



Reluctant Press presents:

My Secretary, My Boss

Annie Warren



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2009, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. *You* make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

MY SECRETARY, MY BOSS

By Annie Warren

Chapter 1: In the Beginning

To be born into privilege is to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth. I don't remember anything in my mouth other than the nipple of a baby bottle; however, memories from that time tend to be rather dim and unreliable. Maybe I teathed on a silver spoon? Whatever the case, I was born into privilege but I did not know when I was young.

My mother and father were the founders and co-CEO's of the prestigious firm of Able, Acton, and Fritch. Since mother did not want to upstage father in any way, there was only one Acton in the company name. Prestigious, it was also an excellent money maker. Thus, I was born into a very well-to-do household. I wanted for nothing as I grew up.

I did not attend any private schools, academies, or stuff like that. My parents had decided early on that public schooling would be better for building my character, whatever that is.

In the public schools, I participated in the rough and tumble life of a student. However, I was markedly somewhat below average on the physical side. That seemed to carry over to academia, which means that my 'below average' also characterised my academic performance. I just could not get enthused about the subjects. Oh I learned what they were throwing at me; it just was not challenging me and I did not have that much interest in it.

I did not have the competitive edge that both father and mother had. In spite of all they did to motivate me and get me going! I ended up very passive and not as aggressive as they wanted me to be.

My high school years were also far from outstanding. Oh, I managed to pass all of my subjects with no problems; I'm smart enough to do that, but I did it with what could be characterised as middling grades. I was neither a slouch nor a star student.

With my diminutive size, I did not participate in any sport I did not have to. It is no fun being run over by your mates! That occurred frequently enough that participating in sports was not an option that I would consider.

It was during this time that my parents bought out Able and Fritch. Since the original name carried so much prestige, they kept it as-is. The company continued to prosper, thank goodness.

On graduating, due to my less than stellar grades, I did not go to any of the prestigious institutions of higher learning my parents had always hoped I'd attend. But, I did attend an adequate college where I did managed to hang in long enough to earn an MBA. I just did not have the drive to compete, to succeed. I had just enough to complete but not enough to compete. And so I became a member of the "higher degreed" club, not that it mattered, especially to me!

It was during my "advanced schooling" period that my father succumbed to a fatal heart attack, leaving the company in my Mother's more-than-capable hands. Mum was now alone to handle the company. Father had been a driving force while Mum was much more laid back. Nonetheless, she managed the company quite successfully without driving herself to an early death.

Thus I graduated with my MBA. However, I was, uh... what can I say? disinclined to go out and—God Forbid— get a job. That would be too much like, yuck! work! I moved back home with Mum unto my old room. I was again living at home, strange as that may seem for a grown man, one with a Masters degree, no less. Mum did not say anything; my old room was still there more or less as I had left it. The only difference was that I was now older but, perhaps, no wiser. You may be forgiven for applying the term 'manchild' to me at this point.

Chapter 2: To Work, Sort Of

As I said, I was disinclined to work. This lazing around at home did not go unobserved by Mum who, while displeased, still did not say anything. This does not mean that she didn't do anything. She finally stopped and talked with me. I told her my desire was not to slave away at some menial job, MBA or not, nor to end up dead of a heart attack like father had.

Since she was in sole charge of her own company, she "gave" me a job and insisted that I go to work, promising it would not be menial. I think she nay have been hoping I'd pick

up some of the competitive edge that Dad had. I reasoned that taking on this job would be better than sitting on my hands at home; so, I agreed to take it. Mum had not come to the point of saying, "take it or find some other job somewhere else...or get out". I had the feeling, though, that that kind of ultimatum was not far below the surface of what she was saying.

I donned a suit, letting my shoulder-length mop of hair flow over my shoulders and down my back. I kept my hair clean so it actually looked good, well, to me at least. True to her nature, Mum had not said a thing about my hair since I had kept reasonable care of it, but she did look at it with obvious disapproval. I had been given the suit for graduation. It had hung in my closet, looking lonely, since then. Looking in my mirror, I noticed that I looked somewhat like a young, longhaired boy in a grown-up man's suit, just like I had at graduation. But that did not bother me. I was going to acquiesce to Mum's wishes. She had actually given me another of these suits in a different color and texture. I think it had been a not too subtle hint as to what I was supposed to wear when I was job hunting. Mum giving me a job at the company firm meant that I would be spared that indignity...for now at least.

Well, she had given me this position, but I'm afraid I looked at it more like playing a game rather than actually doing any serious work. So, on this first day of my new job we left together.

I was duly installed in her company. As promised, it was not some menial, bottom-level type of position as I had originally feared; rather, I was given an office, a secretary, and a title: Vice President. There was, however, no explanation of what exactly I was V.P. of. I settled in, starting by brushing off my desk, which obviously had not been used for some time. I asked my secretary for a cup of coffee and just like that, I was the newest VP of Able, Acton, and Fritch. Another Acton had arrived, albeit unheralded and, of course, unannounced.

My secretary brought me my coffee. I sat back and surveyed my office. It was not a spacious realm, but was large enough for a good-sized desk, several chairs, a book case, even a private bathroom... all the comforts of home except for a kitchen. Before the day was out, my secretary brought in a package. It proved to be a project. Apparently, I was expect to actually produce some results. I thought to my self as I looked into it, Ugh! This is too much like work. I had agreed! I was an Acton and I was apparently expected to act like an Acton, whether I liked it or not.

