

Sexist Tech Bro to Sexpot Secretary

Mac McMurphy was going places: at the tender age of twenty-three, he was already running his own tech company, RoboPogo, an app-based start-up that was growing more lucrative by the day. Though he himself was no technological whiz, he had a knack for finding the right people, be they coders or web developers...just the “luck of the Irish,” he always said, referencing his red-headed roots. He also had a knack for getting the most out of those employees, mostly by being an overbearing, aggressive, nose-to-the-grindstone boss.

While nobody was spared, per se, Mac’s female employees definitely received the worst treatment. Now that he was making the big bucks, and heading up his own company, Mac’s ego had gotten out of control...and he seemed to think that his success entitled him to any woman he wanted. Not only was judging his female employees’ looks a substantial part of his hiring process, once hired, he was constantly pestering them to wear higher heels, shorter skirts, and sexier makeup, insisting that he needed his company to present a fresh, fun, youthful image...nevermind that his male employees were as slovenly as ever!

Inappropriate remarks and casual touchy-feely behavior with the girls was par for the course for Mac, and the more success his company had, the worse he became. Everyone could agree that their awful boss needed to be taken down a peg, but nobody wanted to jeopardize their own job security, or lose the chance to be part of the start-up’s increasingly bright future. But every now and then, the universe provides an unmissable opportunity...

“Penny, what the hell is this nonsense?” Mac demanded, waving his phone as he came out of his office. “I know it’s Pride Week, but just send some dumb Tweet about “equality,” or whatever. Don’t sign me up for this LGBTQ charity bullshit!”

Penelope blinked innocently. “What, the “Magnates in Drag” event?” she said. “It’s last minute, but I thought you might want – ”

“What, to mingle with a bunch of queers?” Mac barked. “We live in San Fran, Penelope, I get enough of that on a daily basis! Look at these clowns!”

He thrust the phone in her direction, displaying photos from the previous year’s event, all of them depicting various businessmen smiling sheepishly for the camera whilst dressed in a variety of dresses, high heels, wigs and makeup. Penelope pursed her lips, then primly swiped two photos over, raising her eyebrow in Mac’s direction. Her boss took a closer look, frowning, and when he did so his eyes widened dramatically.

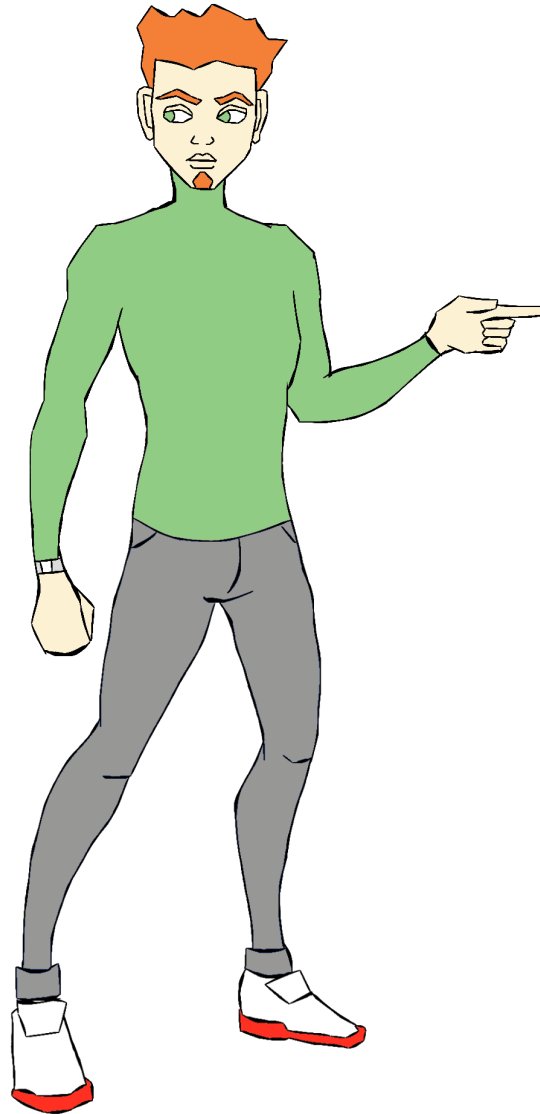
“Wait, is that who I think it is?” he demanded.

