go anywhere, but it would make the news. If that made the news, both of our names would be on the lips of the board, and I promise you neither of us would have a job once that happened."

Sitting back in his chair feeling deflated, Alexander's eyes roamed around the room, not particularly looking at anything as he thought over what she had to say. "So what do we do about him?"

"First thing is you need to remember it's she and her, not he and him. Once you think you can talk to her civilly you are going to call her into your office and offer her a full time position and apologize to her. If she takes the offer, have her sign it and send her down to me. She can't say we are discriminating against her if we are promoting her."

"To what job?"

Closing her eyes Mary counted to five. This man had been at the branch since it opened, coming in from the east coast headquarters in New York. He knew all of the movers and shakers and it made her wonder what percentage of him getting this job was the people

he knew, rather than his skill set. She should be having to spoon this all to him. “Any job, so long as it is a real job and she signs.”

“Okay, got it and Mary I don’t know much... well anything about this sort of thing. Just makes me feel like I was thrown into the deep end of a pool where I don’t know where the edge is to swim to. Transitioning, that means he is going to be a woman?”

“It means if **she** is presenting as a woman, for all intents and purposes to you **she** is a woman.”

“Okay, thanks, that makes me feel a lot better.”

Scene 5

Sitting at his desk Jackson watched his fingers drum across its surface. His fingers looked so different with the acrylic nails. Such a small change made them look so feminine, he hated them, but his sister insisted they would come off. Between Linc and his sister he was going to lose his job, sure he thought about letting them fire him more than once or quitting, but a black mark on his rather light employment history could be a death knell for a decent career.

Shifting in his chair he could feel the cool air of the building flow across his nylon covered legs. He had been feeling it all day, but thinking how the way he was dressed was the cause of what was about to happen filled him with so much anger. Glaring at the empty seat where his friend should be sitting, the dick wasn’t even around for him to let him have it. He had anger for him, anger for his sister and anger for Mr. Dunn... Plenty of anger to go around for everyone.

For a few minutes Jackson glared at the empty chair, feeling the straps of his bra on his shoulders, the weight of the realistic breast forms his sister bought that were glued to his chest, the constricting feeling of the corset under his dress and the pinching of the heels on his feet. He considered slipping his feet free of them, but he really didn’t want to see his red painted toes through the stockings.

Eventually his phone rang, his stomach falling out as he heard his boss's deep voice on the other end. “My office, now.” He wasn’t a particularly happy man, but he sounded none too pleased. Jackson didn’t even have the chance to say he was on the way before the receiver went dead. So with a sigh and full of dread Jackson made his way down the cubicle hallway, passed the empty desk where a receptionist once sat and slowly opened his boss's door. “Mr. Dunn, if you would just let me explain.” He said as his heeled feet moved him to the center of the office.

It wasn’t a large room, a nice desk in the back corner of the room, a single monitor

hooked up to an open laptop, a large comfortable looking leather chair behind it that Mr. Dunn sat in. A single chair in front of the desk, with a matching leather two person sofa against the wall to its right and a large bookshelf against the glass wall where Jackson came in, blocking the view of the office from anyone outside. "Take a seat." Alexander motioned with one hand before moving it back to the steepled position as he took in his employee again.

His file said his name was Jackson Hart, he didn't look like no Jackson or Jack for that matter, the name he had been using for some time now. This person didn't appear to be male to him at all, making his attraction see all the more wrong knowing the truth. He wasn't gay by any means, but the advice he was just given with if this person presented as a woman, than he was a woman. A woman with nice long legs and a tight butt. Really he would still rather get rid of Jackson then do this, but he had his marching orders.

"No need for that, I spoke with HR and I understand everything."

"You do!?" Jackson let out a breath, that seemed to hold most of the tension in his body. With it out he felt much more relaxed. Linc was not out at lunch, he had to have gone down to HR to straighten all this out.

"I do." Alexander said in his normal gruff voice as he slid a folder across his desk. "That is why I wanted to offer you a full time position here at Mega Corp. Sign this and your days as an underpaid intern will be behind you."

For the first real time that day Jackson felt a smile come to his face, not just a little one either. "That sounds incredible!" He had come into this office knowing he was going to be fired because his friend pranked him into making him dress up in woman's clothes, to suddenly getting a promotion for that very thing.

Opening the folder he quickly looked over the employment contract, it was dated to start today a sign they were really serious about the change and not just stringing him along again. The compensation wasn't the greatest, but fifty thousand a year was much better than the median income for Florida. Still the salesman in him made him want to always negotiate for something better. "Says here you are offering fifty a year, how about sixty?"

"Sure that is fine." Alexander motioned for the folder back, he made a slash mark through the form to cross out the salary, writing the requested salary in its place. He was told to get him... her to sign, so he wasn't going to quibble about a little more pay like he might do with others.

Jackson's smile only grew seeing the change, it was given so quickly though he knew he should have pushed for more. "What if I asked for sixty five?" The look in the man's eyes made Jackson feel like he had stepped over a line. "Kidding, just kidding." With the change in salary done he read on, stopping where it said what his new title would be.

“Executive Administrative Assistant. I’m going to be a secretary?”

Running two fingers down his tight Alexander smiled, happy at the choice he made. He had three positions open under him at the moment, one for a structural engineer to analyze things they had coming in. A account auditor and the position for the receptionist that quit without notice or word why she left. He couldn’t put Jackson into two of the roles, and adding a little to the duties allowed him to have more leeway in giving a decent salary. “I think it will be a good fit with your new lifestyle.”

“What lifestyle?” Jackson said, confused.

The question made Alexander feel uncomfortable, like she was accusing him of something even though he was doing his best in the moment. “You coming out as transgender.”

“What!?”

“With you coming out I admit I may have overreacted a bit, you make a beautiful woman by the way. I went down to HR and because you are... well because you aren’t just some guy putting on a dress for laughs to disrupt the office I was able to talk HR into letting me hire you on full time. You are our newest diversity hire, isn’t that great? You get to be who you are and you get a career at the same time.”

Pressing his lips together Jackson could taste the lipstick on his lips. His body flush with new anxiety, feeling every inch of all the feminine garments he wore. “So... so are you saying if I wan’t transgendered I would be fired?”

The question was first replied with a hearty laugh. “Heavens yes, but don’t worry no one here can discriminate against you because of who you used to be.”

“Umm out of curiosity if someone did do that in the office, what would happen?”

“I think something like that would be insensitive to...” Alexander waved his hand in his employees direction. “People like yourself, so they would be walked off the property and I can’t imagine they would get a decent position again, at least in this state. Or well any state that enjoyed their contracts with Mega Corp.” Alexander felt proud of himself, here he was bridging a gap from himself and this person’s community. All while not feeling fully on board with any of it, who said he was too old to grow as a person.

“I see, I see, then where do I sign?”

When the paperwork was handed back to him, Alexander smiled noting she wrote Jackson Hart at the top. “What name do you go by now?”

"I haven't changed my name."

"No? Well I'm sure HR can help with things like that, but you need a pretty name to match your new pretty look. Jackson... Jack... How about Jacqueline?" The suggestion reminded him how his sister kept calling him Jackie the entire weekend.

"Sure, sounds fine." After this he was going to head down to HR, straightening this out wasn't going to work. They would just fire him if they knew the truth, the thoughts about Linc going down and correcting this were wrong and he was thankful for that otherwise security would be escorting him out. No he was going to go with the lie, but change it up. Say how he was just trying this for a day, and how it was a slow transition and for now he still wanted everything to be normal till he was ready.

"It sounds more than fine, it is a beautiful name, must like you my dear. Now take this form and head on down to HR, they are expecting to see your smiling face." In mostly a daze as he thought through what he was going to tell the people down stairs Jackson followed his boss out of his office. Catching sight of his best friend just a few paces away, looking worried as he felt a hand pat his butt twice.

"Have you finish up with HR how about the two of us go out to lunch together and get to know one another better?" Alexander said, feeling a desire not to really get to know her better. Nothing was going to change what was between her legs, but she did look pretty, pretty enough for other things. Plus no one could accuse him of discrimination if he asked Jacqueline out.

Lincoln had been pacing the floor just past the empty receptionist desk, taking a few hesitant steps towards his boss's office to explain how it was all his fault before deciding against it and just waiting till they were done. This was supposed to be a joke, a prank, a bad one if it got his friend fired. He had come back from a long lunch, to find a post it note on his monitor saying 'Thanks for getting me Fired.' After that he ran up only to hear the two talking inside, so he waited. Now they were coming out, and he was surprised to see Mr. Dunn smiling as he said something to Jackson that he couldn't hear.

Jackson showing up to the office looking like this was a shock, the note on his monitor was another and now this, but what his friend said next threw him for a complete loop. "I'm sorry Mr. Dunn, I would love to go out with you, but I can't. My boyfriend Linc and I were planning to go out to lunch together, but now we have something to truly celebrate."

Not sure what was going on Lincoln just stood there as his boss looked him over, probably harder than he had in the entire year he had been with the company. "You are

her boyfriend?"

Stepping up to his friend's side Jackson put one hand on his back and the other on his chest as he leaned in close like he was holding the man possessive, whispering in his ear before giving his friend's stumbled cheek a light kiss. "He sure is, my Lincoln here was just confessing to me this morning how in love he was with me. It is just great to have someone so accepting of me." Jackson flashed a brilliant smile that was now much more white after the treatment his sister made him go through. He did not like being hit on by his boss and if he could get a little payback in the process of stopping that, then more the better.



"I see, I didn't realize. Well you two enjoy lunch... in fact it is on me." Alexander pulled out his wallet, handing over two twenty dollar bills as he wondered if he needed to find a position for the other intern now to still not get in trouble. He would go down to HR about it, but he didn't want them thinking he couldn't run his own department.

"Lincoln, I had been meaning to talk to you, but today is going to be full of getting your pretty girlfriend up and running with her new job. You seem to be doing great work, let's put on the books a time to speak about your future." That would do for now, no commitments, but setting him up to think things would change, while he had time to consider what the future actually held.

"Sounds good Mr. Dunn." Lincoln said before turning his head to his apparent girlfriend.

“What is going on?”

Scene 6

“So let me get this straight.” Lincoln was pinching the bridge of his nose as his friend, coworker and roommate told him the story of his encounter with Mr. Dunn and then Mary from HR. “Mr. Dunn was going to fire you, then called you into his office to offer you a full time job, that you then negotiated a higher salary for, all because he thinks you are living as a woman?”

Jackson glanced around at the people in the nearby seats as they sat on the patio of a deli, he hated talking in the girly voice his sister had been making him practice. “Yeah and he wouldn’t have...” Lincoln held up his hand to stop Jackson from talking. He closed his eyes for just a second hearing the water and ice cubes click as they shifted positions in his glass. He was trying to process all of this and hearing Jackson talk in that sexy husky voice like that actress Sophia Bush wasn’t making this easier. “If he would offer you the position now it would be discrimination to not keep the offer on the table when you told him the truth right?”

“I... I... I didn’t think of that, but that wouldn’t matter. Dunn said he would have fired me because of the way you made me dress if I wasn’t trans.”

“That also sounds like discrimination, why didn’t you just tell Mary everything instead of signing the employee contract?” It wasn’t anything new that Jackson didn’t think things through long term, but this seemed beyond the pale.

Jackson blew out some air from his lungs, not that they could hold a heck of a lot with the corset bound around him. The two were sitting on the patio of a local deli to talk about everything that had happened. With the corset on, Jackson knew he couldn’t eat much so ordered a cup of potato soup and half a sandwich, while Lincoln only got a coffee. “Linc... I tried, I was even going to tell her how I felt more comfortable dressing like I was before, as I was easing into the transition. Do you know what she told me?”

“That you are an idiot for falling for this prank to begin with?” A sour expression crossed Jackson’s face at that comment.

“No you jackass, she said she wouldn’t hear of it. How I didn’t need to hide who I was and when I said I only owned this one dress she offered me a clothing allowance. A freaking allowance to go buy more work appropriate cute dresses and how no one was going to bat an eye if I bought a few things for outside the office too. That is what she said.” His mouth felt dry from talking and irritation, but the last one only grew seeing the lipstick stain on his glass of water.

“Yeah, yeah I get you, but did you tell her you weren’t trans? You know, cut out any of the misinformation so your life doesn’t turn into some sitcom where everything that goes wrong could have been solved if you just told the truth?”

“I couldn’t.” Jackson said through gritted teeth. “It was made clear that if I was just some guy in a dress then I would be fired and black listed.” The two sat there in silence for a short while, only picking back up when the food was delivered.

“Okay, so you can’t tell them the truth. So why not just quit? No black listing, and no wearing heels to work?” Lincoln didn’t see how a situation like this could happen, but was done arguing.

“Simple, can you afford rent on your own while I look for a new job?” Jackson said pointing the spoon for his soup at his friend.

“Not by a long shot.”

“See, that is why and with my new salary things won’t be as tight around the apartment, typically it is the girlfriend that is supposed to be the sugar baby, not the other way around though. It won’t last though, so don’t get used to it.” Jackson tried bringing a little levativity to the situation. “Now that I have a real title and job I can actually look for work somewhere else and do what I actually enjoy.”

“Yeah, about that... Why do I have to be your boyfriend again? I’m not gay.” Lincoln had to wait for his femininely dressed friend to finish chewing on the bite of his sandwich.

“Because DUNN... grabbed my ass and asked me out to lunch and you have worked at Mega Corp as long as me, you know what happens to girls there. Like what happened to Dunn’s last secretary.”

“Well sleeping with me isn’t going to get you anything, might as well sleep with the old man and get something out of it.”

“Fuck you.” Lincoln smirked hearing Jackson say that in the husky voice.

“No, that is what I’m saying won’t happen. Sorry Jackson, or what was it Jaqueline. You make a beautiful woman, but it isn’t going to happen, and if I’m going to be dating a girl, that needs to be on the table. Not always right away, I’m not a pig but you know what I mean.”

“I’m not going to sleep with you, you ass and I’m not beautiful, don’t say things like that. You are just going to be my PRETEND boyfriend to keep creeps away.”

“That is even worse for me, other than you paying more for rent. What exactly am I getting out of this?” Jackson was getting fed up, it was Linc’s fault he was in this mess the least he could do is help cover for him while he looked for another job.

“You are going to do this, and you know why?” Linc put his elbows on the table as he leaned closer. “You tell me why. I want to hear this.”

“Because if you don’t I will tell all the girls in the office how you only pretended to love me and were sleeping around behind my back our entire relationship.”

“Jackson that could affect a lot more than just my chances with the girls at the office, that could affect my chances at a career and promotions.” A small smile started on Jackson’s face that grew with every passing second turning into something much more predatory.

“Then you better start calling me Jacqueline and treating me the way a good boyfriend would.” Jackson’s imagination thought of sending Linc off to the market to buy a box of tampons on his lunch break just to embarrass him so he would have a small idea of what he was having to go through because of him. He could use the man as a shield to keep the creeps away and get his revenge at the same time.

“Don’t give me that face, you’re not the one wearing high heels and stockings.” Linc tilted his head and moved to look under the table when his hand got slapped. “None of that you perv.”

“You know you don’t have to dress like that. Just wear slacks, some girly looking flats and a bra with your makeup and hair done. No one is going to be doing a panty check on you, unless you secretly like wearing panties?” The soft lacy material of his panties were comfortable, much more compared to his tighty whities, but he could not mention that.

“Yeah I guess you’re right, that does make me feel better and it means I won’t have to spend all day out shopping with my sister again.”

“You sure I can’t be her boyfriend instead of yours?”

Jackson pointed his long nailed finger across the table. “I told you before, stay away from Madison. Besides, I think she would eat you alive.”

Scene 7

Jackson knocked on his sister’s apartment door, taking a sip of the coffee in his left hand to try and kick his mind into gear. He was tired after a weekend of sleeping on his

sister's couch and not being able to get decent sleep with his mind going over the last day over and over again. After hearing the security chain being removed the door opened. "Morning Maddie." He said to her handing over a brown paper bag and a coffee to her he had in his other hand.

"Aww I was hoping to see my little sister this morning, not my boring little brother." She said, seeing him wearing his normal garb.

"Mocha caramel dark roast coffee and a blueberry muffin in the bag. Hand them back if you want to give me shit." Madison didn't move from her doorway, she just looked her brother over for a second as she sipped the sugary coffee. He was wearing a blue t-shirt with the logo of some cartoon he liked when he was younger and some jeans.

"I will keep the offering and hold back on my god given right to tease my younger sibling, but are you sure you want to go shopping like that?" Jackson looked down at himself, then to what his sister was wearing. She had on a pair of cut off jeans, a tanktop and black sandals, the light from the hallway lights glinting off her bright red toenails.

"Yeah, it is fine. I'm not trying to find someone to take the last name Hart or anything, especially when we are going to go buy clothes for my new job." When her little brother called her and told her the story of what happened at work she was thrilled to help with shopping, though he did hang up on her first when she wouldn't stop laughing.

"Dresses, skirts, heels, makeup, jewelry, your own panties and bras." Still standing in the hallway Jackson gave a tired glare at his sister.

"I told you last night, that won't be needed, pants will be fine and I don't need heels or well most of any of that."

"Jackie, Jackie, Jacqueline." Madison shook her head while thinking of that line from the tv show that was on HBO, sweet summer child.

"I told you to not call me that, what happened to not teasing me?"

"That went out the window when you decided you know better than me about what a young woman needs to wear to the office."

"Like you would know what to wear to the office, you have never had an office job in your life."

"I have to stop being a shit. I have an office job now."

"Bullshit, you work from home."

“I get to work from home, but that doesn’t mean I don’t have to go to the office every once in a while.” After years of making a living mixing drinks she finally had a job that could turn into a career and being able to work from home as a junior programmer made the job that much better. “Besides you have told me how your office is old school with dress codes. I’m betting girls in your office are either highly encouraged to not wear pants or the dress code specifically says skirts and dresses. Now that you are going to be working as Jacqueline Hart, that dress code applies to you.” She would have poked her brother in the chest, but her hands were full with the morning treats he brought her.

“But…” Madison saw how crestfallen he was and tried to reassure him with a grin. “I know this isn’t easy for you, but I promise I will do everything I can to help you not get fired and ruin your chances at a future. Though you have to promise me you aren’t going to argue with me about girl stuff, I am the one with all the experience.”

“Fine, I promise.” Jackson huffed, He considered the females in the office, some of them did wear pants, but it wasn’t often and tended to be those at the supervisor level or higher that did it. He thought she was wrong about the dress code, he couldn’t say about what was encouraged or not other than his observations and those were more directed at checking the attractive woman out than examining what they were wearing. There was a chance she was right, he hadn’t really read the employee manual, but he wasn’t going to admit it out loud.

“Good then the first thing you need to do is run on home to get that corset I lent you.”

“Why?”

“Because when you use it you’re just about my size and it gives you a much nicer feminine form. Something you need when trying on clothes for what looks best on you.”

“Can’t you just pick stuff out?” Madison gave her brother a look that just said ‘are you kidding’

“Umm no, we are going shopping and doing it right. So you go get the corset and come back here, then I will make you look more presentable. Unless you are okay with everyone seeing a boy trying on dresses? There is nothing wrong with that, specially you being transgender and all that, but people will stare.”

“I’m not trans anything Maddy.”

“What would happen if that lady from HR or your boss heard you say that? Or someone heard it and told them you said it?”

“Fair point.” He had to admit that would get him in trouble, he just needed to do this so he could start his new role as Mr. Dunn’s Executive Administrative Assistant. When he had come back from lunch and was shown what his job would entail it was answering phones, taking messages, organizing mail, filing paperwork in the filing cabinets on their floor and working with other secretaries... even Dunn didn’t bother to use the fancier title when talking about his role. He would be working with some of the females he ogled around the office to keep the mass of filing cabinets organized that were kept on another floor. Then of course his other duties were to take meeting minutes, get coffee and if seeing what the other girls did was any indication he would also be cleaning up conference rooms and having to do other little things he was ordered to do.

“Glad you agree, now go back home and so you know. You did a horrible job removing your makeup.”

“I’m well aware... but forgive me if I’m not an expert using makeup like you.” He said sarcastically. Jackson was upset he had to go back home and then come back here in order to get dressed up to go shopping. While his offer letter said his official start date was yesterday he hadn’t really done anything and today he was told to take the day to look presentable.

“Don’t worry Jacqueline, when I’m done with you other girls in the office will be asking you for makeup tips.”

“Joy, oh joy. That would just be a lifelong dream.” Jackson said in a deadpan voice before just turning and walking away from his sister to head home.

“I know and I’m more than happy to help. It is what big sisters are for!” Madison called after her brother as he moved towards the elevator. When he made it down the hall she went inside, opening the little brown bag to pull out the blueberry muffin, thinking about how the little jerk could be considerate at times.

Later Jackson stood in front of a large free standing mirror looking himself over in the purple dress with the white floral pattern. It wasn’t the first or second time that he was transfixed by the feminine face he saw in the mirror. With makeup his face seemed softer, his chin not as prominent, his lips seemed fuller. He would absolutely want to ask this girl out and that was a big part of the problem, If he made an ugly girl he doubted any of this would have happened. He was the type of guy that liked being the center of attention. He wasn’t going to lie to himself that there wasn’t a tiny thrill with getting it for how he looked dressed up, but it also made him feel so much more vulnerable, making him pull in more instead of being his normal extrovert self. Dressing like this made him feel like he was another person, and even if that was part of the point, he hated it. Sliding his eyes over to his sister in the mirror he held in a sigh at the idea that even in heels he was the same height as his sister, him wearing white heels and her black. “Can

I at least go shopping without wearing high heels?”



Madison smirked, thinking how he didn't just say he wasn't going to wear them or demand something else to wear, no he asked her like he needed permission. He had never acted subservient to anyone as far as she remembered and it gave her a sense of power that she was just loving. "Try asking again, but this time in the right voice little sis and tell me how much you are going to love going shopping for new dresses and shoes."

"I really, can't thank you enough Maddy for going shopping with me today. You have just

always had a better sense of fashion than me and going out with you to get some more cute dresses and heels for work is just so exciting, I'm just so looking forward to this. You know me, I just love to shop, shop, shop."