Thus it started. I did get things to do, some relatively simple projects. I did them, well sort of. As you may well guess, my work was without enthusiasm. I did not plow into the projects given me with zeal and fervor, instead attempting to do them at lightning speed, even if meant doing them half-heartedly.

As you can no doubt also predict, these projects easily blew apart. I just couldn't get my mind into working on them. So, even though they were relatively simple, I made the mistakes in them. Some of them thus failed outright as a result! To be quite honest, my

Mum should have fired me after about two weeks on the job, but I think she was trying to save embarrassment to the family and hoping that I'd straighten out on my own.

The secretaries were quite efficient and secretarial as well as well-dressed and good-looking! Although most of my 'projects' (if such menial tasks could be called that) were beyond them with their basic, secretarial skills, to cover my backside, I usually managed to blame them for the failures that lead to the multiple blow-ups!

And, the predictable result? No, no, no! I wasn't canned. As you might have guessed, the secretaries were reassigned after an explanation of my shortcomings. Again, my mother was covering up for me behind the scenes. I did not see any of them again, as far as I can remember. Once they were gone from my sight, I didn't even remember any of their names.

Once a project was clear of my desk, another one showed up, usually accompanied by a new secretary. If I didn't bother to learn their names, they could all bring me my morning cup of coffee.

Chapter 3: Yet another one, Carol this time

In hindsight, I'd say that Mum was exceptionally tolerant when it came to my foibles and blame-placing. Even a loving, tolerant mother has her limits. After 4 or 5 project failures accompanied by an equivalent 4 or 5 secretaries passing through my office, Carol was assigned to me, or was it the other way around? She was definitely not like the others, though like them she was quite pretty, had an excellent figure, and dressed well to show it all off. In some way I couldn't put my finger on, she somehow did not look all that secretarial. She did not chew gum like my previous secretaries had. She was neither flighty nor overly serious. She was, well, different in hard-to-define ways.

When she stood before me with the new project in hand that first time, I looked her over. She was about an inch or two taller than me. She was wearing, I assumed, very high heels. I could not see them as her skirt was fairly full and knee-length, not a shorter length like most of our secretaries wore... another difference.

Like me, she had red hair that looked like it was her natural color. This was in contrast to the coloring of some of the secretaries I had had which was obviously either dyed or bleached. Hers was well-coifed, much curlier than mine. Her smile was marvellous and not forced as most of the other secretaries had. It was almost as if she already knew me, though that notion was silly. We had never met, so she couldn't know me.

One last selling point, if I were buying, was that like me, she had green eyes. She made for a very pretty package indeed!

After introducing herself, she mentioned something about the content of the project she had brought me. This was most unusual for a secretary to know, much less to comment on.

In some way, she was not as secretarial as the others had been; she seemed to actually have a head on her shoulders. Above and beyond just knowing her way around a computer keyboard, she could apparently also think for herself.

If all that wasn't enough to recommend her, each morning she also made me, not a cup, but a pot of good, fresh, rich coffee. I had become addicted to coffee at university. My other secretaries had had no problem with periodically getting me a cup from the break room when I asked, but they had steadfastly refused when it came to brewing me a pot. "Sorry, that's not part of my job description" was the usual response, said without a smile. But with Carol, I was supplied with as much as I could drink all day long, without having to ask. She did not go to the break room to get just a single cup like the others had but preferred to brew a fresh, full pot each day. I was not about to argue with her about that one! She did not mention—and I did not find out until much later—that each and every pot was "doctored" with an additive, as you shall see.

Carol had actually read my current project and when I started on it, she actually made suggestions. She seemed to get into it and worked like none of the other secretaries had. They would not have touched my project other than doing what I asked of them to do, like typing letters and such. But to read one, much less comprehend it, was apparently beyond their intellectual capacities (or job descriptions). On top of all that, Carol's suggestions were good, solid suggestions that made sense to me. Had Providence dropped her on Earth to prevent me from being embarrassed at my family's company? It certainly seemed so. She was everything I could have asked for in a secretary, and more so.

The result was that this project did not blow up but went to a successful completion. This also happened again with the next three projects. Each new project was a bit longer and more involved than the previous ones, but were still of a relatively simple nature. I even began to consult with her as I began each new project, something that it would never have crossed my mind to do with any of my previous secretaries. Carol's help was becoming invaluable. Although I wanted to believe that I had become more competent in my job on my own, I knew in my heart of hearts that it was Carol who was preventing me from screwing up as I had at my previous jobs. She was what stood between me and disgrace in my mother's eyes.

After seeing her actions on the previous projects, I finally had to look further into her background. I sought out her file from Personnel and found to my surprise that she also had an MBA and from a good university, a better one than mine. How, I asked myself, did she get a position as my secretary? It seemed to me to be a classic case of over-qualification.

When I confronted her about this and asked her why she took a secretarial position in my office, she just smiled one of her soft, lovely smiles, replying simply that it was because I held the position that she desired.

We both laughed at that. No more was said. Like so many other things regarding my (still unspecified) V.P. position, I filed it away somewhere in the back of my head. I wasn't

entirely sure if she meant her remark to be taken seriously or as a joke, but I didn't spend too much time worrying about that. I supposed she did have the qualifications, but so what? She was working for me as my secretary. I decided that I could make use of her education and her mind without any compunction. I suppose it may have been unethical on my part, but the credit for each successful completion of each project went to me, so my scruples just got bent a little. Hey, I was the one with "V.P." on my door, right? For all her schooling and competence, at the end of the day, she was just a secretary.