“Yep,” Penelope said. “He keeps his participation somewhat low-key, to avoid the whole event becoming about him, but he’s always been a very staunch supporter of the LGBTQ community here in San Fran. When I found out, I figured you might, you know, want to network?”

Mac stared down at the photo, which depicted none other than Gill Mathers, one of the wealthiest CEOs in the country, wearing a sparkly evening gown and long blonde wig. The man had been Mac’s business

idol ever since he was a teen, and while seeing him all done up in drag was slightly disturbing, it also presented an incredible opportunity, one Mac couldn't afford to turn down. Getting bought out by Gill would put him into a whole new stratosphere!

"Hold all my calls, and cancel my meetings!" Mac barked. He grimaced, then spoke a phrase he had never once in his life imagined leaving his lips. "You need to find me a dress, STAT."



Mac's employees looked on in wonder and confusion as a procession of beauty professionals, ranging from a stylist to a hairdresser to a makeup artist, made their way through the cubicles to their boss's office, where the blinds had been drawn. Inside said office, Mac, stripped down to his socks and boxers, was already having second thoughts.

“Leg waxing?” he screeched. “Why the hell would I need my legs waxed?”

Penelope blinked. “I mean, you saw the photos, right?” she said. “Guys go all-out for this event. If you show up looking like you just found out about it this afternoon, and threw something together at the last second, wouldn’t that be, like, a bad look for networking?”

“Well, yeah, obviously!” Mac blustered. “But if going all-out means waxing my legs, it also means...” He stroked his treasured soul patch beard, trailing off with an expression of deep melancholy. “I don’t know if I’m ready for that big a sacrifice,” he muttered.

“Your soul patch?” Penelope asked. “But a macho guy like you probably grows that back in two days flat!”

Mac grimaced, unwilling to divulge the fact it had taken him practically an entire year to grow his small, neatly trimmed facial hair. “Probably even less,” he lied. “It’s just the principal of the thing, that’s all!”

“Gill Mathers shaved his side-burns,” Penelope pointed out, displaying the photo once more. “And those are, like, iconic.”

Mac scowled, staring at the photo of his feminized business hero. Why the hell did the man have to have such a soft spot for queers? “Fine,” he snapped. “Let’s just get this whole thing over with.”



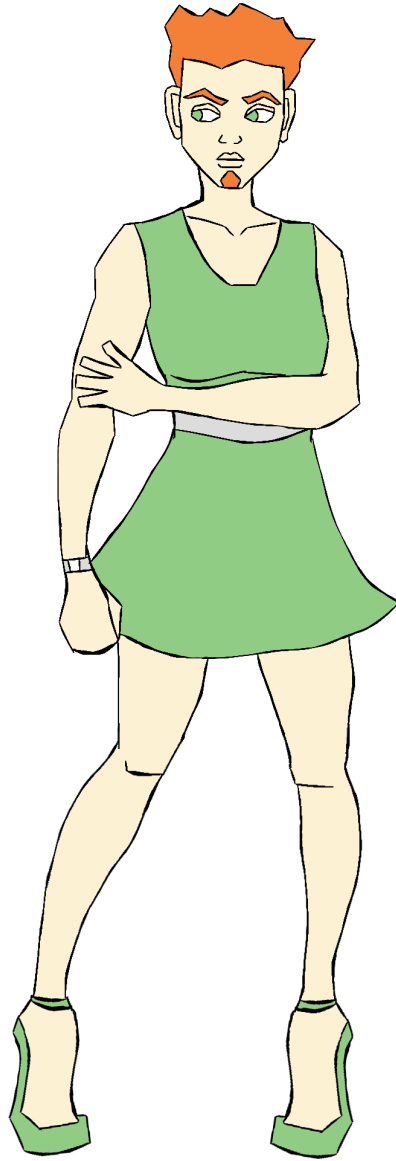
About forty minutes later, a fly on the wall of Mac's office would have been greeted by a very unusual, never-before-seen spectacle: the start-up boss had not only submitted to having his soul patch shaved off and his legs waxed, but he had exchanged his usual attire of hip designer jeans and sneakers for a flirty dress, strategically padded to give the illusion of bust, and a pair of five-inch heels! The humiliation of donning women's underwear and a women's dress was bad enough, but it was this latest indignity that agitated Mac the most.

