

Lesley and Leslie



Jessica Matthews



An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Lesley and Leslie

By Jessica Matthews

I was doing quite well until the pandemic hit. I guess lots of people were hit by it so I can't say my situation was worse than anyone else. I was single, used to moving home and to sharing an apartment as work demanded.

Then it all stopped. I'd graduated from college in theatre studies, majoring in management. I would have loved to be an actor but at my height it was never going to happen. Most leading ladies would be taller than I and that's not a look they like to present, be it drama, musical, or even cabaret.

I know they used to stand Humphrey Bogart on a box when he acted with Ingrid Bergman in "Casablanca" but that was a movie and another time.

I thought that with the resumption of more normal life that I could slot back in to work, but it didn't happen. I had to live and pay my rent, so I started to work for a theatre agency. I sorted out tours and problems

as they arose. I was good but there wasn't enough work. I found myself doing whatever clerical and administrative jobs they could send me to.

Some lasted a few weeks, others only a few days. Quite quickly I developed something of a reputation as the guy who could solve problems, be it logistics or staff rotas, warehousing or even some computer programming. I'm not the greatest computer operator but I knew the basics.

I also knew that if I could handle all the problems which come with touring theatrical productions, week by week, that whatever the problem, there had to be a practical solution. I took this attitude and the skills into all sorts of situations. I quite enjoyed it, even though the pay was poor and it wasn't where I wanted to be.

It's not that I didn't try my hardest to get back into my profession. I guess things had moved; more experienced people had to step down from more prestigious productions and I got squeezed out. So I went from one temporary placement to another, hoping not to be laid off without any income.

It all changed one fateful day when I was called back into the agency's office from my latest menial job. I thought the worst as I climbed the stairs to see the boss. Maybe this was the end of my less-than-great career with them.

But it wasn't.

"I've got a request for someone to work for Feldman and Babel and I can't think of anyone more suited," my boss Arnold said. "It requires a particular skill set which I think you have and a willingness to be very adaptable. It's going to mean long and variable hours and some personal demands."

“I’ve heard of them. They have their fingers in so many pies.” I sat in the chair opposite his desk.

“They’re really big and I would love to keep them as clients.” Arnold leaned forwards in his chair and folded his arms. “You’re the only one I could think of for this job.”

“Does it pay?” I had to keep up with my rent.

“It pays far more than any position this company’s been asked to fill.” Arnold waved his hands over the folder. “The more important question would be if you’re willing to do it after you’ve read the person specification.” Arnold handed me a folder. “Use my office for the afternoon and study it. I’ll be back about seven and if you’re still here, I’ll take you to dinner and you can thank me.”

“It looks like there’s a lot of information in that folder,” I said. “I thought a company like that wouldn’t be using much paper in these computer-based days.”

“I think it’s a little too sensitive to risk leaking into the wrong hands.” Arnold turned it over. “It’s sealed; I was told not to open it, but to hand it to the person I thought could meet their criteria.”

“Do you know what those are?” This air of mystery was thickening fast.

“I know the basics, but I’m guessing there’s a lot more in there.” Arnold handed me the folder. “Don’t open the seal until I’m out of the door.”

He stood and then hesitated as he began to open the door. “You’d better give me your mobile. I trust you but I wouldn’t like you to take pictures of confidential documents.”

“You make it sound like a James Bond movie.” I forced a laugh as he stood with his hand out for my mobile.

I held the folder and waited until Arnold left the room. I turned it over and looked at the seal. I’d never seen one like it.

I took a moment to help myself from his personal coffee machine and sat in his big leather chair. I wished I’d been able to work in an office like this, but it was just a dream.

I opened the folder and started to read.

“You’re still here; that’s a good sign.” Arnold blustered into the office, taking me by surprise as I hadn’t registered the time passing. “I thought you might have taken one look and gone.”

“It can’t be real.” I was still shocked by what I’d read.

“It’s for real,” he replied, holding out his hand to take the folder and loose papers from me. “But I’ve not seen all the details that you have in those papers.”

“They want... whoever, to dress like an office girl.” My incredulity must have shown on my face. “They want a guy for this role but he must dress like a woman all the time the employment lasts, in or out of the office.”

“I know,” Arnold sighed, indicating that I should get out of his chair and return to the other side of the desk.

“It’s more than that,” I replied. “The person has to have a girl’s hairdo, nails and jewellery. He has to wear makeup at all times in the office or where he may be seen by other people. That’s too much.”

“You didn’t mention the heels.” Arnold grinned at my discomfort.

“That’s in there too.” I could feel my face reddening as I absorbed all that I’d said and Arnold had confirmed. “It must be a joke?”

“Believe me, I wondered if it was a joke but then they told me what it would pay.”

“That’s not in the folder.”

“I didn’t want it to have undue influence. They’re a client I really want on my books. I can’t afford to send them someone less than willing.”

“It says remuneration based on monthly assessments, with the use of a company apartment and a company vehicle.”

“I told you that it would pay well and all the expenses for clothes and hair and so on would be paid through a company account.”

“Why did you ask me?”

“You’re the only one who could possibly do it.” He opened his drawer and turned a small envelope in his hands. “You’re small and slim; you have some theatre skills and could probably act the part.”

“But really...” I started to protest even as my mind was churning over ridiculous scenarios. He held up his hand for silence.

“As you’ve not blown your top and stormed out of the office, I’m allowed to give you this. It’s the basic terms and conditions and, most importantly, the pay figure.”

I took the envelope and opened it. I think my eyes lit on the figure first. I couldn’t miss it in heavy print on the top line. I looked up in shock; I’d never been offered anything like this. They were offering much more each month than I earned in a year, or even two years.

“Yes, it’s real.” Arnold returned my gaze across the desk. “And don’t forget all the additional benefits.”

“Can I think it over?”

“Only tonight; I have to reply in the morning.” Arnold held out his hand to take the paper from me. “No one can know about this, not your girlfriend, your mother, or anyone. I mean that most strictly; there mustn’t be *any* breach of confidence.”

“You’ll get commission off my earnings,” I asked.

“I’m to be paid fifteen percent on top of what they would be paying their successful employee.”

“But why did they ask you; more importantly, why ask me?” I think the implications of the idea were hitting me then.

“You’re the only one that I know.” He smiled. “I couldn’t ask anyone else on my books. Think about it, most of them would look like ‘The Whale’ in a dress.”

“Okay, I get it.” I think I laughed then. “It’s ridiculous but I’ll think about it.”

“Do that and remember, not a hint to anyone.”

“There’s no danger of that,” I reassured him. “I don’t have a girlfriend and my family are on the other side of the country. I don’t have much contact with them.”

“And is there no boyfriend on the scene?”

“That’s a silly question.” I didn’t like it at all. “Just because I’m small and skinny, it doesn’t mean I’m gay.”

“I didn’t think it for a minute.” Arnold held up his hands in surrender.

“You know how little I’m earning; I couldn’t afford a girlfriend, even if…” I hesitated.

“What?”

“Even if there was a girl out there who didn’t mind someone shorter and skinnier than they were.”

“You probably have longer hair too.” Arnold laughed at my rant, then I saw the funny side and joined in.

“I’m sorry for the self-pity,” I said.

“You’re entitled; like I said, I have to be sure there are no leaks and you have to give me your answer tomorrow.”

I went home after that. Home, or what counted as home for the time being, wasn’t a great place. I had a tiny apartment, basically one room in which to live

and sleep. It had a tiny kitchen and an even tinier bathroom.

It was always dull in there even on the brightest day. The view from my window was the wall of the next building.

“That’s a good reason for wanting out of here,” I said to myself as I drew the blinds against the view.

I sat for a while, thinking about it all. My mind was racing and I couldn’t settle. I walked out into the street and got a burger and coffee at a diner, then wandered further.

The streetlights had come on by the time I found myself outside a big supermarket. I wandered in with no particular purpose in mind. I think I wanted to be among people, even if I wouldn’t know anyone.

I came to the section where they displayed the magazines. I picked up a car magazine and pretended to read it but really my eyes were drawn to the women’s section.

Looking round to make sure that no one was watching, I picked up the one with the most glamorous girl on the cover. I slipped it inside the car magazine, turned my back to the magazine rack so that it was concealed from prying eyes, not that there was anyone nearby.

I began to look through the pages. I was only curious at first, but then I found myself drawn in. I was dazzled by the pictures; girls with white teeth perfectly even were smiling through lipstick lips. The makeup around their eyes was evident in all the photos. Earrings and rings, necklaces and bracelets; they all wore them. And the finger nails. How did they ever manage to use their hands?

I couldn't help it and put the car magazine back. I went through the self-service checkout with the other magazine. I think it was called something like "Today's Trends" but I can't remember. I do remember rolling it up to conceal the title and the cover picture as I walked more quickly back home.

I lay on my bed. My first thought was that it was all too ridiculous. Arnold must be trying to con me. But his face looked serious when he talked about the money, so maybe he wasn't.

My thoughts of turning down the money were dissipating.

It's not that I'd made up my mind when I returned to Arnold's office. I had too many questions. I hesitated for a moment on the threshold of the room.

"I should tell him that it's an insult; it's impossible." I stood as the thought hit me, then I knocked on the door and entered.

"Have you had time to make a decision?" Arnold asked, holding out his hand to take the folder from me.

"I'm not sure," I stuttered, wondering why my resolve had faltered. "It's a lot of money but I don't know if I can pull it off."

"Feldman and Babel seem to think you could." Arnold gestured for me to sit down. "It's not as if they want to turn you into a girl."

“I get that,” I said. “But they want me to look and act as if I really was one, with no time off; not weekends, not holidays.”

“But think what they’re offering.”

“You’re thinking of your fifteen percent.”

“I can’t deny that it’s a good sum.” Arnold smiled at the thought of it. “But really can you afford to turn it down? You’re still male and they want that to be clear if you take the job.”

“I think they’re looking for someone to be a figure of fun.”

“Not at that price,” Arnold guffawed. “I’m sure they want to use you in some way to publicise their operation, but they want you to use your skills in their day-to-day management.”

“I have no idea how to be a girl,” I sighed. “I don’t know about hair and makeup. The thought of tottering around on heels fills me with dread. I’m a jeans and T-shirt sort of guy.”

“I get it.” Arnold leaned back in his chair. “You need a little longer to think about it.”

“I don’t think so,” I said with a new resolve.

“Mr. Feldman thought this might happen and he’s arranged for you to see someone about your doubts.”

“I still don’t get why they want me,” I almost shouted.

“I can answer that and I will, even though I’ve been sworn to secrecy,” Arnold said. “They’ve done their research. You’re physically suitable, you’ve no em-

barrassing secrets that could come back to bite them, and you've no ties to stop you."

"They're asking too much. I'd have to be a girl in public and in private for ever; well... as long as the contract lasts."

"Let's focus on today. All they're asking is that you go and talk with someone."

"Do you know who and why?"

"No, I've only to give you the address, then call a car for you."

"They're not going to kidnap me." I was suddenly alarmed.

"No and they've already paid me to pay you for the day, with a bonus of five."

"Five dollars isn't much."

"Five means five hundred." Arnold smiled. "What kind of agent do you think I am if I can't talk up the price?"

"Okay, I'll go," I said reluctantly.

Five hundred would go a long way towards my rent, even though I had real doubts about where this was going.

I didn't pay much attention as I rode in the cab. I was feeling too apprehensive. As ludicrous as the concept seemed, and as much as my instincts said

that I should refuse, there was an inexorable push behind me.

I didn't even ask where I was going and I seemed to have got the only cab driver in town who didn't want to talk.

"I'll just have to keep saying 'No' to everything." I fixed the thought in my mind. "They really need some gay guy, not me."

"We're here; this is where you get out," my driver said gruffly.

I was surprised that the cab had pulled into the parking lot of a spa hotel.

"What do I do?" I asked the driver.

"I guess you get out of the cab and go in there," he replied unhelpfully.

I walked to the welcome desk and waited behind a lady grumbling out of earshot. I looked round and was a bit intimidated by the place. The receptionist looked like some perfect supermodel and looked down at me like I was not supposed to be there. I gave my name and her face melted into a smile.

"Yes, you're expected," she said, handing me a grey card. "Show this at the bar and get a drink. I'll call your hosts and let them know where you are."