I started working even more closely with her, trying to take advantage of her knowledge and background. It wasn't like trying to learn anything new, though I inevitably did. I just wanted to use her knowledge to my advantage. Unscrupulous perhaps, but nothing that millions of other bosses haven't done in the past. Besides, I had a reputation to uphold as an Acton.

Chapter 4: Things start to change

It was definitely not hard working close to her; she was cute, well-coifed, always well-dressed, nicely perfumed, and she had excellent taste. Her dresses and skirts weren't sexy; she usually wore plain, above-the-knee skirts, not miniskirts. She wore nice tops with them or a dress showing her femininity without pushing it. I was appreciative but did not make her uncomfortable, as far as I knew. It did not take long before we were comfortably on a first name basis; I'd never been one for formalities. Yes, I suppose I was using her, but she was my employee and I did legitimately like her on some level.

It was about this time that my chest started to become sensitive and itch. It was a weird feeling, not unpleasant but not what I would call normal. These feelings did not seem to want to go away. It was like an itch you can scratch but the scratching did not seem to diminish the itching. It was somewhat deeper than a simple rash or insect bite. There were also no marks or whatever like you would expect with a rash. Like I said, it was actually kind of pleasant. It seemed to occur equally in both nipples. An odd sensation for a man to experience, it was like something you'd expect to occur to a pre-teen girl, although that didn't cross my mind initially.

Finally, Carol saw me unconsciously rubbing my chest and asked if anything was wrong. I mentioned to her the sensitivity in my nipples, wondering what it was or where it came from. She smiled that wonderful smile of hers and reassured me that it was most likely nothing to worry about. She had heard of others having the same problem.

She said that it might be due to my clothes. Her next move was to pull a measuring tape out of her purse and to measure me, taking copious notes for some reason. She was quite thorough, measuring me from neck to toe (including, of all things, my shoe size) and many, many places in between, as if these measurements had anything to do with my itching. She put her notes into her purse, then said that she'd see what she could do to alleviate the "itch."

It is of note that she did not suggest I see a doctor. Although my problem was irksome, I did not think of seeing one either. Like most men, I had never liked doctors much less

doctor visits. In the past, when I felt ill, I 'dealt' with it by ignoring it and waiting for the discomfort to pass.

Finally, a day or so later, she greeted me in the morning with my usual pot of coffee, and indicated that she had got me some substitute clothing as a treatment for my chest itch. She told me that she had done some research on my condition. Yes, other men had experience something similar and it was usually caused by an allergy to their clothing. After saying that, she gave me some nondescript, flat, cardboard boxes. I opened the top one and pulled back some tissue paper within. I was greeted by the view of several lacy nylon camisoles along with some white nylon shirts that I just knew were blouses. They had buttons on the wrong side, they were translucent and all that. I put the box back down and opened another one, only to be greeted by more camisoles and blouses, but this time in soft, pastel colours.

I looked briefly at them, then went to the first box and lifted out the top tank-top garment and a blouse and lay them out on the desk. While she looked on, I pulled out the rest of the items, making two piles of nylon clothing. Under the bottom one, beneath all of the other items in the box, were some sort of heavy cords in loops, closed off with some sort of sliders. She said I should wear the camis and shirts under my suit coat, no one would notice any difference. The cords, she explained, were string-type ties since regular ties just would not fit with these "shirts."

I picked up one of the shirt-like garments, held it up, and looked it over; as I said, it was obviously a blouse. It was white, short-sleeved, with a male cut collar, and like the camis it was also quite soft, probably made out of nylon. I had always liked short sleeves, so they were like versions of my old cotton shirts. The buttons, however, closed right over left. It was, without any doubt, a blouse.

"Carol, this is not a shirt; it's a blouse."

"I looked but couldn't not find any men's shirts that would be light enough on your chest. Go ahead, put on one of the camis and put the 'shirt' on over it. I think you will find that the itch will go away, or at the very least, it will be greatly reduced."

I looked at her incredulously but took off my jacket. Then I picked up a white cami and blouse and went into my private bath just off my office. I doffed my shirt, tie, and undershirt and put on the cami. Over it, I put on one of my new "shirts." They were so soft and sensuous that I felt them and rubbed them on my body for a bit. They definitely felt a lot nicer than my shirt could ever be! I felt strange about what I was doing, but there was a sensuousness to these clothes that I found attractive, despite the fact that they were obviously intended for a woman, which I most assuredly wasn't.

As she had stated, they immediately eased the itching problem. I found that I could also clearly see my new cami visible in silhouette under my new shirt. It almost looked like an undershirt except that where the cami touched my blouse, you could see hints of the lace on the cami.

When I came back out and mentioned the obvious femininity of my shirt and cami to her, she told me to simply wear my jacket to cover them. When I put my jacket back on, shirt and cami were indeed covered, unless you looked closely. Who does that, though? No one, unless there is a reason, and I wasn't about to give anyone a reason.