"How the hell am I supposed to walk in these things?" he snapped. "This whole charade is useless if I fall and break my neck!"

“You’ll be fine,” Penelope assured him. “I only learned to walk in heels when I started working here...you know, because of your mandatory non-official dress code, thing. If you like, I can give you some pointers?”

Mac gritted his teeth, then grudgingly nodded. While the hairdresser and makeup artist set up shop, Penelope and the stylist who’d chosen Mac’s dress for him gave the start-up boss a crash course on walking in heels! As humiliating as it was to traipse up and down his office floor with his hips swinging and his chest and bottom pushed outward in a perfectly girly posture, he had to admit it was better than tripping all over the place...and, as Penelope pointed out, it would once again prove that he was taking the whole thing seriously, thus lowering Gill’s defenses before he skillfully steered the conversation toward business.

Weighed against the chance at a billion-dollar buy-out, a few hours in a dress and high heels was nothing...and if any of his employees so much as snickered, he could fire them and replace them within a week. Satisfied by that comforting thought, Mac raised his chin, tilted his pelvis, and focused on rolling his hips...



“God, how do women put up with this gunk?” Mac whined, blinking his mascara-laden eyelashes. “I feel like a circus clown!”

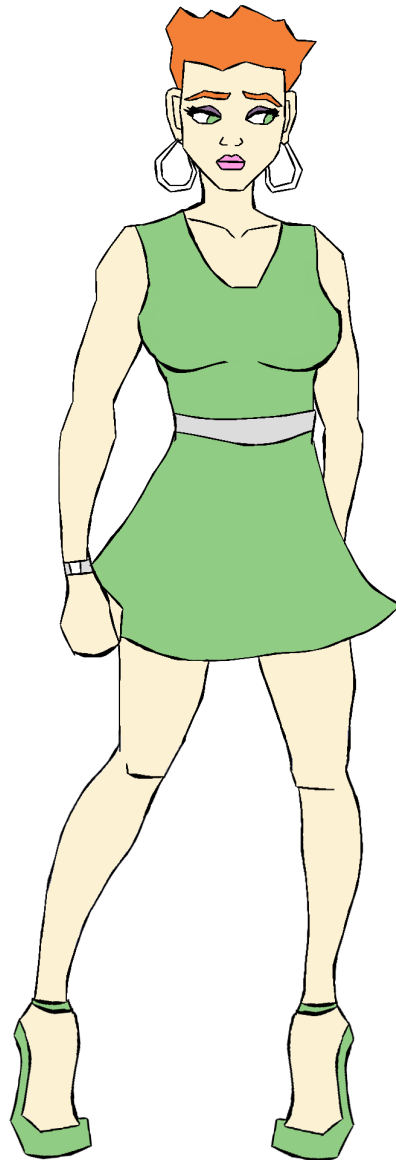
The makeup artist, now packing up her things, gave an affronted sniff and flounced out the door.

“Well, you certainly don’t look like one,” Penelope assured her boss. “In fact, I think she did a marvelous job on you. And we’re making great time! As soon as you get your wig on, I’ll order the car to take us to the event center.”

