

Calvin licked his lips looking at the young supple body of the girl in front of him. "What was your name again sweetheart?" The young redhead smiled at the man in front of her and played up being coy, looking to the ground off to the side and biting her lip. "I'm Candy Rose." she looked to his feet and up his naked body. The man had paid extra for the house call, refusing to meet her at a local high priced hotel that she enjoyed. Ahuva Bahyeet, she loved seeing the blocky letters with the beautiful cursive script saying Beloved Home below it. If it wasn't for the extra money she wouldn't have done it, not after what happened the last time she met a shrimp of a man at his apartment and they got caught. She was sure the tall woman was going to call the police, but here she was with Calvin Bennet at his home. The man was below average height at maybe five foot seven, another small man and by looking at his groin he wasn't going to impress anyone in that department either. She was surprised when he took off his track suit the second she was in the door, he hadn't been wearing underwear. Her gaze shifted up from his groin and to his face, seeing his light brown shaggy hair brushed back and a chin strap beard. He had light brown hair, brown eyes, small body and less than impressive prick, he wasn't something a girl would write home about, she thought sizing her client up. "Candy Rose, that can't be your real name." Her coy smile changed into something more wolfish and she took four small steps closer to him, swaying her hips as seductively as she could. "Don't, You, Like, It?" She said touching his nose with the tip of her index finger, then his chest, stomach and finally his dick with the final word. Of course it wasn't her real name, she wasn't going to tell him that she was Jessica Austin.

When her finger touched his cock he moved his hand over hers and held it there, while moving his other arm to wrap around her waist. She let out a giggle as he tilted his head up to kiss her. The girl was wearing a tiny red dress and five inch red heels with a thin ankle strap, making her four inches taller than him. It never bothered him to have a girl be taller, if it did he would never have gotten Moriah to wear heels and he loved seeing a girl in a sexy pair. Feeling her lips press into his while she moved her fingers one at a time to play with his ball sack was turning him on something fierce. He already started to get hard from anticipation when he saw, but now he felt he could have used his dick for a compass, pointing him in the direction of his desire. "I have something for you to put on." He said, hesitating to step away from her hand, but his desire for his fetish won out. Pulling out a bag from under the bed Calvin pulled out a maid outfit. One of those short sexy French maid outfits, though this one wasn't cheap. "Oh, am I going to clean something for you Calvin?" He nodded to the question, imagining her deep throating him in the outfit. "You can call me Cal, everyone does." Taking the garment held out for her Candy raised an eyebrow, feeling the fabric between her fingers. He hadn't mentioned anything like this, but it was a rather mundane fetish she supposed. She really did like everything to be sorted out beforehand, and thought of something a little wicked. "Cal, this is lovely, but we didn't talk about this over the phone. I could charge you extra, but... how about if I put this on, you put something on for me?" She asked, stepping closer to him again and taking ahold of his dick once more, but this time through the fabric of the dress. If she wanted a few extra dollars that was fine and he would have said so until he felt the material and the heat of her hand on his cock once more. "Yeah, yeah whatever you want."

A longing was felt inside of Calvin as the sexy girl stepped away, placing the maid outfit on the bed before turning around to him. "Could you help me out Cal?" She said with a purr in her voice. When he had pulled the zipper down she let the small red dress fall to the floor, revealing herself to be wearing no bra and just a pair of red lacy thong panties. Still facing away from him she bent over much more than she needed to so he got a good look at her ass before she pulled her panties down so she could step out of them. Looking back at her client she twirled the small garment on her finger, both of them were naked now except for her footwear. "I put on the dress and you put on my panties." From the house she could tell this man had money, he had refused her chosen location and sprung his fetish on her. This was a man that was used to getting his own way and she liked the idea of making him do what she wanted. "I mean you don't have to of course, I am happy to make you cum without putting on your lovely dress." Calvin felt himself starting to lose his hardon and would be damned if he paid this girl to come out here and not get what he wanted. Snatching the panties from her hand he glared at them accusingly like it was their fault he had to put them on. "It isn't my dress." He said sliding his legs in the holes and pulling the article of clothing up, and being none too comfortable with the piece of fabric between his ass cheeks. "Oh? Does it belong to someone else? Are you giving it to me?" He shook his head at that, he wasn't going to give the whore the dress. He was going to fuck her in it and then make the next girl he paid to wear it. Hell one of the reasons he picked her was because of her height so she could fit in it. "Yeah, I guess it is mine, and no you can't have it." He said with a sigh and moving his hand to the front of the panties feeling his bulge. "I'm not going to try and take your sexy dress Cal, but I am happy to wear it."

The sound of the front door opening and closing caused both Candy and him to freeze. "Cal, I'm home. You wouldn't believe how tedious it is to go over those financial reports. Even with Sid's help it is a nightmare and half." Two clomping sounds could be heard back in the bedroom, Cal assuming that was Moriah dropping her shoes at the house's entrance. "You have to hide." Calvin whispered frantically. "Hell no, I'm getting out of here." She whispered back as she picked up her dress from the floor and put it back on. Calvin looked back to the bedroom door and then back to the redheaded whore. Moriah and him had gotten divorced for multiple reasons, she hated how controlling he was and how he had a wandering eye and well penis. He had fucked every maid at their hotel they co-owned, or at least all the attractive ones. Sure it caused a little turn over and they had to payout a little, but they were just so sexy he couldn't help himself. He thought he would have lost more in the divorce, but with her owning fifty one percent of the hotel's assets, something they did to make it a woman owned business enterprise, he ended up losing only some cash and she got the house. He thought it was bullshit he lost even that, but Moriah's lawyer argued that they wouldn't even own the hotel without her family's money. They still saw each other often at the hotel and he had missed her something fierce. After a year of separation she agreed to start dating again. It had only taken a week of that for him to be back living in her home, though he did have to promise this time around to be more open minded about them having children. He was only twenty seven and hadn't ever wanted kids, she was on the same page when they got married. Now though as she got older she had changed her mind. Now at thirty five she wanted to have a baby before it was too late.



Things had been going well between the two, he had done his best to be less controlling of her and she had spent less and less time at the hotel knowing how he liked to spend his day making every department run smoothly. Or as she put it micromanaging, he disliked the term. He was just trying to make sure things were done correctly, most workers were just so lazy. Things changed quickly when an offer came in from a multinational corporation to buy out the hotel. Moriah was ready to reject the offer out of hand; she didn't want to sell away the business the two of them had worked so hard to build a name for. She had used her inheritance for seed money, he applied his business degree and his natural leadership to help build Ahuva Bahyeet into what it is today. She had named it Beloved Home in Hebrew, though he got her to drop the hyphen between Bah and yeet. Talking through it she had agreed they would speak to Mega Corp about the offer. The corporation said they were open to the two continuing to run the day to day operations, but with corporate oversight as part of the deal. With them going to become

Mega Corp employees they were going to get a large part of the payout in stock options, though they would have to work for the company for five years to become vested. If Mega Corps stock prices stayed the same the two of them would become millionaires, if it went up like it had over the last few years Calvin imagined the glee he would have looking at his bank account. The real trouble had come when they were going over their books and found things were not balancing out and with a closer look it became apparent someone was embezzling money from the company. That would need to be handled before they could sell, so Moriah agreed to work with the head of security at the hotel. Calvin liked Sidney he was a stand up guy, he didn't seem to like taking orders from someone younger than him, but a reminder of where his paycheck came from always seemed to do the trick. Calvin had expected Moriah to be gone all day like she had every day for this last week, he cursed to himself. If he knew she would be home early he could have just helped himself to one of the girls at the hotel when she came home, like he had a few days ago. Candy was a lot sexier than Sara who he had, and couldn't believe this was happening before he even got to see the redhead dressed up.

Gritting his teeth Calvin looked into her beautiful green eyes. "I need you to get in the closet, please. I will pay you, please I can't get caught with you here." Candy crossed her arms over her chest and pursed her lips. "If you want me to get in this closet you are going to send me one thousand dollars right now." Her eyes looked past him to the bedroom door. "And I would do it fast because I'm not moving till you send it." Clenching his fists Calvin looked back to where she was looking, he could still hear Moriah in the living room. "Fine." He whispered back to her before moving over to his dresser and sending money to the blackmailing whore. "Sent, now please hide!" With a bright smile she nodded as she walked into the closet like it was the most normal thing in the world and closed it behind her, happy to be a thousand dollars richer. Grabbing the maid costume off the bed Calvin stepped over to the hanger bag he kept it in when he heard Moriah's voice behind him. "Cal, what are you doing?" Turning around slowly he looked at his ex-wife, now girlfriend horrified that she had caught him. "I ahh, umm. I was just about to put this away." He could see her eyes studying him and he thought the jig was up, she was going to call him on having a woman over. She was going to lose it, but at least she didn't actually catch him with her, but it would still be the end of their relationship. "Panties and a maids outfit?" Calvin had completely forgotten he was wearing Candy's panties. "I can explain!" He watched as Moriah shook her head and walked into the room. "Honey, I had no idea. You could have told me about this before, I wouldn't have been angry with you." Still holding the dress Calvin's eyes went wide, surprised that she would say such a thing when he knew otherwise. No way would she be calm if she had caught him with another woman. "Your... your not mad?"

"This isn't the nineteen sixties Cal and we live in California. If you want to explore your feminine side, I'm not going to be upset, In fact I will help you." Calvin didn't dare move or even breathe as she came over and pulled the dress from his hands and then held it up against his chest. "No, ahh Moriah I am not like that, I'm not some sort of freak." He looked into her beautiful brown eyes, her eyes always seemed larger and with her makeup it was more pronounced. He watched as she moved her hand up to clasp just behind his neck, while holding the dress in the other. "Sweetie, you aren't a freak. You shouldn't say things like that, you know I love you and

I'm going to help you. I have an idea of how much you spent on this dress and I'm going to help you look your best in it. Calvin let out a small whimper trying to think of what he could say to make her think something else that wasn't about sleeping with another woman. What could he say, she had walked in on him wearing a pair of red lacy thong panties and holding a dress that she knew wasn't hers. "We don't have to do this now, but you don't need to hide this under the bed in that bag sweetie. I will hang it up in the closet for you and we can do this when you are ready." That feeling of dread he felt when she first came home had returned as she started walking toward the closet. "Moriah, we can do it now." He said hating himself for it, the dress was for some sexy little thing, not himself. He didn't know what else to say to keep her from opening the closet and finding out not only had he cheated on her again, but he was about to sleep with another woman in their bed. She would of course yell, but she might even have him trespassed from the house while wearing just the panties. He didn't have a place of his own, when they divorced he had just lived at the hotel and was forced to downsize his possessions.