"How could I say no to my cute little sister when she flatters me like that." Getting her brother to talk in that husky voice like he was a phone sex operator was truly the cherry on top of all of this.

At the mall Jackson had to resist the urge to pick the piece of fabric that was his sister's panties from between his butt cheeks. She gave him a thong panty, telling him how he could keep this along with the other pair she had given him. He was not enjoying the feeling of it, or having to wear any of the female garments. The purple floral patterned bell sleeve dress that came down to mid thigh or the sandals with a slight wedge heel. The shoes were much better than what Maddy was originally going to have him wear, but still he disliked it. When he had complained about wearing heels again Madison had told him how it didn't matter how others dressed. Jacqueline needed to present as extra feminine and that he needed more practice walking like a lady, at that he decided he best leave it alone before he was wearing something he really did not want to be walking around in.

Jackson hated feeling the weight of the stupid breast forms she had gotten him and the pull of the bra straps on his shoulders, the compressed feeling of the corset and the million other feelings he shouldn't be feeling, but his sister had declared that her little sister looked cute enough for a day of shopping looking like this, so he had little choice in the matter if he wanted her help and sadly he had to admit he needed her help.

As they started walking toward one of the major box stores attached to the mall, Jackson bent to the side just for a second feeling uncomfortable. "You know I hate this corset."

"No problem Jackie, we can get a few more so you have some options and I think starting today you my little sister on a diet."

"A diet! Why? I'm skinny enough as it is."

"I like your confidence girl, but you could afford to lose a few inches. It won't be something drastic... no I take it back. We will start you with a crash diet, get you some supplements to make sure you have everything you need and then we will move you to a more balanced diet. More fruits, veggies and less meat."

"Maddy, you remember that this is all temporary right?" Jackson stopped walking as he tried to give his sister a reality check.

"Two things." Madison held up her index finger and middle finger. "One you said you

wouldn't argue with me. Keep that up and I will see about getting your tongue and bellybutton pierced and if you refuse to do that I will just stop helping. So you can either do as I tell you little sister without arguing with me, or you can argue still do what I tell you and we can go get you some new piercings or you can do all of this on your own. So what will it be."

"What is the second thing?" Jackson was getting angry and as he brooded on what she said he ran his tongue across the front of his teeth with his mouth closed. The last time they were at the mall she had his teeth whitened and they just felt a little different after.

"The second thing." Madison lowered her index finger, turning the hand around to flip her feminized brother off. "Is that the paperwork you signed said you have to pay back the money you were given for clothes if you left the company before ninety days. That means you will be my sister Jacqueline Hart for at least three months. So the question is, do you want to make it through this on your own?"

"No..." Madison moved closer to her disguised brother, leaning in with a big smile. "Good, because I'm really enjoying having a little sister to play dress up with." Jackson groaned, but followed along with his sister into the store. Resisting the urge to do anything other than smile as she held up one dress and then the next and on and on. He was grumpy, but wasn't even allowed to show that as she said that would only draw more attention to himself. Every outfit she picked out he had to try on to make sure it was just the right fit and look. All of the jackets fit much tighter than he was used to, the sleeves just a little shorter and even that was the best of the experiences. The long skirts she had him put on that he had seen more than a few girls at the office wear were called pencil skirts and were much tighter than he would have liked. The length he could get behind, especially compared to the shorter skirts and some of them were way too short in his opinion, but Madison only said how her little sister had legs that should be shown off. So his new skirt collection was full of skirts that made walking difficult with how tight they were and things short enough that he was sure HR wouldn't approve of.

"Okay, no, just no Maddy. I draw the line at you trying to buy me a little black dress, in fact I don't need that sundress you had me try on before either. I only need things for around the office."

Madison pressed her tongue to the inside of her cheek as he looked at the black dress in her hands again, then held it up to her brother once more despite his protests. "Sure you do, what if you have to go out with your boss after house for dinner with a client. Or need a sexy little number for a date."

"No one is going to date me while I have to dress up like this at the office, and even if they did I wouldn't be wearing a dress." Madison gave her brother a hard look.

“From what I understand you have a boyfriend now. You just kinda pointed at him and told him you were his girlfriend. I would never have the courage to do that to a boy I like, but you get it girl. You got yourself a boyfriend, so I imagine there will be some dates.” Jackson closed his eyes and counted to five before he responded, but he only made it to two before he mentally whimpered at his life and bad luck.

“That isn’t real and it was more of me blackmailing him to do it.” Madison shifted her head from left to right as she thought about that, then her smile grew.

“Blackmailing someone to date you, very nefarious and I wonder if he thinks that is hot.” She could see he was about to say something so she just kept on talking right over him. “You don’t want a bunch of people at the office hitting on you and I can really understand that, but you are going to have to do more than just say you have a boyfriend. You are a girl now, so you can put some photos of the two of you on your desk, get your little friend to send you flowers. Go on dates where you are likely to run into coworkers that way everyone knows he is yours and doesn’t try and take him from you. Or you know, the other way around.”

“But... I don’t want to do that.”

“Then you shouldn’t have claimed a man as your boyfriend, but you can always call up Lincoln and tell him you are dumping him. It will be a shame though, I think the two of you make a cute couple.”

Jackson looked at the dress in his sister's hands and took it from her, adding it to the pile of outfits he would be purchasing that day. “No, I can’t do that.” He said thinking of how Dunn had literally groped his ass the previous day.

“Don’t act all glum girl, just a few more outfits here and then we can hit the shoe store, but first give me your phone.”

“For what?”

“No arguing, just hand it over.” Jackson huffed again, before reaching into the purse his sister had given him and handing over his phone.

Jackson: Hey this is Madison, you free tonight?

Linc: Yeah, absolutely! Got something in mind?

Jackson: Was thinking about a date tonight, go out to a bar coworkers are at and then whatever.

Linc: Sounds good, yeah!

Jackson: Glad you are loving the idea, be ready around five thirty.

Jackson: Your girlfriend is looking forward to your first date

Linc: Wait, what!? I thought I was going out with you

Jackson: Sorry I don't do men who are in a relationship

Linc: Fuck, I hate your brother

Jackson: No one is asking you to fuck my little brother, but you enjoy your time with my little sister.

Linc: Not funny

"There I have your first date set up with your boyfriend. Oh and we will be stopping off at the cellular store, we need to get the name on your account changed. Can't have your caller ID showing up as Jackson anymore." Jackson's sour mood just got worse as he slid his eyes away from his sister back down to the black dress he put in the pile himself.

"If you don't want to wear that for your date tonight I'm sure we can find you something you want him to see you in. Maybe some lingerie."

"Could we instead just move on to shoe shopping?" He really didn't like the idea of spending time picking out a dress for a date. Especially not when the longer this went on the more his sister wanted his opinion on each thing she picked up.

"Now you are starting to sound like my little sister. Let's go do that and then we can circle back for something for tonight." Madison shook her body as she got more excited. "Let's go pay for all this with your windfall and then we can move on to shoes, lingerie and makeup!"



Scene 8

“Isn’t this a little much? Or a lot much!?” Jackson was looking in the standing mirror his sister had in her flat. After spending longer than he thought was possible shopping they came back here to get him ready for his date. His sister was blowing it way out of proportion, but he felt helpless to stop her. Every objection he voiced she had a rebuttal for and after what she thought was too many she had threatened him with sending a photo of them together to their father. “You keep this up little sis and I will send a photo of us to our dear ol Dad, I bet he would be very accepting of you. Or I could tell him it is a photo of me with my good friend about to hit the club and ask him what he thinks of Jacqueline? Wouldn’t you like to know if Dad thinks you’re pretty?”

So his objections stopped, and he let his sister do her thing. Madison put his hair up in hot curlers, making him help. Then she had him roll some tan stay up stockings up his legs with a patterned welt at the top. Just as before feeling the material on his smooth shaven legs felt sensual, it made him wonder why girls didn’t wear them more often with how great they felt coming on or when he rubbed his legs together. Though he couldn’t keep doing that or he was sure his tucked backed dick would show in the lacy black panties he had to wear.

“I have never had a girl wear stockings on a date with me.” He started to object again when Madison gave him a hard look before breaking off into laughter.

“Maybe they didn’t think you were worth it, but Jacqueline is the type of girl that loves feeling sexy and considering how she demanded this boy be her boyfriend, she is definitely the type to make it worth his while.”

“I don’t want to make anything worth anyone’s while!” He felt her slap the side of his thigh lightly.

“Jacqueline, I know you are a ditzzy girl, but you need to stop this nonsense and remember who you are. You love feeling pretty and sexy. You love wearing dresses, stockings and heels.” Madison then leaned closer, talking in a softer voice. “The girlier you are the less chance anyone has to see through your disguise. Now tell me what you love.”

Walking around dressed up like a girl was bad enough, but the idea of people looking at him and calling him a freak was much scarier. “I love looking pretty and feeling sexy and... and want my boyfriend’s full attention on me.” He knew the voice was his own, but the husky voice saying those words caused a small twitch in his panties.

“Yeah you do, and with my help he won’t be able to take his eyes off you or keep his hands to himself.”

“I don’t...” Jackson stopped his objection when his sister slapped the side of his thigh again.

Soon he had on a black asymmetrical dress with white around the edges. It didn’t go very far down his legs, but it was enough that if he was careful he was pretty sure no one would see the tops of the stockings, though he wasn’t sure if that would hold true when he sat down. His makeup was done up to be a dramatic night time look, his lips felt puffy from something Madison had put on his lips before adding lipstick, his eyelashes were long and dark from the mascara. The mascara along with the reddish eyeshadow made his eyes feel heavier, but nearly as heavy as his ears felt with the gold double hoop earrings that now hung from them. The gold earrings were paired with a gold and pearl bracelet and the last thing to go on was a pair of three inch pointed toe heels with a thin strap. He wasn’t even sure how girls handled the tiny straps on their heels now that he was experiencing life with longer nails.

“You look hot girl, your boy won’t know what hit him.” He stood there looking at himself in the mirror not sure where he went and how he was replaced with this smoking hot girl. Hardly taking notice that his sister had changed into a brown leather mini-skirt with a tight three quarter sleeved forest green blouse that had a plunging neckline.

“If Linc touches me he will learn quick who will hit him.” This time he felt his sister slap

him on the ass, much harder than she did when she hit his thigh earlier. It caused him to jump slightly in surprise.



“If he wants to be a little amorous you need to let him, you are a couple and need to look like you are together. Remember the point of tonight is for some coworkers to see you out with him, so they know you are taken. If you learn to relax a little you might even have some fun, or get lucky.” Madison gave her feminized brother a wink in the mirror, before slapping his ass one last time as she saw the scowl on his much prettier face. “A ditzy girl like you smiles, always remember to smile little sis.”

Jackson turned away from the mirror looking at his sister. “Maddy, I can’t do this. The mall was one thing, and I think I am going to hyperventilate at the idea of having to work like this... but a date! Looking like this! I just can’t!”

“You can, I know you can. You are dressed up sexy and that gives a girl more confidence. Close your eyes and tell yourself that it gives you confidence.” Jackson looked at his older sister giving her a pleading look, but when she didn’t budge he did as she said. “I am confident, I can go on this date, wearing sexy clothes makes me feel confident and because I’m wearing them now I am confident.” Opening his eyes he gave

a small shake of his head. "It isn't working."

"Of course it isn't, you are trying to be Jackson dressed up in drag instead of being Jacqueline ready to go out on a date with a boy she likes. You need to be Jacqueline, tell yourself that is who you are. Now go ahead and close your eyes and say that again five times." Again he did as his sister told him, wondering why he was being so compliant for her, he was normally trying to take command, ignoring her as she tried to tell him what to do, but dressed like this he felt so much more timid... and afraid. Afraid someone was going to see through him, worried that he liked the feel of some of the clothes he was wearing. Not the corset or heels by any means, but the woman's clothes were so much softer and he shouldn't be enjoying it.

When he was done repeating the lines he still didn't feel any different, but when he opened his eyes his sister was standing in front of him holding out a small glass of water in one hand and two pills in the other. "If that doesn't work you can try taking a Xanax, take one now and..." Madison stopped talking as her brother threw back both pills and drained the glass of water, leaving a lipstick stain behind.

"Or you can take both... okay, well by the time we get there you won't be worried I bet"

"Good, because I'm freaking out now Maddy."

"You can do less freaking out and more repairing your lipstick like I showed you. Here is your purse with everything you will need tonight." Taking the purse from her, Jackson noticed for the first time how his sister was dressed up wearing stiletto heels an inch taller than his own heels, making her slightly taller than him.

"You going somewhere?" She smiled, turning him back to the mirror so he could see them both standing side by side again.

"Of course, I will be at the same bar, keeping an eye on my little sister. You can take some selfies with your man and I will take a few other photos so you can have something to put on your desk at work. That... and might also feel the need to take a strapping young man home with me. Can't have my little sister be the only one getting lucky."

Ignoring her teasing, Jackson opened the little clutch purse, seeing much more than he expected in there. Lipstick, mascara, a compact, tissues, a few condoms, a twenty dollar bill and his keys. Pulling out a condom he held it between two fingers, giving his sister a serious look. "I won't be needing these."

"You don't want to use protection, that is your call, I would have given you a travel size mouthwash, but I forgot to get one while we were out."

“Maddy, I don't need mouthwash!” Madison rocked her head back and snickered.

“I'm not big on the taste of cum, but more power to you little sis.” He glowered at her some more before stuffing the condom back into the purse, snapping it shut in a huff. Forgetting the purpose of opening it was to fix his lips. He hated that they looked so plump and kissable, if he was dating the girl in the mirror he would like to do just that and much more. Linc better be on his best behavior he thought as he opened the purse back up.

When Lincoln opened the door he wasn't sure what he was expecting, but it was definitely not to see two smoking hot women on the other side. Both looked like they were ready for a night out on the town, he instantly felt his member twitch, awakening to the sight of the sexy ladies. He had always had a crush on Madison from the first moment he met her, when she texted him from Jackson's phone earlier he thought he was about to get his wish. Till she told him how he would be going out with Jackson in drag instead. Sure he looked pretty as a girl, but that didn't matter, it was still Jackson. That thought went out the window seeing the vixen next to Madison. He ran his eyes up and down the sexy girl twice, opening his mouth to say something, but his mind gave him nothing to work with.

“Cat got your tongue? Or were you just thinking how you want to use it when you kiss Jacqueline here?”

“There will be none of that.” Jackson said, adding a light laugh to the end as he blinked his heavy eyes, a small smile coming to his face as he pressed his stocking covered legs together. The pills he had been given were doing exactly what his sister said they would. The idea of Linc kissing him was more funny than frightening.

“Relax sis, I told you the two of you need to look like a couple. So I better be seeing at least a little kissing if you want to sell this act. Unless of course you want to go back to being single. Some men in your office would love that I'm sure and we can go check out men together tonight instead.”

It took a few seconds, but Lincoln pulled himself out of his daze. Jackson did look sexy as heck and he would never guess this person to be male, but he knew better and all this boyfriend BS wasn't his idea. “That sounds like a good plan, the two of you go out and have a good time. I will just stay home and not spend the money that I can't really afford to spend and watch tv.”

“Oh no, I spent so long getting ready for this date.” Jackson paused to get his thoughts in order. “If I have to go out looking like this, then you are coming too.” Lincoln ran his eyes up his friend's legs one more time, hating himself a little for being attracted.

“You heard your girl lover boy, grab whatever it is you need to grab and we can head out.”

“Why is he acting like that?” Madison gave a lopsided grin to her brother.

“Because SHE.” Madison paused looking her brother's friend in the eye. “Took two Xanax instead of one. So it would be best if my little sister didn't have any alcohol tonight.”

“I'm going to a bar and I can't drink? That is so unfair.” Jackson looked at his friend; he wasn't nearly as dressed up. Wearing dark jeans, the dress shoes he should wear to work more than he did and crisp ironed dark blue shirt with gray suspenders. Jackson wished he could have spent so little time getting ready, Linc was so lucky. A smile crossed his lips and a slight giggle at the word lucky before an idea struck him. Linc had to be his boyfriend, so he could just steal his drinks if he wasn't allowed to get his own.

“Why are you smiling so much?” Lincoln asked his feminized friend.

“Because you are going to buy me a drink tonight because I'm a girl or I'm just going to take yours.” Lincoln nodded slowly, looking over to Madison, happy to be having the chance to look at her.

“This is what I'm working with?” Madison shrugged, then pulled him out of the door way and into the hall. Reaching past him to close the apartment door.

“What can I say, your girlfriend is a bit of a ditz, well I can say that and tell you to make sure any of your coworkers know the two of you are a couple at a glance. No scratch that, everyone, no telling who is a friend of who and how rumor spreads.”

“I really don't want any rumors about me.” He glanced back at the now closed apartment door, he didn't need anything inside, but he wished going back inside was an option.

“That can't be true, from what Jacqueline is telling me this secretary job wont last long and wouldn't it benefit you if she spread rumors about how amazing a boyfriend you were and maybe giving little hints of your prowess in the bedroom?”

Lincoln took a few seconds to ponder that, an improved reputation around the office was a much better sell then the threat. Jackson wanted to join the sales team, he should have led with that proposal. He teetered his head back and forth a second mulling that over, knowing the threat was still the only real reason he was still doing this. The offer just made it easier to swallow. “Sure, why not.” Lincoln took Jackson by the hand, looking him over for a third time. Trying to convince himself that there was nothing wrong

with going out with such a pretty girl. Dick or no dick under the skirt the way this person looked he would have to be gay not to feel attracted to the beauty.

Scene 9

Looking out the passenger side window Jackson watched the streetlights zoom as he pressed himself on the heated seat in his friend's car. It wasn't often cool in Florida to need such things, but the clothes he was wearing weren't made to keep the wearer warm either. It felt nice to be sitting here in silence with Linc, a blessing his sister took her own car. No one telling him to act a certain way, or nagging him to not do something. Moving his gaze over to him, Jackson pushed some of his curled hair to the side, giving Linc a smile. Right now the fact that he wasn't a big talker was exactly what he needed. He reached over and patted his leg twice, making sure Linc saw his smile, so the man knew how much he appreciated him not wanting to talk more about how fucked up his life was right now.

Feeling the touch to his leg Lincoln looked over at his dolled up friend, seeing her smile... his smile. He didn't remember his teeth being that white, but he supposed that could just be a trick of the lighting and the makeup. The touch to his leg made him wonder if he was trying to flirt with him for just a second, but dismissed it. Jackson was forcing him to play pretend boyfriend and Jackson was probably just reminding him to smile, look happy and play his part. So he reached over taking Jackson's hand in his own, noticing for the first time how small his friend's hand was compared to his own, with the glossy painted nails making them look rather feminine. The taking of his hand caught Jackson off guard, but the smile on Linc's face was reassuring. Part of his mind told him to pull his hand away, but those pills his sis gave him made most of his thoughts feel slow and far away. While Linc's hand was another source of warmth on the chilly night, so he let it be.

Soon enough Lincoln was parking at the bar and grill just down the street from the Mega Corp office. The food here was basic at best, but the drinks weren't overpriced and they had a few pool tables near a jukebox with a mix of old music and new. Getting out of the car Lincoln stretched, he didn't really have the energy for a night out, but his feelings or opinion didn't seem to matter. He took a few steps away from the car before turning back and not seeing Jackson. Walking over to the passenger side of his car he was hoping his femmed up friend had decided not to do this so they could go home. When he still didn't come out Lincoln opened the door, seeing his friend give him a small scowl. "About time, a gentleman should be opening doors for a lady." A few titters of laughter came from Jackson's mouth, enjoying the look of contained annoyance from Linc. His sister had tried to tell him how to get out of the car like a lady, but she wasn't here so he ignored whatever it was she had said, giving his friend a good look at the top of his stockings. For Lincoln it felt wrong to be checking out Jackson's long smooth and sexy stocking covered legs as he got out of his car, but he couldn't help admiring the view. He held out his hand to make getting out easier and he figured Jackson had a point. If

anyone was watching it would be better that he played his role. If they made a big enough impression he wouldn't have to do this anymore.

The place didn't have a hostess, they had three bartenders, two waitresses and a single waiter. The lone waiter let them know a booth wouldn't be available for roughly twenty minutes, but they were welcome at the bar and could feel free to snatch up a table soon as they saw one available and cleaned off. Jackson paid the man no mind, he didn't feel eyes on him or people leering to make his skin crawl like at work or the mall. He smiled laughing twice that at least his sister was good for someone before his mind wandered as he listened to some up beat pop song that was in the background, not even noticing the hand on his lower back guiding him closer to the bar. To Lincoln it seemed like Jackson was laughing or giggling at nothing, like he was pretending to be some airhead, but if he was forced to work as an administrative assistant maybe he was trying to distance Jacqueline from Jackson by giving her traits like that.

For a Tuesday night the place was packed, so much that they had a problem, there was only a single bar stool open. "Do you want to take a seat and I will stand? Can't be easy to stand in those heels." Lincoln's eyes slid down his friend's body, down the tan stockinged legs to the white pointed toe heeled shoes.

"Heels? Oh, do you like them? Maddy picked them out." Jackson turned one of his feet as he looked down at his foot. He didn't want to wear high heels, but at least his sister picked out something lower than she made him go to work in. He wasn't really listening to Linc, but found it funny one of the first things he mentioned about his outfit was the heels.

"Uhhh yes, they look nice, but do you want the seat?"

Jackson nodded slowly, agreeing that they should find some seats, but he only saw one. One of the people next to him was an older man with a bushy graying beard, his beer glass was almost gone. Instead of waiting to hope he was going to vacate it he thought about offering to buy the man another round if he gave up his seated position, the offer had worked in the past, who wouldn't want a free drink. "Yeah, yeah, you take a seat then I will sit down too."