I thanked her and walked through. I knew I was out of place amongst the business lunch trade. I hurried through, ordered a diet soda, and retreated into a corner where I hoped no one would see my discomfort.



I'd been there about ten minutes when a very elegant blonde came over. I saw her looking round and couldn't help but notice that she had curves in all the right places. Her black office dress was tight and maybe cut a little too low. Her shiny black heels with ankle straps were high and perhaps a little too showy for the workplace.

Her boss may have complained but most of the men around wouldn't have dared.

"I'm Alison," she held out her hand for me to take.

"You're from Feldman and Babel?" I asked.

I stood and took her hand, noticing that she wore only a dress ring on her right hand and that her nails were long, perfect and deep red. Her perfume wafted towards me. Her dress had a scooped neck leaving ample skin on show. I tried hard not to stare at her breasts. I hope she noticed.

"Yes, they asked me to come specially to meet you. They told me who to look out for, but they didn't give me your name."

"I'm Lesley Baker," I replied truthfully. "Everyone calls me Les. I got named after a famous movie star; my grandmother's favourite apparently."

"It could be worse." She smiled, showing perfect teeth and generously coloured lips. "I'll take you through to our suite when you've finished your drink."

I drank slowly only to look at her. She was probably a few years older than I was and had an air of self-possession which I envied.

“Welcome,” Alison said as I looked round the suite. “Your room is through that door and there are towels in the bathroom.”

“There must be some mistake. I’m only here for the day.”

“Oh really; they told me you’d be here for a couple of nights.”

“I’d better check with my boss,” I replied. “I’m sure he’ll be expecting me back tomorrow.”

I called Arnold and explained.

“If they want you for a couple of days, that’s a good sign.” I could almost see his grin as he spoke. “I’ll check with them and call you back.”

“I don’t know how far I want to get into this,” I replied.

“I’m sure they’ll pay for your time,” he replied before ending the call.

“What don’t you want to get into?” Alison asked.

“Don’t you know what Feldman and Babel have asked for?”

“No, all I’ve been asked to do it to take you round the office, then take you to dinner. You can stay here in the second bedroom. Tomorrow, Mr. Feldman himself wants to see you.”

“They never told me...” I started to reply but then my mobile rang.

“They’ll pay you another day or even a few more with no problems,” Arnold said. “Each day you stay they’ll pay five hundred and all expenses. I think they really want you.”

“But do I want them?” I replied but it was too late. Arnold had cut the connection.

“What don’t you want?” Alison asked innocently, having overheard my muttered aside.

“Are you sure they didn’t tell you anything?” I looked directly into her eyes.

“I’ve only been told to make you comfortable and, like I said, to show you round, take you to dinner later, and drive you to see Mr. Feldman tomorrow.”

I couldn’t decide if this was the truth or not, but looking at her made me want to believe her. After all, when did I last have the chance to dine with such a dream girl? The answer: never.

Guys can be simple sometimes.

The office tour was unremarkable. I was introduced here and there; accounting, talent, personnel, and other functions I didn’t recognise. As we walked through from room to room, I wondered just how big the organisation had become. I wasn’t registering names; there were too many to remember.

I did wonder if some of them were looking at me as the potential new girl in the office. The men sized me up and the women scrutinised me furtively, perhaps playing Guess The Weight. I laughed at that thought.

One came to touch my hair, which I'd worn in my usual low pony. She was all smiles and sinuous movement; I think she was called Violet. She smiled and pulled my hair over my shoulder, feeling the texture. To my surprise, she held it to her nose.

"You have beautiful hair," she said. "I like that and I like it that it smells so sweet and clean."

I wondered if I should have been using a more masculine shampoo. I'd never thought of that before.

There were pictures on the wall of theatrical productions and movies I'd seen. There were stills from advertising and portraits of stars from movie history. The girls in the pictures were from a glamorous era long past.

I have to admit that the thought of working there wouldn't be so bad. Then I remembered the way they wanted me.

"If you want to take a shower and clean up before dinner, there's plenty of time," Alison said when we returned to her suite.

"Are we going to meet more people?" I asked.

"Nothing like that; it's just you and I this evening," she replied. "I think there's everything you need in there."

"Thanks." I turned towards my room when she called me back.

“You can come back in your robe and have a glass of wine with me,” she said. “You’re far from relaxed; a quiet moment or two may help.”

I closed the door behind me and stood for a moment, taking a deep breath and trying to make some sense of the day thus far. Alison was really nice, talking to me and introducing me as if she really cared. I wondered if this was for real, or if she’d been told what to do. Then I wondered if I was thinking like this because I wanted it to be true.

I liked girls but they never seemed to like me.

I stripped off and went into the shower, taking my time and allowing the hot water to cascade over me. I washed my hair and conditioned it with the products there. They felt much nicer than my usual cut price brands and when I dried my hair, it felt supple and smooth. The brush slipped through down to the ends.

Violet had said that it smelled good; now it was going to smell much nicer. I knew it was a female scent, but I didn’t care. A short black robe hung on the door. It was silky and smooth with a tie belt and a figured pattern. It felt good when I wrapped it around me.

It wasn’t a girl’s gown; I convinced myself of that but it wasn’t really a manly one either. I was looking in the mirror and thinking if I dared, when Alison tapped on my door and asked if I was ready.

She put her head round the door and held out her hand. A cascade of blonde hair hung over her shoulder. I took her hand and followed her into the lounge. I couldn’t help but watch her moving. Her gown was the same as mine, but shorter and every move showed the tops of her thighs.

“Relax, we’re going to have a lovely evening,” she said, pushing me into one end of a huge couch.

She walked across to a wine cooler, took out a bottle, poured two glasses and handed one to me. We touched our glasses together, then she sat at the other end of the couch, kicked off her kitten heels, and tucked her legs under her.

We talked awkwardly at first, then the conversation eased. I can’t remember what course it took but I remember laughing as she laughed. I remember watching as her robe loosened and the swell of her breasts became more visible.

I think she saw me watching. She smiled and tucked the robe more closely around her chest. It didn’t make much difference; it soon slipped away again.

“It’s time I was getting ready,” she said. “You want me to look pretty, don’t you?”

“You couldn’t look anything else,” I replied gallantly.

“It’s all an illusion.” She said. “I’m really the ugly duckling. I’ll be as quick as I can.”

She skipped away to her room and left me alone. I emptied my glass, turned to my room, and dressed quickly in a clean shirt and my best chinos. I guessed I’d be the worst dressed in the restaurant but no one would be looking at me when there was Alison there.

“You like?” Alison closed the door to her room.

She twirled round in front of me. Her short blue skirt flared around her thighs, giving me a glimpse of lavender-coloured panties and the tabs of her garter belt holding up stockings. She turned to me and smiled.

“If I’m not careful, the whole place will see that I’m wearing stockings just for you.”

“Thank you,” I mumbled, not quite knowing how to answer.

Hey, show more excitement.” She looked serious and wagged her finger at me like she was telling me off. “I spent a whole day at the salon getting ready for you yesterday.”

“I didn’t know I was coming here yesterday until late afternoon.”

“How was I to know?” She held out her hands showing me long beautifully shaped red nails. “I don’t usually have them this long but I thought you’d like them.”

“I think your hands are lovely,” I said lamely.

“I got my eyelashes done too.” She fluttered them at me. “I thought they’d be too much but I love the look.”

“I don’t know how you can do anything with those,” I laughed, holding onto her hand with the long nails.

“You’d be surprised how quickly you adapt to them,” she replied. “I can do my makeup, fasten my earrings, and even my bra. It’s a girl thing.”

“I don’t understand girl things,” I replied honestly, remembering the offer that I was supposed to be considering.

“That’s the trouble with being a boy,” she said. “You don’t understand what effort it takes to look good.”

“It can’t be all that hard.” Her face told me that I’d said the wrong thing.

“It’s not hard, but it takes time and effort. It’s fun but a girl has to be constantly aware of what’s changing,” she replied. “It may be a new hair colour, or a new dress style. I never want to be out of fashion.”

“You look perfect to me,” I replied.

“Practise makes perfect,” she said, reaching for my hand. “You’d never believe how long it took me to get this comfortable with myself.”

I didn’t have time to ask her to explain as I followed her out of the apartment.

It was a warm evening as we walked towards a restaurant nearby. I was conscious of her arm in mine, the occasional scent of her perfume, and the clicking of her high heels on the path as we walked.

She was clearly expected and, after an aperitif, we were shown to a table at the side of a small dance floor. A trio played soft jazz and a few couples smooched across the floor.

“Dance with me.” She stood and reached out her hand.

“I don’t know how...” I started to protest but she pulled me forwards, wrapped her arms around me, and started to sway slowly to the music.

I realised that she was a little taller than I as she guided me round, leading me into something looking like I could dance. Her hair brushed my cheeks and I could feel a hand playing gently with the end of my pony tail as we swayed. Two smooches ensued. You couldn’t really call it dancing and we were back at our table.

It was too much for my senses. Her perfume was delicious; lavender, vanilla and citrus with something else. I was intoxicated by her presence. This had never happened to me before. I couldn’t eat much, and chose a simple herb omelette from the menu. I watched her eat. A delicate lift of the fork, then a small portion was taken with perfect teeth.

I saw the lipstick marks on her glass. I knew I was tongue tied and staring but I couldn’t stop. She held my gaze, a smile slightly betraying her intention as she reached for her purse and made a show of renewing her lipstick, looking at me over her mirror as she did so.

It was artful and I was falling for it, helplessly, almost obliviously, as she stroked my hand. We sat idly chatting about nothing in particular. She subtly pointed out the other dancers. There were ones with the bad posture, the inelegant movements in unaccustomed heels, the bad makeup and even one lady with an ill-fitting wig.

It was a glimpse into a female world I never knew existed and which was outside my experience.

Now you may think that I was falling for her female charms; that I'd forgotten the purpose of this trip. You'd be partly right. She was way out of my class.

At the same time, I saw the things she was doing. These were the things that girls do and guys don't. The way her eyes and hands moved as she spoke and the way her body moved. Were these things that they expected me to learn if I took the job?

I wasn't sure that I wanted it though. The money and the benefits were way above my expectations. I knew that Arnold would move heaven and earth to make me take it if only to make a connection with Feldman and Babel. Where was I in all this?

We drank our wine and headed back to her suite. She turned to me in the elevator and I took a chance. I kissed her swiftly on the mouth. She looked at me and I thought I'd get slapped but she smiled and leaned in to kiss me back.

The doors opened and we almost stumbled into her place and shut the door. We kissed again and my hand went gently to her breast. Without breaking the kiss, she pulled it away and my instincts told me to be careful.

My instincts may have been saying one thing but my hormones were saying something else. I think she understood and broke free. She stood back.

"Let's not get too involved," she said. "I like you but I don't want you to start liking me and regret it afterwards."

"I don't understand..."

“Remember why you’ve been asked to come here. I don’t know all the details but I know it wasn’t to find a girlfriend.”

“They’ve said they want to offer me a job.” I didn’t meet her eye.

“I only know of one vacancy,” she replied, looking at me with more curiosity than before.

“Then I guess that must be it.” I wasn’t going to give it all away.

“I think you could be a pretty girl.” There it was out in the open. “It’s not a bad life surely?”

“How would I know?”

“You could try it.”

“What if I sign up and hate it all?”

“You’ll have had an experience. Besides, maybe you’d like it and decide to stay.”

She looked at me as if weighing up what to say next. I think I knew what it was before she said anything.

“I got the same deal.” She didn’t make eye contact as she walked towards me. “I’m leaving and there’s a vacancy. It’s a good life.”

“You mean...?”

“Yes, underneath all this I’m as much a boy as you are,” she said. “Maybe I have a little addition here and there but I’m still a boy underneath.”

“You mean...?” I mumbled again.

“Yes, I have breast implants. You noticed immediately when we met. Guys talk to the breasts and don’t think much further. I got tired of padding and glue. This has been much easier and it confuses people.”

“If it’s so good, why are you leaving?”

“I’ve made my fortune; eight years has been enough.” She laughed and tossed her hair. “I want to settle down away from the city.”

“Did you really make enough to give it all up here?”

“Yes, I saved and invested; mostly in property. I wanted a guaranteed income and I didn’t want any risks,” she replied, suddenly business-like. “A company manages it all for me, so I don’t have to do much other than a few meetings a year.”