"Good, I'm so happy you could share this part of yourself with me. Now how about you run off to the shower so we can get you shaved. You have way too much hair on your legs for that dress and it is rather unlady-like to have a chinstrap beard. Calvin swallowed hard and then slowly nodded, not sure what else to do. He hung his head as he started to walk toward their master bathroom when he was stopped in his tracks. "Honey, use the guest bathroom. I still need to clean up the drain from my hair and I don't want it to get worse. Though if you are dressing up as a maid, maybe you can do the cleaning around here instead of me." With another deep breath Calvin changed direction and hated that the woman he loved was smiling so brightly at him like this was the greatest moment. "Honey, is everything okay? I thought you would be happy with me helping you." Forcing a smile to his face he looked her in the eye, the same way he would when he was trying to convince a new maid at the hotel to come inspect a room with him. "Moriah I love that you are being so open and understanding. This is just a lot, maybe we could take it slow and only do the dress and I don't have to shave?" He felt her kiss his lips with a short but tender kiss. "I'm sure you have been hiding all of this for too long, I am going to help you explore your feminine side and look like a proper woman. Doesn't that sound wonderful Clara?" Calvin tilted his head to the side ready to ask her why she had called him that, though she answered as if she could read his mind. "I can't be calling you Calvin when all dressed up, Clara sounds cute just like I know you will be. Now get a move on." She had punctuated that statement with a smack to his exposed ass. The smack made him pick up his pace.

Getting into the bathroom Calvin shut the door and pulled the panties off and stared at them in his hand. "I am in so much trouble, shit." He looked at himself in the bathroom mirror over the sink and shook his head. "Would it have been so hard for her to send a text that she was on the way home?" His reflection didn't answer, a good sign he wasn't actually going crazy despite how insane this situation was. "I will bring you some things to shave in a second Clara, go ahead and get in the shower!" He heard her call from the other room. Moriah waited till she heard the shower start before opening the closet door, holding a finger to her own lips as she did. She saw the younger redheaded woman standing there in a tight short red dress and incredibly high heels. "Hey look." Candy started to say when she was cut off by the older woman with long brown hair. "This isn't on you, don't worry. You are free to escape, but..." Moriah

words trailed off as she looked at the girl and a large smile came to her face. "How much for your shoes?"



Candy climbed into the cab barefoot thinking how this was the oddest situation she had ever been in. She assumed that was the wife of Mr. Bennet and she had apparently heard the entire exchange about hiding in the closet for a thousand dollars and had given her another five hundred on top of that for her shoes. The woman was going to make her husband wear the maid costume he wanted her to wear, the panties and heels. Saying how it seemed fitting to

punish the cheating bastard in a way that would humiliate him the most. She had gotten her regular fee, plus fifteen hundred dollars for less than a half hour's work, not bad for the day. Though she promised herself that she would never again make another house call. A rich wife like that could not only call the police for on he for prostitution, but probably had the clout to make things worse with the courts. She wished she could be around to see the transformation, but it was best she had no more part in any of this. In fact it might be best if she just got out of California and headed back home to Nevada, maybe this time she would head to Las Vegas.

Calvin had washed like instructed, shaved away not only the hair on his legs, but on his chest, armpits and his beard. Moriah had been insistent on everything being just perfect. Now he was sitting at the vanity in their bedroom, wearing the panties once again as she painted his toenails pink. Sitting there was more than uncomfortable, she had pulled up a video on how transgender women tuck away their manhood and he hadn't enjoyed the experience of having his balls pushed back up into his body, but now the little red panties had a flat from and he had to pretend to be happy that she was helping him live out his supposed dream. No argument seemed to work about going too far or saving things for later as she worked him over. She painted his toenails, then moved on to his fingers with a promise of getting something better for the next time. "Once we get you some longer nails you will just love it Clara, now look down at your fingers and tell me how you just love seeing your nails painted a pretty pink. This color is called Ballet Slippers, don't you just love it!?" Seeing his nails colored ballet slippers pink did not at all bring to mind the word lovely or even okay, yet he couldn't say that. He had to play along or risk things going very wrong. "I think it looks prettier on you." Moriah gave him a lopsided grin for a second. "Thank you, but you just wait, you will love how you turn out." After his nails she attacked him with all sorts of things for makeup, lining his eyes with a pencil, using the mascara wand on his eyes after running a brush over his eyelids. He could hardly tell what she was doing or why, like why did she outline his lips before putting on lipstick, that hardly made sense at all. She had thrown a towel over the mirror so he wouldn't get a look at the finished product or so she said, but all he knew was his face felt heavier and he wasn't happy about the getting dressed step.

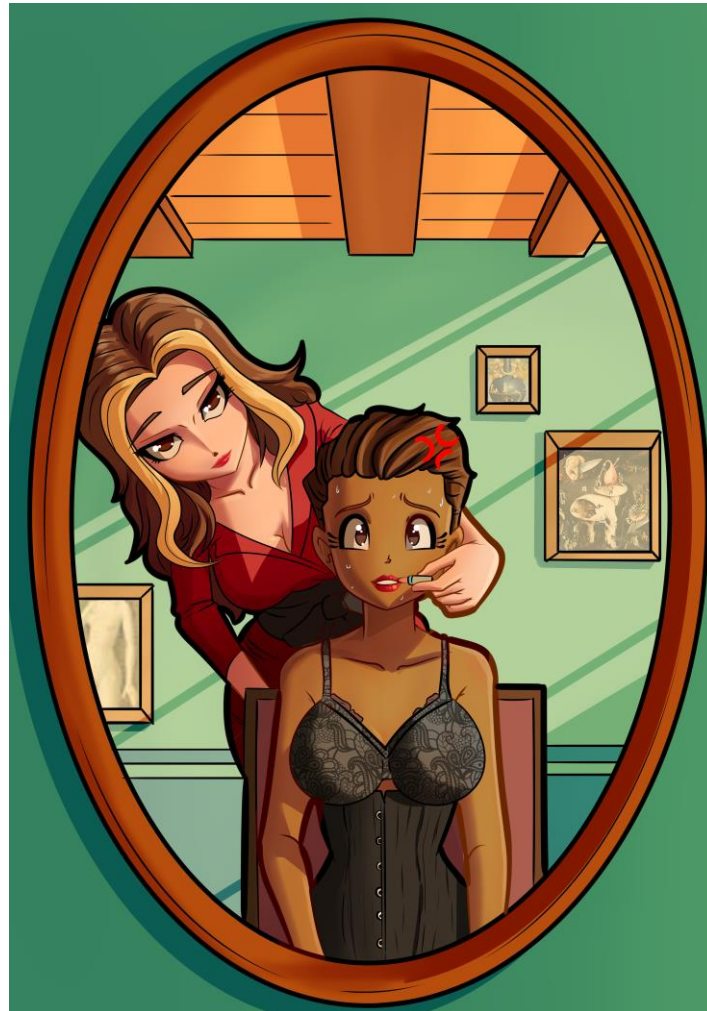
Panties he had on, but next she wrapped what she called an underbust corset around his waist. The thing felt kind of like a weight lifter's belt with the support for his lower back, or it did until she started making it tighter and tighter. "Too tight!" He called out, but she had only laughed and told him to exhale. "Clara you are going to need to exhale, we need this a bit tighter. Once you see what this does to your figure you will never want to take it off." He already knew that wouldn't be coming true, he wanted it off and that want felt closer to a need. It was like being squeezed by a vice grip and told to just live with it. He felt her hands run over his sides and saw how pleased she was with her work. "I'm sorry I don't have a bra to fully match your cute panties, they are very sexy by the way, but I do have a black satin bra that will just have to do." Calvin held out his arms and accepted the fact she was about to put a bra around his chest. The most feminine thing a woman wore and he was forced to put it on and act happy about it all because she came home early without saying a word. No consideration for him at all he thought. "I'm going to stuff it with some of my pantyhose for now, we will look into getting you

something better later, but it is nice that I hardly have to adjust the straps at all. If you were an inch shorter we could wear all the same clothes, though I'm willing to bet most of my things would fit you." She laughed a little before continuing. "Though you already know that and I bet that might have been one of the hardest things for you when you had to move out. Did you buy some clothes when you lived at the hotel and then have to purge them when you came home?" He figured she really thought that not only did he want to dress this way, but he had been wearing her clothes, he was mortified. "Ah, ah no this is my first time." He felt a light slap to his thigh like she was being playful, but when she looked him in the eye she looked dead serious.

"Calvin David Bennent, you do not need to lie to me about this any more and I will not have you hiding yourself from me. Now tell me the truth right now that you have been dressing up in my clothes. Or so help me not only will I not help you finish getting ready, but I will send you from this house as you are now. Maybe if everyone saw who you really are you would be more willing to be honest with me." He did not want to say that, but with how serious she looked and that threat he complied. "We are similar builds and umm you have borrowed my shirts before." It wasn't what she said to say, but it was in the ballpark. While he didn't mind girls being taller than him in heels, he did hate that he never got broad shoulders like his little brother, well younger brother. "I have, but I guess we can share a closet going forward. Though we can probably throw out some of your things, there is no need for it if you are going to be dressing up around the house and sharing my clothes." Calvin's eyes went wide and it felt like they might be bulging out of his skull at the thought of this continuing. "Moriah, this is just for today." He was going to explain more and put his foot down, but he stopped when he felt her hug him. "Okay Clara, small steps." Once he got all of this off he could tell her how he got it all out of his system, he didn't think she would buy he didn't like it considering her last few reactions. He hated putting on the dress, it was supposed to be something he fucked girls in, not wear it. Though considering the situation he sure felt fucked. Calvin was looking down at the outfit when he saw his ever so helpful partner move to the closet. "Moriah no!" He called out as she opened it and looked back at him. There in the closet were only his suits, polo shirts and his shoes. "What is it?" Calvin looked at her not sure what to say and when he said nothing she turned back to the closet and pulled out a pair of familiar red five inch heels. "I found these in the closet earlier, I wasn't sure if you bought a pair of shoes to go with your dress. I have to say I know now why you always pushed me to wear such high heels, it's because you wished you were wearing them." Calvin thought the girl must have slipped out while she was helping him in the shower and had taken off her heels to better sneak out. While it was great for him that she was gone, the fact he knew his feet would fit inside those shoes was not so great.