Mac shot his feminized reflection a scowl in the mirror. His heavy makeup contrasted horribly with his short, masculine haircut, but thanks to the judicious application of cosmetics, he supposed he did somewhat resemble a woman – if not a particularly attractive one. Though they were nowhere near as

extravagant as some of the ones he'd seen in the event photos, his large dangling clip-on earrings made him feel particularly ridiculous.

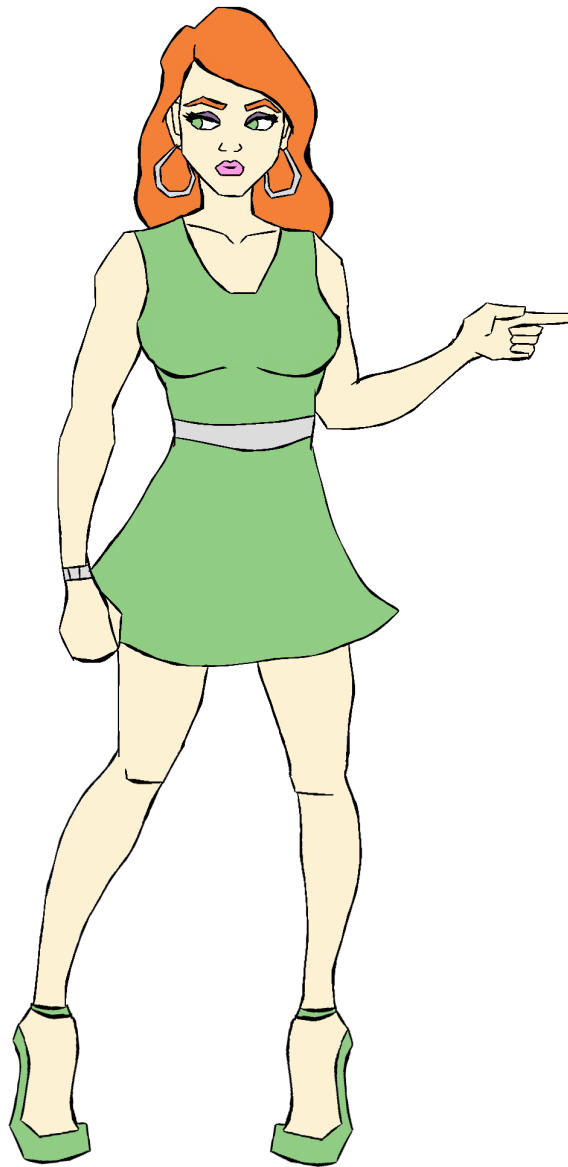
"Okay, snap to it," he barked at the hairdresser. "I'm not paying you to stand around!"



By this point, word had spread through the office of what exactly was going on behind Mac's closed blinds...so when the start-up boss finally emerged, every single head in the building turned eagerly in his direction. They were met by an incredible, almost surreal sight: their angry, macho boss, not only divested of his treasured facial hair, but expertly made-up with high-end cosmetics, swishing out of his office in an attractive, short green dress that swirled enticingly about his waxed-smooth thighs and contrasted attractively with his flowing wig, which matched his own hair color almost perfectly.

"Listen up!" Mac barked, in a voice that was not feminine in the slightest, jabbing his finger at his gawping employees. "What you're seeing right now is a testament to my dedication to this company, but I promise you, this is the first *and* last time you'll see me wearing a dress...and if any of you breathe a word of this, to anyone, you'll be out on your ass so quick you won't have time to blink, understood?" He took a deep breath. "Also, it's for charity," he added. "Now, back to work!"

His shocked employees did their best to avert their gazes, but it was tough to do, and as Mac and Penelope made their way toward the elevator doors, most of the RoboPogo work-force couldn't help but watch, stunned not just by the fact that their macho, misogynistic leader was in drag, but by the fact that, all things considered, he didn't look half-bad. Who knew their boss had such pretty legs?