“And you’re moving away.” I said. “Are you going back to being a boy?”

“You’re asking too many questions.” She smiled. “I’m not going to answer that one. There’s someone waiting for me to make a decision, and I think it’s time for me to go.”

“Is it a male someone?” I asked and then mentally kicked myself for being so forward.

“I’ve been asked that several times since I said I was leaving. I’m not going to answer that either. I’ve had sex with men and with women. I’ve enjoyed it all and that’s all I’ll say.”

She got up and retreated to her room. I felt as if I’d made an ass of myself, asking too many questions.

I wasn't feeling easy as I lay in my bed that night. I'd been insensitive. My behaviour after her admission had been crass and I hadn't had the sense to apologise.

I couldn't sleep and when I heard Alison moving around in the lounge, I wrapped my robe arounds me and tentatively opened my door. She saw me at once and smiled as if she hadn't noticed my behaviour.

"Share a night cap with me?" she asked.

I stepped out. "I'm sorry; I shouldn't have been so insensitive."

"That's okay; I guess it must have been a shock to find the girl you'd been ogling all day was really a boy."

"I bet you don't think of yourself as a boy." I smiled back, relieved that the atmosphere between us was so easy. "

"That's almost true," she replied. "I don't think I want to look like a boy again, besides, where could I hide these?"

She loosened her robe and let me see her breasts. They weren't huge; from my limited experience of these things, they looked perfect.

"Maybe you could hide them under a loose sweat-shirt?"

"And bind my chest? No thank you. I'm quite happy to stay female," she said, stepping close to me.

“I don’t think my partner would like me to do otherwise.”

She took my hand and placed it on her breast. I could feel the weight and the suppleness there. Her nipple was firm in my hand. As I was marvelling in this touch, I felt her hand stroking my penis which grew instantly.

With a mischievous look in her eye, she allowed her robe to slip to the floor. That was my first glimpse of her penis standing firm and strong. She took it in her hand, then took mine as well so that our penis were touching, rubbing together.

That touch was like an electric shock. I should have been thinking that I shouldn’t be doing this. I couldn’t. All my thoughts were in that touch and those feelings.

“You’ve never done anything like this before,” she said, softly stating the obvious. “And you don’t know what to do next.”

She kissed me quickly and then giggled at my incomprehension. She was right though; I didn’t know what to do next but my penis was swelling and I pulled away to avoid an accident.

“Poor boy; I’m confusing you.” She put her finger with a mesmerising long red nail to her bottom lip and her dark eyes looked at me from under long dark lashes.

“Promise not to scream and I’ll show you what you never knew you’ve been missing.”

She took my hand and led me to her room.

“There are a lot of things you don’t know, but I’m not going to explain,” she said. “Trust me and I’ll show you how good I feel about being me.”

She kissed me and I kissed her. She put my hands on her breasts and hers over them as she had me explore and feel all over and around them.

“You can’t feel a join, can you?” She looked me in the eye as if daring me to disagree.

“I’d never know they weren’t real.”

“Oh but they are real; you can feel them and I enjoy your touch.”

“I didn’t mean...’

“I paid for the best and I’m really pleased you like them,” she replied. “No one’s complained.”

I think she felt me pull back a little.

“Don’t get precious now,” she said. “I told you that I’ve had sex with boys and girls. One or two might have been mistakes but I’ve learned how not to get involved in wrong relationships. Most times I’ve enjoyed it, I’ve *really* enjoyed it.”

“You make it sound so natural.”

“Of course; there’s nothing wrong as long as you’re not doing harm.” She started to stroke my penis gently. “I think I should show you how to use this.”

She knelt and took it in her mouth. Her tongue rasped gently over the tip and then she looked up at

me. He head went down and my length was sucked into her mouth.

“Be careful,” I gasped. “I might not be in control.”

She slapped my penis hard. It deflated.

“We’ve proved it can grow. I’ve no doubt that it will again.”

It got messy after that.

We were naked on her big bed, legs entwined and our penises touching and being rubbed together. I couldn’t believe how big hers was.

“I sucked yours,” she said. “Now you have to return the favour.”

I looked askance.

“I promise you’ll get your reward later, but it’s one of the things that girls like us have to do.”

“I’m not a girl like you,” I said.

“No but you’re going to be. I can see in your eyes and feel it in the way you touch me. You’re already thinking things that were unthinkable yesterday.”

I didn’t reply as her hands were guiding my head ever so gently downwards. I didn’t resist and when my lips touched the tip of her penis, I almost reacted strongly against it.

I opened my lips and let the head slide over my tongue. She didn’t push or force it in. I let my tongue

feel it; the texture and then the slight saltiness of the taste. I leaned back a little, then forward again, taking a bit more of the length. I could feel the gorge rising at the back of my throat and coughed.

“Don’t worry, baby,” she said, stroking my hair and folding it back out of the way. “It takes time to work out how much you can swallow.”

I tried again, taking more this time. I arched my back and did my best to suppress the reaction, only to withdraw and cough again. I thought I could do more. Now that I was doing it, things weren’t as horrible as I’d expected. I wanted to please her.

I tried again. This time her hands came behind my head, gently pulling me forwards and her penis deeper. She paused just as I could feel a reaction. We held still and it passed. She pushed again and I took a little more, feeling the tip hit the back of my throat.

I angled my head to make it more comfortable and as I did so, I could feel her stiffening, swelling, and I knew what was to come. Before I had time to react and withdraw, it was too late.

I could feel her spurting into the back of my throat. I swallowed a little and felt the rest dribbling down my chin and onto my chest.

Ugh, what a mess!

I was surprised that this didn’t faze Alison at all; not for a moment. She wiped me quickly with a towel that she produced from somewhere. Before I knew it,

I was kneeling between her legs. She hoisted her legs over my shoulders and pulled me forwards.

As I was kneeling there, wondering what to do next, she pulled a plastic bottle from under a pillow and squeezed something onto her hand. She rubbed it over my penis.

She reached down and pulled something long and tapered from under her behind.

“I’m as lubricated as a girl can be,” she said, pulling me forwards at the same time as she hitched herself towards me.

“You have to push,” she said. “You’ll feel where; let instincts take over.”

“I’m, not sure I know...” I started to speak but then my penis slipped forwards into her and she gasped and smiled.

“That’s where the instinct should take you; now push and push. Make me feel every inch.”

I could feel that there was some resistance there as I pushed, so I tried harder. In and out I moved, feeling myself reaching further inside her with every thrust.

I think something animal in me took over then. I pushed in and pulled out over and over again, moving a fraction deeper and then deeper. It got easier and I the feeling was getting better too. I liked this. My thought strayed to what Alison was feeling. Her moans told me that it wasn’t bad.

Then we were moaning and panting together. I could feel the sack of my balls against her cheeks. I knew I couldn’t go deeper. Now my mind could be free. I’d been conscious of not wanting a climax to

come too soon. Now I was past that thought. I wanted it all.

Then it came in a spasm; a jerking; a squeezing of every last drop that I could squeeze deep inside her I held still but I could feel that my penis was weakening, slipping slowly out and shrinking after the joy.

In the afterglow, we wrapped around each other. I think we slept a little, with Alison spooned against me. I woke to a sticky mess. I guessed that it was my fault. I was seeping out of her rear.

“Wait until you learn how good that feels for a girl like me,” Alison said as she skipped towards the shower.

I awoke in my own bed. I’d no recollection how I’d got there.

“You’d better shower quickly.” Alison put her head round the door. “You’re due to see Mr. Feldman at eleven thirty.”

“What am I supposed to tell him?”

“I can’t make a decision for you. Besides, I’m not supposed to know why you’re here.”

“As if...’ I pulled a face as I looked at her.

“Okay, I do know that they want someone to replace me. I’ve no idea why or what they’re going to want you to do. All I was asked to do was to be nice to you.”

“I think you succeeded,” I replied, standing before going to the bathroom.

Half an hour later, I was ready to face the interview. It's not that I wasn't nervous; I was. I think I'd decided to let matters take their course and to decide at the moment that a decision had to be made. It was pure prevarication, but it seemed better that making a decision before I had to.

Alison spoke to the receptionist who looked at me curiously. I wondered if everyone was in on the secret of why I was here. She showed us into a starkly modern office with a view over a small garden area.

Alison kept up a stream of chatter but I wasn't paying attention. I was too nervous now that the moment had arrived. I knew that the next hour or so would change the course of my life and I had no idea which way to turn.

I would like the money and the comfortable life which would follow. I knew that. But then there were the downsides. I'd have to change everything about myself and live in another role. It would be hard to get used to.

Another thought; if I did get used to it, would that be so bad? It wasn't as if I was being forced. But again, maybe I was being bribed. But was I being bribed, or was I being offered free choice? Take the money and do whatever, or refuse and go back to an uncertain life and possible penury.

Then Mr. Feldman came in; a tall and muscular man who looked to be in his forties. We stood and he shook hands formally before Alison introduced me.

"I'll wait for you outside," she said, closing the door behind her.

"She's been a wonderful girl here," Mr. Feldman said. "I'm sorry she's leaving us, but I understand she has her reasons."

"I don't know." I coughed to cover the nervousness in my voice.

"I don't blame her for wanting a more settled life. She's said that there's someone special out there waiting and wanting to be with her.

Someone who wants to share the future and the rest. She's probably made a wise decision." Mr. Feldman stared at me.

"I'm sure she's thought it through," I replied.

"And what have you thought, Leslie?" He looked at me. "You know the outline of the offer, and I'm sure that Alison will have told you a little about working here."

"I'm attracted to the offer," I started.

"It's a one-off offer, and we need a decision quickly." He looked at me intently. "There are no secrets here. Everyone will know in the office but we don't want a blow up of publicity following us, or you for that matter."

"It's a big step and I only learned about it yesterday."

“It’s a big package,” he replied. “You’ll not get a better offer in your lifetime. You could think of it as adventure; a trip to a country where people do everything differently.”

I looked out of the window for a moment. He saw that I was havoring on the cusp of something momentous and didn’t interrupt. Then I saw the sun break through the clouds and I knew what my decision was to be.

“I’ll take the job,” I said.

I took the job, but I’d no real concept of what to do, so I asked.

“We want you to become your own person,” Mr. Feldman said. “We want you to become your own girl; your own woman. We hope you’ll find her soul and her style. The choices are yours as long as they’re female.”

“You’ve no one to guide me?” I asked.

“The decisions are all yours.” He smiled and stood to indicate that the conversation was over. “You can move into the apartment this evening. Alison will be moving out as we speak. She told me that she’d be leaving a lot of stuff there for you to pick through.”

“So what do I do?”

“You do whatever you need to do.” He paused at the door. “We expect to meet the female Lesley in the office next week. Your first assignment is as the receptionist.”

“That means everyone will see me.”

“I know.” He looked back at me. “It’s up to you how you look and how you act.”

As soon as he closed the door behind him, I searched my purse – yes, Alison had introduced me to the need to carry a purse – and called Arnold.

“That’s great; you got the job.” I could almost hear him counting his commission over the mobile. “I can’t wait to meet the new you.”

“Stop leering down the phone,” I replied. “How on earth do I do this?”

“Come by the office tomorrow about eleven,” he replied. “I’ll think of something.”

As I entered the office I couldn’t help thinking of how strange things had become. I was pretty nondescript in my chinos and khaki shirt. My hair hung down in a low pony over the collar of my leather jacket. My trainers had seen better days.

Next time when I went into an office, that of Feldman and Babel, they expected to see someone different; a feminine someone, or something closer to it. I had no idea how to pull it off.

I thought of calling them and saying I couldn’t do it, but then I thought of the money, the car, the apartment; I couldn’t give that up without trying.

“Have a seat, there’s someone I’d like you to meet.” Arnold waved me to a chair in his office. “They should be here, but with all the traffic out there...”



He left me sitting there as he busily scuttled out of the office, the words hanging in his wake.

“Arnold sent me with this coffee for you.” A dark-haired girl I’d never seen before came in with a tray.

“Wow, and a biscuit,” I exclaimed. “I must have gone up in status here.”

“I guess you must be special.” She lingered at the door, then walked back towards me.

She was tall and slim, with hair loose over her shoulders. She wore a dark skirt showing shapely legs, and a white blouse. Her shoes were black with low heels. Her makeup was perfect. I remember thinking that it was a bit too glamorous for the office.