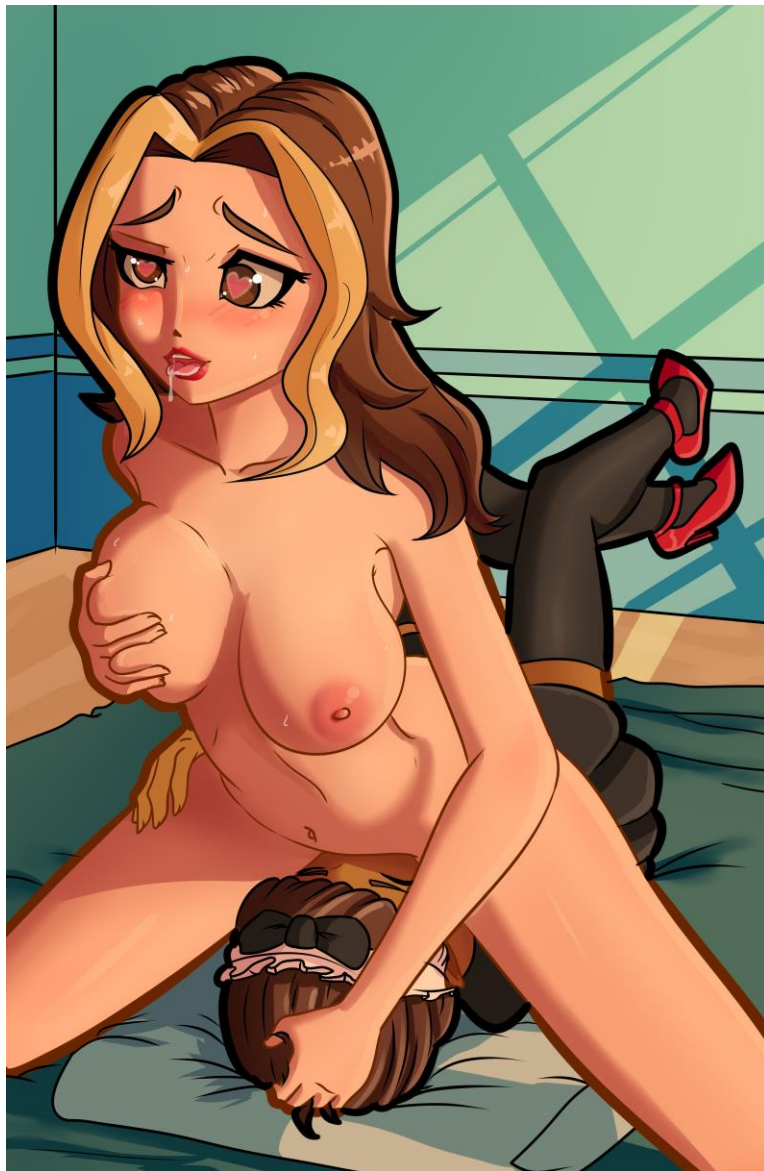
When Calvin was finally able to see himself he swallowed hard. His light brown messy hair had been brushed back and held in place by a black headband, his eyes had a sparkly pink across his eyelids that was then highlighted by the long curled lashes. His lips looked bigger than they should and were colored a glossy pink. "Pink doesn't go with your honey skin tone too well, but I figured what was girlier than pink for the first time you dress up!" He wasn't sure how, but the flared skirt of the dress made him feel more exposed than when he was just in his panties. The corset had really done a number on his waist pulling it in, that with the C cup padded chest he

really did have the body of a girl he would have absolutely bent over something to have her back at work. His legs trembled as he tried to take a step closer to the mirror, and only just kept himself from falling thanks to Moriah. "I don't know what to say." He couldn't take his eyes off himself, he looked like a girl made up for a porno that starred a maid. "Clara, you can start by thanking me, and then you can get on the bed. I don't know what it is about seeing you this way, but it has my motor running." Calvin's gaze shifted off his bare legs that seemed so much longer coming down from the dress and the heels and looked at his girlfriend in the mirror. "Really?!" Calvin saw her bite her lip and nod before grabbing his wrist and pulling him back closer to the bed. He did his best to follow along with mincing tiny steps and not fall over before she pushed him upon the mattress. She hadn't waited for any type of thank you, just pulled off her own panties and climbed into bed with her feminized ex-husband.



Moriah wasn't sure why this turned her on so much, but was loving sitting on Calvin's face, making him eat her out. "Clara, oh my god Clara, yes just like that! Keep going!" She had cried out at one point feeling him use his tongue just right. She didn't get off of his face till she had orgasmed twice, twice more often then she usually did when having sex with him. It wasn't that he was too quick, just in it for his own pleasure. though that had happened more than once, something she expected all women had to deal with, but he just didn't follow directions well. Any time she tried to tell him what she liked and didn't like he took it as an attack on his manhood,

like taking direction would mean he didn't know how to please her. When she pulled up his dress and pulled out his dick, Moriah rode him. Looking down at Calvin's wet face, his makeup was completely ruined. "God Clara you feel so good baby, tell me you are loving this Clara!" Calvin heard her voice, it had firmness to it. It was a command, but it was also thick with desire. "I am loving this, god Moriah yes!" he said bucking his hips up into his girlfriend, and more than happy to be having sex. "Tell me your name is Clara and you love being my woman, tell me you love being my sexy maid!" He would tell her anything so long as she didn't stop rocking her hips, he didn't know why this turned her on so much, but he wasn't going to argue himself out of sex. "Yes, my name is Claraaaaa... I love being your woman, oh god... Oh god... I love being your sexy MAAAAAID!" The two pressed hard into one another as Calvin felt himself stiffen and fill the woman he loved with his cum. Both lay there panting, Moriah atop him both smiling at one another. "Clara, that was wonderful." Calvin just laid there trying to catch his breath and nodded.



Soon after Moriah helped Calvin get cleaned up and dressed in his regular clothes, though she had insisted he continue to wear the thong for the rest of the night. A few days passed and she hadn't mentioned a word of what happened, though he did find the maid dress and heels in his closet along with the panties in his underwear drawer. He was happy she hadn't brought it up, but as mind blowing as the sex was she hadn't seemed to be in the mood since. On the third night he had worn the panties to bed, hoping it would get her motor running and was incredibly pleased that it did exactly that. Sex was incredible, if a little different than he was used to. She wanted to be the dominant one riding him and that night she held his hands by the wrist above his head the entire time, though he cared little about that. Holding a woman's hands so they couldn't move while he had his way seemed rather mundane, though different to being on the receiving end. What he hated was how she would call him Clara and make him promise to be a good girl for her and it made him consider not wearing the panties to bed again because of it. Other than regular sex things got back to normal in their lives. Calvin busied himself at the hotel and Moriah worked with Sid to figure out why they were losing money. He sat in on one of their meetings, mostly because they were doing it over dinner at their house. "I don't understand why it is taking the two of you so long. When I see a problem with one of the workers I just correct it, you tell them what to do and they do it. You two have been looking at that for what, two weeks? Let me handle it, I will show the problem to an accountant or whatever and tell them to get it done." Sid cut another piece of his steak just glaring at Calvin, not understanding how a little weasel like him was able to convince Moriah to marry him and then give him another chance after she figured out she was better off without him. "It isn't that simple Cal..." Calvin pointed his fork at the man. "I like you well enough, but just because we aren't at work doesn't mean you don't have to call me Mr. Bennent."

Moriah put her hand on Calvin's other hand. "Honey please, Sid has worked for us for years and is helping us with something extremely delicate. Maybe you can bend a little at this?" Calvin looked into the beautiful brown eyes of his woman and smiled before shuffling some pies around on his plate trying to get them on his fork. "Fine, you can call me Calvin tonight." Taking a bite of the pies he smirked looking over at the older man. "Sidney Larson, your last name is so close to Larceny and we have you looking into that very thing. It's funny." Sid put another bite of steak in his mouth and gave a little nod in agreement, but didn't find it even a little bit humorous. "Yep, and Sydney is in Australia and the place was started as a prison. You got me, you found your crook." Moriah gave the head of security a reproachful look, telling him to cut that out with a glance. "Look Calvin... you cannot just hand over the records and hope they find it. What do you think will happen if Mega Corp hears that you have this problem? Say goodbye to the offer, say goodbye to whatever millions they promised. You will have nothing. You have been harping and yes I do mean harping on both of us about how it shouldn't be difficult. Well I have news for you, both Moriah and myself are highly capable people. It isn't like any of us three that know about the problem can hover over people to see what they are doing. Everyone knows who we are and wouldn't get caught like that. So instead we investigate, but sure you can take a crack at it. Other than your last plan, what are you going to do?" Calvin put his fork down on his plate and met his all too comfortable employees eyes. "You done? Because I think you are." Calvin said in a flat voice. "Oh my god you both are geniuses!" Moriah cried out, breaking the tension that had been building between the two with her excited voice like she hadn't noticed the level of testosterone in the room going up.

"No one is going to show their hand around us like you said, and Cal wants to handle this himself. All we have to do is give him a disguise and make him an employee at the hotel! It will be like that show Undercover Boss!" Both men looked at Moriah and spoke at the same time. "What?" And then quickly turned their heads to glare at the other for doing so. "It's simple, Cal gets disguised as one of the maids and looks into the matter personally and the two of us keep working it from our side." Calvin's eyes widened at what she just said while Sid raised an eyebrow in confusion. "As a maid? Calvin, dressed as a maid? You mean..." Sid was cut off as she shook her head and spoke over him. "No I mean maid, they have access to every room. They don't just clean the bedrooms that guests stay in, but clean behind the counters and in offices. Calvin might find something left out, in the trash or heck whoever is doing this to us might literally do it in front of Clara thinking she doesn't know better." Sid leaned back in his seat more confused than ever. "Who is Clara? I thought you were sending in." Sid didn't even want to say his name and just motioned with his hand to the man across the table from, silent for once in his life he was sure. "Cal has to be disguised so no one recognizes him, what better way than to make him into someone that looks like a Clara!" Sid burst out laughing and Calvin wanted to be angry, but instead he was just embarrassed at what she had just said. "I'm not doing that." He tried to sound stern, but just sounded more sad and whiny. "Oh come on Calvin, I'm sure you would make a great Clara the maid." Sid said, still trying to fight through his laughter, but without his beard he did actually look a bit feminine. "Clara will be gorgeous, you just wait. I will make sure Clara looks presentable. Do you think you can handle everything on your side for Clara to start, say next week?"