Of course, with the wider neck of my new shirts, as she had cautioned, my regimental ties would no longer be appropriate. They wouldn't even fit. I tried the one I had taken off and indeed, it did look odd with my new wardrobe. Before accepting this change in my clothing, I looked into the company's dress code. Yes, string ties were acceptable; Carol had indeed hit upon what looked (and felt) like a solution to my itching problem.

All of my regimental striped ties were replaced by these new string ties, those cord loops at the bottom of the box. Putting one on and adjusting the slider, I realized immediately that it definitely had a much more comfortable fit and feel than the conventional, diagonally-striped ties. I had never really liked the conventional ties that had up to now been an integral part of my job uniform. Now, they were to be no more! Those strangulating pieces of cloth were useless; you couldn't even wipe your mouth with them at meal-time. Here I had been handed a solution, a more comfortable solution!

The camis and my new "shirts" became my standard wear at the office and at home. Mum said very little, but I know she did not miss a thing, especially when I took off my jacket on arriving home, displaying clearly to her my new blouse and its underlying cami-sole. I'm sure she could see traces of lace). In fact, she even got me some more camis and blouses. No words were spoken on the matter, but it was obvious that she agreed with my new clothing options that I had chosen. Or had they been chosen for me?

Chapter 5: Comes A Big Project

After having finally completing a fair number of smaller projects successfully, in came a really big project that looked like it was real. The others we had completed seemed to have been mere tokens by comparison. Finally, I was being treated like a real Vice-president of the company. About time!

Well, without me saying anything, Carol almost immediately took it over. Since I really didn't have that much to do with it, I had to admire her drive as well as her intelligence. She apparently had a lot more of the competitive drive than I did, a lot more.

It was clear early on that this project needed space so she simply took over the large desk in my office. Thus it was that I suddenly became second banana in my own office. I was unceremoniously exiled to her smaller work desk, the one just outside my office, you know, the secretary's desk? That, too, was where my coffee was moved, along with my ubiquitous brief case. Not that it ever had anything of consequence in it anyway; it was just part of my standard office uniform. It was something I needed as a prop to play Vice-president. In retrospect, that was what I had been doing up to this point: playing Vice-president, like a child might do. I may have looked like a V.P. to an observer, but that was all show. I certainly hadn't acted like one.

I just sort of potted about, occasionally looking over Carol's shoulder, making suggestions, watching what she was doing. I actually managed to do some work on the project too—accent on "some"—but I tended to let things ride and let her do the real work as long as she was willing and I didn't have to. I'm afraid that my function was more as a consultant to her instead of the other way around. My role at that point was more to keep

out of her way as opposed to muscling in on the action. Then, one day, she approached me and gave me an assignment, part of which involved a letter.

At the time I was sipping my coffee at “my desk” in the outer office when she came out of the (my former) inner office. She handed me an audio tape from the Dictaphone machine on my former desk and asked me to type up the letter on it. I looked askance at her but told her that I’d do it. In school I had taken a few business classes, so I could type reasonably well, but it had been some times since I had done any appreciable amount of typing. As a V.P., even if of the “play” variety, I wasn’t expected to do much manual labor, so I was a bit rusty. I felt guilty about letting Carol take the lead on this project, though, so I agreed to take a whack at it.

I took the tape, put it in the Dictaphone player machine on her desk. I had a problem getting it to play even after I figured out how to turn it on and how to plug in the ear-phones. The trouble was not with the player but with the tape player’s foot switch. That is the switch that starts and stops the machine so that you do not have to constantly rewind and replay the tape. It simply did not want to work for me.

When I went in and told her of my problem, she put her Dictaphone on hold; she was apparently dictating another letter even though I still hadn’t even gotten the first one done. She smiled at me, came out of my office, sat (at her original chair), then thrust her foot forward over the switch for me to see.

She looked at me, still smiling, and said, “See? It is made specifically for a high-heeled shoes, like mine. Just arch your foot and you should be able to get it to work for you. In the meantime, I have two more tapes that need to be done. Should I get some new shoes for you?”

I don’t know why, but I mumbled an agreement since I wanted to cut the hassle with the tape player’s foot switch. Besides, she already had my sizes. I had seen this in her accuracy in getting camis and blouses for me. They had fit perfectly! For some reason, it did not occur to me to replace that switch rather than alter my footwear.

For the rest of that morning, if I arched my foot, I could indeed get the Dictaphone to work, but this quickly became tiring for my poor feet. I had to constantly switch feet in an attempt to balance the stresses.

Chapter 6: New Footwear for Work

After lunch that afternoon, she showed up with a shoe box. When she opened it, I could see that it held a pair of women’s high-heeled shoes. They were black, new and quite shiny, with heels that were about 3 inches high. When I first saw them, they seemed even taller, impossibly taller, especially in respect to my feet! The heel was slender but not spiked and had a hard rubber tip instead of the metal tip that I associated with spiked high heels. The toe top in front appeared as if it would to end just behind my toes, thus showing a lot of the top of the wearer’s bare foot. They were absolutely nothing like my lace-up oxfords. In retrospect, that was, of course, the intention.

I had a simple and somewhat automatic reaction. “I can’t wear those!”

"And tell me, Gene, why not?"

"To begin with, Carol, they are women's shoes."

"Stop and think about that for a second, Gene. They don't make high-heeled shoes for men other than perhaps cowboy boots and you definitely don't have to worry about your feet coming out of the stirrups on your saddle, do you? Now, have the people who used this machine before me men or women?"