“I’ve never seen you here before,” I said as she hesitated by the desk.

“I only started today.” She stepped towards me and smiled, showing perfectly white and even teeth. “I don’t know anyone. I’m Arabella, by the way, but everyone calls me Bella.”

Just then, Arnold returned and Bella left. “She’s a nice girl,” he said as she closed the door.

“It’s a pity I’m not going to be around,” I replied. “Although I think she’s a bit out of my class.”

Arnold sat down and paused as if thinking deeply, but I knew he didn’t do that too often. His eyes gave the game away; he had some scheme up his sleeve.

“I think you need some help.” He smiled in that oleaginous way that an undertaker greets a bonus corpse.

“Bella,” he shouted and a second or two later she appeared as if she’d been waiting for that call. “Tell him.”

“Do I have to?” She smiled and turned to me. “I was so enjoying the way he looked at me.”

Bella’s voice dropped an octave and despite the evidence of my eyes, I guessed why.

“You’re not a girl, are you?” I stuttered.

“I’m the girl Arnold hired to teach you that you can be a girl.” She paused, holding my gaze. “You can be a girl like me.”

“You don’t feel embarrassed being out in public?” I asked as Bella and I walked out of the office.

“Why should I feel embarrassed?” Bella looked at me. “Don’t I look good enough?”

“Of course, but I mean someone might think...” I paused. “I’m being silly, aren’t I?”

“Yes, but you’re forgiven.” She leaned in and kissed my cheek lightly.

“I don’t know how I’m going to do it. I’m scared; what will people think?”

“*You* didn’t think anything,” she replied, holding my arm like she was my girlfriend. “You would have leered if you were less polite.”

“Yes, I probably would.” I realised the absurdity of it all. “You look perfect.”

“I have to; it’s my job,” she replied. “I’m a makeup and special effects consultant. I don’t always look like this though. Sometimes I’m an old man, a businessman, or an older lady. Sometimes I’m a witch. I have to dress the part.”

“I would never have guessed.”

“You’re not meant to.” She smiled, showing perfect teeth. “I never imagined being a girl but I think I enjoy being Bella more than anyone else though.”

“Is that for real or because you know what I have to do?”

“It’s for real, I promise.” She smiled that smile again. “You seem to be a gentle soul and I think you’re going to enjoy exploring the possibilities.”

“The possibilities? What does that mean?”

“I think it means that the chance to experience life as a girl will open up a whole new world for you,” Bella replied as she steered me towards an entry. “This is my studio. Let me show you what I can do.”

“You know about me?” I asked.

“Yes, Arnold told me and asked me to help you.”

“It’s a stupid amount they’re paying me.”

“He said that too.”

“But I have to be female all the time.”

“So where’s the problem?” she asked. “I’m female most of the time.”

“But I’m not gay,” I said.

“Neither am I really. I like the sex though, whichever way it comes. I have to work hard with the women. They think I’m something special.” Bella laughed. “I date men too. The men think it’s amazing that I’m so feminine. They do all the work; seducing me. If I didn’t like them, I’d not let them come anywhere near.”

“This is getting complicated.”

“No it isn’t,” Bella replied. “Don’t overthink it. I can make you look good; it’s your job to feel and act the part.”

“I get it.” I suddenly saw it clearly. “If they see someone who looks like a girl as well as acting like one...’

“It’s the duck test and you pass,” Bella laughed.

“This isn’t going to be easy for you, so get that into your mind.” Bella sounded really strict. “You’ve got to be real and be convincing.”

“But I’m not a girl,” I protested. “I never wanted to be.”

“But you have a contract to be a girl.” She stared me into silence. “You can either embrace it or enjoy it, or you’re going to have an awful time.”

“I guess you’re right, but how do I enjoy it.”

“The first thing to understand is that being a girl is good,” Bella said. “Get it through your head that you’re really a girl. It’s what you are; it’s what you’re going to be.”

“And if I do that?”

“Then remember that the guys make all the running.” Bella’s finger wagged in my face. “They want you. They want to impress you and they want to get you into bed with them.”

“Is that all there is to it?”

“What more could there be?” Bella laughed. “If you smell nice, look nice, and above all, act nice, you can’t lose.”

“You make it all sound so simple and easy.”

“That’s the way it is. You don’t have to do the work; lie back and think of your pleasure. Guys can be so simple most of the time.”

“Okay, I get it. I’m stuck with the contract. I’m going to make more money than I could any other way, but I’m not gay.”

“You don’t have to be.” Bella shook her head. “Sex is sex, no matter that there are different ways of enjoying it. You can be as aggressive or as passive as you wish.”

“What about girls?”

“Some will hate you and think you’re a freak,” Bella replied. “I can’t disguise that. Others will be fascinated and they’ll want to find out what makes you do the things you do.”

“You’ll have to explain that one.”

“Look at me.” Bella stood back. “Don’t you think I have a good figure?”

“Yes you do,” I replied. “You told me off for staring at your...’

“I did and I’m happy to make you stare,” she replied. “I have small breasts; they’re implants of course. It fascinated some girls. They want to look, to touch, and that leads them to want more.”

“You mean girls will have sex with you?”

“Of course.” Bella laughed again. “They know I’m a guy underneath all this. Sure I wear the makeup, the jewellery, the dress and the heels, but they like the fact that they can still make me want them too.”

“I thought you said the guys do all the work.”

“I did and I meant it, but these aren’t guys and neither am I in this relationship.”

“I think I’ve a lot to learn.”

“You do, and I think we’d better start your education now.”

“You’ve had this all arranged,” I said as Bella opened the door of a salon and ushered me in.

“I don’t waste time,” she replied. “You’ll thank me for it eventually.”

“Why am I here?”

“This is your first appointment,” she replied as an assistant in pale blue scrubs waited by her side with a clipboard. “They’re going to wax you to get rid of all that unsightly body hair.”

“I don’t have any.”

“Of course you do.”

“Well not much,” I replied, feeling apprehensive again. “I only have to shave once a month or so.”

“I guess you’re lucky that way.” The assistant took me by the arm and propelled me into a side room. “It won’t take as long.”

“What do I do?” I looked round and saw a bench in the centre of the room with a side installation holding a few things that I didn’t recognise.

“You get naked and lie there while I do the rest.” She must have seen my look of shock. “This isn’t the time for modesty. I’ve seen it all before, from footballers to wrestlers, so just do it.”

I did and I lay there as compliantly and quietly as I could. I’m not going to describe it all, but suffice to say that she was thorough. There couldn’t have been a hair anywhere when she’d finished.

“You’ll feel a difference when you put your clothes on again,” she said as she left me to dress.

She was right. Although I didn’t think I had any body hair, now that I was smooth, the sensation of clothes slipping over my skin was a new one.

And the itch in my rear cheeks where she’d insisted on opening to get every last hair was really irritated. Still, overall I liked the feeling of being so smooth all over.

I knew that it was going to be added to my beauty routine.

“What do I have to do next?”

“You have to believe in yourself,” Bella replied. “You have to be the person you see in the mirror and that person is going to be female.”

“I’ve no idea...’

“You’ve no choice,” Bella replied. “It’s time to get dressed. Get into that bedroom and strip and pass all your clothes out of the door to me.”

“What do I wear?”

“There’s a full change of clothes in there. You can come out when you’re wearing them,” Bella said. “I’m not going to come in and dress you. You’ve seen the magazines, you’ve seen the pictures, and probably the movies, so you know what goes where. Get in there.”

She was so strict, I didn’t hesitate, well, apart from a look back, but I knew that there was no turning back.

I stripped and hiding behind the door, passed out all my clothes.

“And the shoes,” Bella reminded me and I handed them out too.

Standing naked in a strange bedroom concentrates the mind. I hesitated and looked at the clothes laid out on the bed. Of course I recognised them. I touched them and even recognised the labels. I’d no choices left.

I struggled with the bra. I fastened it at the front and pulled it round to where it should be, then put my arms through, settling the straps on my shoulders. I didn't know how far to adjust them, but made a guess. I'd nothing to put in the cups anyway.

Panties and garter belt came next. I wondered why she hadn't made it simple and given me tights, but I guess that would have been too easy. I knew enough to put the garter tabs under my panties; I guessed she wouldn't expect me to know that.

The stockings were a real challenge. I hadn't thought through how a girl wore stockings, although there'd been plenty in the pictures. I knew to roll them up and treat them carefully. That part wasn't too bad, but then I had to fasten them to the garter tabs. That wasn't so easy and I had several tries to get to the point where it felt almost right.

The dress was a dark blue shift. I stepped into it and put my arms through, settled it over my shoulders and reached round to the back zipper. As I pulled it up, the dress tightened against me, holding me tightly and following every curve of my body.

I was so thankful to be skinny at that point.

It clung to my hips with a slight stretch in the fabric. It clung tightly across my waist but had some surplus where a woman's breasts would swell out the front.

It looked wrong and I knew it, but there was no alternative. I'd done what I'd been told and passed out all my male clothes before I started to dress.

Finally there were shoes. With a sigh, I opened the box. There was a pair of dark blue leather heels, with what I now think of as a modest heel. They were plain

court shoes with an enclosed toe. Then I thought them impossible to wear and walk in. Now I think of them as having a modest height.

Taking uncertain small steps, I looked in the mirror, took the scrunchie from my hair, and ran my fingers through it so that it fell over my shoulders.

I walked to the door and reached for the handle.

“Hey, look at you!’ Bella whistled as she saw me tottering uncertainly towards her.

“I’m not going to get many wolf whistles,” I said as I walked towards her.

“Maybe not today, but by the time we’ve finished, you should be turning heads.”

“If only because I look so obviously wrong.” I felt awful as I caught another glimpse of myself and struggled to hold my balance.

“Remember how much they’re paying you,” Bella said. “You’re going to be on display. You’re going to be an object of curiosity, so get over the embarrassment.”

“I look a mess,” I said.

“You do,” she agreed. “But with a bit of practise you’ll be able to walk in higher heels. With some figure enhancement, you’ll have the right shape.”

“I’ll still look like a freak.”

“It’s up to you to make sure you don’t look like a freak,” she snapped back. “There’s a lot to learn and you only have a few days before your debut in the office.”

“Hey, I dressed myself.”

“Well done but what about your makeup, your hair, not to mention your complete lack of any femininity?”

“I’m really scared.” I slumped into a chair, grateful to be off those heels.

“Sit up properly.” Bella looked at me severely. “A lady doesn’t flop like that. She sits elegantly and makes sure her skirt is straight and her legs aren’t showing her panties and stocking tops.”

I could feel myself colouring up as I realised what she meant. She could see everything up my skirt.

“Now let’s do something with this.” Bella pulled at the spare material over my chest. “You need something there.”

“Won’t that distract the boys?” I asked.

“Don’t be silly; it’s something you need to get right. Sit up straight and keep still.”

She loosened the zip on my dress; quite how she did it I don’t know, but she produced two silicone shapes which went into the cups of the bra I was wearing. With the zipper pulled up again, the dress was tight across my chest. I looked down. I had a new shape.

This was a whole new experience.

“That’s just for today,” she announced. “Tomorrow you get them glued in place.”

“Makeup is essential for you,” she reminded me. “It’s in the contract that you have appropriate makeup, hair and jewellery every day.”

“I don’t know anything about makeup,” I said. “I learned a bit in theatre studies, but that was more about the stock a theatre should maintain if the actors were missing anything.”

“You mean you didn’t try it?”

“No I never tried, although I was a model for some of the other students,” I replied. “I don’t think they made me look good.”

“Now it’s time for you to learn to *make* yourself look good,” she said.

“I know; I don’t think Arnold understood what all this would mean to me.”

“He was thinking of his commission.”

“And I was thinking of how much they were going to pay me,” I sighed. “A fine mess I’ve gotten into.”

I sat silently for a few moments as Bella left me alone. I stood and approached the mirror on the way. I studied my reflection. I turned left and right, then looked over my shoulder at the figure in the mirror.

Standing still, the reflection showed that I had the figure of a woman; a slim waist and a pleasing upper shape. I didn’t have much of a curve in my hips, but

that couldn't be helped. If I didn't have to walk, I could look okay from the neck down.

My hair was long and looked good over my shoulders and down my back. The colour wasn't its best feature. I knew I was required to have a girl's hairstyle. I looked at myself again and imagined what I'd look like with chestnut hair. I thought again and imagined blonde hair.