Mac had always prided himself on his composure and adaptability in high-stress situations, but he had to admit he felt more than a little nervous on his way to the Magnates in Drag event. The sheer and utter barrage of foreign, feminine sensations threatened to overwhelm him. Everything from the taste of his waxy pink lipstick, to the chilly air-conditioning caressing his bare legs beneath the hem of his dress, was deeply unsettling.

With Penelope's guidance, he managed to exit the vehicle without flashing his panties to the world...but soon after, she abandoned him.

"I'm sorry, I have to get to the ladies' room," she said, in a pained whisper. "It's that time of month, so..."

Mac gave a mighty shudder. "Don't give me the details," he snapped. "Just be quick about it."

"Here, I put your phone and wallet in here," Penelope said, handing him a small green handbag. "I'll catch up as quickly as I can!"

With a grimace of distaste, Mac accepted the feminine accessory. Then, gathering his nerve and rehearsing his best schmoozing lines in his head, he followed the sounds of soft music and conversation until he reached the grand hall. The doorman gave him a slightly startled look as he approached, but one imperious glare assured he was let inside...at which point Mac wished, desperately, that he had been refused entry.

Just as promised by the event's website, the room was full of business magnates rubbing shoulders and shaking hands...but in complete contrast to the photos Mac had seen, every single one of them, save he himself, was clad in a perfectly normal, perfectly masculine, perfectly tailored suit. Mac's lipsticked mouth fell open in utter shock, as every head in the room, attracted by the puzzling appearance of the newcomer, turned in his direction.

Overwhelmed by the surprise, it took a moment for the gears inside Mac's brain to start turning – but when they did, he realized immediately that he had been had. "That bitch!" he breathed, imagining Penelope giggling herself sick in the ladies' room. "And she couldn't have done it alone, either..."

He whipped out his phone, staring down at the photos from last year's event, and finally saw the tell-tale signs of expertly done photo manipulation. Some conniving techie had managed to put the faces of actual business magnates onto the bodies of a bunch of drag queens, in convincing enough fashion to fool Mac completely.

He looked up again, his face turning as red as his hair, and to his absolute horror, the confused looks on the faces of his fellow entrepreneurs and executives were shifting towards looks of amusement, instead.

"Wait a second," he heard someone mutter from the crowd. "That's not...that can't be..."

"Mac McMurphy!" someone else whispered. "What the hell..."

Paralyzed by fright, Mac could only stand there in his flirty dress and high heels, staring back, open-mouthed, at the men he'd thought would be equally feminine in appearance. He had to think fast, or his reputation would vanish down the drain in an instant! If he pretended he was pulling a prank, maybe, or that it was some sort of bizarre promotion for RoboPogo's latest innovation...

But before he could so much as clear his throat, a large hand appeared on his shoulder – and when he looked up, he was staring right into the face of his business idol, Bill Mathers! Mac went pale beneath his makeup. He'd assumed the photo of Bill Mathers had been inserted specifically to lure him here, but against all odds, the famous CEO was indeed in attendance...but he was certainly not in drag. Bracing himself for disaster, Mac's waxed-smooth legs began to tremble.

“Incredible!” the CEO exclaimed, in a booming voice that drew even more attention to the feminized Mac. “How could I have gone all this time without knowing RoboPogo was run by a transgender woman...” His smile widened. “And that she was so stunning?”

Mac nearly fainted on the spot, and had to cling instinctively to Bill Mathers’ arm in order to not fall over in shock. The CEO seemed happy enough to support him, using his powerful frame to bear most of Mac’s far smaller weight. Before he knew what was happening, the CEO was steering him through the gathering, towards the back of the hall, to get him a glass of water.

“My apologies, my dear,” Mathers said. “It seems I’ve startled you quite badly! It’s just that I had no idea, when I saw your company mentioned in the news...”