"I said I'm not doing it." Calvin said as he got up from the table and tossed down his napkin on the plate. "Settle down Cal, you said it yourself that we aren't making any headway. You wanted to play a part so this is the part you get to play. Sid and I are handling the paper trail so we can't do it and even if we could he is still needed for his regular job. Plus I don't think he would look passable, with his... what. Are you six feet tall?" Sid shook his head. "I wish, girls always want a man who is six foot or taller, I'm an inch shy." Moriah waved her hand to say it didn't matter. "So he is tall and still has the muscle mass of when he used to box." Again Sid shook his head at her comment, wishing what she said to be true. "I am a long way from fighting weight." She looked at him with a flat look and pointed a finger at him, seemingly completely forgetting her boyfriend was still standing next to his seat next to her. "You need to take a compliment when it is given. Now, can you be ready for Clara to start next week or not?"

The next day Calvin was in his living room wearing the pair of panties that now belonged to him instead of the sexy prostitute. Considering how much he paid her they were the most expensive panties ever. Around his waist was the vice grip corset and on his feet were the incredibly tall heels that he was sure most girls couldn't walk in considering he hardly saw any wearing ones this high. He had been practicing walking in the heels all morning, Moriah had been oh so helpful with showing him how it was done in those same heels and then making him put them

back on and try. One foot in front of the other, heel, toe, heel, toe, sway your hips, back straight, chest out were the general instructions. When he continued to have a problem she made him put a quarter between his thighs near his knees, telling him to keep it there. A task that sounded like it was impossible. "That can't be right... Can you do that?" Moriah shrugged her shoulders. "I don't need to practice and if you need something else we can add a book to the top of your head. Clara you don't have much time for you to learn to have the grace you should have. I have a lot to teach you, and I'm willing to help, but my patience is not absolute." The coin fell to the ground and Calvin frowned before bending over to pick it up the way he was shown. Feet together and bend at the waist, bending the knees only slightly at most. "I don't want to do this! And no woman bends over to pick things up like this unless they want attention!" Moriah got up from the couch and walked in front of her ex-husband. "Think of this as getting to live out your fantasy, you get to walk around as a woman and be sexy for everyone to see. This isn't just about us finding the culprit, but also being the perfect opportunity for you to go out into the world feeling like a sexy woman. So no we don't bend over like that, but you Clara do and do you know why?" Calvin shook his head, hating that at every step of the way his protests had been completely ignored. "Because Clara Diane Bent is a girl who likes being noticed, the more people see you as that type of girl the less likely they will feel like they need to hide things in front of you. That makes sense to you Clara?"



Nodding his head Calvin continued to frown and looked down at his feet. "I won't be wearing heels like this at work, so why do I have to practice with them? My feet are killing me." Moriah smiled at the comment and acted as if she was considering how to answer. "You Clara are the type of girl who loves shoes like that, I know that because given the chance to buy your first pair of heels, you got those. So you will need to get used to wearing them, because I would imagine when you are off the clock that is what you would choose to wear. While I know you would love to wear them all day, they are out of compliance with the dress code, though I would imagine my business partner and a few men around the hotel wouldn't mind if we made an exception.

But no, you won't be wearing them at work, the highest we allow is three inch heels and we will be getting you some before you start." Calvin's jaw just hung open hearing what she had to say about his please to not be tortured like this, his feet were killing him. "Off the clock? Three inches... I don't know if I have ever seen one of the maids wear heels at work." Moriah nodded in agreement, before taking the quarter from his hand and putting it back between his legs. "Of course off the clock, do you think you can just walk out of the building looking like yourself? No, then everyone would know you are and we can't go swapping back and forth between you being Calvin and Clara. You would never be able to stay in character. So you will be Clara Diane Bent until this is all over, isn't that exciting!? And yeah the dress code for heels was more for managers, but there is nothing in the rules saying maids can't wear heels." Calvin slumped his shoulders and the quarter fell to the floor once more and Moriah pointed at it. "Again." She said sternly.

The worst day came when Moriah wanted to go clothes shopping and to a salon appointment. Calvin had gotten walking and moving down, or at least enough for Moriah to be satisfied. The quarter between his legs still seemed impossible, even if he had got better at it. They had started in the shoe section, buying two different pairs of three inch closed toe thin heeled shoes, one pointed toe, the other rounded. The rounded shoe was a glossy black, the pointed toe had a type of black felt coating over it. He didn't know why he needed two for work, but the shopping in that section hadn't ended there. Moriah had picked out and made Calvin try on a pair of white heels with an inch platform and five inch heel, then a pair of black single sole four inch pumps with a red design near the ball of his foot and a pair of black five inch single sole heeled sandals. "But... why? I only need one pair of shoes for work and I already have a pair to go home in." Picking up the white pair of heels Moriah put them in Calvin's hands. "White goes with some outfits." She then picked up the black four inch pumps with the red in the design. "Black and red goes with others. Clara, you need to get your head out of the cloud and start paying attention, unless you want someone to find out your little secret." When they had left the shopping portion of the trip Calvin was now the not so proud owner of five different pairs of heels and the impression his feet would be constantly sore. For clothes he had four skirts, six blouses and nine dresses, pajamas that would only be described as lingerie, more bras and panties than he knew what to do with and a large selection of stockings. "I don't need all of this, we spent way too much!" He complained while putting the bag of assorted panties in the trunk of her car. He hated that he couldn't even drive, with the possibility of an officer pulling him over dressed the way he was. "Girls need variety Clara and we don't know how long you will be this way. Once you start working I can't go out shopping with you, it would not be appropriate for the owner to be seen with a junior maid now would it? This is the second time I have had to tell you this."



That was a kicker he hated, not only would he be working as a maid at his hotel, but as a junior one at that. Sidney had explained that since Clara Bent had no job experience he couldn't realistically put her at anything higher and that considering she didn't really have any documentation she was lucky to get even that as an undocumented worker. "Oh my god, with her honey colored skin she could pass as being of Spanish descent. Clara you may need to work on getting your green card, I don't know how I feel about sheltering an illegal worker at my hotel." He knew she was joking, even if she tried to sound serious. "Our hotel Moriah and I don't

speak Spanish.” That was when he heard the tisking sound from Sidney. “Only people I see here are Clara the soon to be junior maid and one of the owners and she is the only active owner here. And I think you should be calling her Miss or Mrs. Abrams, don’t you?” At that meeting was the first time Sidney had seen him dressed up like a female, the man didn’t tease him like he expected, but it sure wasn’t better that he pretended he wasn’t actually Calvin Bennet, one of the owners, so he stared daggers at him. “Where the fuck do you get off on talking to me like that Sid?” That was the first time and not the last through this experience Calvin had felt his ex-wife slap his behind hard enough to cause him to yelp. “Clara, Sidney is the head of security and you should be addressing both of us properly. Now apologize to both of us.” Calvin hadn’t responded, just looked at her in shock before she slapped his ass again. “I’m sorry Mrs. Abrams and I’m sorry Mr. Larson.” His voice sounded so meek to his ears, part of it was because he had been talking in nothing but a higher register through the training these last few days, but being hit like that had put him completely off. “It is Miss Abrams, but you are forgiven Clara.” That night she had made him put on the sexy French maid uniform and show Sidney before being told if he didn’t behave she would give full permission for the man to spank him and dared have the audacity to say it was for her own good.



That was the night before the shopping trip and now he had to act happy to finally get a makeover. He had gotten long acrylic nails, painted a deep red and matching toenails. Calvin

hated to admit the pedicure felt wonderful, but he would only do so to himself. The women at the salon had thinned his eyebrows, darkened them along with hair to an almost black along with adding extensions so that his hair now hung down just past his shoulders. In the mirror he saw a woman with honey colored skin, long black hair that curled thanks to the rollers and bangs. Out from his hair he could see the overly large hoop earrings that Moriah had said fit Clara's culture, whatever that meant. His lips looked and felt incredibly swollen, and with them painted red looked soft and kissable. In fact the young woman in the mirror looked younger than himself and was very desirable. "That can't be me." Calvin said looking in the mirror, mesmerized looking at the girl he saw. Her mouth moved when he spoke and one of the few things he could really think about was slipping his dick between her lips. Looking at yourself and thinking I want to do myself was a new type of mind fuck and as he was taken away from the mirror he couldn't help but try and look at himself in every reflective surface he came across. "You look beautiful Clara, we don't have time for you to check yourself out every chance you get. Don't worry, the eyeliner is semi-permanent, as is the lip dye and those eyelash extensions aren't going anywhere." That had caused panic to rise in him. "Permanent?!" Moriah shook her head. "You said you didn't speak Spanish, so there can't be a language barrier, " I said semi. As in you will have to get it touched up eventually. I have you prepaid for two more follow up appointments and for your nails for when they need touching up." He was ready to argue when she had grabbed him by the wrist and dragged him off to his next and final appointment for the day. "Why... Why do I need follow-up appointments?" Moriah stopped pulling him along, but didn't let go of his wrist. "Clara, once you start working I can't take you to places like this and you won't be making much money. So it is best for me to handle that now." She said in a condescending tone, like she was talking to an idiot.



"This is just temporary, this is just temporary. I will find who is stealing money and then become a multimillionaire." Calvin told himself, now standing in front of a large mirror in a doctors office. On his chest was a pair of breasts, a pair of massive breasts that threatened to make him lose his balance, they were heavy and real. Well kind of real, the doctor said this was a saline breast job and only recommended this be done slowly over time and not all at once, but Moriah must have given him enough money to overlook such a thing. He had inflated his chest with a saline like solution and then he had to just sit there and lay on his back for over an hour before he did it again, this time with some sort of mold on his chest. This repeated several times till Calvin was now the owner of temporary DD cup breasts, the entire process taking just shy of ten

hours. Looking at himself he suddenly realized why Moriah hadn't had him try on any of the bras at the store. They wouldn't have fit till now, till his chest has massive breasts much larger than the woman he married. He wanted to cry, but kept telling himself over and over. This is just temporary, I will find who is stealing the money. A part of him wondered what would happen if he poked one of his breasts too hard with his long nails when he scratched himself. He wasn't sure how any woman did anything with nails like this and he wondered if it was a real possibility of popping his chest like a water balloon. One of the worst parts of all of this is the doctor talked to Moriah the entire time, like he didn't have a say in any of this and he did, but not in order to get what he wanted. He had no idea what he got injected with in his butt, but figured it had to do with the doctor doing something similar to his chest, because it was huge now. Not that girl is fat huge, but girl got back huge. He was afraid she was going to have him cut off his dick, but she only laughed when he said that. "Don't be ridiculous, we both know who you are and that this won't be forever. We can't go and do that, but I did sign you up for a follow up for this appointment just in case this has to go on. The saline absorbs into your body over time and you may need a refill." It was incredible that the girl he saw in the mirror when he got dressed was a twenty seven year old man, she looked hardly in her twenties and would be the target of many a man's eye as she did practically anything. She wore a thin nylon turtleneck blouse that did nothing to conceal her massive chest, she had a black leather skirt, fifteen denier stockings and the now familiar five inch red heels that started all of this. She had large hoop earrings, alluring eyes, a kissable mouth, long red fingers with a thin gold bangle on one wrist and a tiny women's watch on the other. He saw what Sidney and Moriah had been talking about before. He looked like a young twenty something Latino girl, he hated it, loathed it and found the girl in the mirror sexier than the woman he had married several times over.