"That would make a statement," I thought. "It might get me into the right frame of mind too."

"Do you think I'd look good as a blonde?" I asked Bella when she came back into the room.

"That's brave." She smiled. "I think you should try it. If it doesn't work, the hairdresser can always change the colour."

"I hadn't thought of it being so easy; I must be stupid."

"You're forgetting that in a girl's world there are lots of possibilities," Bella replied. "I'll call the salon and tell them."

"What salon?" I was suddenly afraid again.

"The one you're going to tomorrow. It's a full day. You're booked in for hair, nails, lashes, eyebrows, and lips."

"That's a lot." I tried to take it in. "You said lips; what's that about?"

"Your lips are very thin. You're going to get them plumped a little."

"Hey, that's too much; I don't want fish lips."

“You won’t be getting anything like that, just a Russian pout.”

“You’ll have to explain.”

“It’s enhancing the middle of your lips. It’s subtle and it’s not going to give you a big top lip like a porn star. You’ll like it, I promise.”

“What about when I go back to being a boy again?”

“Worry about that if it happens.”

With that I stopped thinking about what was planned tomorrow. My mind switched to the longer consequences of the path on which I was starting. Was my future going to be forever female?

I couldn’t answer but a chill rippled through me. It was like going to another country and maybe there was no way back.

I hadn’t thought of that before.

I was so tired that evening. I couldn’t even eat anything and excused myself to go to bed, leaving Bella working her laptop. It was another experience, taking off my dress and then my bra, garter belt, and stockings.

As I was getting into bed, I found a babydoll under the pillow. It was so thin and light. The material was deep lavender trimmed in dark blue with some frilly panties to match. I put them on and in no time at all, I was asleep.

I don't know what time it was when I woke. A hand was massaging my penis into life and I think I heard myself purring with pleasure before I grasped what was happening. Bella was straddling me but then just as I thought she was going to slip my penis inside her, she moved up the bed.

Her knees were over my shoulders, pinning my arms. I could smell her sex as she lowered it to my mouth. Her penis slapped against my lips.

"You know what to do," she said. "Open wide; I don't want to feel any teeth."

She lowered herself so that she covered my mouth. My tongue had nowhere to go but it seemed to want to lick and suck; to swirl underneath and feel the veins. She eased up, moving up and down, making it obvious that she wanted me to suck again.

I could feel it starting and I knew what was going to happen. I had a moment of panic and then it was too late. A tremor and then another, spurt after spurt slipped into my mouth, down my throat, and over my chin.

She stayed there for what seemed to be a long time before slipping her leg over.

"You've learned something tonight, I think." She stood at the side of the bed looking down at me. "For a girl like me, sex isn't all about where you can stick your penis."

With that, she turned and left me alone and frustrated.



Next morning, it was as if none of that had happened. I was up quite early and dressed as the day before.

“I’m going to leave you in the salon,” she announced. “They know all about you and they know what to do, so be co-operative and I should be back with your new breasts before they’re finished.”

“What do you mean about my new breasts?” I asked.

“Those silicone forms aren’t great,” she replied. “Now that I’ve seen the size you need, I’m going to get some proper prosthetics. They’re anatomically correct and, best of all, they can be glued in place so that they don’t slip.”

“Glued? I don’t understand.”

“They’re the best, until you get implants,” she replied. “They breathe with your skin and the glue lasts for ages until you use a solvent. You’ll soon get used to them. You’ll even be able to wear something really low cut because the join will be invisible.”

“I’m going to be a prisoner in them.”

“No, you’re going to be a girl in them,” Bella said softly. “Believe me; you’ll really appreciate the way they move with you.”

“But I’m not sure...” I started.

“I’m sure and you need to be moving.” Bella shut me up with her look. “You’ve a busy day and you can’t be late.”

I was terrified as she walked me through the building, down to the ground floor, and out into the street. The salon was on the corner of the block but the walk seemed to take ages. I kept my head down, looking neither left nor right. The click of my heels on the pavement sounded so loud.

Once inside, I seemed to be on auto-pilot. I wasn't taking anything in and didn't respond to the welcoming chatter. I slipped my arms into a cape and leaned back into a hair wash basin. I took a deep breath to calm my nerves and forced myself to relax.

I tried to remain calm as the stylists worked. I went from basin to chair and back again. My hair was examined minutely, snipped carefully, and pasted with something blue and strongly scented. I lost track of it all.

Then with a towel wrap, I was taken back to the chair and the drying started. Almost in seconds my hair went from dull-coloured and wet to something shiny and special as the drying continued. I touched it and it felt so soft. The hair shone like never before. It finally resolved as a light mink shade of blonde and I loved it instantly.

I loved it but I knew it wasn't a colour that a boy could get away with.

What a day! I wasn't left alone for more than a moment. I got endless cups of coffee as the various beauticians came and went. I didn't know half the procedures existed before I was subjected to them all.

Taking off my stockings to have my toenails painted was quite humbling. I fumbled and I think they all enjoyed my discomfort. I'm so pleased that they did my toes before my fingers or the experience could have been far worse. Then the manicurist started on my fingers.

"Your nails have to be longer," I was told when I suggested that I'd not be able to use my hands with them. "It's not only about using your hands; it's about having them look pretty and making people notice them."

"But I still have to use them."

"Don't worry, you'll soon be used to them and we know you have to be able to use a keyboard. In a few days, it's going to be second nature."

"But the colour's so bright," I protested again.

"What's wrong with siren red?" the girl finishing them off with a super shiny gloss asked. "If you've got it, flaunt it."

I had to laugh at that one; the oldest cliché in the book.

If that was new to me, I knew that girls got their nails done. I didn't know about the eyelashes. For this treatment, I lay back on a sort of bench with the beautician looking over my head. Individual lashes were glued into place over mine.

"These aren't going to come off?" I asked.

"You don't have to worry; they'll never come unstuck." She laughed. "You'll never end up with one eyelash on your eye and the other in your boyfriend's groin."

“You mean I can’t take them off?”

“As long as you look after them, they’ll stay on day and night,” she told me. “You’ll have to get them refreshed regularly.”

“How often is regularly?” I asked.

“You’ll have a salon pass for weekly treatments here, so every week would be good. That way you’ll always look at your prettiest. The same goes for your eyebrows.”

I couldn’t believe that there could be more that they’d want to do to me.

“My eyebrows; why on earth do they matter?”

“They need to be shaped and tamed of course,” she replied. “Nicely shaped brows complement your lashes and define the shape of your face.”

“I never knew.”

“Like most guys, you can register a pretty face, but you never think of the effort that’s gone into making that girl look so attractive.”

“I guess not,” I mumbled.

“You’ll have to learn,” she said. “Or maybe you *won’t* need to learn. You’ll be coming here so when the fashionable shape changes, you’ll change with the fashion.”

I think it was then that the full implications of everything really hit me. I couldn’t hide my hair or my eyelashes and now my eyebrows. I couldn’t pretend to be a boy again, at least not in public as I had been used to every single day of my life.

Everything was changing and changing fast. If I didn't know how to be a girl, I would have to learn quickly. Okay, they'd know about me in the office, but I couldn't hide in the office or in my apartment for ever.

I didn't want to stay there forever either. It was no use earning so much if I couldn't spend it somewhere.

"This is where you're going to have to be a brave girl." A lady in a white smock came to sit beside me.

"That sounds ominous," I said.

"It's nothing to worry about, but it may be a little uncomfortable for a while." She took my hand. "I'm going to pierce your ears first. I promise that it won't hurt at all when I do it, but it may be uncomfortable for a while afterwards as the holes heal."

"You said first," I prompted her.

"After that, I'm going to do your lips," she said. "Don't worry, I have explicit instructions only to use a small amount of filler, but you're going to feel it."

"Is it awfully painful?"

"No, I'll use a cream to numb the area, but your lips are going to feel a bit swollen and maybe numb for a day or so afterwards. I don't know how quickly you heal, but it won't be long."

"I'm scared," I admitted.

“Don’t be scared.” She squeezed my hand. “I know what I’m doing and no one’s died yet.”

“Let’s do the ears first,” she said, bending and pushing my hair back out of the way. “I need to make sure they’re even.”

“I’d hate to have uneven ears,” I tried to make a joke. “My head would look lopsided.”

“Keep still, I need to mark this carefully.” She dabbed my ear lobe with a soft marker. “Now you might feel a pinch when I use the piercing gun, but it won’t hurt.”

I closed my eyes and then I did feel a pinch; several pinches as she reloaded the gun, and quickly pierced the left and then the right ear.

“You can open your eyes look now.” She held a mirror out for me to take.

“I didn’t realise you were going to do so many,” I said, looking at the row of studs in my earlobes.

“Most girls have more than one, so I thought you’d like a few at once.” She smiled and turned to her work trolley.

“This is where you might feel something,” she said. “I’m going to use some antiseptic on your lips, then some numbing cream. You have to hold still to let the cream take effect; it’s only going to be a few seconds. I’ll test that it’s worked and then the filler injections are going to follow. I have to do it carefully.”

“Please be careful; this scares me,” I said in a small voice as she wiped the antiseptic and then the cream over my lips

“You’re only having a small enhancement; just enough to give you a pretty pout and make your lips look kissable.”

I wanted to say that I didn’t like the idea of kissable lips but before the words could come, she had my top lip in a clamp and I could feel the first injection going in. I didn’t try to say anything as she moved along and repeated the process. I counted four and then four more in my lower lip.

“There, I think you were a brave little girl there.” She beamed at me. “The lips may feel a little swollen and sore, but it’s going to pass quickly.”

I was exhausted from all the things that had been done to me. I sat and thought if this was what it takes to be a girl, I wonder how many of them survive to weekends. Then I thought again; most of them start out as girls anyway.

“I’ve got your new breast prosthetics,” Bella announced just when I thought everything possible had already been done.

“I don’t think I could manage anything more today,” I replied weakly. “I’m so tired.”

“This won’t take long.” Bella unrolled a package. “They’ve been made to fit. They used a computer printed copy of your body shape so it has to be perfect.”

“They don’t look real,” I objected as she unrolled the package. “The colour’s totally wrong.”

“They’re going to blend with your skin colour. Once it’s on, you’ll never notice that your breasts didn’t grow naturally.”

“You’re kidding.” I thought hard. “Girls grow them naturally but you’re expecting me to go from nothing to... to...”

“I’m expecting you to have a really nice figure in a few minutes’ time.”

“That’s a lot to get my head round.” I slumped down, thinking yet not thinking as confusion flipped through and through my brain.

“Stand up, there’s a template I have to use.”

I did as I was told and stood there, raising my arms as she marked my chest with an eye pencil.

“Now help me here,” she said. “I have to remove this film from the back and then place them carefully.”

“It’s cold,” I protested as she touched the first one to my chest.

“Never mind, it won’t be for long. It’s going to warm with your body.”

She took my hand and put it on the front of the prosthetic. I could feel the curve under my hand; the swell of my new right breast. She repeated this with the left side.

“It feels loose,” I said. “I thought it was going to fit like a glove.”

“It will; I have to activate it first.”

She returned to the packaging, opened a contained and began to brush a liquid from it over the prosthetic where it joined my skin.

“Is something supposed to happen?” I asked.

“I think it’s happening now.”

She smiled and watched. The weight in my hands altered as the breast tightened to my chest. I dropped my hands as warmth suffused the prosthetic as it moulded gently against me.

“I think you’re done; no one’s going to guess that breast isn’t really female.”

“Maybe I am from waist to neck,” I snorted in something of a panic. “How do they come off?”

“They don’t.” Bella touched a breast. “You need a special solvent and that glue should last for months.”

“That’s awful, take them off.”

“I couldn’t even if I wanted to.” She cupped both my new breasts. “Look, the colour’s changing and I do believe it’s warming up to body temperature.

“I can feel the weight.” I must have looked puzzled. “I can feel the weight of the breasts; I can feel them move.”

“They’re meant to look and feel natural. Welcome to womanhood.”

I sat and looked down at my naked chest. I touched my breasts, gingerly at first, and then I cupped them and looked down. I had nipples too. I could feel my hands as if these breasts were really part of me.

They were; there was really no escape.

I dressed in a daze; bra and blouse. I looked down and didn't see anything different from the breast form shape which I'd been wearing before. The feeling was different though.