Baffled slightly Lincoln wondered where Jackson was thinking about sitting, and then it hit him. They were to play the part of a loving couple, he really didn't want Jackson sitting in his lap. Especially with how his friend's backside looked in that outfit, if he didn't sit still he might get an erection, when he knew he really shouldn't. With a heavy sigh, something he knew he shouldn't have done even as he did it, Lincoln sat down in the bar seat and then put his hands around Jackson's hips, picking up his date and putting 'her' on his lap. "Woah! Why am I in your lap?"

“Didn’t you want a seat? Isn’t this what you wanted?” Part of the question slipped past Jackson, it was hard for him to concentrate on anything, he had hardly anything to eat today and those pills were hitting him harder than expected. Jackson wasn’t sure how his sister handled taking two at a time. “I did.”



“What can I get for you two tonight?” A friendly blonde girl around their age came up to them.

“We are waiting on a booth to open up, but a light beer for me and a ahh.” Lincoln had wrapped one arm around Jackson, leaving it pressing into his stomach. The touch allowed him to figure out how it was his friend was able to have curves, he had some undergarment to assist. “A white one, something sweet for my girlfriend.” Using that title felt wrong, but so did having him in his lap, even if the physical contact also felt nice. The bartender walked away to fill the order, as Jackson eyed the man next to them finishing off his drink. He was ready to offer the free drink, when he got up on his own. Jackson went to slide off Linc’s lap, when the hand around his waist tightened, pulling him back up.

“Careful, you are going to fall off.” Jackson was about to tell him getting off was exactly what he was trying to do, but the thought of ‘get off’ made him laugh.

“Here you go.” Said the bartender with a friendly smile. “Just these or would you like to start a tab? Maybe order some food?” The distraction and mention of food pulled Jackson’s attention away from his previous goal.

“I need some food.” Jackson turned his head to look Linc in the eye, he was happy to have gotten the wine after his sister said he wasn’t going to get anything to drink. Wine wasn’t what he wanted, but it was surely better than stealing and then drinking a light beer. Jackson tittered again asking himself what is even the point of ordering a beer if you are going to get a light beer.

“Sounds like we are getting some dinner, chicken club, hold the tomato for her.” Lincoln said, knowing his friend’s order now considering how many times they had come here over the last year. “Burger, medium, add bacon and a side of fries. Would you mind bringing over some A1 sauce with the burger please.”

“Coming right up.” Jackson smirked, enjoying the idea that he got both his drink and dinner paid for. He was going to be making significantly more than Linc by his next paycheck, he figured he should return the favor. He was forcing the guy to assist him, even if it was the jerks' fault. Picking up his wine glass, Jackson took a bigger swallow than he should have, feeling like he really did need to have a drink. Then turned his head to look at the empty chair to see about getting a real seat, but it seemed to be already taken. This time by his sister, who hadn’t even bothered to announce her presence. She was talking to a different bartender ordering a thick beer and a shot of whiskey, completely unfair.

When Madison came into the bar she was more than a few minutes behind the two after having to stop for gas, but the sight she saw from the door was perfect. Getting out her phone she snapped a picture of her new little sister sitting in her boyfriend's lap, looking at him with a pleading look. She thought it was wonderful that they decided to share a stool like that when there was a seat open next to them and considering how Linc’s hand was holding her little sis possessively she thought his reluctance before might have been for show. Taking the seat she gave a nod to Linc before raising her hand to get one of the bartender's attention.

“So tell me sis, how are things between you and your boyfriend.” Jackson took another long drink from his glass, finishing it off. Putting it down he blinked at his sister a few times, giving her a wide smile. One glass of wine wasn’t going to get him drunk, but with how fast he drank it down and nothing else in his stomach he could already feel a little bit of its effects and he had always been a happy drunk.

“Boyfriend, yeah... Linc is my boyfriend. He didn’t want to, but I made him and he is a good friend.” Jackson turned his head to look at the man holding him in his lap. “When he isn’t being a jerk.”

The first bartender came back over, seeing the empty glass and overhearing the girl who was overdressed for the place. “Men are all jerks, but at least yours pays attention to how you like your food prepared.”

“Callie is that you?” The blonde girl turned to face the voice, her face lighting up seeing the familiar face of an old friend. “Maddy, is that you!? Oh wow it has been ages, how are you doing?” Leaning forward Madison put one elbow on the bartop, resting her chin on the back of her hand, the other reaching over to tap lightly on Callie’s hand.

“You are a beautiful sight to my sore eyes. I’m doing wonderful, just out catching up with my little sister and her boyfriend. They both work over at Mega Corp, where she just got moved out of being an intern into a comfortable admin role.”

Callie smiled, looking over her old friend, remembering a few flings they had done together when they were younger. Madison had moved on, saying she was still finding herself and figuring out herself with being attracted to both men and woman, while she was happy with just the fairer sex. “Those eyes look more alluring than sore to me.” The two held each other’s gaze for a few seconds, feeling each other out.

“So this is your little sister, if I knew you had such a pretty sister I might have pursued her, but it looks like she plays for the other team. You hold onto her, or someone else might try and pick up that hot little thing in your lap.”

“I’m not hot, you are hot.” Jackson said, trying his best to not look down the girl’s tank top at her impressive proportions.

“She is flirting with me in front of her boyfriend, I might have a chance.” Callie held up her hand to her face to give a stage whisper to Madison before turning back to the dolled up girl. “You look like you could use another, let me get that for you.”

“Barking up the wrong tree Callie, she is a one man kinda gal, but one of us Hart girls are on the market.” Both shared a glance and a smile before the girl moved off to refill the wine glass. Lincoln watched the blonde bartender go, imagining her making out with Jack... Jaqueline and then with Madison. The image evolved into a three way between the three touching, rubbing, kissing each other. The thought stopped when he realized the person in his lap was shifting, causing their ass to rub on his already hardening member.

“Could you move your phone, it is uncomfortable.” Lincoln nodded, knowing what they

were feeling wasn't his phone.

"Hey look, a booth has opened up, let's head over there." Seeing the booth open was perfect timing, him needing this sexy person off his lap.

"Hold up, I need to get photos of the two of you, remember? Jacqueline, wrap your arms around your lover and kiss him a sweet kiss." Lincoln shook his head slightly, mouthing the word "no" to Madison, the person who he would rather be in his lap and kissing. While Jackson pulled his eyes away from the hot blonde who had been flirting with him to look at his sister questioningly.

"Go on, kiss your boyfriend, show him how you appreciate him." Looking into Linc's eyes, Jackson wrapped one arm around him and with the other he touched his cheek. He could admit Linc was a good looking guy, but that didn't matter when he wasn't attracted to guys. Still this was the point of the evening, so he let his mind drift back to the music as he leaned forward with his eyes closed, planting his lips on his friends. Wishing he would have repositioned his phone that was pressing into his ass.

After that they moved over to a booth, Jackson scooting in on the same side wishing he didn't have to sit with Linc's arm draped around him like the man owned him. They stayed there drinking, Lincoln had only planned on getting one glass of wine for Jackson with the medication his sister said he took, but more just kept getting ordered. When the bill came he wasn't happy about the six glasses, or that he ended up eating less of the fries than his companion. Every so often either one of them would get a text from Madison telling them to kiss, or for him to put the hand that wasn't on Jaqueline's shoulder on his date's thigh. He always loved a girl in nylons, doubly so for stockings, but running his fingers over the nylon covered legs, while driving him a bit wild, also felt wrong. Jackson was his friend, his very male friend, but Jaqueline seemed nothing like Jackson. She was flirty, giggled at him or nothing at time and seemed content to lean into him. She wasn't a good conversationalist, but damn did she look pretty. By the time they got home Lincoln was quick to go to his room after a night of temptation that he felt he shouldn't really be tempted with.

For Jackson the night was like sitting on the deck of a small sailboat, you sit there, enjoy the breeze and just let time pass. Having to kiss Linc wasn't something he wanted to do, but Maddy said it had to be done. She had promised if he played the part of a good girlfriend not only would it help him at the office, but she would come to him instead of him coming to her to get help with getting ready in the future. Going into his room he slipped the dress off, tossing it on the ground before sitting down on the edge of his bed to take off the heels. The little tiny buckle was a challenge between his long nails and his inebriated state, a challenge he couldn't overcome. With a sigh Jackson got up, walking out of his room, across the living room and knocked on Linc's door. "I need help." He whined to the door and the person on the other side.

“Can’t help now!” Came the reply. Jackson leaned his forehead on the door, his curled hair spilling about his face as he stood there. Jackson blinked, realizing he zoned out just standing there, he wasn’t sure if it was for a second or minutes, but he knew he still needed help. He wasn’t going to sleep in the corset and heels. Opening the door Jackson walked in his roomates room, which was much tidier than his own. “Help me undress.”



Sitting up in his bed as Jackson barged in, Lincoln put his hands over his lap as he quickly moved his sheet over himself. Hoping his friend didn't see his erection and realize he was jerking off. "What are you doing in here!?"

"I told you I need your help." Jackson moved to the side of the bed, sitting down and then shifting his legs up on top of his friend's sheet covered legs, not realizing one of his heeled feet was pressing down on his friend's dick, that was getting harder by the second.

"I will help you with your heels and then you have to get out."

"What about the corset?"

"Just the heels." Lincoln said, moving his fingers as fast as he could to not just unbuckle the heels, but move the now just stocking covered feet away from his crotch. The idea of a sexy girl barging into his room, putting her feet on his dick and rubbing with her heels and stockinged feet was something out of a porno, but this was not it. This was a parody made just to torture him. "There, you're done, go."

"But.."

"Jackson, leave my room!" With a huff Jackson left the room, not even thinking to take the heels that laid on the bed with him. When he went back to his room with the pills in his system and the alcohol he had no problem getting to sleep, corset on or not. While back in Lincoln's room he took care of himself, feeling guilty and wishing he hadn't finished himself off looking at the pair of white heels on his bed, thinking about the tan stockings feet that were in them rubbing on him.

Scene 10

Hearing the banging on the front door that wouldn't go away, Lincoln opened his bedroom door wearing only a robe that he threw on over his nude body to see who wanted their attention at five in the morning. He had only taken a few steps into the living room when he stopped, seeing his roommate come from his room. Jackson's long hair that was flowing with curls the previous night looked a mess, but he was still wearing the corset, the lacy panties and stockings. His eyes roamed over the ass and long legs with those sexy stockings on, his body reacting to the sight of the sexily clad woman despite his mind telling him that wasn't what he was actually seeing.

Groggily Jackson opened the front door as far as the security chain would let him. Seeing his sister he closed it, removing the chain and opened the door wide so she

could come in. When she had said she would come to him, he didn't expect to see her before the sun came up. Madison smiled at her brother, as she walked in holding two packs of Slim Fast diet shakes, one strawberry flavored, the other chocolate. "Good morning little sister, how are you today?" She then looked past her brother to his roommate. "Good morning Linc, sorry to wake you. Maybe I should get a key so it doesn't happen again."

Lincoln waved at the girl, noticing she was wearing the same thing as the previous night, except her heels had been traded for a pair of gladiator sandals. "Yeah, that sounds like a good idea. I'm going back to bed till my alarm actually goes off."

"You are here way too early Maddy, how are you so... so chipper?" Putting the cans on the kitchen counter she showed her top teeth as she smiled. "Simple, I haven't gone to bed yet and I have had a good deal of coffee. You weren't the only one to go home with someone last night."

Oh... good for you and also I don't need to hear about that."

"Look, we all can't be so lucky to live with our lover to have sex whenever you want like you Jaqueline." She could practically see the water in his body starting to boil like a cartoon character as she teased him.

"Stop, please." Jackson cupped his face for a second, before slowly running his fingers down his face. "If you are here can you please help me take this corset off, it is killing me." She was a bit surprised her brother was still wearing it, but she was happy he was committed to the plan. The way he complained made her think she was wasting her time helping, thinking he would fail and end up being blackballed like he mentioned. Him still wearing it, doing waist training by sleeping in it gave her hope he was going to actually stick with it till he could move from the massive company.

"Sure, let me just put your shakes in the fridge."

"My what?" he looked at her confused, still trying to get his mind to boot up for the day. Madison held up the back of strawberry diet shakes. "With these you should trim down, one or two pounds a week, combined with the waist training you started on your own you will be able to ditch the corsets in not too long."

"Oh..." He didn't much like the idea of a diet, but after wearing the torture device to give him a more feminine form the option of doing without it sounded like a good one. "Great!"

When he was done getting ready for the day Jackson shifted from one heeled foot to the other, feeling uncomfortable in the constricting clothing. Again he was wearing a garter

belt to hold up his dark stockings, the pushup bra made the breast forms look much bigger on his chest, she had showed him how to use makeup to conceal the seams, making them look like real tits in his low cut sleeveless, ruffled black or gray or dark gray blouse. She even had him in another corset, this time it was worn to be seen, the blouse tucked into it, but it went under his knee length tight pencil skirt, that was paired with a wide elastic black belt. He wasn't used to any of it, especially the four and a half inch gray and black heels with a lace finish.

Jackson didn't have a big mirror to look in like his sister had at her flat, but from what he could see and feel he didn't like it. "I don't want to look like this... I feel like I'm dressed up like some bimbo secretary that is just thirsty for men's attention." Madison laughed, remembering more than one comment he had made when he started at Mega Corp about hooking up with one of the sexy secretaries, how they were all just for eye candy, hired for their tits and ass.

"You are the newest secretary and you said you wanted to blend in. Also this style is so you Jaqueline, if it wasn't why would you have picked it out?" It was his turn to glare at his sister, something they just did to each other when they thought the other said something stupid. Both knew it was her that picked out the clothes, but she was obviously having fun with his current lot in life. She did have a point about blending in, he just didn't like the clothes, they made him feel vulnerable and restricted.



“Executive Administrative Assistant.” Jackson corrected, but it only earned him a stern look. Jackson frowned, blowing on some of his hair to move it out from blocking some of his vision. It didn’t help, Maddy had styled his hair so it would do just that, to make him look alluring.

“Alright, let’s get you a breakfast shake to put in your purse for lunch and then I will drop you off at work.” Jackson looked over at the black leather tote bag purse, he had to not only dress like this but carry around something so feminine just so he could have things with him, he wasn’t sure why girls didn’t have real pockets.

“Let me guess, it has tampons and a condom in there.” He jeered, but it only caused Madison to laugh again.

“It does, I moved the contents from your other purse to this one. You have to be prepared, do you think we should stop off somewhere to pick up a travel size mouthwash for you?”

“Jesus Maddy, I don’t need to buy mouth wash, could you just stop with the sex jokes at my expense. Don’t you think it’s hard enough on me looking like this, without reminding me that I won’t be getting laid anytime soon?”

“Someone is touchy this morning, but sure I can lay off.”

“Thank you...” He felt exasperated to have to even ask her, he wanted to yell and tell her to back off with the teasing. That sadly was just part of their relationship with one another, both always giving each other a hard time while still being there for the other, plus if he tried commanding her to do anything she would just do it more to spite him.

Picking up the purse he moved it to the crook of his elbow like his sister had shown him, he turned to start making his way out the door when his sister stopped him. “Hey I have a favor to ask, and it is a big ask.”

Jackson motioned to his body all dolled up. “Think I might owe you something big for the help destroying my life at my request.”

“Well my lease is up at the end of the month, and I was going to move in with my last boyfriend...”

“The one you cheated on, so he dumped you?” She gave him a hard look.

“What kind of man doesn't want a three-way with two hot girls? He didn't want to join, but that didn't mean I still didn't want to have fun with her.”

“I didn't say he wasn't an idiot, just that you cheated on him. So what do you want? A place to crash for a while? Maybe this time get someplace more affordable or get a roommate like I did.”

“Well I was thinking I could move my stuff into your room, put my things and yours into storage. Having me around would mean you always have someone to help you get ready, till you are ready to preen all on your own.”

“That sounds more like moving in, and me giving up my bedroom to you.” Madison gave a small shrug.

“It isn't like you can keep your boy things here, what if someone from work came by.”

“I'm not inviting anyone over Maddy...”

“Have you considered if they came by on their own? What if someone in HR that knows you are supposed to be transgender doesn't believe you and comes by? What would happen to you then?” Jackson took a few small steps backwards, the only kind of steps he could really take in the heels and restrictive pencil skirt and sat down on his bed thinking about what she said.

“They would fire me for fraud.”

“See? So me putting up my things would actually be helping you and I would pay rent too, so it would be split three ways. Combine that with the extra money you are pulling in and you might actually be able to have a savings account like a real adult.”

“I umm would have to talk to Linc about this, I'm sure he would love to have you around. We would need to get an air mattress for a place for you to sleep, our couch is not comfortable to sleep on.” Madison waved her hand in the air to dismiss the idea.

“I will be bringing my bed, I have a much better one than you. Some nights we can snuggle together like when we were little living in that two bedroom apartment. I don't mind sharing a bed with my little sister, but other nights you can sleep with your boyfriend.”

“Yeah... you can feel free to sleep with Linc and I will take the bed, I promise he will welcome you. He has had the hots for you forever, no matter how much I tell him you are a major pain in the ass. “

“Sorry sis, I'm not going to steal the love of your life.” Jackson closed his eyes, she had only promised to not tease him about sex, he should have been more specific earlier.

“Ya know what, sure. I owe you and that could be a big help, but we will discuss the details later.” Jackson thought how having his sister around would be aggravating, but it would only be for a short time till she found another place and while she was here cheaper bills would be a welcomed change. He had no doubt there would be hurdles, but he could work them out later. They were siblings and looked out for one another, and he really did owe her. He couldn't imagine it going well for most people if a brother asked his sister to make him look like a woman so he could keep their job.

“Fantastic!” Madison moved over to her feminized brother, pulling him to his heeled feet and giving him a big hug. “I will take your house keys and make a copy today. Thanks sis!”

When Jackson was coming into the building he scanned his badge to get past the turnstiles; it had been updated with a new picture on Monday. As he placed one foot in front of the other, swinging his hips and hearing the sound of his heels echoing the tiles he felt nervous. Like someone was going to confront him about being dressed up like a girl. Only his boss, Mary in HR... and Linc knew who he really was, but that didn't mean others wouldn't figure it out, it wasn't like he suddenly became a different person just because he wore different clothes and makeup.

“I just love that skirt.” The comment came from a pretty platinum blonde girl with a spunky haircut and almost golden eyes. They definitely caught his attention, enough so that he hardly paid attention to what exactly she had said other than it was a compliment. “Your eyes... they are...”

“Contacts, but I just love the look, but Mr. Edwards.. My boss said I can't wear them again, he said I looked pretty, but it wasn't professional.”

“Oh, that is too bad, they make you look like you could be an angel.” The girl leaned forward on her desk, allowing him to get a good look down her blouse at her assets.

"I know right!? That would be amazing. Say, I'm Lily, or Lil." The girl put one hand over the nameplate on her desk covering her first name. "Just not Liliana, I asked Mr. Edwards to have it fixed, but he said they didn't do nicknames, very unfair cause I know they do, he just doesn't think it is professional." She held up her hands making air quotes as she said the last word. Jackson had almost forgotten the way he looked with the spunky and pretty girl being so friendly to him. He had walked past her, and admired her more than a few times, but she never so much as said a word other than a friendly greeting, the same thing she did to everyone.

"I'm Jack... Jacqueline."

"You're new right? Your badge says it was made on Monday. I hope you like it here, some of the boys can be a challenge. Mr. Edwards is nice enough, I don't mind when he looks at me, he never touches, not like some of the others here. You will have to be careful, some of them want..." He watched as she pursed her lips together and tilted her head to the side like she was trying to move it so the thought would come loose. "Well extra effort, the kind we can do to help relieve stress, or spend time with a client they want to impress. Listen to me, I don't want to scare you off. I'm sure whoever you will be working under will be like Mr. Edwards, well behaved, but strict or they might even be better."

She looked over her shoulder at the three screens she used for work. "I need to get back to it, but I will message you later and maybe we can do lunch!"

"Sounds fun!" Walking away over to the elevators Jackson felt odd about the encounter. He would love to spend more time with the girl, but he didn't see her as a male. As someone she wanted to be with... it was good that she didn't know the truth, but at the same time it felt wrong to not be seen as a possible partner. Jackson was so wrapped up in thinking about how she didn't see him as a man that he didn't notice the man behind him as he kept pace, his eyes glued to what he thought was an attractive girl's ass.

Scene 11

The first thing Jackson did when getting to the desk outside Mr. Dunn's office was to pull the picture frame out of his purse that his sister had given him. It was one of those multi photo frames, each having photos of what appeared to be a happy couple on a date. Jackson hoped it acted as repellant to the male staff, that was the point of roping Linc into a fake relationship. With Mr. Dunn not being in yet, Jackson considered getting himself some coffee. He definitely wanted it after being woken up so early, but he also really didn't want to walk around looking the way he did. Not only was the restrictive skirt a pain, but so were the heels, that and he really didn't want to encounter any more employees. Speaking with Lily was fine, even if a little odd knowing she didn't see him as a male, that was to his benefit, but still weird.

Jackson pulled out the chair from his new desk ready to sit down when a yawn came to the surface. "Coffee wins." He said not wanting to fall asleep at his desk. He didn't even have the luxury of cubicle walls now that he was a secretary. So he made his way to the little break room, where different girls in his same position were waiting around the coffee machine for their turn, gabbing while a few men were off sitting at one of the few tables to pretend to be talking while they watched and leered at the administrative assistants. He had started his day here doing the same thing more than once and now he still was, but from a very different perspective.

"Say your a new one. I'm Tabitha, what is your name?" He instantly smiled at Tabitha, she was a petite woman that he would imagine stood hardly over five feet tall when she wasn't wearing the skyscraper glossy black heels. Her long blonde hair that came down almost to her waist looked like it had a natural slight curl to it and he wasn't sure if it was because of the black rimmed glasses or despite them that his eyes were drawn to her deep blue eyes. Before he could respond to her though, a second gorgeous woman with wonderful thick curves and fiery red hair that she had held back with a bright red head band spoke up as she leaned in between himself and Tabitha.

"Oh fresh meat. Who are you working under? Or are you just in the pool?"

"I'm ahh..."

"Your Ahh?" The red head woman said, raising her thinly arched eyebrow.