"My god Clara, you sure are a pretty thing aren't you." It wasn't a question, it was a statement and one Calvin had to agree with. It was a lot to take in, not just the look but how everything felt. The clothes were tight and clingy, the shoes forced his foot to an uncomfortable position. The weight of his new darker and longer hair that seemed to have a mind of its own, the weight of the earrings and feeling them every time he shifted his head even slightly. And then the changes to his body, the DD chest, the expanded ass and tight pulled in stomach. He was surprised that when he touched his backside and chest it felt real, not like some water balloon. Something finally snapped in Calvin, and he turned on his heeled feet to look at the woman he loved and had betrayed. "Moriah, I need to tell you something. I, I don't want to look like this. I can't stand having this corset on me, I want to eat something that isn't a salad. Moriah I don't want to look like a woman, I never did!" He did not expect her to scoff and roll her eyes. "Clara get a hold of yourself. I don't care if you have cold feet, or that you are second guessing if you want to explore your feminine self. This is about more than just you, can you imagine what would happen if Mega Corp offered us the deal and found out that we had someone embezzling from us. Not only would they pull the deal, but any future offers would be much worse. Ahuva Bahyeet has been cared for and run with a lot of care through the years and something like this could cause Mega Corp to pull their offer, but the business as a whole could also suffer. Are you selfish enough that you would rather I let staff go, ruining people's lives than you be uncomfortable for a while? Calvin gets to be a hero, he gets to save the business and reap his rewards to become a millionaire. To do that all he has to do is live out his dream and be Clara and work a regular job."

Closing his mouth Calvin pursed his lips thinking about what she just said, causing his now larger lips to form a pout. The issue was being tackled from one side and someone on the inside could really help, but him dressing up like this was ridiculous. If he had told the truth before, maybe they could have gotten someone else they trusted to go undercover, he wasn't sure who, but she had chosen him thinking he desired to look like a woman. Fuck he almost confessed to having a prostitute in the bedroom a moment ago, and as bad as that was. Her anger would be something else now that she helped him look this way, though maybe she would accept that as punishment for what he had done. A worse thought crossed his mind at that avenue of thought, what if he told the truth and she made him continue this as punishment. He would still be doing this, but with her angry instead of helpful. What would his chest look like if she was mad!?

"Maybe I could let you and Sid take this on for a while longer?" Moriah crossed her arms over her chest while she shook her head. "Honestly I was talking with Sid and we think it could be someone either in receiving or in purchasing. Having you go in saves us from firing everyone in those departments, because I can't see any other option than clearing out two departments or using you." Moriah stepped closer and put her hand on his cheek while looking him in the eye. "I would rather trust you and your critical eye than ruin some innocent lives." She gave him a lopsided smile thinking how it was better to mess with the life of one not so innocent man than do something like that, two birds one stone. "Yeah... but like this?" Moriah nodded her head, still lightly touching his cheek. "It isn't all bad is it? Haven't you always wanted to have breasts of your own and people think of you as female?" She loved twisting that particular knife on the cheating bastard. Just waiting till she pushed him too far and he confessed the truth of why he admitted to the dress belonging to himself. What she would do in that situation she wasn't sure.

Calvin swallowed hard and put a smile on his face. "Yeah, but this is all so sudden. Like wanting a bite of chocolate and instead being handed five pounds of it. It is just too much all at once." Moriah moved both hands to his shoulders and turned him around to face the mirror once more. "This is your dream, you get to be Clara Diane Bent. Look yourself over and then look me in the eye and tell me you never wanted this." Calvin did look himself over again and rubbed one of his stockinged legs over the other. "I am pretty, but where did you get that name?." He could see her shake her head behind him. "No, you are beautiful Clara. I had a roommate back in college and you remind me of her. Her name was Clara, Diane as it is pretty and close to your middle name and Bent. Well, it is close to your last name and looking the way you do many people will want to do just that to you. Now tell me you love that you are a beautiful woman. Tell me you are my good girl. Tell me so we can go home and have some fun." Calvin felt his lover's hand press firmly on his rear, giving it a firm squeeze before moving over his hip and resting where his tucked member was. "I'm... I'm your good girl, I love being a beautiful woman. Can we go home now?" The squeeze to his rear hurt a little bit, like it would if someone poked a spot on your skin where you had a bug bite or pimple, but at the same time it was sensual. He could feel her desire, hear it in her voice and his tucked away dick let him know how eager it was to play her game, caring little about what he had to do for it to get what it wanted. When Calvin walked by the beautiful Jewish woman that used to be his wife he felt a firm slap on his ass that caused him to pick up his pace. "Move faster Clara, or only one of us will be getting off." He minced as fast as he could in the incredibly high heels, feeling his hair, earrings, breasts and ass move and sway with his movements, while disconcerting none of that was important to him at that second.

Back at their home Moriah brought her feminized boyfriend into one of the guest rooms and pushed her to the bed after kissing him deeply. Kissing him now was different than before, she could smell the perfume, the smoother skin, the plump lips. She had slept with her old roommate a few times in college, but while nice hadn't been what she wanted. Clara now had something she enjoyed much more, even if the cock was small. The biggest turn on was knowing how much power and control she had. Leaning back on the bed Calvin looked at the room perplexed, not sure why they were in here. "What are we doing here?" Moriah smiled, leaned down and kissed Calvin tenderly. "Because I want to, is the only reason you need Clara, but you will need to get used to sleeping on your own. So for tonight this is your room, but not till after I get what I want from you. I want you Clara, and I want you to tell me your name, your full name and how sexy you are. I see how much of a sexy young woman you are, but I want to hear you say it as I have you." Calvin quickly assisted his lover pull off the nylon shirt, feeling it pull on his sore chest and as it was removed exposing his corseted waist and large chest Moriah pushed him back and climbed on top. She descended on him like a predator kissing his neck with tiny quick kisses. He hardly noticed her fingers moving to his back till the elastic of the bra came loose and she was able to pull the bra cup to the side as her lips kissed down to them. Calvin felt a wave of pleasure as she took his nipple in his mouth for a second and then it was gone. "Clara, tell me what I want to hear." She said before taking his nipple in her mouth again, she knew it wouldn't be as sensitive as her own, at least not until enough of the hormones were released from the capsule that was implanted in him. "I'm Clara Diane Bent..." Calvin drew out

the last name for taking a gasp of air. Her hand had snaked under his skirt and had freed him from his panties while she still kissed his chest. "I'm a sexy WOOMAN!" The volume and intensity of his words rose to explosive levels as moved from his chest to his dick with her mouth.



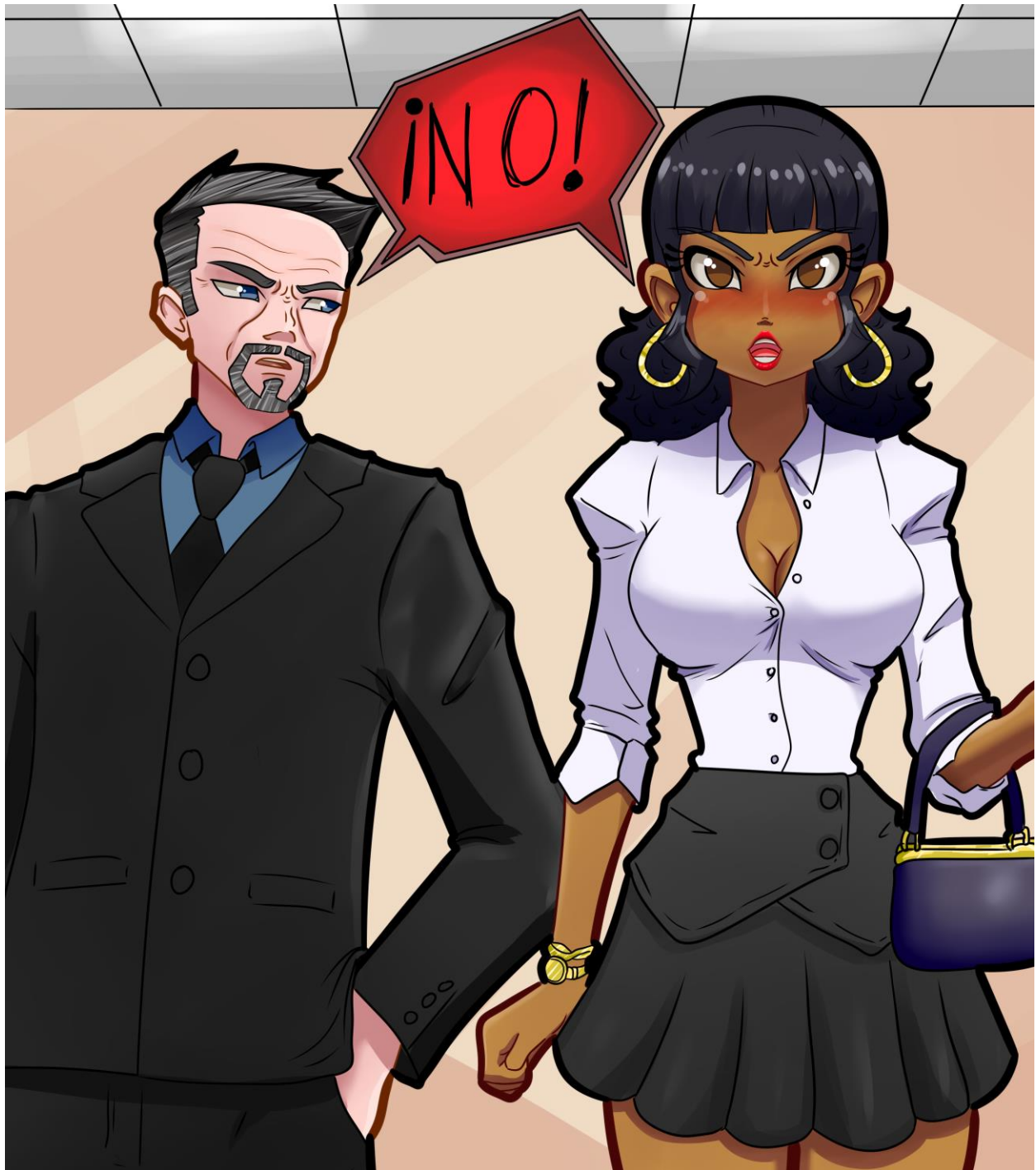
He was so turned on he could explode right into her mouth at that second, he wanted to hold back but didn't know how long he could last. She kept applying suction as she fully took him into