This is awful," I said after a few moments. "I'm not sure I can get away with this."

I went to look in the mirror. My figure was ignored as I saw my face and my hair. It was still mine, but altered towards a feminine version of me.

"How do I get away with this?" I wailed in despair. "I'm expected to wear makeup. I'm going to look like a clown... with breasts."

"You'll be able to learn makeup skills."

"How long have I got and who's going to teach me?"

"Most girls learn this from their mothers starting at five years old." The beautician must have been reading my thoughts before she said that. "I'm going to make you look ravishing and with a bit of attention, some of it will linger in your mind."

"Makeup is a closed book to me," I admitted. "I was in the theatre, but I was a stage manager and then a touring stage manager. Problems in the cast or the theatre I can fix, but I never learned about stagecraft."

"You'll have to learn, and learn fast."

“There’s so much.” I think I must have looked a little despondent by then; in truth, I was tired.

“It’s not so bad.” She smiled at me, showing even white teeth in a perfect smile. “It’s really relaxing and can be fun if you like experimenting with your look.”

“I guess I’m going to have to,” I said, waving a hand over myself. “I can’t hide behind these eyelashes forever.”

“With those lashes—they’re beautiful by the way—you’re going to need makeup all the time or you’d look undercooked.”

“I guess so,” I replied, looking intently at face which was much changed from the face I remembered that morning.

“I’ll show you a simple makeup. I’ll tell you how to do it and give you the products you’ll need. I’ve heard that you’re expected to be in the office in a day or so, that gives you some time to get used to being the new you.”

“You’ll be here to help me?” I asked.

“I’m afraid you’re on your own from here on. That’s one of the quirks of your position. You have to be yourself; the new you.”

“Am I really a new me?” I laughed at the thought of it. “New beginnings; I think I can only move up in the world.”

Then the day arrived and I had to report for work in the offices of Feldman and Babel.

I brushed my hair out with a scrunchie loosely holding it back and really tried hard with my makeup. I knew that it wasn't quite right but it was the best I could do. I should have cleaned it all off and started again but I didn't want to be late, not on my first day.

I dressed carefully in a pink blouse with a high neck under a black business suit. I kept the buttons fastened to hide my breasts – as if I could. I don't think it was the heels which made my legs tremble as I walked into the office for that first time.

"I'm so pleased to see you." My first morning and I had an opening interview with Mr. Feldman. "You look almost believable."

"That's not a great thing to say." I was too nervous to be careful in what I said. "How would you manage being told to work in a different gender at short notice?"

"Point taken; I was a little insensitive," he replied. "I didn't mean my words to be taken like that."

"I'll accept that," I replied. "You have to understand I'm nervous. I don't know how the office will take to me being there."

"They'll treat you well, I'm sure," he replied. "You're not the first boy to take up this challenge."

"No, but it's the first time I've been challenged like this," I echoed his words.

He chatted a little more, telling me about the job, how I'd be in the front office to greet visitors, receive parcels and take messages. I was to be the office girl. I think I was polite and feigned interest but in truth I was too nervous and answered in single words.

Then it was time to make my debut in the office.

I felt all eyes on me as I was introduced. I don't think I remembered any of the names as they looked me over, the men and women who were to be my new colleagues.

I sighed with relief when I sat at my allocated desk at the front of the reception area. The computer looked much as the ones I was used to, as did the electronic switchboard.

It didn't look too complicated but I soon discovered that operating the keys with my long nails required a whole new approach. I had to use the balls of my fingers instead of thumping in my usual style when the nail always caught the wrong key.

I kept my head down all morning, not daring to look round and catch anyone's eye. Fortunately the reception was busy and soon I was absorbed in my work and forgot to register the stares of the delivery guys as the telephone kept me busy.

Most of the time I was taking messages. You've guessed; writing with my new nails was a problem too and I soon found my letters and numbers had a rounder, more cursive, style. I watched the letters appear and then looked at the script. It was as if my writing style had been feminised too.

My fellow workers seemed to accept me. They all knew that I wasn't a girl for real anyway, so there was no pretence needed although I did try to keep my voice softer and higher when I spoke. I exchanged a

few pleasantries as I passed, feeling ever so shy as I did so. As time slipped by, it seemed easier.

The day, which had seemed to drag slowly in that first hour, speeded up and before I knew it, the office was closing for the day. I stood and looked round.

“You look all in.” A dark haired girl was smiling at me. “You need to come to the restaurant with us. I’m Thalia, but everyone calls me Lia.”

“I’m Lesley,” I replied knowing that the girl’s spelling was only a letter different from my usual.

“We don’t bite.” She smiled again. “You’ll get to like us, I’m sure.”

Soon I was part of a mixed group of six or eight; I wasn’t counting but it seemed good to be amongst people. I knew I’d have to mix sometime and now hoped I could hide amongst them.

A week passed and then another. I’d eased into the habit of eating once or twice a week with my colleagues. On Fridays, I was allowed out for a couple of hours to go to the salon, where they touched up my hair and nails.

The weekends were hard though. I daren’t go out on my own and I hadn’t the courage to ask to use the office car. I stayed home and practised makeup with the internet to teach me. I think it was on my third week when things began to change again.

“You’re coming shopping with us,” Tia announced one Friday evening. It’s a late night at the mall, and we’ve decided you need to dress up a bit.”

“I try to look professional,” I said, wondering what I’d done wrong.

“That’s the point,” she replied. “You don’t need to be such a formal dowdy biddy.”

“A dowdy biddy?” I was shocked. “I’m not dowdy.”

“Let’s face it, girl; you’ve a good figure, you keep yourself nicely, and we think you should make more of yourself.” Lia waved her arm round as if to indicate the other girls who were waiting to leave.

“We’re taking you dancing and you need a dress for the club,” another added. “You should get out more.”

I gave in and soon was part of a giggling group waiting for a cab to take us to the mall. It was such a confusing time. I’d never known anything like it. I was handed dresses and sent into changing rooms.

The choices were approved or dismissed. I tried on heels after heels until finally I was back in a cab with them all and several packages.

It was like a whirlwind hit me. They came to my apartment and basically gave me no choices. I was dressed in a green glittery dress which was far too short, especially when worn with a garter belt and panties which scarcely hid my bits.

One did my hair; tousled and messy in an up-do which looked as if it was ready to fall at any minute. My makeup was freshened, by which I mean the mascara was heavier, my eyes were darker and my lips shinier than before.

Before I had time to object we were in another cab and on our way to a bar which I was told had the best

mojitos in town. After several of these, I was steered into a club where the lights were low and the music was loud. Quite quickly, another mojito appeared in my hand.

“It’s from the fair-headed guy over there.”

I raised my glass to him and he smiled back and started over. I think by that time, the mojitos had eroded any fear and certainly any caution which should have been controlling my behaviour.

“You’re the new girl at Feldman’s,” he said. “I used to work there before I set out on my own.”

“That’s interesting.” I wondered how much he knew but remembered that guys like to talk about themselves. “You must tell me about it.”

“It’s a great life.” He smiled, showing white, even teeth. “I’m sure you already know that.”

“Feldman’s doesn’t let me out of the office,” I replied. “I’d love to hear how you work.”

“Let’s dance first, I want to look at you move.”

I was about to refuse but then I saw my colleagues watching me. I wondered if they’d set me up for a challenge, so I took his hand and boldly stepped onto the darker dance floor. As I did so, the music changed to a slower number.

“That’s good,” he said, putting his arms round me and pulling me too close for comfort. “I was hoping that the new girl at Feldman’s would be a looker.”

“The new girl; so you knew the girl before me?” I could smell danger.

“Sure, I like girls like you.” He pulled me closer and his tongue played with my earring. “You know how to have fun.”

“Does that mean fun with a guy?”

“What other fun is there?”

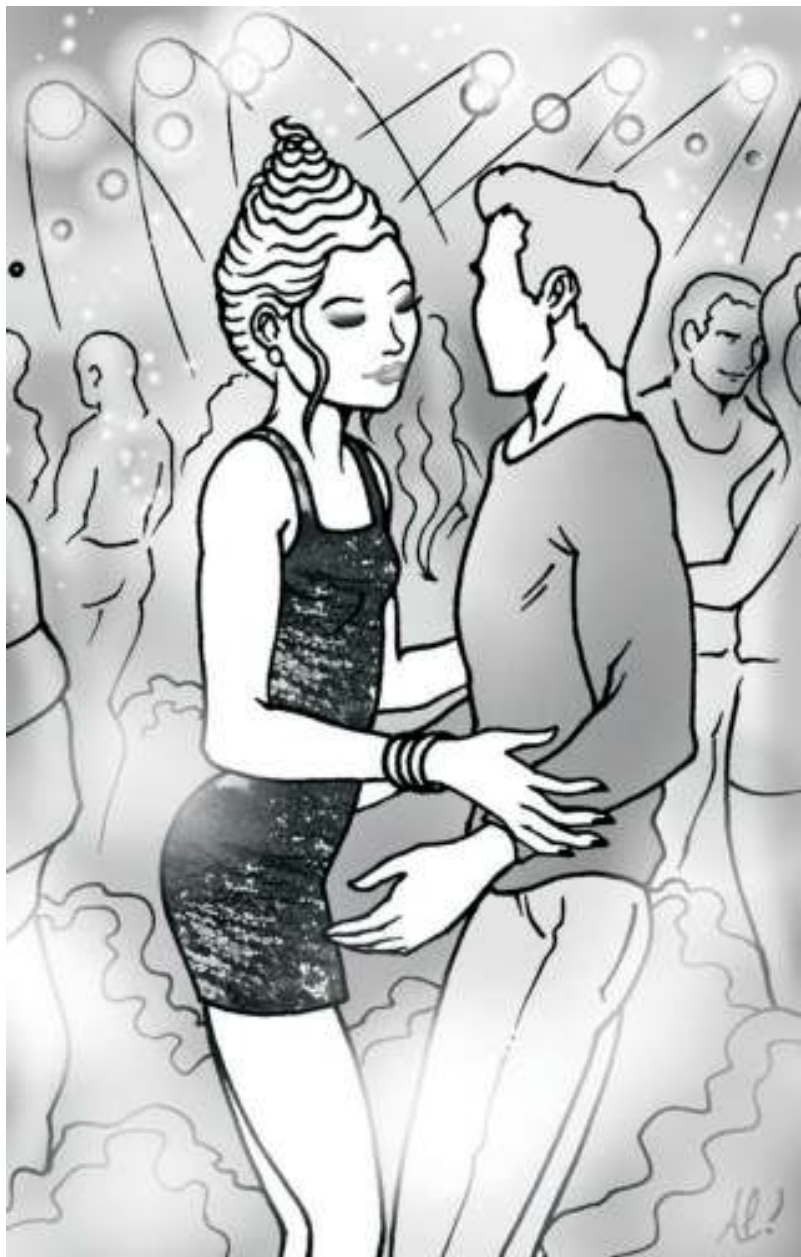
I looked round and saw that my colleagues were still watching me. Was this a test or were they simply curious? Another slow number played and he pulled me closer. I could feel his chest against mine and then, horror of horrors; I could feel him pressing an erection against me too.

“I think you’re getting too excited,” I whispered in his ear. “I think we need to sit this one out. You could get me another drink.”

He took my hand again and we walked off the floor. I thought he’d go to the bar and I could escape, but no. He signalled to a waitress. Another mojito appeared in my hand.

I drank it, and then another. I was well over-served and whatever control I might have had disappeared. I don’t know how I got there, but I remember being in a room with a big bed. Soft music was playing and the lights were dim.

He was kissing me and I was kissing him back. His hand was playing with my penis which sprang to life almost instantly. His own penis was out too and he



was rubbing them together. I remember thinking that his was longer than mine.

I bent down to look. That was a mistake. I slipped to my knees and suddenly the tip of his penis was level with my mouth. I looked at it and then on an impulse, flicked my tongue over the tip. He pushed it towards me and the tip slipped between my lips.

I know what you're thinking right now. How did I not realise what I was trapped into doing? I blame the drink.

I wrapped my arms around his thighs and pulled myself into position. I licked the tip and then the shaft. One hand massaged it; I think to make sure that it was stiff and hard. Then with both hands around his thighs, I took it into my mouth and sucked.