"Babs don't be rude, everyone is nervous on their first day." Tabitha gave a small reassuring smile to Jackson. "Who you work for is a good question though. Babs here doesn't even work on this floor." Tabitha gave the redheaded woman a pointed look.

"Well if my department sprung for anything but the cheapest coffee I wouldn't be up here. Never settle for cheap coffee when better is just a floor away, that is the first piece of advice I can give to you." Jackson nodded, he didn't even know they had different brands of coffee on other floors, he always just imagined they ordered it all from one place, but different budgets he supposed.

"I'm Jacqueline and I am going to be working under Mr. Dunn." When Jackson mentioned who he was working for both the women gave each other a knowing look. "What?"

"You can handle this one Tab. It was nice meeting your Jacqueline, good luck and welcome to Mega Corp." Babs said as she took her coffee and left the break room. Jackson couldn't help himself, turning his head to watch her go, enjoying every wiggle.

"That is Babs, don't call her Barbie or she might try to put your head on a pike. What she was getting at though is Mr. Dunn has a bit of a reputation." Jackson nodded twice, already aware of what she was going to say considering the vacant position. "He has a thing for dark haired girls and could get a handsy, but if you can put up with it I hear he is generous with getting bonuses. He also doesn't send anyone working under him out with clients, so you don't have to worry about that." Jackson swallowed hard, he hadn't even considered how women were used like bargaining chips to make deals.

"Does your manager do that to you?" He asked concerned, this girl walked that line between cute and sexy, it made him want to protect her now that she was talking to him. Tabitha shook her head to the question. "Oh heavens no." She held up her left hand showing off a ring on her finger with a large diamond. "I have made sure he knows I'm off the market, he sent me once, but I spent my time telling one of the clients that thought I was on the menu how much he reminded me of my boyfriend and how I couldn't wait to marry him. And I really can't! But back then I was just wearing a fake ring. It could be a good investment for you with Dunn, though he is married himself so I'm not sure how well it would work."

Hearing the girl was taken was a let down for Jackson, but it wasn't like he could really make a move on her anyways. He considered what she said about a ring, but that might send Linc running for the hills. "My boyfriend works here, I don't think he would appreciate me announcing we are going to get married when we haven't talked about that sort of thing yet." Though he thought it would hilarious to slip it on his finger when they were semi-alone and declare that of course she will marry him just to see his expression as people came around to congratulate the couple.

"Good for you girl, I'm guessing he got you the job here?" That was sort of true, so Jackson nodded. "You just try to be firm with Dunn then, I'm sure everything will be fine." Jackson felt Tabitha pat the back of his hand that he had on the counter as they stood around and talked.

"I appreciate the advice, it was a pleasure to meet you Tabitha." The pretty girl gave him a smile that made him want to take her in his arms and kiss her, but in the world would that be appropriate, he just couldn't help the way he thought. "Any time, we will be seeing a lot of each other, so please call me Tab. Oh and before I forget, every other Wednesday some of us get together to go out and have a glass of wine together or well a double shot of bourbon when it calls for it. You should come next week."

Walking back to his desk with coffee in hand Jackson just couldn't believe this day. It was just a few minutes past eight in the morning, his feet were already aching from the four and a half inch heels he was wearing, his stomach was declaring it wanted real food instead of the shake his sister gave him, something he hoped the coffee would take care of. He had sort of friends with a few women at the office when he had made zero over

the last year he had been here and yet all of them were still out of his reach. Unless they got real cool about a few things real fast.

“Ah, perfect timing” Jackson blinked as Mr. Dunn walked up to his desk, coming over from the elevator and took the cup of coffee from his hand. Jackson didn’t have time to tell the man that was his before his lips were already on the cup as he took a drink. Pulling the cup from his mouth Alexander tossed the still mostly full cup into the small trash bin next to Jackson’s desk.

“Terrible, go make me another. This time black with two sugars, no cream or milk or whatever it was you put in this last one. Not a good start to the day Miss Hart, do try and do better.”

“Sir I...”

“No need for excuses Miss Hart, and no need to back talk when I tell you to do something unless you don’t understand the instructions. You do understand the instructions for my coffee, correct? Or do you need to write it down?”

“No sir, but...”

“Good, get on it then.” With that Alexander gave a small swat to his new secretary’s rear before turning and heading into his office to start his day. Jackson hoped forward a few inches as his eyes went wide from the unexpected and unwanted touch. He glared at the man’s’ back as he walked away. The man was wearing black pants, a black button up shirt with no tie and a cream colored jacket. What he wore wouldn’t matter to Jackson, except now when he had to contrast it with his own clothes. He dressed as a woman, and Dunn a man and the ass treated him like just one of the girls who were bimbos here.

Walking past one of the cubicle farms Jackson could feel the eyes of the men on him like it was a physical thing. It felt almost slimy that they were checking him out, while another part of him wondered if any of them could see through the dress, makeup and pumps. He had worked here for a year with these people and he knew it was better for them to ogle him than know the truth. If they knew the truth then the name Jackson Hart would be attached to him, making getting a different job all that much harder. Walking back to the break room he didn’t have any encounters, but unfortunately without the group of women huddled together for protection it didn’t take long for one of the men to follow him in. “Hey there sweetie, I don’t recognize you. So that must mean you are new, because I know I would remember gorgeous face like yours.”

Jackson turned around to look at the man addressing him, he was standing much closer than he would have liked and with him standing in the corner where the coffee machine was he felt trapped. He had seen the man around before, but wasn’t sure exactly who he

was other than him not being a manager. Again Jackson could feel his eyes on him as he made no attempt to hide that he was looking the disguised man up and down from heel to his eyes. Something the man had to look a little up to do with Jackson's height of just over six foot in the heels he didn't feel should be appropriate for an office. "I'm Jack, I saw your name plate over at your desk said your name was Jacqueline. Feels a little like kismet, Jack and Jacqueline finding each other in a big place like this." That was when Jackson felt the man's hand grip his forearm lightly just below the short sleeve of his blouse. "I will meet you at your desk around noon for us to go get lunch."

The man didn't even bother to ask him out, just said it like he had already agreed to go out with him. Jackson put one hand on the man's arm to push it away, he couldn't be too rough with him. Jack wasn't a manager, but he didn't know his connections either. "It is like so funny that we would meet like this, but I'm also dating someone already. I would really like to have lunch with you, but the love of my life and I have lunch together everyday."

"Some lucky guy, well I will be around if you need anything at all. Even if it is just to talk, or vent, come find me." Jackson thought it would be funny to tell the guy he only liked men who were at least six foot, something he had heard more than once, but again he didn't know his connections here. This place could be all politics, something he had to now really pay attention to so he wasn't let go before the initial ninety days were up. He couldn't afford to pay back the money for the clothing allowance. "You are sweet Jack, I will do that." Jackson then waited for the man to go away before he dared turn his back on him. When he was gone Jackson made the coffee just the way Dunn had said, though he considered adding a little spit out of spite, but decided against it.

Getting back to Mr. Dunn's office he knocked gently before opening the door just a fraction to make sure he wasn't on the phone before walking in with the hot beverage. Jackson gave the man an uneasy smile as he put it down on his desk. "Come over here I want to show you something." Alexander said motioning the dark haired girl to come around to his side of the desk. He couldn't believe this person was actually male, he wouldn't guess it by looking at her. His libido told him how he wanted to lock his office door and bend her over his desk so he could hear her pant and moan as he put his dick inside of her. He didn't think that made him gay, deffitly not with how she looked and how she acted. It wasn't lost on him how when he came up to her this morning she didn't move, she was okay with him being close to her and she hadn't said a word when he touched her tight ass. When she came around to his side of the desk he wasted no time wrapping one of his arms around her waist and pulling her down into his lap.

Jackson didn't hesitate to walk around Mr. Dunn's desk, his eyes looking at his monitor screen to see what was there when he felt the man pull him down. He landed squarely in the man's lap, his legs would have flailed, but the tight pencil skirt kept them together as they now hung over the chairs armrest. "MR. DUNN!"



“Keep it down, no need to get excited darling. I wanted to show you some of the projects we are working on so you understand better who needs to talk to me and does not. Who gets to see me is a big part of your job.”

“This is.. This is not ahhh appropriate!” Jackson tried to move to get up, but was easily held in place. The most he could do was shift a little in his boss's lap.

“I’m not worried what other people think is appropriate, now this project...” Alexander

tapped his screen with one hand while the other rested on his employees leg, he gave it a light squeeze as he talked, feeling her leg through her skirt. Jackson didn't have the mental capacity to listen to what he was saying as he started to panic. He tried shifting some more, hoping to maybe slide off his lap to gain freedom, but the man moved his chair closer to his desk as he rambled on. Then he felt his other hand touching his hair, running through his almost like he was being pet.

"Ahh, Sir. Don't, don't you have a wife?"

"I do, but she isn't interested in what I do when I'm not with her." Feeling the girl shift and slide on his lap, grinding her tight behind in him, Alexander couldn't help the fact that his dick started to grow hard. It drove him a little wild that she was asking about his wife while practically dry humping him. Jacqueline talked like this wasn't what she wanted, but her actions spoke much louder.

"Well I umm, I have a boyfriend remember? Remember Linc?!" Alexander moved some of her hair to the side, exposing her neck. The light in his office glinted off her pretty earrings and he could smell her perfume as he leaned in giving her neck a kiss. He didn't miss the shiver that ran through the girl at his touch, showing just how much she wanted this despite her words. Her sharp intake of breath spoke volumes.

"If you didn't want him or anyone to see then you shouldn't have left my office door open. Why don't you be a good girl and go close that." He shifted his chair back from his desk and swiveled it to the side so she could go take care of that before she took care of him. Jackson took his chance at freedom immediately, moving to the door as fast as he could in the stiletto shoes. Getting there he was slightly out of breath, he hadn't realized he had held his breath since the man had kissed his neck. Turning to look at him, Jackson gave him a toothy smile.

"Mr. Dunn, I shouldn't, I mean I really can't." Jackson shook his head feeling the earrings in his ears move along with his hair. He wasn't sure, but it felt like his hands were shaking. "This isn't appropriate and I told you I have a boyfriend." Without waiting for a reply Jackson closed the door when he was on the other side of it. He let out a long breath of air feeling like he had just escaped from a lion's den. He didn't dare move away from the door, not just yet. Too afraid the man was going to come after him, to berate him, maybe fire him or worse pull him back into his office. Jackson couldn't see his boss through the door staring at it from the other side as he shifted his pants to be more accommodating to his hardened member and grumbling about a cock tease.

After some time of standing there Jackson was able to calm down and sat down at his new desk. He turned the monitor on, logging in with his new credentials, taking the time to look over his shoulder every now and then to make sure Dunn wasn't standing there. Soon as he logged in the phone line was transferred to his desk from the reception pool

and began to flash indicating an incoming call. Slipping on the headset he braced himself for his first call as Dunn's secretary.

"Mr. Dunn's office, this is Jacqueline, how can I help you today?" He did as he was instructed from the little orientation he had, to answer the phone with a smile and sound as happy and helpful as he could be. It was there he sat taking notes of who was calling and for a while like a living voicemail while looking at the emails coming in. One of the roles for his job was to decline, or accept meetings based on Dunn's availability and preferences. The problem was he had just leaped out of the meeting where he would have learned those preferences and he didn't dare go back. So instead he just accepted everything so long as there was space on the man's calendar, figuring it would be just as easy to cancel once it was accepted then the other way around. He had been a paperwork bitch most of his time here and he wanted to join the sales team, monitoring a calendar and answering the phone like some bimbo wasn't what he wanted and wasn't nearly enough to occupy his time.

With little else to keep his mind busy Jackson had pulled out his cell phone to read the news to help pass the time. He wished he could take his shoes off, sitting was better than standing, but he didn't feel right having his foot arched the way it was, still it was a thousand times better than the seat he had in his boss's office where he was sure he felt the man's dick pressing into his backside. Still answering the phone on his desk Jackson tried to forget what had just happened and by the time it was just a little passed eleven Mr. Dunn came out of his office. "Listen Miss Hart I would like... are you on your personal phone?" Jackson looked up to the man feeling like he was a kid with his hand caught in the cookie jar from the tone he was using.

"Miss Hart, put that away and do not let me catch you on it again at your desk. If you need something to do I can give you some files to add tabs to. Now..." Alexander looked at his watch. "I will be gone for about twenty minutes, do have another cup of coffee ready for me when I get back and try to get it right the first time." Jackson squeezed his hand around his phone as he again glared at the man's back after talking to him like he was some brainless girl. He opened his desk drawer putting the phone away in the purse. He sat there looking at it for nearly two minutes fuming that he was even in this situation. Sixty thousand wasn't really worth this... but he had little choice. He could just quit, but then he owed one of the most powerful companies in the world money and they thought he was transgender. If that got out chances at a real future as himself were nonexistent and telling them the truth would be the same path.

Standing up from his desk Jackson stretched or the best he could with the corset around his waist and perched in the heels before sitting back down. He glumly looked at the photo on his desk happy it worked on Jake and wondered how much worse it would have been without that excuse for Mr. Dunn. He picked up the frame, running his long nailed fingers over the pictures. "You stupid son of a bitch Linc, I will get you for this."

Jackson said to himself, putting it back down with no real thoughts on how exactly he was going to get payback, but when he did it was going to be big. Jackson tried to stoke that fire with a few ideas, but nothing seemed good enough and it just didn't feel worth it to keep dwelling on the issue then. Jackson, having no idea the recent addition of Xanax to his body, had made it harder for his mind to feel the true highs of emotions like anger, making it harder to hold onto. Or the fact how much it was helping him not go into a panic attack at the life he was living, instead helping him stay relatively calm, even when being pulled into a man's lap.

A few minutes later, almost as if insulting his friend out loud summoned him, the son of a bitch came walking up to his small desk. "Look who it is. I was just thinking about you baby." Jackson said with a lilt in his voice, hoping anyone nearby would hear and reinforce the ruse.

Lincoln put both hands on the desk as he leaned forward, wanting to talk so no one else could hear. He didn't want to drag this on, it just needed to happen. "Look, this isn't going to work."

"It is working so far, thank God no one knows who I really am." Lincoln shook his head firmly as he made eye contact with his feminized roommate.

"No, I mean this." Lincoln moved one hand from the desk, pointing between himself and his friend. "Look I know you were... are desperate for a beard or whatever, I can help you find someone else, but it can't be me."

Jackson ground his teeth together, he wasn't going to let Linc weasel his way out of this, it was the very least he could do. "I think you are forgetting what I said I would do if you didn't play the role of the happy boyfriend. That and you owe me, you owe me sooo much."

"Listen... I did the going on a date thing with you for the photos, you can keep telling guys we are dating, but if any of the girls asks you tell them it was just to remember us by. I ran into Cassidy at the coffee shop this morning, you know Cassidy." Lincoln made a motion near his chest to indicate how well endowed the woman was he was talking about. "We kinda hit it off a little, I bought her coffee and got her number."

Jackson bit the inside of his cheeks, he knew he should be steaming mad that Linc would do this literally like one day into this and he would hit on a girl who worked at the same company as them. It wasn't that the anger wasn't there, it was just dulled. "Are you fucking kidding me!" Jackson whispered harshly through his white teeth. "Are you trying to fuck this up for me more than you already have!?"

"Come on... you know how much I need this. It isn't like this is real, you aren't going to

be the girlfriend I need, not like you are going to suck my dick if I buy you chocolates and flowers.”

“Yeah well I’m sure your at your budgets end with paying for one night of drinks and that coffee.” The insult didn’t hit home hard on Lincoln, they both knew he had little money and it had made a resigned peace with that. The word shit just kept repeating itself over and over in Jackson’s head. If Linc was seen walking around just holding that girl’s hand people were going to take notice and that would mean people like Jake and Dunn would see him as much more available. “Is that it? You just want your dick sucked?” Lincoln didn’t think that was fair, he would love to start dating Cassidy and really hit it off, the idea of marrying her if they fell in love wasn’t exactly at the forefront of his mind, but it wasn’t out of the question once he got stable in his career. And for now... yeah having a sexy thing like her on her knees was more than appealing. He pushed any thoughts of jerking off to his dolled up roommate the other night away, that wasn’t something he was ever going to admit he had done. “No, but also kind of yes.”

Acting on impulse Jackson stood up from his desk quickly, almost falling back down, him not used to his center of gravity the way he was dressed. He grabbed Linc by the wrist and started to march toward a supply closet that was more of a small supply room. His stomach started to do cartwheels at the thought of what he was about to do, but he needed to do something when the threat of saying mean things or a sense of duty wasn’t enough to keep Linc from ruining his plans. Even his mind recoiled at the thought of giving his friend a hand job, but if the asshole just needed to get off then he would get him off. Maybe then he could even use that as a threat of if he is exposed Linc would go down with him. Most of the thoughts coming to Jackson’s mind were only partially formed and not fully thought out. He only knew he needed Linc and Linc was going to stop helping because he needed something. Jackson had made up his mind on how to handle it all, not considering how he shouldn’t make decisions like this when he was medicated. “Where are we going?”

“To end your dry spell.” Jackson snapped back, getting just a confused look in return. Getting to the room Jackson threw the door open and shoved his friend in. The lights were off and with the motion sensors they clicked on as Linc moved into the room, meaning no one else was in here. Clicking the lock as the door closed Jackson moved up to Linc, shoving him against a file cabinet.

“Hey what are you doing, are you really going to try fighting me because I wont play house with you?”

“Just shut up.” Jackson said as he squatted down, having one hand out to the side to make sure he kept his balance.

“What are you doing!?” Lincoln’s mind was racing seeing the sexy girl that was his best

friend, his male best friend squatting down in front of him and then reaching up to take his zipper between two fingers.

“I said shut up.” Lincoln felt his lip quivering as his zipper was pulled down and Jacqueline’s hand reached into his pants... no Jackson’s hand. The sight was more than enough to jump start him, he was at half mast as he felt the hand take hold of his dick. Lincoln grabbed his friend’s wrist while the hand was still in his pants.

“Are you really about to do this?” Jackson really wished he would just shut up so he could get this over with. Every passing second he was second guessing himself, this was a horrible, stupid, no good idea, but he had no others.

“All that talk of wanting a blow job I thought you would jump at the chance to get off.” Lincoln let go of the wrist in his grip. His mind told him just how wrong this was, but looking down at Jacqueline’s lips colored with the creamy pink lipstick he knew he really needed this.

Pulling his friend’s dick out of his pants was a new experience for Jackson, he had seen another man’s equipment at the gym or even in the showers when he was in school, but this was the first time he had his hand touching another man’s junk, let alone hand his hand wrapped around it. The dick in his hand wasn’t even fully erect but it was already a little bigger than his own when he was at full mast. Biting in the inside of his cheek a few times Jackson started to stroke his hand up and down its length, not realizing that moving his mouth that way was giving his friend more than a few ideas and the impression Jacqueline wanted this.

With almost every other pump of his hand the dick in it got harder and harder till it went from pointing at the ground to pointing at his face and in the way he was squatting he couldn’t really move backwards. Sliding his hand down the the base of his friends massive dick Jackson rocked forward to get on his knees. The move brought him much closer, but it would allow him to scoot back. What he wasn’t counting on was his partner in this to interpret the movement as him moving closer to start a blow job. “Oh God, I can’t beleave we are doing this.”

Jackson’s eyes flicked up to his friend, his mind completely agreeing to the statement, but he was unprepared for Linc to help with the experience by putting his hand on the back of his head pulling Jackson closer to the monster in front of him. The distance was so small it only took a little pull with his hand for the tip of his dick to slide across those creamy pink lips and past them into the warm wet mouth. Lincoln’s eyes rolled back in his head as he thrust his hips more forward, pulling the sexy creature down deeper on to him.

“MMMMNNNNN!”



“Oh yeah, moan for me, moan for me.” Lincoln closed his eyes, letting up with the pull with his hand, giving Jacqueline a chance to slide up off his dick before he pulled her back on. He could feel her pushing her tongue against his cock and the way she was moaning was turning him on more and more. Any thoughts of this being wrong fled his mind as he thrust his dick into her mouth, he pulled her further and further down on himself it wasn't just her moaning, but she had wrapped her hands around both his wrists, her nails biting into his skin as he rocked her back and forth, she was just as excited about this as he was.

A small part of his mind told him she would need to breathe so he let go of her head, his fingers running through her long hair as she knelt there in front of him panting to catch her breath. Jackson couldn't believe what had just happened, he was just going to give him a hand job, but ended up with that thick dick in his mouth. It felt like whatever was left of the breakfast shake was going to come spewing out as he tried to catch his breath, happy the invasion was over.

"If I knew you wanted to blow me we could have worked something out, but damn an angry blowjob from one's girlfriend is still a blowjob. Jackson was ready to tell him to fuck right off, he had almost caught his breath when the dick slipped right back into his mouth, his eyes going wide. With it in there Jackson tried to get up from his kneeling position and step backwards when his friend's hands were on him again, one on his shoulder and one on the back of his head, pushing him back down deeper on the dick, making it slide across his tongue. He didn't know why he tried to fight it back with his tongue, it wasn't helping at all. He could feel every vein on the dick as it invaded his mouth he tried screaming, yelling pushing on Linc with his hands but still the dick moved in and out of his mouth. He was ready to bite down when he felt something warm and salty in his mouth, he was tasting his friend's precum.

"MMMMMMOMOM!" Something snapped in Jackson's mind as his face was literally being fucked. It wasn't a snap that left him beside himself or numb, it was a clarity. A clarity that told him this was already happening, this was the cost of keeping every other creep in the building at bay, this was the cost to keep from being sent off with clients that would run their hands up his legs or want him to blow them under the table like in some of the porn he had watched and enjoyed. He wasn't going to be that female in porn, this was a sacrifice, a one time sacrifice to keep Linc from running off with that bimbo. He was jealous of Linc for even having a chance with her, he couldn't have a chance with anyone right now and hadn't really before. He just had to get through this to secure his future.

Sucking in his cheeks as he sucked on the cock in his mouth for the first time Jackson moved his hand back around the base of the dick wanting to use the leverage to pull himself off to catch his breath again, but it seemed Linc was already picking up speed as he pulled him deep enough that he started to gag on the fleshy thing in his mouth.