"Well, uh, women, of course, but I shouldn't be wearing those shoes. Really, I can't wear them!"

"Of course you can," she replied as she pulled them out of the box.

Well, what can I say? She had me sit at the secretary's desk, not quite pushing me down into what had previously been her chair but "assisting" my seating with a bit of a light poke. She then knelt down in front of me, untied and pulled off my shoes and socks, and gently settled those high heels onto my bare feet. Of course, since she had measured my feet, they slid easily and comfortably onto my feet. She then gently pulled me up to my feet.

When I stood up, I found that my ankles wobbled a good bit due to the unaccustomed heel height coupled with the shortened Achilles tendon. My poor previously unused ankle muscles didn't know what to do. I found out, though, much to my dismay, that I somehow adjusted to the new heel height rather quickly.

Sitting back down to the PC, putting on the earphones, I discovered that the switch now worked perfectly without any strain. Other than the emotional strain of wearing those odd shoes. I'm sure it probably looked weird, me wearing



those shoes while wearing a suit. Although I hate to say it, my new high heels proved to be quite functional.

By mid-afternoon and several letters later, in spite of the good fit, my feet were feeling sticky and just a bit sore. I went to “my” office, poked my head in, and mentioned it to her. A light seemed to go on in her eyes. She said a quick “Oh yeah. Go sit, I’ll be right with you”, and then disappeared back into the depths of my office, almost immediately reappearing with a small, colorful packet.

She came over to where I had sat in what seemed to be rapidly becoming my new chair at her desk, also apparently just as rapidly becoming my new desk.

She gently pulled off my high heels, opened the packet, and extracted two wispy pieces of cloth. She then shoved my pant leg up to my knee and took one of those wisps. She opened up one end of it, then showed me how to roll it down to the toe, bunching it up. This was followed by a demonstration on how to reverse this roll-up by snugging it to my toe and unrolling it up my calf, keeping it relatively taut and smooth by rubbing it with her hands. She then pulled my pant leg back down, leaving my nylon covered foot with my now darker-clad toe sticking out.

Then she had me repeat her actions by pulling up my other pant leg followed by me rolling my other knee-high hose first to the toe, then up my calf. As she stood up, she apologized, saying that she had bought the knee-highs at the time she purchased the shoes but had “forgotten” to give them to me.

She then had me put my high heels back on again. Of course, they now slid quite easily onto my foot. All of the stickiness seemed to be gone. The slight strain on my feet from their still unaccustomed angle remained. Beyond looking weird, wearing them wasn’t all that bad.

Standing there, she looked down at my feet and commented on how good the shoes looked on me. I wasn’t so sure, but I wasn’t about to argue against a compliment. I couldn’t help notice that my new shoes looked just like hers. I couldn’t help wondering if she got them at the same shop where she got hers. If it had not been for the size difference between her high heels and mine, I could have thought that she had brought in a pair from her closet for me.

After a day or two of changing shoes to go home, then coming in the next day, doffing my oxfords and socks, and putting on the hose and heels, I commented on how much work it was. Her solution was quite simple; she suggested I just wear them in to work, leave them on all day at the office and keep them on when I left to go home. After all, riding alone in my car, who would know anything about them?

Of course, the first time I tried that I was quite self-conscious. Some employees in the halls noticed, from the soft clicking sound they made on the marble floors. I know they looked at me. No doubt they saw my shoes and associated it with the sounds they had heard, but, they didn’t say anything to me. In fact, they didn’t even look surprised, ignoring my footwear.

I wondered why the other employees didn’t think it strange to see a man wearing high heels. Surely they could see my blouse under my coat. With my long hair, they may have

assumed I was a flat-chested woman with a brief case. But why would “she” be dressing to look sort of like a man in the company offices?

Driving with those heels to and from work took another bit of getting used to. I tried shucking the shoes, but the feel of the pedals on my nylon-clad feet was just too weird! More than once, I’d look over at the passenger seat where my new high heels were resting and wonder why I owned a pair of such obviously feminine footwear. Then someone would cut me off or some other distraction would occur and I would stop pondering my change of wardrobe.

The first time I came home from work wearing those high heels, Mum noticed immediately. Instead of any exhibiting kind of negative reaction, she actually complimented me on how nice they looked. That stopped me in my high-heeled tracks. If that was how she felt, then I’d go along with what was obviously her and Carol’s decision that I wear the high heels and continue with the practice. Those nice compliments I was receiving weren’t going to be wasted by me! And, after all, ultimately, Mum was my boss.

About the time my footwear changed, I also noted that my clothes were beginning to be ill-fitting. It was no big problem, just a minor discomfort. Naturally, when I casually mentioned it to Carol, she had a solution. She showed up a day or so later with a large, flat box which turned out to contain a new suit. I was somewhat taken aback that she should spend so much money on me. She tut-tutted that and almost pushed me into my bathroom that lay just off of my old office. I put it on and it was a good fit, better than what I had worn to work that day! Well, almost...

It had an odd style, however. Like my blouse, the coat had buttons on the left side, but so what? The coat also flared slightly at the bottom instead of hanging straight like my other “normal” coat had hung. The trousers fit well, not tight at the hips nor loose at my waist like the suit I had just taken off. I thought the slight flare at the bottom of the legs looked a bit odd, not to mention that the length of leg was longer so that my high heels were partially concealed. With that length, I’d have to wear my high heels; the pants legs would drag if I were to wear my oxfords. all in all, however, the fit was quite comfortable. I could see that my daily wear was in for another change.