He hit the back of my throat and I pulled back, gagging at the touch. I tried again, breathing through my nose. I worked him in and out, rubbing my tongue under the shaft as I did so. I drew back and played my tongue and my lips over the tip.

He put his hands on the back of my head and pulled me towards him. I gagged again, but I couldn't move back as he held me tightly. I knew, through the mists of alcohol, what was going to happen. He stiffened and swelled, and then a pulse, and another. He was spurting all he had into the back of my throat.

I think I swallowed some, but most dribbled down my chin. I coughed and choked; not a good reaction. I pulled back, but still he came, covering my face with his goo.

When he finished, he pulled away, and I fell onto my side. I don't know how long afterwards I came to

my senses, I was alone on the carpet, with such a mess in my mouth, on my face, in my hair and over my dress. My head hurt and the room was spinning.

Never again. I knew that right then; maybe too late.

I cleaned myself up, found my purse beside my heels, and did my best to be inconspicuous as I sneaked out of the room which turned out to be in a city centre hotel. I almost ran onto the street where fortunately a cab was idling.

I fell into the shower as soon as I got back to my apartment.

The looks I got when Monday came round and we were back in the office said that whatever I'd done hadn't gone unnoticed and that the story had been shared with everyone. I kept my head down and avoided too much conversation about that day.

It didn't do me any harm though. As the week wore on, I was included in the girls' gossip and when Friday came around, I was invited to go out with them again. I accepted of course.

I decided to be careful, not to drink too much, and not to get carried away. Above all, I decided not to get seduced by the first guy who took a fancy to me. I was successful and over the following weeks the habit of going out with the girls became a feature of my life.

Confidence with the girls gave me confidence at work. Mr. Feldman started to talk to me about company matters and listened to my experiences, such

as they were. I got the impression that he was relating to me as a girl rather than the curiosity person in the office.

I was even asked to go out to one venue to sort out problems in person rather than being confined to rather more menial office duties. Fortunately for my confidence, there was no one who knew me from before.

In short, I was happy to be a girl now. I loved going to the salon, changing my hair and makeup. I loved the swing of my earrings and the jingle of the bangles on my wrist. Shopping with the girls, trying on shoes and dresses was a delight.

I began to understand why they shopped together and how such a simple activity could become a social occasion. Being a girl was fun. I never stopped to think what would happen if I had to be a boy again.

One Friday evening's night out changed into something more.

It was a good night and at the end of the evening, I shared a cab with Carrie who did a similar job to the one which I'd had before. As a boy, I'd have lusted after Carrie. She was small and slim, as tall as I was, with tumbling brown hair and a tight top lip, always smiling and kissable.

Of course, as a girl, I didn't let these feelings out in public.

We'd become friends over the weeks and shared experiences. We knew a lot of the same theatres and

had the same problems with both cast and management.

“Why don’t you come in for a nightcap?” Carrie asked as the cab reached her apartment block. “It’s not too late, and your apartment is across the street.”

“And I’m not too over-served,” I said with a grim smile, which she took in good heart.

Her apartment was smaller than mine, but quite lovely. We settled on her sofa with a bottle of wine and chattered over past horror stories. Somehow she ended up sitting hip to hip with me.

“I wonder how you manage,” she said. “I don’t think I could pretend to be a guy, even if they paid me.”

“I had a lot of help,” I replied.

“I know, but even so...” She looked at me hard. “I couldn’t pick you out for a guy in a dress.”

“That’s because I’m a small guy.”

“I think it’s because you’ve stopped pretending.”

“I’m a good actor.”

“Don’t try to distract me,” she replied. “I’m trying to be serious here. You look high maintenance and I’d guess you take a lot of time and care over your appearance every day.”

“It’s not only my appearance,” I said as she looked into my eyes. “I have to think how I speak and how I move. It’s getting to be second nature but every morning when I look in the mirror, I have to remember who I was.”

“Who you were; does that mean you’re not the same person?”

“It’s hard to explain.” I paused to think. “I’m comfortable as a girl in a way that I wasn’t before. I think I like the clothes and the makeup. It’s a way of hiding in plain sight.

“I don’t think you could act like a boy if you tried.”

“Not with these breasts.” I indicated my chest.

“I wondered about that.” Her hand reached out to touch my breasts under my dress. “They look so real.”

“They’re glued on there and won’t come off without something special to free them,” I admitted.

“It must have been weird suddenly to have breasts.” She weighed them with her hands.

Fleetingly I imagined that they were real and her hands were touching them in a way that I could feel more sensitively.

“It was different,” I agreed. “Now I’m used to them. It’s not as if I grew up with them but I’ve had them so long now that I can’t imagine being without them.”

“I don’t believe that,.” she said, standing and wriggling out of her dress which fell to the floor, leaving her in her lingerie and tights. “Yours are bigger than mine.”

“Is that an invitation to compare?” I asked, not quite believing what was happening.

“If you’d like to.” She smiled coyly. “You’ll have to take your dress off though.”

I stood and turned to allow her to pull my back zipper down. My dress fell to the floor and I stepped out of it. I stood in my bra and panties, my garter belt and stockings.

“That’s nice.” She looked at me and I knew what she meant. “May I touch your breasts?”

As she reached out, my penis made itself visible. I’d been wearing a tight pantie to hold it in under my panties, but this was too much. She noticed and stepped back. Instead of recoiling, she stripped off her tights and panties.

“You can take mine off if I can take off yours.” She turned her back to me, lifted her hair and exposed the fastener on her bra. The meaning was so clear. I undid the clasp and turned my back to her immediately. She undid my bra and then I turned to her. We were both holding up the bra cups against our breasts.

It was ridiculous and, as if agreed, we simultaneously removed them. We came together, breast to breast. Her hands went to feel mine. After a moment’s hesitation, I touched hers as softly as I could.

I felt her tremble. I hesitated again and decided that it wasn’t fear or repulsion. I stroked her nipples and she pushed them towards me.

“You’d better get rid of those panties,” she said as she pushed her thighs into mine.

“That could be dangerous,” I replied pulling back slightly, but letting them drop all the same.

“I don’t think you’re dangerous,” she whispered, leaning in to kiss me softly. “And I think I’ve passed the point of no return.”

Before I could think of anything, she took my penis in her hand and massaged it to its full strength. It didn't take more than a second or two.

Then she bent down and took it all into her mouth.

I couldn't tell you how great that felt. Here I was with a girl that I could never have dreamed of touching, let alone in the way it was progressing.

And here I was with false breasts moulded to my chest. Her head bobbed up and down on my penis. Her tongue was working furiously underneath the shaft. I should have thought about the incongruity of it all, yet I didn't. Sensations took over and I let myself go.

I knew I was firing everything I had into her mouth. She wasn't taking it, but it dribbled down my shaft and down to my thighs.

She looked up and grinned. "I never had a girlfriend do that before."

"Does that mean I'm your girlfriend?"

"You could be," she said and held out her hand to me.

She skipped away into her bathroom and returned with a towel. She wiped her chin and then my thighs.

"I think you need to rest a while," she said, running her fingers over my false breasts. "It's far too late for you to go home."

She was spooned against me, with my penis strongly present between her thighs. She moved against me and curled to change the angle and then my penis found its way deep inside her with no fore-play and no ceremony.

“I need this.” She pushed back and back again, working her pleasure and coaxing me to her needs.

I reached out to cup her breast with my free hand. It was soft; so different from the breasts which I wore. The nipple grew hard at my touch. I couldn’t help but wonder what she was feeling as my hand explored her skin.

I wondered what it would be like if mine was real too; how I would feel?

I think we were both complete before we separated. I borrowed her makeup to supplement the things in my purse and I think I looked presentable as I hurried from her apartment to mine.

We were quite formal and polite in the office. Sure, there were knowing looks from the other girls and the occasional comment but as if by agreement, neither of us said anything or did anything to gratify their suspicions.

On Friday, Mr. Feldman called me into his office.

“I called Arnold earlier this week,” he started and I wondered if this was going to be my termination. “He said you were a capable manager. I need someone to go out to one of my theatres to fix a few problems.”

“Are you asking me to go?” My heart skipped a beat.

“Could you do it?” He paused. “I think a girl going out there could solve a few problems.”

“You’re forgetting that I’m not a girl,” I replied.

“As long as you work for me, you’re a girl. That’s what I’m paying you for.”

“Then I’ll go as a girl,” I said, then paused. “Why do you pay a boy to do this?”

“I don’t really have a reason, other than it amuses me and I can afford it.”

“I think it also gets you talked about.”

“There’s no such thing as bad publicity. In this business, a bit of eccentricity pays too.”

“What about Mr. Babel?” I asked. “I’ve never met him. He must have a say.”

“There is no Mr. Babel,” he laughed. “I invented the name to make it seem something that it wasn’t some years ago. The name stuck.”

“Is that all?” I asked. “I’ve seen some hotel invoices in that name.”

“Then I’m guilty. I sometimes use that name. I’m allowed a little time off too.”

I looked at him with a new insight dawning. “You like a girl like me, don’t you? Not just for decoration in the office.”

“I couldn’t possibly answer that.” Much to my surprise, he blushed.

I took the office car to drive the two hundred miles to the Lady, Lady company which was the source of the problem he’d asked me to solve. It was the first time I’d driven in heels and a dress but I was so used to heels that I hadn’t thought to bring some flats.

I got to my hotel, checked in, then read the briefing file I’d brought with me. Rex Stone was the leading man and he was in some dispute with their stage manager and choreographer, a determinedly butch Cherry Boston. No matter how I read it, I couldn’t say what the source of the problem was.

I got dinner sent to my room that evening as I sat and thought about the problems. They weren’t specified but obviously a personality clash was the root of the problem.

I’d been there before, but never as a girl in this role. That gave me a new perspective. They’d probably expect me to be placatory, easing my way into their problems. I decided that wasn’t going to be the way.

I was a cool and confident woman now. That’s what I’d learned since my forced change of dress. If I could cope with that and work for Mr. Feldman, I could work through anything.

“I am woman; I am strong.” The riff ran through my mind.

"I guess you two don't get on," I said after interviewing them before the next evening's show. "I'm here to tell you that there's no alternative. Mr. Feldman's quite prepared to pull the plug if things aren't running smoothly by the end of the run in this theatre."

"I remember you when you were Leslie," Cherry sneered.

"Now I'm *Lesley*," I replied softly. "That doesn't mean I'm a pushover."

"I can work anywhere," Cherry blustered.

"Not if Mr. Feldman blacklists you," I retorted.

I'd come across these disputes before and playing hardball wasn't my usual tactic but somehow I knew that being tough was the only way to deal with them.

"He wouldn't; you couldn't."

"Try me."

I smiled sweetly and casually ran my fingers through my hair, noticing the look in her eyes as she watched me. I turned to Rex and looked at him so that he knew I was expecting him to say something. He looked as if he was thinking hard.

"I'm not having some guy in a dress telling me what to do," he snapped.

"Who else is here?" I replied. "I want to leave you two in this room for half an hour. Come up with an agreement, a plan, or I tell Mr. Feldman it's useless." I looked from one to the other. "You know I mean what I say. I'm sure you know my reputation."

“What do you expect us to do?” Rex had a look somewhere between fear and relief.

“I want an agreement that you’ll both work to fix whatever it is between you,” I said. “You have half an hour. Call me when you’re ready.”

I left them in the theatre office, slamming the door harder than I intended as I left.

“So what’s the trouble about?” Mr. Feldman asked when I called to report progress.

“I didn’t ask. I told them to talk to each other and come up with a solution or you’d close them down and blacklist them.”

“You didn’t have the authority to do that.”

“You sent me here to sort it out,” I replied. “Cherry knew me from before as a negotiator, but that was before.”

“Before what?”

“Before I changed into this assertive woman I am today.”

I heard him laugh down the phone. “What a monster I’ve created,” he replied and then paused. “Get this right and there’s a bonus.”

“I’ll get it right, but what are you offering?”

“We’ll talk about that later.” He hung up.

I had half an hour to waste. I didn't want to hang around the theatre as if I was anxious, so I walked out and went shopping. It was a pretty area, quite bohemian, with coffee shops, bookshops and some small boutiques. That's where I was headed.

Half an hour and a couple of hundred dollars later, the call came in.

"Don't tell me, I'll be there in a few minutes," I said, handing over my credit card.