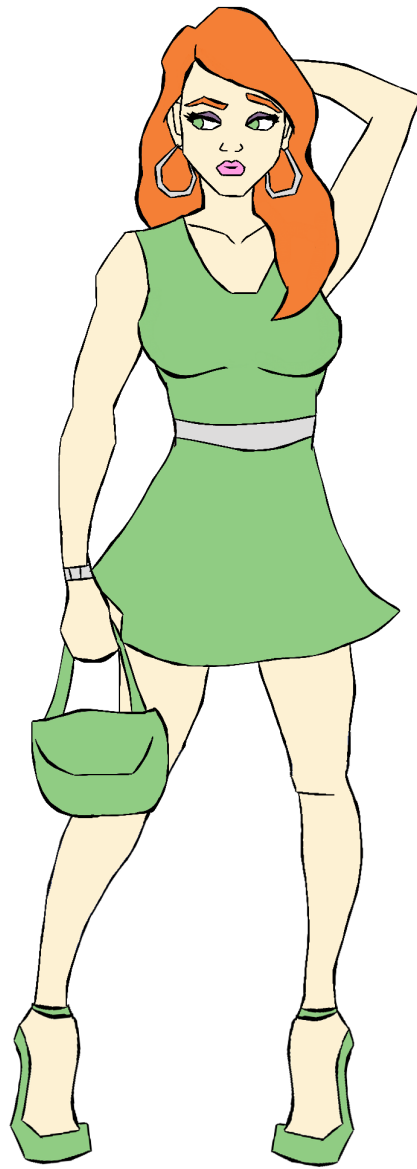
Mac was now doubly shocked, and under other circumstances, would have been over the moon to discover his business hero knew of RoboPogo’s existence...but under the current circumstances, wearing a dress, wig, and heels, he was horrified.

“Coming here as yourself, knowing you would be surrounded by a bunch of macho men in suits, must have taken incredible courage!” Mathers continued. “I’m quite floored by your bravery, my dear. I’m a huge ally of the LGBTQ community, and I’ll support you and your company in any way I can...starting, perhaps, with a drink for its lovely founder?”

Mac could only stare for a moment, floored by the sudden turn of events. Bill Mathers wanted to support his company, but thanks to Penelope and her accomplices, he thought that Mac McMurphy, man’s man and total tech bro, was transgendered! But if there was ever a time to prove his composure and adaptability, it was now...he would be able to explain the whole thing soon enough, he was sure, but for the moment, the important thing was that he had his foot in the door...even if that foot was wearing a stiletto heel!

Mac cleared his throat and gave the powerful CEO an awkward smile. “Sounds good,” he said, in as high-pitched a voice he could manage. “Uh, I’ll have what you’re having.”

The CEO grinned.



One Year Later...

As Mac made his way toward the same grand hall he had blundered into wearing a dress and heels just one year earlier, the former start-up boss tried, once more, to pinpoint how exactly things had gone so very, very wrong. That fateful day had been a whirlwind of activity: not long after meeting Bill Mathers, the powerful CEO had insisted on whisking him away to a more private location to talk business.

All too eager to get away from the stares of his fellow tech entrepreneurs, Mac had agreed...and when the CEO, impressed by Mac's accomplishments and business acumen despite his young age, offered to not only absorb RoboPogo into his own company, but offer Mac a high-paying position working directly underneath him, Mac had leapt at the chance.

The wrinkle in the proceedings – that Bill Mathers believed he was hiring a transgender woman – was one Mac was sure he could smooth out in short order. After all, even if hiring an LGBTQ employee was a great business move, Bill was hiring him for his impressive talent and potential, not his supposed gender identity, right?