"Gulg, gulg, gulg, gulg." Were the sounds coming out as Jackson ended up deep throating the cock, he could feel it pressing down into his throat with some of the pushes. The world started to grow dimmer from the lack of air as Linc kept his mouth buried deep on him doing micro thrusts before he blew his load almost completely down his throat. When the invader was free from his mouth Jackson fell to his hands as Linc stepped away. The thick goopiness that he couldn't see, but only feel and taste, the cum of his friend moved down his throat and to his stomach. Jackson's stomach tried to heave and he looked around for a trash can, but seeing none he quickly pulled himself

to his feet, using the cabinet as leverage. He need to run to the bathroom to get this out of him, but as he got to his heeled feet he felt hands wrap around him from behind, holding him tightly. The squeeze causing what was left in his mouth to be swallowed.

"I just didn't know and wow... Jacqueline, seriously. Wow!" Lincoln felt amazing, he didn't think his friend went this way, or would ever do something like that, but he did agree to work as a woman and even went all out to just come to work for one day for a contest that didn't exist. He also never thought he would be interested in a transgender girl, but he had no regrets after getting that blow job.

"Yeah... yeah..." Now Jackson started to feel numb as the cum settled in his stomach and he was held in the strong arms that might have been the only real thing keeping him up now. "So no more Cassidy?"

"Who needs Cassidy when I have Jacqueline." Lincoln said, giving his friend a little squeeze. Jackson needed to tell him this was a one time deal, but he also needed him to tell the girl he was off the market so he would ruin his chances with her. That and he really just wanted to close his eyes and rest his jaw, it was nearly as sore as his aching feet and calves.

Scene 12

Leaving the break room Jackson paid little attention to the world around him as rushed off to the bathroom and knelt inside the first stall he could find. He forced himself to cough and when that wasn't working his put one finger into the back of his throat to force himself to be sick and expel the contents from his stomach. The burning sensation from the stomach acid filled his throat as what he had just swallowed splashed down into the porcelain bowl. He let out a groan as he looked down at what came up. Jackson couldn't believe Linc had done that, that he had done that, that he even thought a hand job was okay. Yet there it was, cum along with other things in the toilet, he had swallowed cum, his best friends cum. If he hadn't just emptied his stomach the thought might have made him sick once more.

"You okay there?" Jackson, down on his knees in the stall, turned to look at the man who had spoken. It was someone he had talked to on more than one occasion, Abraham or Abe the current top salesman on Dunn's team. Right now he felt like crap so he shook his head, this throat feeling raw from his recent activities.

"Sorry to hear that, let me help you up and get you over to the ladies bathroom."

"Ladies bathroom?"

"Yes ma'am, in your rush I'm guessing you didn't pay too close attention to which bathroom you ran into. I can understand that, can I get you anything? Water, an aspirin

or anything?" Jackson closed his eyes and rocked his head back for a second. 'The mens room, I'm so stupid! I could have just outed myself.' Jackson accepted the man's hand as he got to his heeled feet, and unfortunately for him having to accept the hand that held his side when he almost tumbled. "Thank you, I will be okay."

Abe nodded, taking in the young woman in front of him, trying not to leave his eyes near the plunging neckline of her blouse. "I'm sorry again you aren't feeling well, but perhaps you might want to head into the other restroom to fix your makeup and I can get you a bottle of water. Jackson looked past the man at the large mirror on the wall seeing that his lipstick was smeared and trails of his mascara were on his face.

"Tell ya what, I will go get your purse for you if you can tell me where your desk is, no need for you to show yourself in front of everyone like this. This office is just one big rumor mill, you don't need any of that. I'm Abraham by the way." Jackson could understand why he was so good at selling with his friendly demeanor and easy smile.

"I'm Jacqueline and you can find my purse in the bottom drawer of my desk, right outside Mr. Dunn's office."

"Oh you are the new girl. Considering the time of day I doubt I will be the first to say this, but welcome to the team."

"Is this where you offer to show me around or go out for drinks? Because I'm not single." After what he had just done Linc better not be backing out now, Jackson thought as he stabbed his hand with his long nails when he made a fist.

"By that tone I'm guessing a few of the guys haven't left you alone. I apologize for my gender for being stupid and unable to take hints. I truly can't blame them for wanting to get to know you, but I'm sure they handled it poorly. I have a little pull around here, I will try and make sure I mention you are happy with your boyfriend or..." Abe let the word drag out as he raised an eyebrow.

"I'm happy with my boyfriend, he works here too, Linc Hatch." Abe closed one eye, the name tickling something in the back of his mind.

"One of the interns, nice enough fellow from the little I have seen of him, hard worker and apparently lucky in love." Jackson let out a soft laugh at the idea of Linc having any real skills with women. After feeling like some of the men were undressing him with their eyes, having a conversation with Abe felt nice. Even in the men's room, talking to someone who he had multiple conversations with, still his secret wasn't out. It took a bit to fix his makeup after Abe had brought over the purse. Jackson wasn't exactly skilled with makeup, but eventually he was able to get back to his desk without more hassle and found a bottle of water waiting for him.

Sitting down in his chair Jackson crossed his legs like his sister had drilled into him and signed back into his computer and noticed more than a few missed calls. When he rushed off to take care of his last problem he hadn't even considered sending the line back to the secretary pool. "Hope I didn't miss anything important." He said to himself knowing nothing in this job was important.

"I would think you did." The voice from behind Jackson startled him. He swiveled in his chair to look at his boss standing in his office doorway, wishing the man had a bell around his neck. "How do I like my coffee?" Alexander asked, doing his best to not look down his secretary's blouse.

"Umm two sugars, no cream?" Jackson watched the man nod to the question and just stare at him for a few seconds not saying anything, but motioning with his hand like he wanted more. Jackson wasn't sure what else to say, but started to feel smaller as Dunn's eyebrows went up. It felt like he was being stared down for giving the right answer.

"And where is this coffee I asked for?"

"Oh shit." With everything that had happened Jackson didn't remember the coffee at all.

"Jacqueline, you are pretty enough eye candy, but if you can't remember a simple order for coffee then you and I will have to have a long talk about what else you can do. No one expects you to be smart, your job is to look pretty, answer the phones, handle my schedule, do some filing and make sure I have my coffee." Jackson opened his mouth to reply to the completely sexist remark, but with the hard look he was getting and the fact Mr. Dunn was pointing off in the direction of the break room he thought it best to just do as he said.

Both him and Linc had to make sure conference rooms had coffee and water more than once over their time as interns, but being ordered to go fetch coffee while being told part of his job was to just look pretty was both demeaning and humiliating, but at least this time the older man hadn't touched him as he walked away. Jackson looked up to the ceiling thanking the heavens for the small miracle as he made his way back to the break room in the uncomfortable attire.

For Jackson the rest of the day went back to the boredom he encountered earlier and without being allowed on his phone he started to understand why he had seen some of the other office girls working on their nails or reading a magazine, but soon enough it was over and he couldn't wait to get home and get some real food in him after only having two canned diet shakes today... and something that he really didn't want to think about ever again. Shutting off his monitor and putting the purse in the crook of his elbow

Jackson made his way back to his old cubical.

“Still good to give me a lift home handsome?” Jackson said with lilt in his voice and a smile on his lips for those nearby that might be listening. What he really wanted to do was pop Linc in the mouth with his fist and take his keys after what he had done.

“Hey there beautiful! Lincoln turned in his chair to see his dolled up friend smiling at him. He had gotten almost no work done at all after what happened in the supply closet. The encounter confused him, but in the end he decided Jackson liked this and wanted it and everything else was an excuse to make it easier. If someone was forcing him to dress as a woman then it wouldn’t be his decision and he wouldn’t have to say he was coming out. Course, it was absolutely Jackson... Jacqueline that pulled him into that supply room for some office fun. “Yeah, let’s get out of here.” Standing up from his computer Lincoln put one hand on his friends hip as he leaned in for a kiss, but his lips landed on her cheek, but she did accept his hand as they made their way to the elevator, down and out of the building.

When they arrived home both were surprised to find a few things had changed about their two bedroom apartment. All the furniture was the same, but a few small things had been added. A knitted afghan blanket hung over the couch, a small potted plants were place around the apartment along with scented candles and coral colored drapes now on the window that looked out to the street below. “What is going on here?” Lincoln asked as he stepped more into his apartment.

“MADDY!” Jackson yelled, he just wanted to come home, take the bloody heels of his feet and have dinner. He did not want to deal with his sister changing more of the apartment then they agreed. The door to his bedroom soon opened and out came his sister wearing a wool cream colored sweater, a jean skirt with buttons going down the front that stopped just below her knees and tan panyhose, but her feet left bare of shoes.

“Hey sis, hi Linc! I hope the two of you had a good day at work, I finished moving in about twenty minutes ago. You guys just missed the movers.”

“You moved in!?” Lincoln would have jumped at the chance to have Madison be his roommate over Jackson, but he didn’t remember having a conversation about it let alone agreeing to it.

Jackson turned to face his friend, feeling sheepish that he had forgotten to discuss this with him. He had thought he would of course agree to the girl he had the hots for moving in, but didn’t actually bring it up. This felt like a much bigger thing to slip his mind than Mr. Dunn’s coffee order. “I was supposed to talk to you about that... Maddy is going to sleep in my room and I forgot to bring it up.”

“Yeah Jacqueline, that is definitely something I should have known about. If she is moving into your room, where are you going to sleep?” Jackson winced at the use of the feminine name, but before he could speak up his sister answered the question.

“In your room, the two of you are supposed to be in love and knocking boots and all that.” Lincoln whirled to look his friend in the eye, unable to believe news of Madison moving in never made it to him, but news of the blow job had made it to her.

“You can’t just go and tell your sister about what we do behind closed doors. We absolutely need to have a talk about communication and boundaries.” Jackson’s eyes grew large as he looked between his friend and his sister. “No, no, no, no! He is just kiddy Maddy.”

“Oh my god! Did the two of you hook up? I thought I saw some chemistry the other night.” It was a surprise to her that her little brother decided to try being with a man, she didn’t think he was like her and happy to be with either sex. Madison bit her bottom lip as she appraised her brother still in the work outfit she had sent him off in. If there was a time to experiment it was when he looked the part of a woman.

“Maddy, it isn’t like that!”

“No worries little sis, I do not need the details. But for you Linc, here is the four one one. My rent was going up by more than I could really afford. I had a boyfriend I was going to move in with, but that ship has sailed and your girlfriend said I could move in and we could split the rent three ways. I have already moved her clothes and makeup into your room and as a thank you present you will find new sheets on your bed. Cream colored silk sheets along with a white and coral comforter with matching pillow cases.” She loved the bedset, but was happy to part with them considering it was a gift from her last boyfriend and they would give that pop of femininity to the bedroom.

“I am not sleeping in the same bed as him!”

“You need to keep up appearances and it kind of sounds like you have already moved past that. So... I’m gonna run out and pick up some dinner for all of us to celebrate my first night here.” Madison pointed to Lincoln. “You, sit on the couch and rub your girl’s feet and ask her about her day.” She then pointed at her feminized brother, thinking the two of them really did need to sit and talk about his new open mindedness. “You let him pamper you, trust me on this.”

“We aren’t done talking about this!” Jackson called after his sister. Lincoln looked his friend over, those long legs perched in those heels made them and her ass look incredible. He knew she was interested with what happened earlier, but her refusal to

sleep in the same bed as him was probably coming from the same place that made his friend feel the need to lean on the excuse of being forced into this. When Madison went back into her new room he watched Jacqueline move after her sister, him watching the shift of her hips and movement of her rear with each step. Unaware of the rope and belt training Jackson went to walk the way Madison wanted he could only think no man would walk like that.

Jackson's eyes darted around his room as he stepped in after his sister, literally nothing in the room was his. She had a picture or two hung on a wall, her dress up manikin in one corner, the closet packed with clothes and shoes, even his bed and dresser had been replaced. His heart started to beat faster as his eyes slowly moved to his sister as she was putting on some calf high brown leather heeled boots. "Where are all my things!? This isn't what we talked about!"

Rolling her eyes Madison pulled one foot into a boot, zipping it up before looking to her sibling. "Sure it is. You have everything you need in the master bedroom and bathroom, though we still need to expand your wardrobe some more and the rest are in storage, along with what I couldn't bring here. Just like we talked about."

"That isn't...!" Jackson stopped talking when he felt a tap on his shoulder.

"Hey how about we leave her for now so we get dinner sooner, rather than later. For now I think I owe you some TLC."

"TLC? Whooooaaa!" The world shifted for Jackson as Linc bent down, putting his arm under his knees and the other his back as he picked him up. He smiled at Madison as he started to step out of the door. "Don't know what you are getting, but I don't like onions unless they are sauteed till they are soft."

"Let me down!" Jackson complained, but did not dare move other than to wrap one arm around his friend's shoulder so he didn't fall and hurt himself. "In a second my princess." Lincoln figured if Jackson needed to feel compelled or pulled into the things he wanted then he was okay helping him do it so he could explore who he really wanted to be. Jackson had always been this outgoing and at many times annoying guy, but he guessed deep down he wanted to be more submissive, than domineering and hadn't wanted to admit it. When Lincoln put him down on the couch he sat down on the other side and put the heel in cased feet on his lap.

"Linc, don't..." Jackson said pleadingly, being carried like a girl just added to the stress and anxiety of the day. It wasn't warning light alert bad, like when Dunn had him in his lap, but he didn't want him running his hands on him. That thought and the concerns halted their advance in his mind shortly after Linc had slipped one of his heels off his feet and started to kneed his hands into his stocking covered foot. The soreness from

wearing the stilts started to subside. The muscles in his foot started to relax and as they did a sense of calmness came over him. Being touched by another man had no right to feel this good, and while a second ago he was telling him to stop, feeling it Jackson didn't want him to ever stop. Closing his eyes he left Linc to the massage, while he smiled now knowing for the first time why people pay to go get a massage.



Lincoln held the nylon covered foot in both hands, he started to rub the top of the foot using a firm motion with his thumbs, touching the base of each toe. Then moved his thumbs in a parallel motion down the foot to the heels and up to the ankle. Then went back up the foot with a lighter touch, repeating the motion four times before his hands

moved up to the calf where he used his other fingers together till he felt the tension left the smooth leg. With that done he pulled Jacqueline's other heel off to start on it, only taking his hand off the leg to wave goodbye to Madison. He smiled the whole time as the beautiful creature he was massaging went limp, all protests gone, all words gone other than a few mews of pleasure. He was considering going back to the first foot when the sounds coming from her had changed to a light snore.

Taking a few minutes to just smile and look at the sleeping form of his girlfriend he reflected on the situation. It was odd, more than that really, but he was happy. He still didn't know how he really felt about dating someone that had a dick, but there were reasons why Jackson and him were friends and he couldn't deny he was attracted to Jacqueline. This was new territory for him, for both of them. He pulled out his phone slowly in order to not wake her up, he wanted to research things like being transgender and what it meant, and to see about his friend's need to feel forced. One of the first things he found was a blog about the desire to be feminized. He clicked on the link, then looked over at the rising chest with the fake, but realistic breasts. Deciding that must have been an expensive investment, way more than someone would pay for a single day. The only thing that really didn't fit the mold was those moments of true boldness where Jacqueline demanded, commanded him to be her boyfriend and when she dragged him off to the supply room.

Scene 13

A small snort came from Jackson as he awoke to the gentle nudging on his shoulder. Bleary eyed he looked up to see his sister holding closed a baby blue short silk robe with one hand. "Time to get you ready for work little sis." He was comfortable and warm under the sheet and covers as a ceiling fan added extra airflow to the room from above. Jackson responded to his sister with a groan even as he sat up in bed, shifting himself so his feet hung over. Head hung low he licked his lips, trying to remind himself to keep his eyes open and not go back to sleep. After a long moment he worked up enough energy to follow his sister from the bedroom, he continued to follow her through the living room, before stopping right outside his own bedroom. Blinking a few times he looked back from where he came, seeing the door to Linc's bedroom.

Jackson hadn't remembered going into his friend's bedroom, looking down at himself he really didn't recall getting changed into a chemise that was light pink with white piping around the short hem, the thing was light and the silk felt nice on his skin, but he would have never chosen to put it on or... he hand touched his side, feeling the corset still on him. He glared at his sister, knowing it had to be her because the last thing he remembered was Linc's hands rubbing the soreness of the day from his feet. "Why am I dressed like this? No better question: why was I in Linc's room?"

Maddison let go of her robe, letting it hang open, revealing her wine colored seamless high cut bikini panties and matching demi bra. Giving Jackson a view he knew Lincoln

would kill for. He turned his head while his sister rolled her eyes. "I love that chemise, what is wrong with wearing it?"



"Maddy." Jackson closed his eyes, leaning on the door frame, allowing him to feel his hair shift to the side. Reaching up he touched it and let out a sigh, opening his eyes to glare harder at his sister for trying his hair into pigtails with ribbons. "You did my hair before bed." He said flatly.

"I redid your hair into a cute style before bed." She replied back in a more chipper voice than she felt. When her brother had passed out the night before, neither her nor Lincoln could wake him for dinner. She guessed the stress of the day had completely zonked her sibling out and since he wasn't going to wake up, she removed his makeup so he didn't get it all over a pillowcase and she couldn't let the sleeping beauty go to bed in something boring. Lincoln had left her to it while he went and played a video game. He had argued a little with her when she made him assist putting Jacqueline in his own bed, but he caved easily under her stare.

"If you put me in this, why didn't you take this vice off of me? Wait no, you still haven't told me why I was sleeping in Linc's bed!"

Holding up three fingers Madison pointed to thumb. "Same reason you didn't take it off the night before, waist training is a great idea and I'm proud of you for being forward thinking for once." She lowered her thumb, then pointed to the next raised finger. "This is my room now, this isn't even your mattress." She nodded her head towards her bed as she lowered that finger and then pointed to the last finger she held up, her middle finger. "You slept in your room, the one you are going to share with your boyfriend. You could at

least say thank you for helping you last night.” She kept her middle finger up a little longer to make sure her brother got the extra point without saying it before she lowered it.

“What!? That’s not…” The beginning of the sentence fit with so many rebuttals that came to mind. That’s not what we agreed to, that’s not what I was trying to do, that’s not what I want. He said none of those things though because while he was the one to have every right to be upset he was able to see the annoyance building in his sister’s posture. Recognizing that and finally seeing how tired she looked he decided to leave it for now. He ran his hand through one of the pigtails, his fingers sliding through the silky hair. “Thank you for helping me, can you help me get ready and then…” He let out a sigh thinking about what getting ready meant and the type of day he had ahead of him, not just today, but for a good while. “Then maybe we can talk after work?”

“That sounds good to me, we can get dinner and do a little more shopping. A little retail therapy could help us both, I have to be on a bridge call all day. Sitting around all day on the phone just in case someone needs me, not exactly a day I’m looking forward to.” Shopping, just the thing every guy wants to do, Jackson thought, but if it gave him time to straighten things out with his sister. Who was having way too much fun treating him like a doll, then it would be worth the time invested. He made a profit from owning a panini press in college and had convinced the dorm supervisor to look the other way. If he could do that it shouldn’t be too difficult to get his sister to just lay off.

After a shower where he finally got a break from the corset, he ended up having to put a different one back on. He complained it was tighter than the last one, but that just earned him a slap across his backside. “I made it a little looser for you to sleep in last night, this should have your waist where it was yesterday. We are going to tighten this another half inch tomorrow, and I don’t want to hear you complaining about it now or then.” He didn’t talk back, just groaned again at what had become his life. This morning he had to pay closer attention to his makeup as his sister applied the different liquids, creams and powders to his face as she insisted her little sister needed to learn to not be just as good with her with makeup, but better.

When Jackson finally stepped out of his bedroom, he took a few steps closer to the kitchen in the tall heels when he heard a whistle from Linc, who was pouring some coffee into a mug for work. “Yeah, yeah. Laugh it up, chuckles.” Jackson moved around him to get one of the stupid diet shakes from the fridge, wishing he could tear into some of the left overs from dinner that he hadn’t had a chance to eat.

“Not laughing, just admiring.” Things weren’t fully right in Lincoln’s head, but after Jackson dragged him to a closet to demand he let her give him a blow job and time to consider it he was much more on board with things and as he drank in Jackson’s… Jacqueline’s appearance it just got easier. A tight gray pencil skirt with a crisp white short sleeved blouse tucked into it with a wide black belt. Strappy heels that Lincoln judged to be at least four and a half inches with a half inch platform. Jacqueline had thick silver hooped earrings, a tiny silver watch on one wrist and a beaded bracelet on

the other, she even was wearing a few rings. Then there was her hair, today she had worn it in a knotted updo that exposed her neck. The blow job made him feel like they really were an item, but they really had only talked about this being for show. If this was real, wouldn't she have hugged or kissed him this morning? Or should he be the one to initiate... Lincoln never really had anything going with a girl beyond a few days and was doubly unsure with what was going on between them.

"Admiring? Take a picture, it will last longer." The comeback was definitely something Jackson would say, but in that husky voice it felt more like Jacqueline was offering... no telling him to do it. "Alright come here." Lincoln said, wrapping his arm around the tight waist of his maybe pretend girlfriend as he held up his phone for a selfie. Jackson smiled, wishing he had kept his mouth shut, but pictures were supposed to help them sell this couple thing. It made sense for a man to have photos of himself with his girlfriend on his phone, so he relented. Giving him one extra with Jackson kissing him on the cheek.



"Alright, we need to get going. It would be best if we started to come into the office together, right?" Jackson nodded to the idea, saving him the struggle of figuring out how to drive in the killer shoes he was wearing and helping the story of them being a couple.

When they arrived at Mega Corp, Jackson gave a smile and nod towards Lily. Who waved back and then pointed towards Lincoln mouthing the words "Is that him!" He could just feel the exclamation mark in the wordless question. When he had been at his desk not allowed to use his phone talking to Lily had been one of the few activities, he

could do other than being glued to his desk to answer the phone. Jackson kept the smile on his face as he gave a few nods, trying to look both excited and happy to affirm that yes Lincoln was his boyfriend.