I felt quite lighthearted as I walked back; a new ditsy green dress, matching heels and purse lightened my step as did the new fragrance from a favourite producer.

"Have we an agreement?" I asked as soon as I was back in the theatre.

They looked at each other and a grudging nod came from Cherry and a more enthusiastic one from Rex.

"I don't want to know what you've agreed; I want you to make it work." I held up my manicured hand to halt discussion. "I'm going to stay and see the show. If it works, I'll recommend a bonus. If not, then I'll recommend it closes forthwith."

"That's harsh," Cherry said.

"It's realistic," I snapped back. "This isn't a game."

I sat in a private box at the theatre, feeling quite special and very much on show. I'd put my hair up in a chignon and dressed up my new dress with a silk

shawl and long earrings which fell almost to my shoulders. I felt as if I was a real diva!

Cherry slipped into the box as the first act was ending.

“I think you came at the right time,” she said, sitting so close to me that I could feel her breath on my neck. “Rex and I were getting into a silly argument. He was always stubborn.”

“Does that mean you have a history?”

“You could say that.” She leaned in so that her lips touched the back of my neck and whispered. “We divorced three years ago. I’m firmly single now.”

Her hand dropped gently onto my knee and started to move upwards as her lips came to rest on my neck. I could feel her lips nibbling gently there and it sent shivers up my spine. Her hand found my penis and she started to rub it over my dress and panties.

“I guess you’ve not become all girl yet,” she said as it responded to her touch. “I hope you won’t be saying anything bad when you report back.”

“I always tell the truth,” I said, struggling to keep my voice steady as her hand continued its work.

“I’m sure you will.”

She knelt in front of me and slipped her head under my skirt and pulled my penis from my panties. I felt her lips wrap around it and her tongue started to play with it.

So what’s a boy to do? I let her carry on and hardly paid any attention to the second act. If this was bribery, she’d no reason for it. I’d told her what I was in-

tending. She was good and if I'd ever lusted after her before, this could have been the reason why.

She played me, taking me to the brink and slowing down, so that by the time she let me have my climax, the second act was finishing.

"Remember the bonus," she said, blowing me a kiss on the way out.

The final act went like a dream. The dancers were spot on time, Rex and the leading lady, who I never met, sang as if they meant it, and the audience seemed buoyed by it all, as they applauded, called for an encore, and then filed out.

The way they left told me that they'd enjoyed it. A successful show has an atmosphere that's hard to describe, but the melancholy silence from an unhappy one is unmistakable.

I went backstage afterwards to say a few congratulatory words on behalf of Mr. Feldman. I felt it was the least I could do. After all, I was sure that the appearance of someone from the promoter's office would have been noted and I didn't want to leave any rumours or doubts there. The show had to move on next week and for the next ten weeks of the run.

"May I take you to dinner?" I didn't see Rex until he was standing beside me with a single red rose in his hand.

"Of course you may," I said smiling and accepting the rose; after all there's every need to make a friend. I had to eat anyway.

The restaurant was welcoming and warm. I detected a fashionable vibe as we were shown to a table. The food and wine were both surprisingly good and the service friendly and unobtrusive. Rex flashed a big tip.

I did wonder if he was trying to impress the waiter or me.

He walked me back to my hotel and lingered outside as if waiting to be invited in. I put him out of his misery.

“We could have a goodnight drink in the bar,” I suggested.

Two or three drinks later, I lost count.

“I’ll see you to your room,” he said.

“Why don’t you come up some time and see me?” I slurred.

“Mae West to Cary Grant in 1933.” He laughed and took my arm as I walked a little unsteadily to the elevators. “The movie was called *She Done Him Wrong* and that’s not what you’re doing.”

“Oh no?”

“You need me to see you home.”

“Oh, yes, of course. I do.” I think the corridor was wobbling as I got out of the elevator.

I handed him my purse to find the key. I think my mind was a little adrift at the time. He followed me in and pulled me round to face him and then kissed me fiercely on the lips. I melted then; I know that was

wrong but then with the alcohol and the nearness of him, I couldn't help myself.

Quite quickly my clothes came off. His came off too and he steered me towards the bed. I remember standing there naked, as if challenging him.

"I can deal with girls like you," he said and held up a tube of something. "I came prepared."

"Did you intend to get me drunk?" I asked.

"Of course," he said as he leaned in to kiss me again.

I think I let him and kissed him back. His hands played with my breasts.

"You have lovely breasts," he said as he lowered his mouth to lick the nipples.

"Don't bother," I said. "They're plastic. Suck my dick, I can feel that."

His hand played down there, stroking me to an instant erection. He bent down and took the tip into his mouth and then somehow, I ended up on the bed, on my front with my rear presented to him.

My thoughts weren't co-ordinated than, never mind my body. I could feel something cold at my rear and then something working it between my cheeks. I think it was a finger and then two, or three, working something in there; something which warmed with a tingle. It was ever so nice and warming.

The fingers came out and something else was there. I'm not going to tell lies; I knew what it was. I moaned and tried to make the right noises. I knew it

was going to hurt but right then, I couldn't think of anything that I wanted more.

I felt it enter a little. I didn't want to, but I clenched against it. He paused and I did too, then I took a deep breath and thrust back. I heard him; he winced with pain, but I wouldn't let it go. I pushed back, little by little, moaning and whimpering to encourage him to try harder.

I think I'd sobered up enough to know what I was doing and what I wanted.

Slowly and surely he entered me. There were moments when my muscles reacted in a way that I couldn't control. The muscles seemed to think they should to push him out, but that wasn't what I wanted. I held my breath and forced them to calm down but I held him there. I didn't let him come out; not when I'd gone this far.

I don't know how long it took but I came to realise that he couldn't go further in. I could feel his thighs against my cheeks. He was as far in as it was possible to get.

"Now show me what you can do." I looked over my shoulder at him.

That was the moment when I think he understood that I wasn't as drunk as I had appeared to be. I pushed back against him and started to work him in and out. To give him credit he soon caught on and started to work too.

I knew what I wanted him to do and I could feel it building. I could feel the tension building in me too. This wasn't the way I'd ever intended things to go, but I wasn't unhappy. He was big; he was a hunk, and it might as well be him as anyone else.

He was thrusting and I was pushing back against each thrust. A spasm, and then another; and I knew he was past the point of no return. He pulled back. I don't know what he intended but I moved back with him until he was all coming; it was deep and steady until it wasn't.

"Don't give up on me now." I pushed back, wanting to feel that thrust again, but he was fading.

I could hear him panting and gasping, trying to do more than he could. He slipped out of me and I felt a dribble down my thighs as he went. I slumped back. It had been good and I had taken what I wanted.

I was a free independent woman after all, wasn't I?

I reported that the show should go ahead without problems. I didn't explain how I'd done it. You wouldn't expect me to say that I'd had good sex with both of the parties to the problem.

I stayed another day and watched the show, purely as a member of the audience. I even bought a black wig and a new dress so that no one would recognise me. I thought I deserved a break. It was the weekend so there was no need to rush back to the office.

I called Carrie who asked me to stop by at her favourite coffee shop. She really welcomed me back. I don't know if she'd heard about my exploits, but her smile and her touch was more than I deserved.

Maybe it wasn't. I'd not been unfaithful; we hadn't any understanding.

“Would you like to take me to dinner tonight? I’ve got a stunning dress that need to be shown off.” She paused. “I shouldn’t say that. I’m sure you’ll be wearing something equally stunning.”

“It’s not a competition.” I hugged her. “I’d love to be with you and what’s wrong with two stunning girls having dinner?”

“They’ll think we’re lesbians.”

“But we know we’re not; well, maybe a little.”

“I’ll get a cab and pick you up at eight.” She waved as she walked away.

Was it a competition? I don’t think so.

I’d taken advantage and gone to the salon. There I got my nails and lashes done again. My hair was washed and blown dry, and then teased into a loose up-do. They didn’t have time to re-do my colour, so darker roots were on display. I wasn’t sure if I liked that, but there were no choices.

Carrie called me to come down when the cab arrived at my door. It was dark, so we couldn’t really see what the other was wearing.

In the foyer of the restaurant, I saw her properly. She was wearing a strapless dress which looked as if it was threatening to fall from her breasts at any moment. It was a sparkly blue, very short, and matched with blue heels.

Quite by chance, I was strapless too, but a lot less secure. Mine was black with some silver glitter in the

weave. The neckline was conservative; well as conservative as a strapless dress could be. It was equally short and my heels were black, as was my purse.

Our accessories almost matched; long dangling earrings for me and big hoops for her; bangles on our wrist, a single necklace for her and two for me.

I looked at her and she looked at me. We both started to speak and then burst out laughing.

“I think you won,” I said to Carrie.

“No, you won,” She replied. “Your breasts are bigger.”

“But they’re plastic.”

“Only you and I know that.” She shrugged. “They look perfect.”

We ended up in my bed a few hours later.

“I like it when you do that,” Carrie whispered as I nibbled on her nipple. “It’s such a gentle and intimate thing. You’re so good at it.”

Her hand played with my left breast and I saw her finger linger on the nipple there.

“It’s not the same,” I said quietly. “It’s plastic and I can’t feel a thing.”

“I wish you could.”

“The way you look at me when I do that, I wish I could feel it too.”

“I can make you feel other things,” I said, removing her hand from my breast to my penis which was ready and waiting.

She squeezed it carefully and ran her fingers up and down, then leaned down to kiss the tip. I was in heaven already, but she teased me relentlessly until she pulled me on top of her.

“Let’s pretend we’re an old couple and we’re used to each other,” she said. “Do it slowly.”

I did and it was good.

Back in the office, Mr. Feldman interviewed me with far more enthusiasm than I ever expected.

“Arnold told me that you were good.” He beamed as he spoke. “He said you were wasted and that you had far more talent than you realised.”

“I guess it takes experience,” I replied modestly.

“Is that all it is?” He looked at me quizzically.

“I guess being a woman helps.” I smiled at the memory of it all.

“I’d like you to stay on here, with a promotion and a pay rise too.” He continued. “The condition is that you stay female.”

“I can do that,” I replied without hesitation. “You mentioned a bonus too.”

“I haven’t forgotten. I’ve made you an appointment at Hillview Medical. They have the best plastic sur-

gery this side of the Rockies, and Feldman and Babel will pick up the tab.”

“What does Mr. Babel think about the offer?” I think I was playing for time to consider; this was such a surprise.

“He doesn’t object, but how could he? He doesn’t exist.”

“What makes you think I’d like to go there?” I think I broke out in a sweat then, not a good look for a lady who’d taken such care with her makeup.

“You must be wondering what it would be like to be more realistic,” he said. “I’d like you to stay here and to stay female. So take advantage.”

“Why can’t I have a cash bonus?” I asked. “Then I could decide for myself.”

“Maybe you could decide for yourself, but would you?” He paused. “Anyway it’s tax deductible if they bill the office.”

I nearly didn’t decide. Carrie persuaded me a little; I didn’t have to tell her about the offer. She guessed.

It was difficult though. I went alone to see the surgeons and I confess to being afraid not only about the surgery but about what it would do to me mentally afterwards. I liked pretending to be a girl. I couldn’t deny that. I’d been in the role for months by then and I wasn’t looking for a break.

Arnold thought it was a good idea too. “I’ve never known you to be so confident. It’s as if you’re another person altogether, with all the skills I knew you had.”

“That doesn’t sound like a compliment,” I replied.

“I mean you’re better as a girl than you were as a guy. You’ve more authority.”

“I’ll accept that,” I said. “I think I know what you mean.”

So a month later, I went for surgery. I asked for the most natural looking implants that money could buy; not too big, but not too small. Why not? Someone else was paying.

The pain was real and more than I expected, but then how could I know what to expect? They looked wrong, far too proud on my chest, but then when the swelling went down and the colours of the bruising faded, it was altogether different.

My first real bra after the support dressings was a dream. I liked the new me, even if my options had been restricted to the female of the species.

Carrie wore the same blue strapless dress and heels when we went to celebrate. I think I won this time. My black strapless dress was tighter and shorter. The neckline was far more daring.

“If you’ve got it, flaunt it.” A silly saying, but one I used as an excuse when she told me that I was getting more looks than she was.

“Just you wait,” she threatened. “I’m going to show you how much a tongue can do when the nipple is really sensitive.

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