But when news of his hiring, splashed across every business rag in the country, mistakenly named him as "Macy McMurphy"...and was accompanied by a photo of him in his green dress, smiling nervously beside Bill at the networking event...Mac began to suspect he was in over his head. Unwilling to jeopardize his shot at the big-time, he decided to embrace the charade temporarily, then quietly "de-transition" once the hubbub died down.

Unfortunately, his new boss had other plans: before Mac knew what was happening, he was on a company healthcare plan that supplied him not only with female hormones, but a voice and decorum coach, a personal wardrobe consultant, and all sorts of experts ready to help guide him through his so-called transition. When Mac balked at the excessiveness of it all, Bill merely told him that as a high-ranking employee, it was his responsibility to present an attractive, professional image to the public!

Every time Mac was on the verge of admitting the truth and calling the whole thing off, Bill seemed to find a new carrot to dangle in front of him, whether it was rights to the private jet or vacations to Bill's private island in the Bahamas. He quickly realized that the girlier he acted, and the more he committed to his "transition," the more positive attention the CEO lavished on him. Finally, against his better judgment and after much badgering, Mac even agreed to a few simple, easily reversible cosmetic surgery procedures.

Which was why, just a year after promising his employees that they had seen him in a dress for the first and last time, Mac was all dolled up in an expensive, very revealing green cocktail dress that presented his silicone-stuffed cleavage to advantage. And that wasn't the only change, either: the days of wearing wigs were long behind him, as now he had long, luxurious hair extensions tumbling down his bare back in a glamorous, perfectly styled cascade. A nose job and minor work on his chin had eliminated any lingering trace of masculinity from his features...and with his fluttering eyelash extensions, puffy, collagen-enhanced lips, and perfect makeup, he was now utterly stunning.

The hormone replacement therapy, aided by a strict diet and work-out regiment, had transformed the rest of his body, as well: he now had slender, dainty arms, a tiny waist and toned midriff put on display by the revealing cut of the dress, and rounded, feminine hips to complement his pretty legs. His manicured feet were encased in five-inch heels once more, but after a year of femininity, he now handled the spikes like a pro! Massive solid gold earrings, as well as a matching bracelet and expensive designer handbag, completed his “look.”

All in all, there was no shred left of the brash, macho tech bro who’d so enjoyed harassing his female employees just one year ago...he had been utterly replaced by a gorgeous red-head in a sexy cocktail dress. The get-up was a tad too revealing to be worn by a powerful executive, which Mac had desperately pointed out to both his stylist and to Bill, who had presented him with it as a gift...at which point, he’d received the worst surprise yet.

The CEO explained that while “Macy” certainly had all the potential in the world, now was simply not the time to take on a high-stress, high-powered position in the company. Rather, he wanted “her” to focus on her personal transition, to ensure she emerged from her metamorphosis as a sexy, confident, full-fledged woman. And in the meanwhile, “she” could pick up plenty of useful knowledge by working as his personal assistant!

Just like that, Mac’s dream of being Bill Mather’s second-in-command took a sharp turn, as he instead found himself fetching coffee, organizing meetings, and generally scurrying around at the CEO’s beck and call, all in high heels and tight skirts. One essential part of his duties was escorting Bill to all his fancy functions and fundraisers, always while looking his feminine best...but he had never worn a dress quite like this one before.

As he anxiously bit his gloss-coated lip, Bill – the CEO insisted that Mac call him “Bill,” these days, rather than “Mister Mathers” – looked over. “There’s no need to be nervous, my dear,” he said kindly. “You look absolutely ravishing.”

Mac blushed furiously. “Thank you, Bill,” he said, in the throaty, feminine voice he’d worked tirelessly to perfect. “It’s just...well...I think an old, um, employee of mine...might be in attendance.”

“Oh, yes, Penelope Whitling!” Bill said excitedly. “Quite the rising star! She’s done such wonderful things lately, hasn’t she? Between you and I, Macy, I’ve been thinking of poaching her for our own company.”