her mouth and felt her lips touch the base of his cock. That was it, he could last only about thirty seconds longer and erupted into her mouth, when she tried to pull free his long nailed fingers ran through her hair, each hand holding her down so she could devour his seed. "Ah, ah, ah, god. Yes!" Each word before the last was short and almost like a whisper, he was having a hard time getting a full breath of air between what she was doing and the corset. When he let go he smiled at his lover, seeing some of his seed dripping down the side of her mouth to her chin. He loved a good blowjob, but something he wasn't expecting was her to kiss him right after. The idea of that was disgusting, but the actual act was horrifying as she slid her tongue into his mouth still coated in his own cum. He could taste her along with his salty, thick seed. "I hope you enjoyed that, Clara, because it is now my turn." For the next hour and a half he spent between her legs his jaw being as sore as his heeled feet by the end. "Okay pretty girl, time for you to get your shower and then it is off to bed. Tomorrow you have a big day with Sid before you can start work on Monday." Having a bath instead of a shower was an adjustment, but a time he looked forward to as it meant no corset, but it wasn't that late and he still hadn't had dinner. "Maybe I can just clean up and then we can have dinner. Maybe something that isn't a salad?" Moriah chuckled as she started for the door and looked back at him. "Clara, you are trying to lose weight, and I think the protein I shared with you should be enough for you tonight, but if you want more I could ask Sidney if he is willing to donate." Calvin gave her a disgusted look, the memory of tasting himself still firmly in his mind and on his tongue. "Don't even joke about that." The smile on Moriah's face dropped and she looked him in the eye. "Clara, you don't get to tell me what to do. You aren't my husband, or boyfriend. You are just a girl I am letting stay with me who I had a little fling with before she starts her job as a junior maid at the hotel I own." When she saw her disguised boyfriend about to speak up she held up one finger sternly. "Argue with me and you will find out if I was joking or not or if I feel like tossing you out the door." Calvin wasn't sure where the sudden burst of hostility came from, they had just both had a fantastic time. He knew intimately that it wasn't her time of the month, the only other thing he could think of was how she had made him promise to not to try and control her like he had. Moriah held his gaze for a few more seconds and when he hadn't said a word she walked over and helped her ex-husband to his heeled feet and started to undo the corset.

Sleep was hard for Calvin that night, Moriah had put him in a different corset, not as tight at least, but it was still there. He was wearing a maroon babydoll nightie and matching panties and left alone in the dark he couldn't help but feel the changes to his body. It felt odd to lay on his back with how his back side felt, it was like his cheeks were swollen and he guessed they were. The worst feeling was the weight of his chest pressing down on him as he looked up at the spinning ceiling fan. Turning to his side he let out a few tears, and those tears brought a few more. He cried like he hadn't in a long time, he couldn't control it, he tried. He felt emotional, abused and trapped. Earlier in the day he felt this when looking at his naked body after the doctor had worked on him, but was able to keep it together in front of Moriah. Here though, in the guest bedroom, alone he had no agency in letting them flow and the more that came out the more powerless he felt. When Calvin was all cried out he still lay there on his side, holding the sheet close to him and thinking about what was to come. If he didn't continue he would need to tell the woman he loved the truth that he cheated on her so that she understood he wasn't just having cold feet. That would mean going along with it this long was for nothing, she would kick him to the curb and he would be out millions. He tried to focus on the money, buying a yacht, he

didn't know how to sail, but he could learn. The thought of sailing out on the sea with a beautiful woman in a string bikini at his side allowed him to relax enough to slip off to sleep.

The next day Calvin was wearing a white button up blouse with a tight collar and sleeves that stopped partway down his forearms, three thin gold bangles on one wrist and the tiny watch on the other. To cover his legs he had a black short pleated skirt, no stockings or pantyhose today, allowing the still alien feeling of air to blow over his smooth hairless legs. On his feet a pair of white five inch heels with an inch platform. Under it all he had on the horrible corset that Moriah seemed so happy about because she was able to tighten it further than before. He had started to get used to it, not to be confused with actually being used to it or finding it comfortable and even that was taken away from him. So now he walked next to Sidney, feeling his breasts and ass shake as they walked into the DMV. Walking in the door someone waved the two past the line. "This her?" Sidney nodded at the employee as they were brought over to an unoccupied part of the counter. "Yeah, she needs an ID to start at work tomorrow, but isn't bright enough to think ahead. I appreciate you helping me out." Calvin felt like a piece of meat as the man who had to be in his sixties stared at his chest hungrily. "This is just a state ID, I'm not breaking any laws for you." Sidney held up his hands in surrender. "No, I would never ask you to do something like that." The elderly man glowered at him and clenched his teeth, Calvin could tell there was more to their relationship. "She can't get a driver's license or a social security card, an ID will be all she needs for the hotel to sponsor a work visa." The employee, who Calvin had yet to hear a name for, had only turned his eyes away from him for a moment and were now back to him, but at least he was looking him in the face. "Where are you from anyhow, chica?" Calvin spoke up before Sidney, disliking how they kept talking about him. "I was born in Arizona jackass." His words weren't as biting as they once were with how he had to talk softer and in a higher register. "Woah, woah calm down there girly. You speak English well enough, but if you are being sponsored that story isn't going to fly with me." Calvin could feel Sidney's eyes boring into him and his hand press into his lower back to remind him to behave. "She actually doesn't speak a word of Spanish that she didn't learn from tv. One of those kids with parents who wanted a better life for her, but weren't much for following the rules, or not able to for whatever reason." Calvin frowned, keeping his arms firmly crossed and not being used to his chest enough to know the effect it was having on the now straining blouse. "Nice of you to help her out, you two dating or something?"



After they both had said “No” at the same time and both just as forcefully the man behind the counter chuckled and mumbled something about them the two lying to themselves, Calvin was happy to be done with the place. Though not so happy to have a state issued ID saying he was

Clara Diane Bent a twenty two year old Hispanic female. "Sid!" Calvin called out, it was difficult to keep up with the man's pace. "Sid!" He cried out again, but the man didn't so much as slow down let alone stop. "Sidney Larson!" Calvin yelled and came to a stop in the middle of the parking lot. He watched as the man turned around, he didn't look happy but that was normal when he was told what to do in Calvin's experience. "I'm white, why are you pushing this farce of me not being from here?" Calvin whispered harshly to him as he stomped his heeled foot, upset he had to yell to get his attention. Suddenly Calvin felt the larger man's hand wrapped around his biceps roughly as he leaned in close. "You need to remember who you are, you are the young lady that ID says you are. You do not get to call me by a nickname or my first name. You get to call me Mr. Larson, or I swear you will feel my hand on your backside like Miss Abrams said I would." Calvin tried to pull his arm away, but the older man pulled him closer, almost making him lose his balance in the shoes. "You want to fire me? Not going to happen, I took your crap for so long. I am helping you for the good of the company and soon as you do your job the company can be sold off. No more Mr. Bennent telling me what to do, you will have your money and I will be free of you. Fuck if I was really lucky I would figure out what is going on and we just leave you out of the loop. Till one day you are cleaning someone's room and you hear the news that the company has been taken over by Mega Corp. The good news is you Clara will be getting a raise from what I understand under the takeover." Calvin spit in the man's face, he was so close it was hard not to smell the coffee on his breath.

The assault with saliva was enough for Calvin to get free. "I used to like you, you know that SID? I used to think you were the man I could go to when I needed things done. Now though, fuck you. You are fucking fired; we don't need you. The last thing you are going to do is drop me off back at home and then you can fuck off to whatever hole you live in." Sidney calmly pulled out his phone with one hand and wiped the saliva from his face with the other. Clicking the phone over to the speaker phone he held it out so the feminized man could see who was on the phone. "Hey, yeah Miss Abrams, Clara just tried to fire me and told me I can fuck off to whatever hole I crawled out of." Calvin could see his girlfriends' name on the phone and glared daggers into Sidney. "That is not what I said, I said..." Calvin was cut off by a rather angry voice. "Clara, you need to calm down, and show Sidney the respect he has earned. He doesn't have time for some girly hissy fit. I am not going to fire him, and you need to work with him, he is going to be your only contact while you are working. As I told you before, I can't be associating with someone in your position. Your only option is to do as he says, or quit. I swear if you ruin this deal I will be taking you to court. Do I make myself clear, young lady?!" Hearing what she had to say Calvin's hard glare turned into something softer and as it receded Sidney grimace turned into a smirk. "Now tell me you will be a good girl for Mr. Larson." Calvin was feeling rather small at that second, with what she had just said. The woman he loved said she would sue him if he didn't go along with all this mess, he had agreed the night before but he didn't have to take this man. He never considered how tough all this must be on her though, losing him for a short time and the stress of knowing someone was stealing money from her company that she loved like a child. It must have been too much for her or she would never have snapped at him like that. "I will be a good girl for Mr. Larson." He said causing that small feeling to increase as he could just feel the man's smile even not looking at him. "Sidney, how are your errands with Clara going?" Calvin was looking at the ground, feeling embarrassed, he felt a cold rage in him do battle with the smallness that was full of emotion that wanted him to cry. He was not going to give the man the satisfaction and held it down. His ex-wife was just being emotional

with everything happening, he would have to keep a clear head and get this done and make sure this asshole got what was coming to him when it was all over.