Using her impeccable logic, Carol had done it again.

Once again Mum noted the change and complimented me on my new threads. She did a “walk around” where she looked it over. With little tugs and pats, she checked and adjusted the fit that did not really need any adjusting. I explained that my change came about as a result of my secretary bringing the outfit to me at the office. It did not take any great leap of logic to realize that once again these two women had conspired to another change in my wardrobe. I knew that I had no real say in it so I just went along with it. There was no force, no pushing, it just sort of happened. Each step along the way had a reason for happening and Carol had explained them so logically, didn’t really think about how odd it all was as it was happening.

So, a week and some days and several more letters later (all of which required my signature), the project was completed. And wouldn’t you know it? Just as this one was fin-

ished, another one came in to me. This one was even larger than the one we had just finished. And again, Carol took the plans for it into what had become her office.

Chapter 7: End of the Project

Now that my (our?) first “real” project was completed, she came out of the office and said that it was time that we celebrated after work. She was inviting me to dinner? She was a very good-looking woman. I’m sure you’ll understand that I really could not pass this opportunity up and so accepted. When I told her, playing the gallant, that I’d pick her up, she said no, we would go from work, but she would drive.

I argued a bit, but did not get too far. Calling Mum, I blushed a bit as I let her know that I would not be home for supper as I was going out with my secretary for dinner to celebrate the completion of our first sizeable project. From her comments and demeanor over the phone, she was obviously happy that I was going out on this date. I hadn’t really thought of it as a date until she mentioned it. It made me feel funny, for I had not initiated the date. I was, nevertheless, going out on it.

It was just after we left the office and she had locked up that I realised that I was still wearing my high heels. I was not heading for the sanctuary of my car; we’d be out in a much more public place. When I mentioned this, she quashed my fears, saying that no one would notice, especially as my trousers would go a good ways toward covering my heels. I wasn’t all that sure about that as I followed her down the hall and out of the building to her car.

At the restaurant, the waitress asked what she could get for us ladies. I’m sure I must have blushed, but neither of us said anything about her “ladies” comment. Cringing a bit, I let Carol order a light dinner for the two of us. I neither commented nor argued. She was definitely more assertive than I.

We had a delightful meal and conversation, but the waitress continued to address us both as “ladies.” I thought to myself that maybe I should get a haircut. When I mentioned it to Carol, she said, “Why bother?” She looked me over, adding that I had really good-looking hair. The longer length only showed it off. It did not occur to me at the time that it wasn’t as much my longer hair as it was the cut of my suit, my blouse and the shoes on my feet that had caused our waitress to address us as ladies.

After dinner, we were sitting at the table sipping an after dinner tea when her hand “dropped” to my knee. When I looked up, somewhat startled, she smiled and gently started to sort of knead my knee through my trousers. She then said that my suit was a 3-piece suit and made me promise to wear the third part tomorrow.

I told her that I’d be happy to. I added that a vest would look snappy. To myself, I thought it might help cover my blouse. At that she smiled an especially warm smile. Her eyes twinkled above the rim of her teacup as she took a sip. As she sipped her tea, she continued her most pleasant attentions to me knee. We kept eye contact as she was doing this.

But, after talking some more, we polished off the tea. She relinquished my knee, and we both felt that dinner was indeed over. Somewhat to my consternation, she paid the check before we left.

She then drove me back to work so that I could pick up my car. When she stopped, before I could move to get out, she reached over and gave me a warm kiss on my lips, giving me a thank you for my good work and for a most pleasant evening. Her kissing me took me by surprise for a moment. Upon recovering, I returned her passionate kiss.

What a state to be in; this pretty woman was apparently coming on to me. I had done some dating at university, but rarely with the same woman twice. They all seemed to find me too passive, lacking that competitive fire that business tycoons are supposed to have. This situation was different. Carol was my secretary and worked for me. Yet here she was, being the aggressor in the situation, taking my natural position, as it were. As I watched her drive off, I could still feel her lips on mine. I was not exactly sure what was happening between us.

I drove home pondering how nice Carol was, still remembering that kiss!

Mum seemed to be warmer than usual when I came in. As I undressed for bed and was down to cami and briefs, I happened to look in my mirror. Two things struck me. First, I had a large smudge of lipstick on my lips. It really didn't look "bad" exactly but I still had to wipe it off.

Secondly, my cami seemed to be pushed out from the flat plane of my chest by my now markedly conical aureola. Under each was some sort of hard lump that I had not noticed before but which was adding to the pushing. It seemed to be responsible for my aureola and nipples forming small cones of my own flesh. They were as sensitive as they had been recently. I had not noticed the growth recently as I had avoided touching them because of the itching.

Chapter 8: So, It's A 3 Piece Suit?

The next day I came wearing my new suit, of course. She was ready for me with the folded vest off to one side of my old desk. However, for some reason, she had me first take all of my stuff out of my pants pockets. She made a pile of it on my desk next to the vest. She then helped me off with my jacket. I expected to put on a vest.

When she handed me the folded vest, she told me to change in the bathroom. Why should I go into the bathroom just to put on a vest? Well, I took it and I went in. In the privacy of my washroom, I unfolded it.

It wasn't a vest! It was a skirt! Was this her third piece?