Mac’s blush deepened even further, and he only managed a weak smile and nod as they entered the gala. Naturally, all male eyes turned to enjoy the sight of a gorgeous red-head in a skimpy dress...even though most of them knew that one year earlier, “she” had been one of the guys! Humiliated by the lustful looks he was receiving, Mac clung timidly to his boss’s arm as they walked into the party.

It didn’t take long for Penelope, dressed in attractive but very professional attire, to come find him, bearing a wide grin. “Macy!” she exclaimed. “So good to see you! My, you’ve certainly changed!” Her eyes dipped toward Mac’s impressive cleavage. “That dress is *gorgeous*.”

“Th-thanks,” Mac stammered. “It’s, um, new.”

“I bet it is,” Penelope said, giving Bill a knowing wink. “A cutie like you deserves to be spoiled!”

Bill gave a chuckle. "I'll let you two have a little catch-up time," he said. "But I'd love to talk business with you later, Penelope."

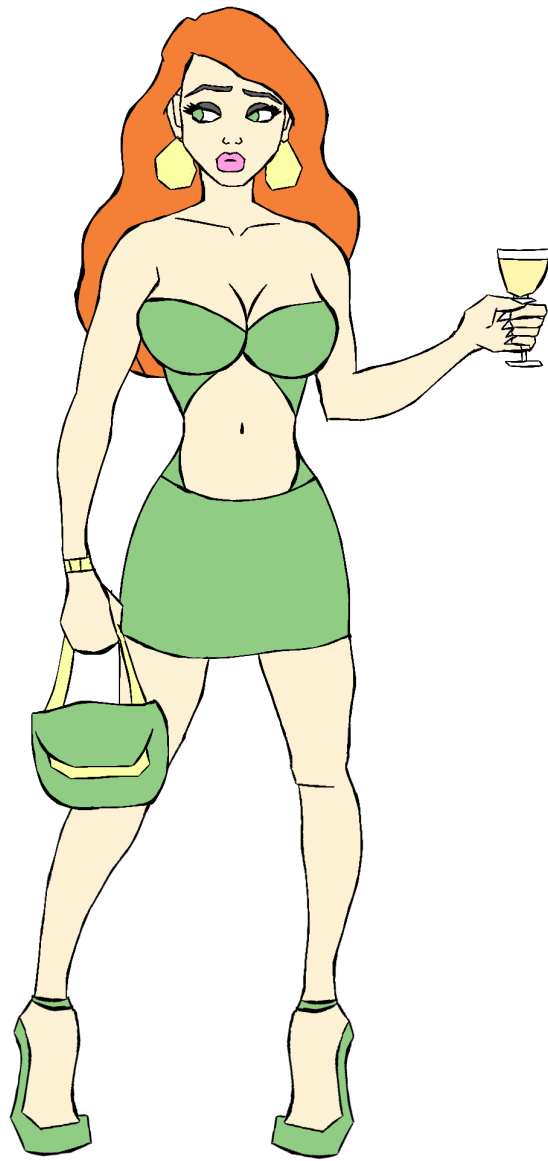
"Of course," Penelope said, laying a confident hand on Bill's arm. "I have some ideas I'd love to bounce off you, Bill."

The CEO departed, leaving Mac to stare forlornly after him...unfortunately, Penelope misinterpreted his look entirely.

"Ooh, you have it bad for the boss, huh?" she said, with a teasing smile. "I don't blame you, Macy. He's a real silver fox...and he obviously has the means to keep you pampered."

Mac grimaced in embarrassment. "I don't know what you're talking about!" he squeaked, in a girlish parody of his old authoritative bark. "We're just business partners!"

"Really?" Penelope blinked. "Because from what I heard, you were his sexy little secretary now." She shook her head. "It's amazing to think that little prank last year led to all this! The perfect opportunity for you to embrace your real, feminine self just fell right into your lap." She beamed at her blushing former boss. "Guess it's the luck of the Irish, right?"



The End