“Do you know her?” Lincoln asked, surprised to see the interaction.

“Yeah, a little. She is sort of a work friend now I guess.”

“Put you in heels and you start making friends here right away.”

“We became friends here if you don’t recall.” Becoming friends with Lincoln really had been the only real connection he had made here over the last year, no matter how much networking he tried to do, everyone just saw him as an intern. Considering how hot Lily was, it was a step up from being friends with Linc, it was just a shame she would only see him as Jacqueline. The two continued to the elevators, talking with Linc made Jackson feel more at ease. He still knew people were looking at him. Girls for what he was wearing, men because they saw him as a piece of meat, but it felt less like he was walking through the room with a spotlight on him with the distraction. The next hurdle came when he was escorted all the way up to his new desk, he went to give Linc a hug, but the man had turned it into a kiss.

Jackson leaned into the kiss, not at first. At first, he had almost pulled away soon as their lips met, but he had the presence of mind to force his instincts down. Everyone around them knew him as Jacqueline, the kiss would only reinforce the story he was trying to project. Pulling back from the kiss Lincoln smiled looking into his friend’s pretty brown eyes, the longer he looked the more his smile grew. Jackson had continued to act like this really was just some big setup that he was forced into it, but he was convinced that was the act. No man would have done what they did yesterday afternoon. “What?” Jackson asked, starting to feel self conscious as Linc continued to hold him and look at him.

“Just thinking how beautiful you are Jacqueline.” Jackson felt a blush come to his cheeks, he wasn’t supposed to be beautiful, he wasn’t supposed to be held in another man’s arms and he really wasn’t supposed to feel that his efforts to look this way were appreciated. “Oh.” Oh? Did I just say oh to being called beautiful by Lincoln!? “I hope you have a wonderful day, and maybe we can meet up later like yesterday.”

“Yeah, yeah, you have a good day too. That sounds good... yeah. I umm need to get going to make Mr. Dunn his coffee. You umm have a good day.” Jackson felt embarrassed, his friend’s words sounded earnest, and he just kept thinking about how he responded by saying oh. He should have whispered to him to knock it off or joked about how he was a pervert like he normally did to bust his balls.

“Heeey girl!” Jackson had been moving on autopilot to the break room and hadn’t even

noticed Tabitha. "I would ask how you are doing, but from what I hear you went from spending quality time with your boyfriend to doing the same thing with Abraham. I don't know about your man, but Abraham is a good catch."

"What? How did you know I was with... no nothing happened with him."

"With your boyfriend or with Abraham?" Tabitha smiled wickedly, she loved seeing how coy and embarrassed the girl was getting. She wouldn't be the first person to have some fun in the office, she had done it a time or two or three, but never two men in the same day.

"That's not... I just need to make Mr. Dunn his coffee."

"Okay, I will let you get to it, but you be careful. I know a few people here that would be upset if you took Abraham off the market. Franklin is of course barking up the wrong tree, but still if you need a notary in the next few days, I suggest you go to someone else. He is either going to want all the details before he helps you or he is going to be pissy about it."

Nodding slowly to the pretty blonde, Jackson took a coffee mug. He had no idea Franklin was gay, it wasn't a big deal, but still he had gotten a ton of things notarized by him and no clue. Yet she talked about it like it was something everyone knew. "I ahh, will keep that in mind." It made him wonder what other secrets she knew and if any of them were something he could take advantage of. "Say Tabitha."

"Jackie, I told you to call me Tab. Everyone else does and I can't have one of my newest friends being all formal with me." Jackie, the name his sister had used to tease him with since they were children and it now really was short for the name everyone around here knew him as, not that he told the pretty blue eyed woman to call him that.

"Of course, of course. Tab, I would just be delighted to talk to you later. Maybe on a coffee break? I want to hear all about what is happening in the office and..." He thought for a second wondering if he needed another topic and if so what. "I just need to know where you got those shoes." Tabitha looked down, moving one of her feet out and turning it to the side.

"How is later in the afternoon, around three we can sit and dish. I'm always free around then..." Jackson saw the girl look off at nothing. "Unless I'm just drowning in things to do, but ya know how it goes."

"I do." Jackson replied while thinking he really had no idea what she was talking about, he was rather bored with what was on his plate. It was a lot less work than when he was being an intern. "One last question though, what do you umm do when you don't have

any work to do?"

"Girl there is always something to do, but I get what you mean. Just make sure you have a magazine or two to read. I will drop one off I finished reading in a little bit, I'm sure it is what you are looking for."

"I appreciate you Tab." Jackson smiled at her as he finished making the coffee, his mind going back to the conversation not long ago about making friends in the office. Now he had another work friend, two he wanted to sleep with and one he gave a blow job too... that last thought turned his stomach as he made his way back to his desk, too distracted once again to think about why he didn't make a cup for himself.

The best part of the day came right away when Jackson found a message waiting for him on his phone from Mr. Dunn. He wasn't going to be coming into the office today and to move what he could to his calendar for tomorrow. While doing just that, Jackson smiled, adding a meeting with Lincoln Hatch with the notes of discussion of moving to full time. Mr. Dunn had told Linc that they would talk about it and if the ass started making more money too, maybe he wouldn't hold him to the promise of paying more for rent. With that done the day evolved into answering the phone when it rang, reading the People's magazine that Tab brought by out of boredom and chatting with Lily over the office messenger program. Jackson did have to chuckle to himself, he was going to try and get office gossip out of Tab this afternoon and the woman had given him a magazine full of celebrity gossip. At least it would give him something to talk to her about, he reasoned

Around eleven thirty a surprise came to him when Lily messaged her that someone was here for him.

Lilian Hare: I have a surprise for you!

Jacqueline Hart: Please tell me it is good, I need more good news.

Lilian Hare: I think it is, I would be ecstatic if one of my brothers thought to come to visit me at work.

Jacqueline Hart: Madison is here?

Lilian Hare: I can totally see the resemblance, so I would think it is her.

Jacqueline Hart: I will be right down

Before getting up from his desk Jackson remembered this time to send the line to the secretary pool so someone would still be answering the line. Last thing he needed was Dunn thinking he was not just some bimbo, but one lazy enough to not do the job when he wasn't around. Getting downstairs he walked up to his sister who was off to the side in a waiting area.

"What are you doing here? Didn't you say something about a bridge call?" Madison

smirked waving off the words.

“I did, but your older sister is a genius and figured out how to solve the problem people were having after the last update. Of course, others got assigned to test and review my fix, can’t take the junior programmers’ word for it like they would for the others, especially considering I’m a girl.”

“Okay, okay, you know you have a bad habit of not really answering my questions.”

“I’m here because you are going to treat me to lunch.”

“Don’t you make enough money to buy your own food?”

“You are thinking too much about the word programmer in my title and not enough about the word junior. Besides I found a place to help you fit in more here, something better than those cheap forms we got.” Madison cupped her hands in the air in front of her chest to demonstrate what she meant.

“These were not cheap, and I don’t need something bigger.” Madison smiled bigger as she put her arm around her sibling’s shoulder.

“You might not need it, but with how flat chested you little sister I’m sure you want it. And if you don’t well you are going to pretend you do. After today you won’t be able to borrow my bras anymore.”

“I don’t have a choice in this do I?”

“Sure, you do, you have the option of being a double D or triple D.”

“Joy.” Jackson said in a monotone voice as he was led out of the office building. Unaware that as he went with his sister, he would be missing Lincoln who would be coming to his desk to see about some afternoon fun like he thought they had agreed on.

Scene 14

“I just can’t believe it.” Lincoln said, staring at his friend, who looked sexier than they did when he dropped them off at their desk that morning. He had been a bit annoyed that Jacqueline had bailed on their afternoon activities, especially without mentioning it to him. It was the same type of thing Jackson often did, but seeing Jacqueline now all was forgiven.

"I keep saying the same thing." Jackson was miserable as he stood just inside the door to his apartment, his white blouse had an extra button undone, not able to contain the life-like double D breast forms that had been glued to his chest with surgical glue. And at the same time his lips felt like a bee had stung them with how inflated they were after getting surgery... he had actually let his sister talk him into what she called minimal surgery. Sure it only took an hour and a half to get a lip lift and another half hour for the filler, but the change didn't feel minimal at all. The way his lips looked now, specifically his upper lip, even with his mouth closed when he was not actively pressing his lips together the lip lift made it so they didn't fully touch at the center, leaving people to see a hint of his white teeth. The way Linc was eyeing him, made Jackson feel like he was a lion's prey about to be pounced upon, all while his sister practically encouraged it.

"I'm not complaining, but..." Lincoln waved his left hand in the feminized Jackson's direction. Causing Jackson to groan how he had allowed this... any of this to completely take over his life. Lincoln smiled, taking an unconscious step closer thinking he heard the down right sexy creature in front of him practically purr at his attention.

"Simple." Madison stepped closer to her sibling, cupping one of the breasts, causing it to jiggle in her hand. Lincoln's eyes almost bulged out of his eye sockets seeing what she was doing, while Jackson gave a lazy look to his sister, not able to put up the mental energy to fight her after the day he had had. He was sure he would be a mess if she wasn't supplying him with some of her xanax, something he was going to need to see about getting for himself soon enough. "These are much better quality than what we were using before. They match my little sister's skin tone, feel real and while Jacqueline disagrees with me the size is perfect for her role. The more people looking at her chest the less will be wondering if they had seen her before." Jackson mentally noted that he at least talked her out of making him use the triple D breast forms. The place had smaller forms, unfortunately nothing that would match his skin tone. Jackson mentally sighed trying to take solace in the battle he did win, though between the medication and internal thoughts he had lost track of what the two around him were saying.

"Well I'm liking the changes, and I'm glad they help you feel more like the real you Jacqueline." Lincoln said, referring to when Madison said the lips and breasts fit much better with the aesthetic they were going for with Jacqueline, not realizing it wasn't something Jackson actually wanted.

The sound of his new name brought Jackson back to the present. "Yeah, all this happened today." Jackson said not really knowing what they had been saying, waving at himself as he tried to do as he was taught to talk more with his hands. "And so much more..."

"Wait, you had more done?" Lincoln's eyes had roamed over Jacqueline's body a few

times, but he hadn't noticed anything else, but he had to admit the lips and chest were eye-catching.

"Oh no, she got some news before she left the office today. Go on Jacqueline, tell him what you told me." All of this felt hilarious to Madison, she had told her brother how silly it was to dress up for some event, but she had been more than happy to cut him down to size after all the pranks and shit he had given her over the years and now it was fully blowing up in his face. She wasn't going to leave him to suffer alone, no she was happy to help, but in her own way.

Jackson held up his hand before walking past his sister, thankful she hadn't kept bouncing his chest and past his friend in order to sit down on the couch. Lincoln took note of how his girlfriend or pretend girlfriend's chest moved as she walked and then to her backside when she passed him. Madison was just happy her brother no longer needed to be reminded how to walk properly in the heels or make sure he smoothed his skirt out before sitting down. She had always known he was charismatic when he wanted to be, but she really never considered him to be the sharpest tool in the shed, but he had picked up her instructions rather quickly. He hadn't even reverted to his normal voice once today when they were alone or complained about how talking in the sultry husky voice hurt his throat.

Sitting down Jackson let out a small sigh of contentment as he slipped off the incredibly high T-strap high heels. He only rubbed on his sore feet for a second before remembering the night before. Looking over at Linc he pointed to the other side of the couch, giving him a look or hoping he gave a look that would make him do what he wanted without an argument. Smiling felt odd with his lips, but still a large one came to his face seeing his friend do as commanded. Soon as Linc sat down, Jackson moved his feet up onto his lap and tried to get comfortable or the best he could with the corset still tight around his waist.

Lincoln felt a little turned on when Jacqueline commanded him to come over, seeing her rub her own feet he knew what she wanted. At times she would act shy and demure, but almost always she was commanding when it came to wanting his attention. He had never been with a girl that acted dominante like that, but he was learning he liked it or at least so far he did. Taking one of her stocking covered feet between his hands, he started to knead out the stress that Jacqueline accumulated throughout the day, happy to see and feel her start to relax. "You were about to tell me about your day?"

Before Jackson could answer he heard his sister's voice from the kitchen. "Does anyone want a drink while I'm in here?"

"Heaven's yes! Bring over the bottle of honey whiskey and a glass. After I say this, maybe we can just sit in silence while we watch the Dolphins game that was recorded."

“What was that little sis? All I heard was you forgetting to say please.”

Lincoln looked over the couch to Madison, he absolutely still had a crush on the gorgeous woman, but it was hard for him to think about her like that when he was running his hands over the calf of Jacqueline's smooth nylon covered calf. He was sure she had to feel his growing arousal with her other foot on his crotch, but she hadn't moved it except to flex her foot and wiggle her toes. The smile already present on his face grew a little more as he considered she was moving her other foot like that on purpose. “Maddy, could you make that two glasses please. I can't have my girlfriend drinking alone when her Dolphins lose to the Seahawks.”

“Maddy? When did I become Maddy to you?” Lincoln looked away from the pretty gal back to his friend, she was touching her thick lips with one long nailed finger. A sight that encouraged what was happening in his pants, while his mind told him to be embarrassed for using the familiar name for Madison.

“I ahhh...” Madison started to laugh as she came over, putting two glasses on the coffee table in front of them. Pouring some of the honey whiskey into a glass of her own before sitting down in the recliner. “I'm just messing with you. If I can call you Linc, you can call me Maddy. With the two of you being madly in love it won't be long before you will be family.”

“Maddy... please.” Jackson whined.

“Please what? Help you plan your wedding? Accepted, no backsies!” Jackson closed his eyes, trying to ignore the maddening girl and just enjoy the feeling on his legs. After a second of no one saying anything he opened one eye, catching a look from Linc. After getting his attention, Jackson motioned over towards the glasses on the table. Happy to see the man doing what he wanted without him even having to utter a word. At least wearing a skirt came with a few perks he mused.

“Ignoring everything my sister says.” Jackson took a sip from his glass. “My dolphins are going to beat your Seahawks handily.”

“They won't, but also they aren't my Seahawks, I only watch football with you and don't have a team. I just know the Dolphins suck.” Jackson glared at the man as he continued to massage his other leg. “Traitor.” Jackson half whispered before taking another sip of the alcohol.

“Want to make a bet, traitor?” Honey whiskey didn't burn on the way down as much as regular whiskey, the liquor was his favorite and the perfect thing after a day like today. While it had just hit his system and hadn't had any real time to hit him, still Jackson felt

feisty. It had felt like everything in his life had been taken out of his hands, he wanted to take control of something.

“Why am I a tractor exactly?”

“Because you are a floridian.” Jackson pointed his index finger at Lincoln with the hand that held his glass.

“Okay... that doesn't mean anything, but sure what would you like to bet?” Jackson tried to look smug, sliding his feet from his friend's lap now that he was done rubbing on them. He had felt some warmth on his foot and something solid in his pants. The heat had felt good so he had pressed his feet into it when Linc was working on the other, figuring it was from his phone. Linc had always complained about his old phone getting too hot from use, but now that he was done helping relieve some of the pain from wearing the heels all day and into the evening Jackson didn't want to leave them sitting there like he was really a girlfriend or anything. His sister taunted him enough, he didn't need to give her more ammo.

“Good, then if I win you are going to be my own personal masseuse. I have never gone to one before and you do a...” Jackson let out a happy sigh at just the memory of his friend's hands working all the pain and stress out of his feet and calves. “Wonderful job so far, you can consider it an unpaid promotion.” Lincoln raised an eyebrow at Jacqueline wanting for him to touch her more. He was going to say she could just ask and he would happily do that, but decided to hold his tongue. ‘If Jackson needs to use a bet as an excuse to show more of his real self, then I will let her.’

“If you win I have to be your physical therapist huh?” Linc rubbed his jaw watching as some liquid failed to make it into Jacqueline's mouth, sliding down her chin and onto her cleavage. Jackson wiped his chin, looking down at his chest, not able to feel the liquid there, but knowing exactly where it had gone.

“Stupid lips...” Taking a cloth from the coffee table he dabbed his already annoying tits. “Yeah, and umm you have to do it whenever I want. If I came up to you at the office and tell you to rub my shoulders you have to, or Shuffleumm yeah. If I wake you up in the middle of the night and say I have a charlie horse you will have to take care of that. I call you come.” Jackson wondered if he was going to try and negotiate with him or make it up on his end of the bet. “Now what do you want in the off chance your stupid bird team wins?”

“Again, not my team.” Lincoln was about to go on when Madison interjected.

“I like this, I want in. The trouble is, do I want to put my bet on the fish...” Madison made eye contact with her brother when she called the sea mammal a fish to annoy him. “So I

can have a personal masseuse, or do I go with the birds so I can make my precious sibling do something for me. Oh.. I could make her give me massages.” Madison scrunched her face before shaking her head. “No, that won’t do. Weak hands and no stamina.”

“I do not have...” Jackson started to rebuttal, but didn’t get far before his sister talked right over him. “Sure you do, so I will bet on the Sea Hawks and if they win. Then you, my little sister will be going out to a chippendales bar with myself and Callie. She still thinks she has a shot with you with how you openly flirted with her. I keep telling her how you are madly in love, but that girl knows what she wants.”

“Didn’t the two of you spend the night together the other night?” Asked Lincoln, confused with her talking about the bartender like the two of them didn’t just bang.

“Sure we did, and we will again, but it isn’t serious.” Finishing off his glass, Jackson thought about sitting next to Callie at a bar. His mind slipped into imagining the two of them and they could do together after a few drinks. “Yeah... I like Callie, she is pretty.”

“Looks like she agrees with my side, what about you Linc, what do you want?” Lincoln scratched the back of his head for a second before moving to refill Jacqueline’s glass when she held it out, adding a little more to his own.

“I’m still thinking, maybe for a week she has to wear her heels around the house or... no nevermind.” Madison scooted forward in her seat, leaning forward as she focused on the man.

“First off, a week? My sister wants you at her beck and call, didn’t put a time limit on it and you want her to what? Wear a pair of shoes you like for a week? Come on, you can do better than that. What was it you were going to say?” Jackson really wished his sister would stop referring to him as a female, my sister this, my little sister that, but he knew if he brought it up again she would only remind him how he had to stay in character or risk being found out.

“I was ahh.” Lincoln was sure Madison could see the blush on his cheeks. He was a red blooded man and Jacqueline just came home and suddenly had a massive chest. Any size tits on a girl was enough to get his blood flowing, but he couldn’t help his attention being drawn to them.

“Come on, spill it.” Madison said with an eager voice.

“Yeah... spill it!” Jackson pointed his finger at his friend with the hand that held the glass, moving it violently enough that some of the contents splashed over the rim of the glass onto the couch. “Oops!” Jackson started to giggle at both the act of spilling some

of his drink and how unintentionally it lined up so perfectly with what he had said. Madison glanced over at her sibling, the two of them shared a flatbread appetizer while they were out and knew that wasn't nearly enough to soak up the alcohol he was drinking so quickly. She had already warned him previously not to drink while on the xanax, and he didn't listen then, so she made no attempt to stop him now.

"Oh." Lincoln pressed his lips together for half a second before continuing. "I was going to mention umm touching her chest, but it was silly. I skipped dinner and maybe the alcohol is going to my head." Lincoln felt embarrassed to just say that out loud, he needed an excuse. There was no way half a glass was going to ever hit him this fast and he did have dinner, it just wasn't a proper one. No one ever called the poor man's meal of butter noodles a proper meal, but after going out earlier this week and paying he was strapped for cash to go to the grocery store.

"Aww, your boyfriend wants to play with your tits!" Madison stomped her feet on the floor as she laughed.

"Breasts! You told me I can't call them tits." That only made Madison laugh harder. Sitting up more Jackson looked over at Lincoln, squinting at him. "Sure, if you win you can touch or play with them or whatever. Like I care, it isn't like I can feel it. My boy Tua is going to lead the Dolphins to victory." Looking down at his new rack glued to his chest Jackson blew some air out from his lungs, admiring the view. "They do look good right!?"

"They, really, really, do!" Madison had to break the sentence up, saying each word between gasps of air as she laughed harder and harder.

"Great, that is settled... maybe we can now move on to what happened today before we turn on the game or we can talk while I start it up." Lincoln felt incredibly uncomfortable talking like this, so openingly sexual, it wasn't something he was used to at all. It reminded him of the prank Jackson pulled about welcoming him and his date home saying they were welcome to the oragy. Knowing what he knew now about his friend, he wondered how much of it was a prank and how much of it was wishful thinking.

"I'm not going over my entire day, phone calls, some office gossip." Jackson moved his hand limply, indicating his body. "All this... and stupid HR being all helpful." Turning the tv on Lincoln raised an eyebrow, wondering what human resources messed up, he hoped it wasn't about the rate of pay that was negotiated.

"They said I agreed to things in my paperwork and I don't know what I signed, but my medical benefits are going to start right away now."

"Okay, so far so good."

“Let her finish, this is soooo good.” Madison said, putting down her now empty glass and opting not to have another.

“As I was saying!” Jackson looked between the two, accusing them both with his eyes of interrupting, even though he had paused. They give me a list of three therapists to pick from so I can talk about my transition and a list of two doctors for the same. Saying I have to see them both soon and regularly as a condition of my employment or some other bullshit!” Jackson kept making the T sound at the end of the word, smirking at the mouthfeel of the word.

“Okay I can see where you would...”

“I’m not done! You shush! Linc shush!” Jackson glowered at the man for a second before taking another drink from his glass, sad to see it was already half gone. “They also submit... submit... They gave my new information to the state to update my social security number. Letting me know it should be done within a week and then they would give me time off to go update my drivers license. They want me to just turn my whole life into being a woman!”

Lincoln nodded along, it was obvious his friend had gotten drunk rather quickly and that they were upset, but by how overly dramatic they were being he figured it to be more of an act. “If they are making you do it, then isn’t it better that they are handling it for you?”