I started back out, saying that I couldn't wear it. She blocked my exit, saying that she would help me if I had any problems. Oh, by the way, the zipper goes in the back.

I should have balked, I suppose, but I dropped my trousers, stepped into the skirt and pulled it up. If there was a bit of struggle, it was only with the strangeness of this situation.

There were no “legs” to step into, of course, just one “leg” for both legs. I got it up and finally managed to get the button done up in the back, a bit of a struggle of its own. To my surprise, the zipper went easily up once the button was firmly closed. My skirt hung down to a short distance below my knees, covering the very tops of my knee-highs. The skirt was lined with a nylon liner that felt slinky and most pleasant to my virgin thighs.

Feeling very awkward to say the least, I edged my way out of the restroom.

Quickly donning my coat for cover, I found that it wasn't much help as it only covered the top of my skirt, not coming anywhere near the hem. Of course, my nyloned legs and high-heeled shoes poked out below, most unceremoniously.

As I looked down at them, in spite of my predicament, I thought they were good looking legs, as legs go. Carol smiled warmly and came over to me and adjusted my coat, smoothing out my lapels and front. She didn't say anything about my deep blush. Still smiling warmly, she shepherded me out of my large office and back into “my” smaller, secretarial office.

As I went, Carol gave a whistle “You should have been wearing skirts a long time ago. You have gorgeous legs.”

I'm sure I blushed again as I looked down again. Inwardly, I agreed with her in spite of myself.

She handed me a tape and asked me to type it up. I hesitated. “What if someone comes in?”

“It's a secretary's desk.” She looked down again at my newly-exposed legs and gave a slight shake of her head. “It will cover your legs, though it's a shame to do that.”

I blushed again and headed for the computer. I heard rather than saw her go into the bathroom (I suppose to retrieve my trousers).

As I sat at her desk, it now all came together and fit: the heels, hose and now, the skirt. There was no binding, as I occasionally got from trousers when I sat down, requiring readjustments.

And so my day began. It was almost like a normal day other than my skirt. Due to the workload brought on by our new project, I slowly forgot about my new clothing. From time to time, my stockinged legs would rub together, giving me an odd sensation, reminding me for a moment that I was wearing women's clothing, but the feeling would pass as I got back into my work.

At the end of the day, Carol came out and said, “OK, let's go.”

“Go? Go where?”

“To dinner. You've done well and now it's reward time.”

“OK, let me get my pants.”

“They are locked up. Go as you are. I really prefer you this way.”

“What do you mean locked up?”

“I put them away where they won't be in the way. Come, let's go.”

Once again I called Mum to let her know what I was doing, but I omitted any comment about what I was wearing. Again, she sounded pleased!

Carol took my elbow and once again shepherded me out the door.

Once outside, she locked the office as usual, then handed me a purse. "Here, you'll need this."

Standing there wearing my high heels and new skirt, I was semi-petrified. Nevertheless, I took the purse that she proffered.

I noted that it "happened" to match my shoes and my clothes. This was obviously not a spur-of-the-moment event but had forethought built into it.

With nothing better to do with it, I slung my purse over my shoulder. When she moved off, I also had no choice but to follow her out of the building to her car, mentally kicking myself for having left my office key at home. Those we passed smiled more at her than me. Thank goodness they could not see the shaking of my knees as I walked behind her. My skirt seemed to adequately cover that particular vibration. I don't know, however, what my facial expression was showing.

She parked at the same restaurant as the night before. Coming around the car, she opened the door and almost pried me out of the car. Then she almost dragged me into the restaurant where we were again addressed as ladies. Of course, with my silky blouse with its smallish but evident (at least to me) twin bumps, my purse, and my knee-length skirt, was there any doubt about my gender? I must have also looked and acted the part as we were led to a booth. A passing waiter smiled at me and I could swear that he sneaked a peek at my legs, smiling as he did so. I blushed. Yes, they looked good to me, but did they really look pretty to another man? Showing her assertiveness as before, Carol again ordered for us, as before, a low-calorie meal.

After ordering, I finally unfroze enough to look into "my" purse. Inside I discovered all of the pocket stuff I had been relieved of earlier. There were also some cosmetics and other "things," some of which I recognized. It looked like a typical woman's purse. It was, to all intents and purposes, mine. I checked the wallet contents and discovered, to my relief, that it contained my ID and such. Regardless of how I was dressed, the ID was for my male self, thank goodness.

We ate and afterwards sat at tea like before. This time when her hand dropped, it hit and massaged my bare knee above my knee-tops. When we had first sat in the booth, I had pulled my skirt down only to discover that it would only barely cover my knees. Since then, shifting and moving had drawn it back up my legs enough to give her that access. I looked at my knee then at her, then at her hand on my knee, then at her.

She was smiling warmly.

"What are you doing?"

"I thought that would be obvious, the same as last night, but this feels so much better with no pants to get in the way!"

"What? I'm your boss. Did you forget that?"

"Only in name. You could say I'm making a play for the boss, if you want."

As I said earlier, I'm basically quite shy, but her moving hand felt so good, better than last night. I put my hand on hers and smiled, "OK, I'll accept that." What else could I do? make a scene drawing attention to me, a man dressed in a skirt and heels?

She smiled and continued and before it was over we had hugged and kissed. Even in our private booth it was still in public, so to say. Again, what could I do?