“Not bad, we have her ID now and are on the way to the bank. Would go faster if she wasn’t walking in a way to turn every man on she sees though.” Calvin looked up at him seeing his smug smirk as the light laughter came from the phone. “That is just how Clara walks Sid, she promised to be good. Do try and be nice to her, we each have our part to play.” Sidney nodded like the woman on the other end of the phone could see him. “Will do boss lady, will do.” With that he hung up the phone and motioned over his shoulder. “Let’s get moving, we have a lot more to do.” Calvin followed the man back into the car, keeping quiet. Sitting in the car Calvin kept his legs firmly together and crossed his feet at the ankles like he had been taught, his eyes firmly stuck looking at his hands in his lap. “Hey about your question.” Sid’s voice came along with him reaching over and tapping him on the back of his hand. The physical touch caused Calvin to jump a little like he was going to grab him again. “Hey now, I’m not going to hurt ya. You asked about the background story, we decided you needed to be someone that everyone will look past. Being pretty already makes it so you will be underestimated and if people think you aren’t a citizen that would be doubly true. Does that make sense?” Calvin didn’t say a word, just nodded his head and moved his face to look away from the man as a blush came to his cheeks. He knew how he looked, but being told you were pretty felt different. Good in one way, and horrible and horrifying that men would find him attractive. Sid glanced at the feminized man next to him in the front seat, seeing Calvin turn his head to look away. He was trying to be nice and what did he get in return? Not a hey thanks for thinking ahead to make my job easier, no. Calvin wasn’t the type to ever say such a thing.

Things went smoothly at the bank as far as getting an account, Calvin let Sidney do all the talking. He didn’t understand why he needed a new bank account, the pay for the job would be almost nothing. It would be easier to just put it into his current account or not pay it at all really, the extra money from a junior maid was going to be minimum wage and he didn’t need that on top of his salary. So he just sat there with his legs crossed and played up the role of being some pretty girl. Why torture himself convincing some female bank employee who he is when Sidney wanted to be in charge and was willing to do all the talking. Glancing down he saw a scuff on his white heel and frowned a little, licked the pad of his thumb and rubbed it off. “Oh I just love those shoes, where did you get them?” The employee, Sandy according to her name tag, was talking directly to him. Calvin glanced at her then back to the horrible five inch heels. “I got them just the other day at Happy Heels, I think they just opened.” Calvin could see Sidney was amused as he was forced into a conversation about high heels, even if it didn’t last long.

In the end Calvin stood outside the bank looking down at the new piece of plastic that would join the last in his purse. The bank card showed a field of purple tulips, Sidney picking that one saying how it was Clara’s favorite flower. “Can you tell me why we had to do this?” Calvin didn’t

try to make it a command, the last time he tried that it didn't go well. Sidney squinted at him for a second before shaking his head. "So you can get paid, we are going to sponsor you for a work visa so we aren't going to pay you under the counter and how would it look if Clara Bent's paychecks were deposited into one of the owners accounts." That made sense, Calvin didn't really consider what it would look like to have the check put into his account. It could even look like fraud to Mega Corp when they looked at the books. Holding up the card Calvin gave a small smile to Sydney and figured he would try to add a little humor to lighten the mood after the man obviously thought he was an idiot for his question. "Think I could get a credit card? How is a girl supposed to live off two hundred dollars?" Sidney blinked a few times not sure what to make of the question. "Doubt anyone will give you a credit card without a social security number Clara and you will just have to make do with the two hundred in your account till you get paid. Now come on we have one more stop to make before I can use the rest of my day off for myself. "Where to next?" Calvin said, slipping the card into his purse and hurried to catch up to Sidney. He couldn't remember if the man always walked so briskly like he was always moving with a purpose, but trying to keep up with him in the uncomfortable shoes was a problem, as was the jiggling feeling from his body as he moved. "Your new apartment, picked out a place not too far from your new job."

"What do you mean apartment? I have a house, it isn't like I am going to be inviting someone back to where I live." Calvin already thought of the answer, Moriah had said more than once they couldn't be seen together, but it still felt a bit much. "I don't know what to tell you other than the apartment will be in your name, first and last month are paid up. The rest will be on you once you sign the lease. Far as your house, I believe the only person on the deed is Miss Abrams." Reaching out to grab the larger man's hand to stop him from moving Calvin felt his rough hand as they both came to a stop. Looking at the hand Cal could see the scars from his boxing career, then looked up to him in the eye. It dawned on him that in the stupid shoes he was an inch taller than him now. "Wait, wait. I am going to have to pay rent, with my own money?" Sidney leaned his head back to look at the blue sky for a second so he didn't vent his frustration. How had this man run a hotel when he clearly couldn't think through any scenario. "Yes Clara, you will have to pay rent, but it will all work out for you because tomorrow you are starting a new job so that you can afford such things. Now come on, enough dilly dallying." Moving to get in the car Calvin figured while he had to play the stupid he would just move funds from his substantial accounts to this new one so he didn't have to worry about funding.

The apartment building itself was a fixer upper if Calvin was being generous. He could imagine a place like this on one of those remodeling shows where someone bought the building to have it redone. Those shows were always ridiculous, mother of three being a stay at home mom and the father a electrical engineer and part time butterfly breeder having just under a million dollars to find their dream home. This studio apartment still had all the furnishings from the last tenant, with a twin bed on a white metal frame, the thing even had sheets and blankets atop it sitting folded. There was a short, long chipped white dresser next it, the room small enough that the two connected together like an L. On the dresser was one of those three way folding mirrors with lights that girls used for makeup and the rest of it was cluttered with different makeup vials of this and that. Calvin wished he wasn't able to name them all, but after a week crash course

he was familiar enough with the products. There was a wooden chair with a few pillows strapped to it facing a small flat panel tv on the wall, but it looked like whoever used to live here turned the chair to sit in front of the dresser to put her face on. The place didn't have a kitchen so much as a place where a kitchen would be if there was enough room. A fridge that looked like it was made in the early nineties was there, along with a toaster oven and a hot plate, but hey at least the dishwasher looked new. Trying to not feel horrible about living here he tried to think of it like an investor, the floors were solid wood, the electrical was new according to the apartments super. In the bathroom was one of those old clawfoot tubs that he was sure would sell well on the second hand market. The attached shower head and circle shower curtains seemed like an add on, but the bathroom like the rest of the apartment wasn't big enough for much else. He thought it odd that the last girl who lived here left her makeup out on the dresser, a hair dryer in here and curling iron. "I knew you would like it, I can see that you like it. Why else have your friend pay me to hold it before you sign the lease? Come now pretty lady, come sign this and you can be home."

Turning to look at the sweaty, overweight man, Calvin gave a tight small smile. Hating that he would have to live here, but maybe he could come back here, change, put his hair up in a baseball cap. Then catch a cab home to spend the evening with the women he loved instead of being alone in this dump. Taking the pen he hesitated for a moment remembering the correct name to sign and was at least a little happy that when this was over he could just leave, this man would need all the luck in the world to be able to come after him for the rest of the rent for the lease. With it signed he took his hand shaking it twice before giving him a very unwelcome hug. "Welcome to your new home. If you need anything you come see Aarif in room One A." When he left Calvin looked over at Sid. "Well at least he didn't try to kiss me..." For the first time that day Sidney laughed and gave him a genuine large smile. "You know when he went to hug you I thought he was going to try. Wouldn't blame him with how you threw yourself at him when you first came in." A light red came to Calvin's face as he blushed in embarrassment. "I tripped!" Sidney continued to laugh a little to the point of having to wipe a tear from one of his eyes. "You say you tripped, I saw flirting." Calvin glowered at the man, he was trying to make a light joke of the situation, but he was taking it too far. "Hey now, don't get upset at me, not when I have presents for you." Sidney said, pulling a folded envelope from inside his jacket pocket.



"In here you will find a bus pass good for a month, I suggest setting it up to auto pay. You will also find the bus schedule. I picked a place close enough so you won't have to transfer from one bus to the next. I also highlighted the route you will need to take for the closest grocery store. Lastly ahh..." Sidney fished in one of his other pockets and pulled out a cell phone that looked about two generations old. "A cell phone setup for you, it is prepaid, you have so many text messages... no unlimited text messages, some data and I don't know. The information for

your phone is in the envelope too. The gist of it is you should set it up to your bank account as well so that it doesn't get turned off. While we were getting your errands done Moriah bought some second hand things for you and decorated." He said motioning to a framed movie posted from the old movie Breakfast at Tiffanys. "All of your things are here, so I guess that is it. Do you have any questions before I head out? Oh, work! I almost forgot. You start tomorrow at seven in the morning, I don't know what your work schedule will be like." That was a lot of information thrown at him all at once, it was a lot to unpack. Calvin sat down on the edge of the bed, crossing his legs at the knee like he had been taught. "I'm not allowed to have my car?" Sidney shook his head. "Clara doesn't have a driver's license." Calvin numbly reached out and took the envelope and the phone, staring at the reflective surface of the powered off device. "I can't have my own cell phone?" Again Sidney shook his head. "Nope, what would happen if someone called you while you were at work? Or was insistent you meet up when they got you on the phone? What if you answered Calvin's phone with the voice you use for Clara? Or vice versa? There are too many ways for things to go wrong. I think Moriah said something about having her boyfriend's phone set to go to an answering service." That didn't fully track, he could at least text from his own phone, and answer work emails. Heaven knows he had tons of them every single day. "Besides from what I hear Mr. Bennent is going on a vacation. Did you know that man had only taken a vacation once and that was only because his wife at the time wanted to go on a cruise and still she had to insist he come with her. So good on him for finally taking a sabbatical, he needed time away." He was being a dick about answering his unasked question, but it at least let Calvin know what was going on, but it worried him so much that it was decided without him.

"Is there anything else about my life that you or Moriah have taken control of and didn't ask me about?" Sidney put his hands into his pockets and gave a small shrug. "Maybe, I don't know. Things have been moving incredibly fast, but that is the idea so we can get this done. Even if you do enjoy dressing as a woman, I doubt you want to live like this for long. So better make sure you do what you can to end this sooner rather than later." Calvin got to his feet and took a step toward Sidney, wagging one of his long nailed fingers in the air. "See here! I do not enjoy dressing like this! I don't care what Moriah said to you about me dressing at home!" Calvin felt himself fly back and land on the bed as he felt a hand push into his chest. The apartment was too small to really call what happened flying back, and even with everything looking second hand the mattress seemed new enough with how much bounce it had. "Calm down, Moriah didn't tell me anything. But here is the thing, no man would ever willingly dress up and look the way you do. So don't be getting all upset, I don't care if you are trying to pretend to have some latino temper or whatever." Sidney put his hand under Calvin's jaw, gripping his face tight and pulling him closer to look the feminized man in the eye. "Lastly, that will be the last time you treat me with disrespect. Calvin Bennent is my boss, but he is on vacation and when he gets back the company is going to be owned by someone else. You are just Clara Bent, a soon to be junior maid and I swear if you get uppity one more time I will take you over my lap and spank you like you are a misbehaving child. Do, you, under, stand?" Those familiar overwhelming emotions started to seep forward, a small amount of tears came to his eyes as he nodded. "Jesus... you are about to cry. Just say yes sir so I can leave, I never know what to do when a girl is crying." The grip on Calvin's jaw didn't go away, he didn't want to say that, he didn't know why he was being so emotional, but he was positive Sidney would do what he threatened. The man seemed to be enjoying the power dynamic that had changed, he was wrong about it in the

long run. Sidney Larson would find himself jobless when this was all over, blacklisted and unable to find work. That was all to come, but for now Calvin had to suck it and just do it, like when he had to go through hazing back at his fraternity. "Yes sir, Mr. Larson."