“I suppose...” Jackson pouted, wishing Linc would commiserate with him instead of trying to point out the good side of the crazy situation he was stuck in.

“I told you.” Madison said in a sing song voice. She liked it when he reacted and right now he seemed to be in a mood so she left him alone as the recorded football game came on the tv. At one point she tried to get the two to switch to water, but the best she could get is that they drank a glass while they continued to drain the half bottle of honey whiskey she had brought over to them.

“Looks like you lost the bet little sis.” Madison felt incredibly upbeat about winning, but her words came out as she fought back a yawn.

“Yeah... lost. I’m going to bed.” Jackson’s eyes were already half closed, standing up he had to catch himself on the side of the couch, his weight distribution much different than before. He was halfway to his bedroom when he felt his sister turn him around and help him move a few steps in the direction of Lincoln’s room. He considered arguing, but didn’t have the energy for it. Going into the room he didn’t even wait for the door to be closed before he unbuttoned the blouse, it was a slow act between the long nails, his exhaustion, the mental fog of medication and alcohol and the buttons just being on the wrong side. Jackson didn’t even take the time to consider the fact that he had walked in

the room, walking closer to Lincoln who was sitting on the bed taking off his socks as he slowly removed the blouse that was much tighter on him now than that morning.

With the blouse off, Jackson rolled his shoulders and turned around. Seeing the door was still open he closed it to have privacy as he got out of his clothes for bed. He reached behind his back, unclasping and unzipping the tight pencil skirt, just letting it fall to the floor. He wished he could take off the corset, but it was stuck on till his shower in the morning according to his sister. Jackson arched his back, stepping over to the dresser that had a large mirror across it. Seeing himself, Jackson put his hands on top of the dresser, leaning forward to take a good look at both his swollen lips and large chest, unaware of the show he was putting on.

Lincoln licked his lips watching Jacqueline slowly, sexually undress in front of him. He said nothing, just watched her and continued to disrobe himself, not wanting to ruin this moment. The two of them didn't get their alone time this afternoon like they had agreed and she seemed all about having his hands on her for the bet... that and she seemed almost eager to have him play with her new chest. The way she leaned forward like that, her ass thrust backwards compelled him to stand and move to her. Lincoln normally slept in just his boxers, but right now he was fully nude as he approached the girl giving him a siren song. Before he got to her, Lincoln watched her pull the cups down from her overbust corset, letting the beautiful breasts hang free. He knew intellectually they weren't real, but his eyes couldn't see the difference. "Oh yes." Lincoln said almost closing in from behind, his erection at full mast.

"Yeah..." Jackson said in reply, not thinking about who said that, only agreeing that the large tits looked wonderful as did the image of the dark haired girl running her long sexy fingers over them, playing with herself. "MMMMmm yeah, just like that." Jackson said talking to the girl as if she was a different person. Jackson felt Lincoln before he saw him in the mirror, being way too focused on himself. The man was pushing himself, his hardon against his ass. The feeling caused him to ask and straighten up, but as he did Lincoln's hands touched his hips, running up across his corseted stomach and cupped the large breasts, helping take the weight off.

Feeling his dick press against him was jarring even to his addled mind, but the image in the mirror was still sexy, it was like a porn video was playing out in front of him. The movie was his friend Linc playing with a girl's large tits, and by the bulge in her panties he knew exactly what type of movie it was going to be. "What are you... oh, oh, ahhh!" The question, while he couldn't really feel his fake breasts being kneaded other than the pressure, he could easily feel the tingling feeling of being kissed on his neck. Lincoln's soft lips a contrast to the scratchy feeling of his five o' clock shadow across his vulnerable neck.



“Just getting my reward from the bet.” Lincoln said, moving both hands from the large fake breasts that felt so real, even the nipples were hard. He wasn’t sure if they were originally, but right now it added that extra level of realism as he kissed her exposed neck. Moving his hands down to her hips he pulled her ass back into him, sliding one forward to her stomach to hold her there as he went back to touching her chest, not just feeling her, but watching her squirm in the mirror.

“The bet... yeah... but you're naked.” The scene playing out before him had him more than aroused, but his mind was so muddled he wasn’t really sure what was happening other than it looked sexy, the kissing on his neck felt good but what he felt on his ass was wrong. Seeing Linc kiss the girl on her collarbone, the kisses trailing up her neck while he felt it happening caused him to bite his lower lip. “Mmmmm” Slowly he closed his eyes wanting to enjoy the feeling, but as he did he became more aware of his friends pressing into him. Putting his hands on the dresser Jackson pushed back, causing Linc to do the same. With the space Jackson turned around, not wanting to be so close he stepped back till his rear pressed against the dresser. His eyes were heavy, he blinked them a few times, fluttering his mascara covered lashes. “Lincoln...”

Lincoln let out a small growl, watching Jacqueline pivot away from him, her breasts fully on display as she seemed to beg for something or maybe commanding him to do something as she said his name in that husky voice. Moving forward he wrapped his arms around her, one hand on her back, the other moving up to hold the back of her head. Lincoln’s fingers sliding into her updo as he pressed his mouth to hers, his tongue sliding into her mouth as she opened it welcoming him.

Jackson's eyes went wide as his friend practically charged him, pulling him into an embrace. He opened his mouth to protest, only to feel something slip into his own mouth, tasting much like his favorite drink. As their lips pressed together a feeling of pain ran through his still swollen lips, mixed with pleasure. Slowly his eyelids lowered, his legs felt weak, but pressed up against the dresser and held in Lincoln's arms he didn't fall. With a last bit of resistance Jackson moved his own arms up to push him away, but when Lincoln's lips came from his own and went back to his neck his legs went from weak to rubbery, causing him to wrap his arms around his neck to keep from falling instead of pushing him away.

His mind was so foggy, Jackson wasn't sure how he ended up in bed, when he was sure just a moment ago Lincoln had wrapped his arms around his thighs and had lifted him up to sit on the dresser. Lincoln was next to him in bed, but the lights were off, he wasn't even sure when that happened. He knew his best friend had been making out with him while he was naked with a hard on... and that he had kissed him back. They were still embracing, Jackson having one hand in Lincoln's hair as the man rubbed his warm hands over his cool body in the dark room when he started to drift off to sleep, hearing his friend say something that made him smile, he had lost the bet, but was still getting what he wanted. "For you Jacqueline I will give you a massage any time." Jackson drifted off before hearing the rest of the sentence. "Just like I know you will use your sexy body to turn me on, and then demand you get to pleasure me. Baby you have no idea how sexy it was when you demanded I let you give me a blow job."

Scene 15

"Jacqueline... Jacqueline?" Lincoln asked, noticing his friend and lover had fallen asleep. He couldn't blame her, they had drunk a lot that night, he was feeling the pull of sleep too laying there in the bed feeling their warm bodies pressed together as a cool breeze flowed over them from the fan overhead. The problem was he was still incredibly horny, her passing out before he could finish. Pulling back he examined his friend's body in the dim light of the room. Her smooth legs still encased in her stockings, the bright nail polish on her toes, her body still wrapped up in her corset, with the top of it pulled down, leaving her large breasts exposed. It looked like she hadn't gotten off either with the bulge in her place thong panties. His eyes lingered there, searching for any internal regret to do thing with someone else that had a dick. He knew he wasn't attracted to men, Jacqueline was just Jackson dressed up as a girl. Lincoln thought he should have a problem with this, but... his eyes drifted up to the exposed chest with large breasts hanging free, moving with every breath his friend took and then looked up to their face. Jacqueline's thick pouty lips parted as she breathed through her mouth. The lipstick she wore was long gone, but she hadn't taken the time to remove the rest or even take her hair out of the updo. He was sure she would regret that in the morning, but mostly he was just sure that he really didn't care that Jackson was born a man, the person laying there next to him was a woman, and one he was very attracted to.

Reaching over he cupped Jacqueline's breast, running his thumb over the nipple. He knew she couldn't feel his touch, but the fake breasts felt real to his fingers, it even was warm like her skin. Touching her chest with one hand he started to rub his still hardened member, his eyes moving between her now double D chest and then up to her lips. The lips looked much different now then when she used them to give him a blow job. Lincoln continued to jerk off thinking about how she demanded he give her his cock, imagining what it would feel like now with her new pillowy lips. It didn't take long before cum exploded from the tip of cock, shooting onto the object of his desire. "Ahhhh! Ahhh..."

Feeling the release, the ecstasy, Lincoln took a few deep breaths as she fought off the urge to close his eyes. His smile faltered looking down at Jacqueline, realizing his cum had landed on one of her thighs, across her panties and to her lower stomach. The feeling of ecstasy passed, replaced with guilt. "I shouldn't have done that..." He could just imagine her calling him a creep for what he had done and he couldn't blame her. Who jerks off to a sleeping girl? With guilt driving his brain Lincoln grabbed some tissues from the night stand, cleaning off what he could from her skin, but the cum had mostly sunk into the blank panties. He had prepared for her to wake up as he tried to clean her off, but his friend didn't so much as twitch to his touch.

Lincoln rubbed his forehead looking down at her again, covering her body with a sheet and blanket. He could blame it partly on their fun and how she had left him so horny, but putting any blame on her was the wrong move, he could blame the alcohol and it was partly to blame, but in the end it was on him. "Guess I will apologize in the morning." Getting comfortable in bed next to Jacqueline, his last thoughts before he quickly fell asleep was how pissed she was going to be in the morning.

Feeling like his bladder was going to burst, Jackson sat up in bed, regretting it right away. His head was throbbing, he had to put his foot on the floor to feel stable as everything spun. "Gahhhh!" Jackson put his face into his hands, wishing he could just lay back down without risking peeing himself. The urge to empty his bladder growing in severity caused him to finally stand up. Jackson felt wobbly, forgetting about the new weight on his chest, making him almost fall on his way into the bathroom. Getting in there he quickly pulled down the panties, his fingers felt something crusty on the front as he did, but he ignored it for the second as he sat down letting his bladder release everything.

Sitting on the toilet with eyes half open he looked over to the bathroom counter, seeing a glass of water and three pills sitting next to it. Leaning forward he flicked on the bathroom light, regretting it instantly as the light assaulted his eyes instead of just doing its job to light up the small room. Closing one eye and squinting with the other he recognized the pills, two were aspirin and one was xanax. Even with the pounding headache Jackson smiled that his sister had left that for him before he went to bed. Taking the offered tribute he sat there on the toilet as some things started to come back to his now waking mind.

He remembered drinking a lot the previous night, Tau throwing an interception that led to

a touchdown for the SeaHawks. He couldn't recall the final score, only that the Dolphins had lost. He didn't remember going to bed, but he vaguely recalled a vivid sexual dream... Jackson's eyes moved down to the panties recalling the feeling he had dismissed when he sat down. Pulling them up he saw they were covered in dried cum. He also remembered dashing into the bathroom in the middle of night, falling down and retching over and over again. Jackson closed his eyes trying to recall more from the vague memory. Someone had helped him up and assisted him to the toilet, holding his hair as the contents of his stomach came up with a vengeance. He was sure it had to be Linc, but the memory itself wasn't clear. Maddy was there too, he recalled hearing her voice and a cold washcloth being put on his neck and then someone helping him back to bed when he had put his face down on the side of the toilet. He couldn't remember seeing anyone else or what they had said, but he remembered how nice the cold porcelain surface felt on his warm face. Jackson really hoped the wet dream he had happened after the run to the toilet. He was hungover and beyond embarrassed. "I'm never going to drink again." He promised himself, knowing it was a lie before he had even finished saying it.

Pulling off the panties Jackson tossed them into the hamper that he guessed he now shared with Linc. He made a mental note to make sure he did the laundry so his friend didn't see the proof of his disgusting deed, knowing it happened while they laid next to one another. He then took his time to loosen his corset enough to get out of the contraption. Jackson wasn't sure what time it was, but he was awake now and wanted to wash off the shrink that he was sure came off of him after drinking to the point of blacking out and then retching it all up. The hot water and steam worked miracles when combined with the pills he took. He washed himself, but mostly just stood under the hot water, letting it roll off his body.

Standing there he moved one of his hands up to the large chest that was glued to his body. Running his hand along its surface, bouncing both when the other hand joined the first. Seeing the sight his member started to stiffen, but he didn't move to touch himself. He didn't really feel like doing anything other than going back to bed really, but he knew soon enough his older sister would come looking for him to help him get ready for another day at the office pretending to be a girl. Letting go of his new assets, Jackson turned around in the shower so the hot water hit his back as he placed his head on the cold tile wall. He wanted to think of a way out of this, any of it really, even a small victory, but his hungover mind gave him no answers. Jackson stayed there till the hot water started to cool before getting out to pat himself dry and starting his moisturizing routine. He was only part way through it, still fully in the nude when the bathroom door opened a fraction of the way and his sister came in.

"Ewww, cover yourself." Madison said, grabbing a towel off a hook and tossing it to her very naked brother.

"Maddy! You can't just barge into the bathroom like that and please don't talk so loud." Madison gave her brother a flat look. She could have gone her whole life without seeing her brother's equipment and been happy, so she really should have knocked, but she

also wasn't going to admit he was right about anything.

"Don't worry Lincoln is already up, he is using the communal bathroom. So we don't need to keep it down on his account. I will go pull some things out for you, finish up here." Jackson shook his head, just slightly as quick pivots of his head felt like his brain was being smashed around inside. The shower and medication had helped a great deal, but he was still suffering some of the aftereffects of his actions.

"Maddy that isn't..." He stopped talking when she left the bathroom. Jackson wasn't looking forward to what outfit he would be wearing for his first Friday at the office as Jacqueline, whatever it was he was sure he would hate it on himself and wish he was just ogling another girl at the office wearing it. Jackson still took his time to finish, positive his sister would also give him a hard time if he skipped anything. It still felt like a bit much, using a face roller seemed crazy, but he did like that his elbows no longer felt ashy. Stepping out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his chest to try and contain the massive things he wish weren't there, Jackson was surprised to find Linc in the room instead of his sister.

On the bed were some clothes, but his eyes were mostly on his friend who stood there smiling at him wearing socks, slacks and an unbuttoned gray button up shirt. "Ahhh, hi." Jackson said, waving to his friend, holding up his hand and waving his fingers at him. Feel stupid for waving on top of the embarrassment of the wet dream.

Lincoln rubbed the back up his neck, giving Jacqueline an awkward smile. He had a rapid five minute shower, a freezing cold one. He figured she had used all the hot water, but after what he did last night a cold shower was the least he deserved. "I umm wanted to talk to you about last night." Jackson's eyes opened wide for just a second in fright, really hoping his friend was talking about all the drinking and betting while they watched the game.

"Yeah, crazy night." Lincoln nodded, it really was a crazy night, but still he needed to push forward and apologize so things wouldn't be so awkward between them.

"It was, and I needed to apollo..."

"Oh, no, no. You don't need to say you are sorry. Look I'm an adult and should know better than to drink so much and your bet..." Jackson moved one hand to hold the top of the towel that contained his new chest. "I can't blame you for wanting to touch these."

"So you are not mad?" Lincoln asked wanting to make sure everything was good between them.

"Mad? No, I had fun, you had fun. We should do it again." Jackson motioned to himself. "I look like this now and getting to just sit there and be myself with you is great." Lincoln

cocked his head slightly to the side, a bit surprised Jackson was admitting to enjoying things between them when so far he had been very repressive with how he talked, a bit contrary to how he asked as Jacqueline.

“So you are okay that I...” Jackson padded over to his friend, poking him in the chest with his long nailed index finger. “Just stop right there. I needed last night, I’m regretting some decisions this morning, but please don’t apologize and please let’s do it all the same in the future... just with less alcohol, I really needed last night. You have no idea.” Jackson was so happy Linc hadn’t noticed the cum stained panties and he knew football wasn’t his thing, but just having that one masculine thing was something he was going to refuse to let go of. Drinking while watching a game was something he didn’t want to lose. It wasn’t something he could easily do going out to a sports bar now, so he needed his friend to be there for him.

“I didn’t realize...” Lincoln stopped rubbing his neck, still surprised at the candid conversation and doubly surprised Jackson, no Jacqueline liked the fact he cummed on him... err her that she said she didn’t just want it, she needed it. He had watched his fair share of porn where a girl got a facial, but he didn’t think any girl really wanted it to happen. Yet here was Jacqueline saying just that. He thought about for a second, guessing it was a power thing or the fact a man was spilling his seed on him was a feminine act. He wasn’t really sure about it, but that fact she wasn’t mad like he expected, but wanted it to happen again left him in a much better mood. “Well, yeah sure we can do it as often as you like.”

Jackson gave Linc a big smile, patting his chest twice. Thank you, you are a good friend and I’m going to take you up on it. You know Sunday is also game day, so I hope you’re up for it.”

“Yeah, absolutely.” Lincoln smirked at her, reaching down to button the bottom button on his shirt before leaning in to give her a peck on the lips. “I will let your sister know you are ready to get dressed. See you in the living room when you’re ready to head out.” Jackson touched his fingers to his lips as his friend walked out of the room, shocked by the sudden kiss. He pressed the lips together, feeling just the tiniest bit of lingering pain from the minor surgery as he watched him go. They kissed just like that, a quick peck when they saw one another in the office, saying hi or goodbye to keep up appearances and with that kiss this morning it seemed Linc had made it a habit. One he couldn’t exactly discourage to keep up appearances at work, yet he needed to do something to keep it spilling into his personal life. “I’m not a girl dammit.” Jackson said, catching a glance of himself in the mirror over the dresser. He was sure he was frowning, but all it looked like was the girl in the mirror was pouting.

“Sure you are, in fact my little sister is the girliest of girls.” Madison said, hearing her brother talking to himself. Amused that even alone in the room he still talked in that sultry husky voice she picked for how he should talk as Jacqueline. It had not taken really that long to get him to stick to it, but those first few days she had slapped his butt with one of her thin leather belts more than once to drive home the point and now it looked like all

that violence had paid off. "You are just going to love your outfit for the day. I just love your closet, it is like having my own life size Barbie doll."

It had felt like he was exactly that, and when he had asked her why she insisted on making me dress like this at the beginning she only said this is how Jacqueline dresses and then reminded him of the time he poured super glue into just one of her pumps before going to church one morning. She of course got her foot out later, it didn't just hurt to get it off, but also ruined the shoe.

Today the first thing as always was a pair of panties, today's panties were a lacy pink thong and then the thing he hated the most. He hated wearing heels, but wearing a corset was the worst of it. With his new assets he was sure the extra back support would help, but it wouldn't change how he was being squeezed like in a vice and have to just function that way. "Today you have just this white corset to go around your waist, it is a little smaller than the one you wore yesterday, so you are really going to have to suck it in girl. Then I have a push up bra to match your cute panties that show off your tush."

"Smaller? A push up bra?! Why am I going to wear that when I have these!" Jackson cupped his breasts in his sister's direction.

"Because when we bought you new bras yesterday you picked out a pushup bra, it isn't my fault you want to show off your goods."

"Maddy, I didn't really pick out anything. I pointed at a few things you picked out." His sister smirked, bobbing her head from side to side in satisfaction. Her brother now had to deal with having a chest bigger than her own and it would suit him right with how many times she had heard him make comments about women.

"I only picked things I knew you would like. I thought to myself what would my little brother like to see a girl in and that always leads me in the right direction for how I know my little sister loves to dress." Jackson groaned, turning around so she could wrap the white corset around his middle. His head was getting better as time went on, but he still really didn't want to argue with her. Jackson knew she was paying him back for years of torment, heck anytime when they were growing up that she tried to get back at him he would just tell on her and it would not just end, but she would get in trouble. Now he was paying for it as her doll, but at least he knew she really did care about him. Otherwise she wouldn't help him at all, or would have helped him in the middle of the night in his drunken stupor.

The rest of the outfit was a sleeveless off the shoulder white blouse, that he was thankful wasn't low cut to show off his chest, but it was much tighter considering it was purchased when he was using smaller forms. Dark sixty denier stay up stockings, a tight black pencil skirt and a pair of heels he thought they had purchased just to scare him. They were glossy black six inch heels with an inch and a half platform. "Maddy, these are not something any girl would wear to the office, heck these are things a girl would

wear to the club and then take off the second they wanted to go dancing.”

“And yet you are going to wear them, think of it as me saying thank you for not listening to me when I said to stop drinking last night and then waking me up from a good dream when you fell to the floor. Also, I bet if you hold your leg out to the side and ask your boss, what was his name?”

“Dunn”

“I bet if you hold your leg to the side and ask Dunn how they look on you he won't say they aren't appropriate for work, he will just give you a compliment.” Jackson pouted at her correct assessment. “You slip those on and let me go get you some accessories. Thinking I have some thick fake gold bangles for you to wear on your right wrist, ohhh some triple tiered pearl earrings will look wonderful with your blouse. You will want to show them off so let's do your hair so it is pulled back and bit and have it all come over your right shoulder. This is going to look great!”



Stepping out of the master bedroom Madison yelled "TA-DA!" as her sibling came out after her. "What do you think of your girlfriend's look for work today?"

Lincoln had been sitting on the recliner watching the morning news, turning to look when Madison came out. His jaw fell open seeing the ravishing beauty that was Jacqueline Hart. Getting to his feet he quickly came closer, his eyes moving up and down her body. Sure nothing much really changed from when she came home last night with the new additions, but he was sure he would have a similar reaction anytime she made an effort to look good. "Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow."

"Are you complimenting her or trying to bark?" Lincoln's eyes looked over to Madison who was wearing a red silk nightie, something he loved seeing the beautiful woman in, but the presence of Jacqueline dressed like that next to her overshadowed the older Hart.

"Trying to get my brain in gear to give a compliment. You are gorgeous!" Linc took a half step closer, putting one hand on Jacqueline's hip as he leaned in to whisper in her exposed ear. "You look so sexy, want to recreate what we did in the supply room right now?" Jackson stepped back slapping his friend's shoulder, wishing the dick wouldn't mess with him like that.

"Behave." The platforms on the shoes technically made it so he was walking with only a four and a half inch heel, or at least he guessed that is how it worked. All he knew was they pinched his feet and were not easy to walk in when every step he took he felt his chest jiggle.