When he was gone Calvin explored his apartment again, but this time in his stockinged feet. It was sexy hearing a woman's heels walk across a hardwood floor, but less so when it was his feet in those shoes. The room was on the fifth floor and had no one below, except a storage room. That was once apparently another apartment, but was currently not suitable for habitation. With the apartment being in the corner that meant he only had to deal with sharing a wall with one other apartment and considering this dump he hoped it was empty, but odds were good it could be a drug dealer. There wasn't much to see in the apartment, everything he thought was from a previous tenant were really all of his current possessions. He needed to talk with Moriah about getting a few more things from the house, like maybe a pair or two of his pants. The only thing in the closet was the super girly clothes she had bought, but there was no reason why he couldn't wear pants in his own apartment. The fridge had a few things, at least she was nice enough to do some light shopping. Eggs, zucchini, romaine lettuce, two tomatoes, celery, light Italian dressing, Greek yogurt and some diet breakfast shakes were pretty much the contents. The freezer held three lean cuisine meals, he guessed for some variety, because why else would she only buy three. Pushing the freezer door closed, Calvin made his way all twelve paces or so to the bed and started to look through the information. Turning on the phone he saw there were only a few saved phone numbers in the contacts. The contacts read, Ahuva Bahyeet Front Desk, Ahuva Bahyeet Sick Line, Beautiful You Salon, City Bus Help, Department of State (Work Visa), Dr. Highland (OBGYN), Mr. Larson. "OBGYN, funny, real funny. Oh work visa... you are such a dick Sidney."



Calvin moved to lean on the pile of sheets as he looked at the contacts again. "Fuck... Moriah's phone number isn't here." Sitting back up, Calvin dropped the phone on the bed in frustration

and just being plain uncomfortable. He slid his hands over his sides feeling the tight compression garment. "Yeah fuck this too." He said unbuttoning the blouse and reaching behind himself. Calvin could feel the laces, but even when using a mirror trying to get them undone with the long nails on his fingers was impossible. With great aggravation he picked up the new phone and hit the contact for Mr. Larson. "Miss me already?" Calvin wanted to throw the phone through the wall, but he needed him. "No, but I need you to come back to help me with this stupid corset.... please ." He added the last part after some hesitation thinking about the last threat. "Oh, umm yeah that. I was told to loosen the laces for you and then come back in the morning to put it back. Shit, I'm sorry Clara, I forgot. Look I can't make it back there tonight, but I will make it up to you." Calvin pulled the phone away from his ear and stared at the screen like he could kill the man on the other side. "Yeah how are you going to make it up to me?" After the question there was only a long silence before Sidney spoke up. "I was thinking with you being starved to help you get down in weight. You might be interested in me coming by after work tomorrow with an angus burger for you." The very mention of red meat had Calvin salivating, and would be a welcome change. The contents of the fridge offered no hope for a decent meal and while he could get something like that himself, if Sidney felt like he owned him, all the better. "Yes, I think that would be a good start to making it up to me, but it has to be from Fords, I love their burgers." Calvin hadn't noticed how he had sat back on the bed. If anyone was in the room all they would see is a young woman sitting on her unmade bed, her skirt riding up to show much more of her legs, her blouse now hung from the single chair in the room. Showing her full bra and corseted waist while she twirled some of her long dark hair between her fingers while she talked on the phone. Calvin pumped his fist for the first victory he felt all day, before sliding his hand over his held in midsection. "I hate this thing, but I really do love a good burger." He said to himself after getting off the phone.

There wasn't much to do in the apartment, the tv wasn't even hooked up to cable, so he went about making his bed. Inspecting the mattress closer it looked like the only thing other than his new wardrobe that was new. With it freshly made Calvin laid down on it and started to browse the web on his new phone, deciding to do a little shopping online for a cappuccino machine. If he was going to be stuck here for more than even a few days he would need a decent source of caffeine, after that he bought a nice area rug to help spruce up this horrid place. The tiny bank account dwindled down to less than twenty dollars, so he went to log into his actual bank account and transfer some money. He would really have to get his wallet from Moriah so he could have his own debit and credit cards, but he would have to get Sid to give him the phone number first. It was annoying how much of one's brain was now in his cell phone, he used to memorize numbers, but hadn't done so in a while. "The hell?!" Calvin said looking at the error on the screen telling him he had an incorrect password. "Stupid nails." He complained after the account got locked out for too many failed attempts. It was a small inconvenience, tomorrow he would use the computer room that was open to guests to take care of it, but made a note of adding to his growing list of things he needed was to get his laptop. It wasn't late, but still he felt exhausted and with the corset on there would be no bathing. Calvin figured he might as well wipe himself down and try to get to bed early, no doubt he wouldn't be getting much sleep with the torture device on.

The next day started off being annoying, not in a something went wrong kind of way, but as in Calvin knew this would be his normal routine if he didn't get to the bottom of the missing money with alacrity. He held back his hair with a hairband as he touched up his makeup, his now thick lips were going to look like they had lipstick on because of the dye, so all he had to do for them was apply some lip gloss, his eyelashes didn't need any mascara so he just ran the brush over them to fan them out. He knew how long it could take Moriah and past girlfriends to do their faces so he did know the semi-permanent work they had done had saved him time. He wondered why they just didn't say long lasting, the word permanent was well... Very permanent. For clothes today he wore a pair of fifty denier stay up stockings, matching black bra and panty set and then a deep blue wrap around dress. Slipping his feet into the shoes that once belonged to an escort he hired, then moved onto jewelry. A look in the mirror made him feel uneasy, embarrassed and a little turned on looking at the woman. She looked like she was ready to go on a date, not go to work, but he didn't have a lot of freedom in how Clara was supposed to look. Moriah had said he looked good in winter colors, whatever that meant. Slipping his new phone, the bus pass and schedule into his purse he left his apartment for his first day working as a maid.

The bus wasn't difficult, standing at the bus stop, because the bench looked disgusting, ignore the men looking at him and then only get on the bus with the correct number. One fear he did not have was men looking at him and thinking he was some sort of freak, it was the only blessing he thought he had for looking the way he did. Fifteen minutes later Calvin got off at his stop, just outside the property line for his hotel and made his way in. The familiar click, clack, click, clack could be heard as he minced across the tile floor. As he moved he tried not to look at anyone, wanting to draw as little attention to himself and walked right past the reception desk, moving toward the locker room he knew the girls used. He was about to reach for the handle of the door when he heard a voice behind him. "Can I help you Miss?" He knew that voice and it hadn't really occurred to him that he would be working under the woman. Bethany Long, the head of operations, she was a tall fifty year old blonde woman. For a fifty year old she looked good with long blonde hair fashioned to cover one of her eyes, but Calvin had never made a move on her. Really the only girls at the hotel he persuaded to bed with him were the maids. He got along well enough with Bethany, he liked how she was strict and had a similar management style to his own. But it would be a vastly different world working under her. "Ahh Hi, I'm Clara. Today is my first day." He said, holding out his hand to shake hers. "So you are our new hire Clara Bent. Not off to a great start deary, ten minutes late." She said looking at her watch and not accepting the outstretched hand. "Well, you see the bus..." Bethany shook her head and talked right over him. "I don't accept excuses. If the bus you took to get here makes you late, you will have to take an earlier one. Here when you are corrected, simply say yes ma'am and do your best to not make the same mistake again."



The older woman looked him up with a critical eye in a way that made Calvin feel uncomfortable as she judged him on how he was dressed. "Well then, let's start you out on the right foot. I am Bethany Long, you may call me Mrs. Long. I am not so uptight though and you can feel free to call me Beth when you are off the clock. You need to know I run a tight ship and just because Mr. Larson pulled some strings to get you this job without you interviewing with me, does not mean you can go crying to him if you get in trouble. If you need something, you come to me or whoever I assign you to help train you. If a guest asks you to do something, feel free to do it if doing so doesn't put you behind in your duties. If it will, simply tell the guest you will have someone get right on that for them, and you are a pretty thing. So, I doubt anyone will give you trouble if you say it with a smile. I don't want to frighten you away, and you won't have to worry about it right now, but one of the owners, a Mr. Bennent tends to want to give maids some extra attention if you know what I mean. I'm sure when he returns from vacation you will catch his eye, so do be careful and if you don't like his advances come directly to me and I will handle it. Now we can get you fitted for a uniform, and then I will show you around before I have you shadow one of the girls cleaning rooms." He couldn't remember Bethany ever coming to him to say stay away from one of the her girls and wondered what she meant by she would take care of it and while he didn't need to be shown around with his knowledge of the hotel, it wouldn't make sense for Clara to know the layout, but he really needed to be in some of the offices. Not the guest rooms, and if he was lucky he could get into one and find people off at lunch. That would mean he would be able to search their computers since he made one of those nerds give him the administrator password a few months back. "Actually, I was hoping to start with the offices, you know help tidy up for the employees." Bethany smiled at the eager girl, happy that she seemed like a go-getter and not some layabout. I appreciate that you are ready to start right away, but those are more secured areas. You will work your way up to cleaning them once you show me you are a team player."

Her words were friendly and upbeat, but they felt like he had lost a game of battleship and he was the sunken ship. He would have to prove himself, before he was allowed into the rooms that he needed to be in. Calvin knew he would have to go over Bethany's head, she wouldn't be happy about it, but he had to do what he had to do. For now, he just had to go along and hopefully before the end of the day he would get the access he needed. The next step was getting dressed in one of the hotel's maid uniforms and getting a name tag. Bethany seemed none too pleased at her new hire's choice of footwear, the black heels he had in his purse would be better with their three-inch heel and were in dress code, even if none of the other maids wore something like that. It took just before lunch for Calvin to be ready to actually do any work, with signing paperwork, getting a tiny piece of white plastic that read Clara on it in pink script, but now he was ready to start his undercover job as a junior maid.