"With you on my arm as we go to the office? No promises."

Scene 16

With the changes to his chest and lips and the come fuck me pumps he was wearing Jackson wasn't surprised that he garnered extra attention. Lilian had flagged him over, this time Lincoln joining him as he spoke to the girl. "Oh my god, you look incredible." She said with a huge smile, standing at her desk, reaching over to give a hug. "And must be Lincoln, I have heard only good things about you and for your sake it needs to stay that way."

Lincoln chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck, a nervous habit. "I can't control what you hear, but I can promise my only goal is to keep Jacqueline happy." Lilian gave him a

serious look for a second, it breaking away quickly after.

“A good goal. I’m Lilian, most people call me Lil.” She said, extending her hand to him.

“Happy to finally officially meet you, I have seen you almost every day coming to work and never worked up the nerve to come talk with you.” Lilian turned her head to her new friend, giving her a smile before looking back towards him.

“Everything worked out for a reason, ya know I always thought you were so cute and a bit of a rebel coming in here wearing sneakers. If you did come talk to me I might have seen if you wanted to go out for drinks, but look at you now. Dating Jacqueline and keeping her happy and by the looks of her today, she knows how to keep you happy too.” Both Lincoln and Jackson started to blush at her insinuation.

“I love the way she looks, but she looks this way because she wants to and I’m happy to support her.” Jackson eyed his friend, it wasn’t like he could say he was wrong, that no all of this was because his sister made him or had talked him into it and that only happened because he had tricked him into coming into the office in heels to begin with.

“Aww, the two of you are so cute together. Now list, Jackie knows I could talk both of your ears off all day and I don’t want to get started. So I’m going to let the two of you go and maybe see about updating my dating profile so I can find someone as good for me as what the two of you found.”

Walking away Lincoln looked back over his shoulder to the talkative girl. “Hear that? I have a shot with Lilian, how many times did you talk about how hot she was.” Jackson elbowed him in the ribs.



“You are dating me, we are in love and make each other very happy. Remember!?” He said through clenched teeth and a fake smile.

“Oof. I remember. So happy.” Lincoln rubbed his side. “So in love.” Note to self, Jacqueline gets jealous, Lincoln thought. While Jackson internally grimaced at his friend’s slip up, hoping no one heard him. He had his beard, and had done something to keep it that way that he would never forget, the dick needed to remember that. Especially as he looked now and how many men’s eyes he could feel following him. It didn’t help that the high heels announced his presence and the jiggle of his breasts practically called out for their attention.

Jackson wasn’t so lucky for Dunn to be out of the office two days in a row, so off he went to get the man his coffee and just like everyday so far he ran into one of the office gossip, Tabitha. “Morning Tab.” The shorter woman stopped in her tracks looking directly at his enlarged chest and then up to his face. She tapped her bottom lip, not making eye contact but looking at his new lips.

“Something feels different about you, but I just can’t put my finger on it.” Tabitha squinted at her office friend, before pointing down at the girl’s sexy shoes that looked much like her own nude pair she had on. “I know, you got a new pair of shoes.”

Grimacing, Jackson nodded, knowing she wasn’t so brain dead that she didn’t see the obvious. “Just had a little work done, ya know wanting to look my best.” Jackson let out a practiced giggle, hoping she would let it go.

“The boob fairy pay you a surprise visit?” Jackson was surprised she actually pressed her finger into one of his fake breasts. He really didn’t have an excuse as to why he was suddenly larger and hadn’t even considered needing one, but he really wished he had to discuss options with his sister.

“They are umm fake, you know, trying things out to see how I would look.” He stepped closer to the coffee machine, wanting to get what he came for and get away. Already knowing the latest piece of gossip was now going to be about him.

“Oh, I get it. Using some forms before you go under the knife. Well I have to say you look incredible, I think you chose the right size. It suits you.”

“Awww, thank you!” He said with as much fake joy as he could imagine at the compliment that felt like she had punched his male ego right in the nuts. “You know I would love to stay and chat, but Dunn wants his coffee.”

“I’m sure he will want more than that from you, nothing you haven’t done for Abe or your man Lincoln.” Jackson was ready to leave the break room when he stopped to turn and look at the girl. She had known what he did with Lincoln or at least thought she did and was including Aberaham in the same category.

“Tab, I didn’t do anything and please you can’t go around telling anyone that.” Jackson spoke in a quick whisper as he stepped closer to the pretty woman, hoping and wishing she hadn’t spread that rumor or worse, someone had told it to her.

“Sweetheart, you have nothing to worry about, I’m not going to spread any nasty rumors about my friend.”

“Thank god.” Jackson felt a bit of relief come over him.

“Well so long as you tell me the details, how do the two compare?”

“Tab I told you, nothing happened...” Tabitha shook her head, knowing for a fact she saw Jacqueline drag her boyfriend over to the supply room and then later her and Abe coming out of the men’s room together.

“No, none of that denial. I know what I know girl, so later today we can discuss it over lunch. Maybe we can take it early and still get some mimosas, we can’t take advantage of them being endless, but we can’t have it all.” He felt like he was painted into a corner, he wasn’t sure if she was threatening him with spreading the rumor if he didn’t tell her the details of his encounter with Lincoln and Abe even though nothing happened or if she was just trying to be nosey but he really couldn’t afford a rumor like he has been sleeping around the office. Feeling stuck he decided he would just have to make things up and hope she bought it.

“Well okay, but you know I can’t tell you everything. At least not unless you tell me about your own experiences.” Jackson thought if he had to tell her a story, maybe he could at least get the hot woman to tell him about her own escapades, give him something to think about the next time he jerked off. It would have to do, it wasn’t like he could actually sleep with her.

Leaving her with his pyrrhic victory, Jackson went into his boss's office with a hot

beverage in hand. "Shut the door, dear." Jackson did as he was told, coming over to put the mug on his desk, expecting him to react to the way he looked and then maybe be told off for screwing up the day before on something or even for taking a long lunch.

Alexander looked over his secretary, whatever she was using to fake having breasts was impressive, the way they moved made them seem real and made him want to hold her from behind and squeeze them between his fingers. The way she looked now was a far cry from the lazy intern he had seen from time to time. Today Jacqueline looked like sex on legs to him and there was one of his problems. He was able to push past his prejudices, mostly because she didn't look like a man in a dress, but she also said she had a boyfriend and was loyal to him. When he saw his schedule today he noticed she had put her boyfriend Lincoln Hatch on calendar to discuss his future. That man could be the answer to a few of his problems. "Come here we need to talk." He said pushing his seat back from his desk, patting his leg.

"Sir..."

"I won't bite, come sit. I'm not asking." Jackson swallowed hard, mincing carefully around the desk, stopping just short of him.

"Mr Dunn, I don't think..."

"Girl, I told you to sit. I'm not paying you to try and think. I pay you to look pretty out front for me and do what you're told. Now, do what you're told." Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, Jackson thought as he sat down across the older man's leg. Immediately he felt his rough hand land on his thigh.

"See that isn't so bad, now." Alexander gently gripped the girl's chin between his thumb and index finger, turning her face to look him in the eye. "I wanted to say you look lovely today."

"Th... thank you." Jackson felt so nervous, starting to think about what Tab had said about his boss wanting things. Any thoughts of what he would normally do didn't even try to make it into his mind, he just sat there feeling small and vulnerable.

"I see that I have a meeting with your boyfriend today and I wanted to hear what your opinion was about him." Feeling one hand wrap around his waist and the one that grip his chin fall back down to his leg Jackson's nerves were going crazy telling him of the danger of letting a man touch him like this, no man should touch him like this.

"I love him." The first thought that came to his mind for an answer was the story, they were in love, he needed to remind Dunn that they were in love and that meant nothing could happen between them. It shouldn't even need an excuse to not want to be touched, but even this one felt like a sheet of paper trying to stop a bullet at the second

as he sat in the man's lap.

Rolling his eyes Alexander let out a sigh at the bimbo's reply. "Yes, I know, but how is his work ethic? Does he fuck around here in the office and then stress himself out to meet a deadline? Does he let people push him around or is he reliable and sturdy?" The questions seemed earnest to Jackson, like the man wanted his opinion on if Lincoln should be hired on, but he also thought he should already know these answers.

"He is a good employee sir, doesn't mess around and umm..." Jackson hesitated for a second, but the man already knew this so continued. "You have told him to focus on some reports and work on nothing else and then Linc... Lincoln told people he couldn't do the work they wanted to assign him and you yelled at him for not listening to them and talking back."

"Did I do that? Sounds unfair. I try to be fair, do you think I'm fair Jacqueline?" Jackson again swallowed hard, the man always intimidated him a little. More than once he had told Lincoln that he was going to march into his office and talk him into hiring them, but he just never could work up the nerve.

"You are very fair sir."

"Well I have a problem. I want to be fair to him, but I don't really have any positions open that he would be a good fit for and if I put him in something he wasn't a good fit for it could impact the department or even a whole division and now that HR knows he has been kept as an intern for so long he can't stay there."

Suddenly Jackson felt afraid for his friend and guilty. Sure, him coming to the office dressed as a girl was started by him as a prank, but he of all people couldn't hold a prank against someone. Lincoln still being an intern and that coming to light was his fault though. He didn't have to push Dunn to do something, he just wanted to help and it was blowing up in his face. "Please don't fire him! He loves numbers and things like that, I'm sure you could find something in accounting for him."

Pretending to think about it, Dunn tapped his hand on the girl's leg, sliding it down to feel the nylons on her leg. "Can I be honest with you?" Jackson nodded his head nervously.

"I have been angling to move up the chain and hiring someone like you ended up putting a feather in my cap so it could actually happen. You see my boss, Tripp Salizar... who names their kid Tripp? Well he is retiring soon, nothing announced yet and suddenly I'm the front runner for his position." That sounded like great news to Jackson, but the way he brought it up sounded odd and he wasn't sure how this connected with Lincoln.

"That is good news, congratulations!" He made sure to sound upbeat and perky, doing

his best to imitate the inflections Lil often used.

“It is, and it isn’t, but that doesn’t concern you. I might and I mean I might have a place for Mr. Hitch.”

“Umm Hatch sir.” Jackson corrected as he tried to push the man’s hand away from feeling up his leg.

“Yes, well honestly it would be easier for me to just let him go, but I also don’t wish to upset you my dear. So I have something I would like you to do, to help me stay in a charitable mood.” Jackson swallowed hard again, shaking his head from left to right in tiny movements. His fears not just coming true, but being worse. The man wanted him sexually and was going to use his friend’s job as leverage. Jackson’s brain went into overdrive trying to think what to do. Should he give another blow job to save his friend’s job? He was dressed like some bimbo secretary, but he was still a man and men don’t do that sort of thing, but could he live with himself knowing his friend was fired because of him?

“What if I went to HR and told them, they wouldn’t be okay with this.” Dunn shook his head, holding the girl tighter to him.

“I would imagine they would think you were making up stories to save your boyfriend.”

“Sir... I can’t give you a blow job, please!” Dunn tilted his head to the side, letting go of the girl in his lap.

Miss Hart, I wasn’t going to ask you to do that or to have sex with you.” Jackson blinked his long mascara-covered lashes a few times, not moving from the man’s lap even though the hand around his waist no longer held him in place.

“You don’t want me to give you a blow job?” The relief he felt was almost palpable, but at the same time Jackson felt a small bit of anger along with confusion. The way he looked now and how Dunn had him on his lap and the comments he had made before and slapping his ass, how could he not want that? It felt like an insult, and that feeling only caused Jackson to feel more confused.

“If you want to blow me, I won’t be turning that down, but you have made it clear how loyal you are to your man. So instead you will do everything but... sexual please me. Teasing me will definitely turn me on, but it will also make me feel good that you want me if you were free.”

“What? Umm so I tease you and you don’t fire Lincoln?”

“Exactly or at least, I will do my best and you will do your best to make sure I keep a smile on my face. Sit down in my lap when you come into my office, drop things in front of me and then turn around, bend at the waist as you slowly pick it up. Flash me your stocking tops and things like that.” Alexander wasn’t sure where the idea came from, but he did have a reputation in the office. He had seen some of the guys get hassled when they were in the locker room after playing racket ball about not being able to close the deal. Few people knew Jacqueline was transgendered, so they would just know the girl was openly flirting with him and spending time in his office often. It would be enough to not lose any credibility and who knows, down the line her acting like towards him all the time might make her want to act on her desires more.

Jackson didn’t move for a bit, but when the hand holding him in his boss’s lap didn’t return, he slowly got up, waiting for an objection that didn’t come. “I just flirt with you and that is it?” Seeing Dunn nod he held out his hand to shake and seal the deal. “You do your best to keep Lincoln employed and... gainfully employed and I flirt with you.” The left side of Jackson’s pursed lips tugged up as he fought back the smile. Just flirting meant that he no longer had to worry about his boss insisting upon physical gratification like he had been fearing and doing his best to avoid. The best part was he was actually going to help his friend and in doing so help himself.

“You have a deal, Miss Hart.” After shaking his boss’s hand, Jackson turned to leave, proud of himself when he felt a slap to his ass. “Ohh!” He looked over his shoulder surprised, remembering the deal he just struck. Still looking at the disgusting man Jackson tried his best to give him a sultry smile, bending forward a little and sticking his ass out for the man to see. He pivoted his hips slightly to shake his rear in the older man’s direction. “I’m glad you like what you see.” He added a tittering giggle at the end before mincing out of the office. Slightly horrified at how easy that was, but still proud that the meeting went from this man wanting me to get on my knees and blow him, to I have to act flirty.

It was later that morning when Lincoln came up to his desk. Jackson held up one finger to keep his friend from talking and interrupt his train of thought as he finished typing up the memo Dunn had asked him to send. Finishing quickly, Jackson knew he would need to go back and proofread it, his typing skills weren’t exactly perfect with the nails, but he was getting better and faster. “Hey there handsome.”

“Hey there yourself gorgeous.” Lincoln couldn’t help smiling back when Jacqueline smiled up at him, he was sure just seeing it was causing his heart to beat a little faster. “I believe someone got me an appointment with the boss man. Any advice before I go in?”

Jackson thought how soul crushing it would be with how happy his friend was at that second if he walked in there and was told that today would be his last day. Instead, he would get to continue on, continue on in this soulless company, but still continue on to earn a paycheck. “Just be yourself.”

“Difficult, I was planning on being two other people.” Lincoln nodded to himself

pretending to be serious. It was just Monday that he was telling Jackson to be more serious and focus on work and now here she was actively stopping him from interrupting her while she finished something. This week had seen a lot of changes, confusing changes for his mind, how he thought of himself. All of that being brought into question by his attraction to his friend, he was happy with where things ended up and the path they were taking together. "Just be myself, just so simple. You're a genius." Stepping around the desk Lincoln kissed her on the cheek before walking up to the door and knocking.

Going inside when he heard the deep baritone voice of Mr. Dunn, Lincoln shut the door behind him. He had never actually been in the man's office before, when the internship started someone else was in charge of the interns, but when the program ended, they were no longer around, leaving himself and Jackson in the limbo of working under Dunn as interns even though the program was over. "Good to see you, please have a seat." Alexander stood from his seat, motioning with his hand to one of the chairs in front of his dark wood desk.

"I don't want to beat around the bush too much Mr. Hatch. You have worked here for a while, I don't hear much about you, good or bad. Though Miss Hart speaks very highly of you. One of the issues I'm having is I can't keep you as an intern any longer, it was an oversight on my part that it has gone on as long as it has."

"Oh." The good mood Lincoln was feeling faded, in its place was dread. He could get by with unemployment, it helped that now Jacqueline made more money and they had an extra roommate, but he wasn't sure where to go when you are fired from an internship.

"I have a few other problems and I was thinking that perhaps you could help me get rid of one, while I solve this employment issue for you." Lincoln nodded along, hoping that this was all a preamble to him actually being hired on in one of the departments. You see, I won't be in this position much longer, or at least that is the plan on paper at the moment. Things might change, but if that goes through, you have an opportunity." Dunn paused to see if the young man across from him would ask any questions, but when he didn't, he continued on.

"Everyone, and I mean everyone that would come in behind me to fill my spot are either a shark that I will have to spend a lot of time managing to keep them from stabbing me in the back or they are a sycophant for someone who will. I could push for an outside hire, but I might not get control over who the company actually hires. That leads me to you, Lincoln Hatch."

"Me sir?" Lincoln could feel a bead of sweat coming down his forehead. What the man was saying made it sound like he wanted him to take over for him and that was insane, he was ready to be a junior in some department, not even a middle manager and yet this man wanted him to skip all that, skip even being a department head, to take over his

spot as a division president? Heck, he didn't even want to go into management at all.

"I'm prepared to offer you this job, the one I hold now under a few conditions. I'm told I put you through the ringer when you told people you wouldn't do their work when you were just following my instructions." Lincoln opened his mouth to confirm that happened, but Dunn didn't pause long enough for him to say anything. "What I want is my own sycophant, do you think you could be a yes man for me Hatch?"

"You want me to just agree with you and do what you say?" It was really something everyone already did, or at least openly.

"I want to put you in this seat and for you to report what happens and for me to give you marching orders and then report back to me anyone that comes knocking with plans of their own and they will come knocking. Does that sound like something you could do son? Get paid enough to have a bank account and a secret bank account that your girl doesn't know about and all you have to do is do what I say?"

"I'm umm I just wanted to go into accounting sir."

"There will be plenty of accounting Hatch, adding up all the people who will not speak negatively about me where I can hear it. You see I don't want to move up the ladder to find out the snakes come out to play where I can no longer watch them. So how about it son, would you want to be in charge here?"

Wiping his palms on his pants with how sweaty they were, Lincoln felt out of sorts. "If the offer is real, then yes. Where do I sign?"

Leaning forward on his desk Alexander looked at the man in front of him with a hard look. "It is not that simple, first Tripp Salizar has to announce his retirement and then we have to have internal and external interviews for his position. Really all of that will be done quickly once he announces, but as I'm vetted for the position, I will have to offer up a suggestion and work on the process for my open seat. I can tell you the powers that be like to see stability, you know stability." Dunn held up his left hand, tapping the gold band around his ring finger. "Me putting you forward for the position isn't a guarantee you will get it. So you will need to make yourself look like a good option for them."

"You... you... want me to get married!?" Getting married, he had thought about that in concept, yeah he wanted to get married he wanted kids, but no real consideration for it beyond telling his parents and grandparents he will settle down when he finds the right person.

"At least engaged son, that will show people you are serious. I can also enroll you in a few management training courses. Two of them can be done here, one is just online and the other is honestly a waste of time, but you get a nice Mega Corp management

training certification. Then we can fly you out to a bigger office for a week to finalize you are on that track.”

“Sir...” Lincoln was not often the assertive type, he wasn’t really a leader, he never was, but right now an opportunity like no other was just presented to him. “Even with all of that, I’m still not qualified.”

“Please, mostly in this life it is who you know, not what you know and right now you know me.” Dunn waved his rebuttal away, leaning back in his seat.

“I can’t just umm, I can’t just go and ask Jacqueline to marry me out of the blue like this.” In his mind he saw tons of scenarios of her laughing at him, turning him and just flat out saying he was insane. They weren’t really in love, that was just some story. Sure they liked being with one another and the sexual chemistry was surprisingly good, but it had only been a few days!

“Hatch, I don’t care if you get engaged to her or someone else, no one is going to look too close at all of that. Unless you bring her along to a work function where she talks to other wives. You just have to tell me now if this is something I should go forward with. If so, you will start training on Monday and I have to give you a bump in pay, I can’t let someone see someone that is supposed to be my protege with an intern’s salary. Then you have a few weeks to get you and Miss Hart or whoever settled in wearing a little ring around her finger saying you plan to get married. Though, keep in mind you will have to get married, the engagement will just buy you more time.”

“Yeah, yeah more time. Umm, how much are we talking about for salary?”

“In training? Say eighty, but once you take my position more and more over time assuming you can play the role I need you for.” The amount of money he was talking about felt staggering to Lincoln, he was only making twenty three thousand a year as an intern and after being out of college for over a year now the loans were going to start coming due.

“Eighty thousand a year?!” Lincoln’s voice felt shaky to him.

“To start.” Dunn said firmly.

“Yeah, yeah I will do it!” Lincoln stood from his seat, leaning over to shake the man’s hand. Remembering Jackson always said no deal is real unless it is on paper or one shook on it.

“Good deal son, starting Monday you will have two different courses that will run you two weeks and then I will send you off to the New York branch or California branch to finish

things up for another two weeks. By then you will either be coming back to sit in my chair or being let go with some severance and a real chance of having a real job somewhere else. Well I suppose there could be another managerial role open here at are branch, but I'm not really sure about open positions in other areas."

"Thank you sir, thank you so much! When you started this meeting I thought you were going to let me go and, and... thank you."

"I'm still not making you any promises Hatch. You have things you have to take care of, and things still have to work out on end. Now why don't you take the rest of the day off, I can't see a reason you should be hanging around here doing intern work."

With a skip in his step Lincoln left the office, thinking about calling his mother and father about the amazing news, his heart was soaring till he saw Jacqueline turn around in her seat. She uncrossed her sexy stocking covered legs and then re-crossed him as she smiled at him. On reflex he returned her smile with his own. His sourcing heart plummeting toward the ground, thinking about one of the requirements of the job. "So tell me handsome, how did it go?"

"Umm good, but I umm I need to go. Things to do and umm" Lincoln found himself laughing at nothing from nervousness. "I will see you later tonight, love you! Bye!"

"Wait!" Jackson called after him, the man was acting really strange and he wanted answers, but when he told him to wait he found Lincoln turning around giving him a kiss the lips that wasn't long, but were much longer then the normal quick peck. "Sorry, I almost forgot that, we will talk later, but I have to go." Lincoln walked away from the beautiful creature as quickly as he could, pulling out his phone wondering who he should call to talk about all of this. Moving to the elevator he was impatient to get to the ground floor so that he could make the call. She picked up on the second ring.

"Hey, Madison. A lot just happened at work and I really need to speak with you."