"But," I said as we were leaving, after she had paid (again), "How could you like me like this when I am so emasculated. I look like a woman thanks to you."

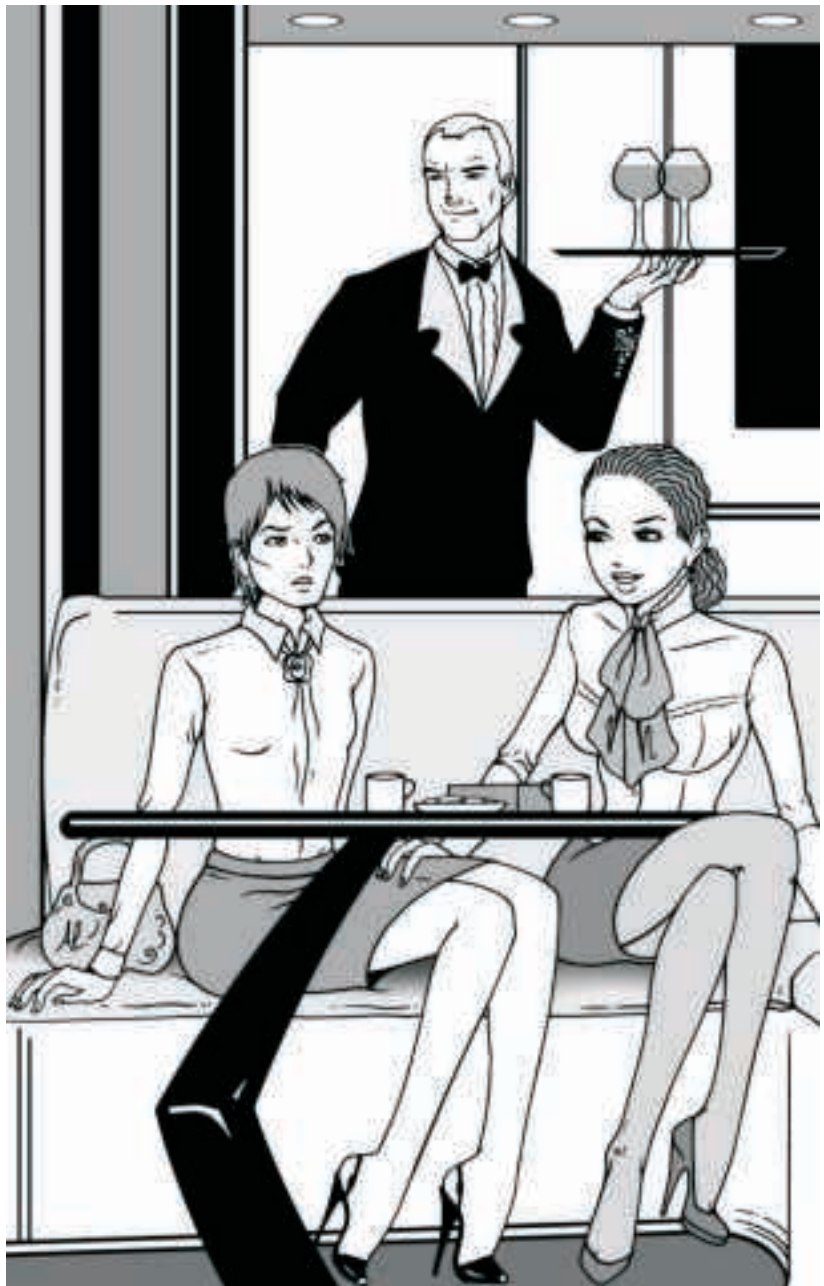
"That, my dear, is just exactly what I want and what I like!"

When I got out of her car, she handed me some more boxes. When we got back to where my car was sitting, I put them into the back seat of my car. We then hugged and kissed once more. As we parted company, she said, "And don't forget to wear your skirt tomorrow!"

I was puzzled but nonetheless was happy with what appeared to be a budding relationship, and odd one but a relationship nevertheless!

Mum was there when I got home and seemed pleased with my skirt and how well it went with the blouse, jacket, hose, heels, even my new purse.

She asked about the boxes. I had set them down. Now I opened them to see for both of us to see. It turned out that each box contained another skirt suit, each in a different fabric and color; they all had only skirts and no pants. In addition, underneath each skirt suit was also a silken night-dress, in a variety of pastel colors. While talking with Mum, I



explained all about the “date” and how I came to be wearing my current skirt suit.

Surprisingly, Mum was all smiles and complements. She was obviously quite pleased. After looking them over and looking at me, she added that I should do something with my long hair and maybe try some makeup. She had me puzzled. She seemed to be following Carol’s thinking. We talked about hair and makeup. Finally, I admitted that I was almost ready to try some of the things we had discussed.

That night, also at Mum’s suggestion, I went to bed wearing one of my new night-dresses. Putting it on was almost thrilling! To say the least, it was a lot more comfortable than my old pyjamas had ever been. I could see that my pyjamas were destined for replacement. I was definitely hooked on my new, soft nylon nightdresses.

I had almost had a guilty feeling about wearing one but such feelings evaporated as I snuggled down into the sheets, revelling in its softness. In spite of what had happened that day and the newness of the slinky nightdress, I slept very well!

Chapter 9: New Day, New “Uniform”

In the morning I got up, did my morning ablutions with a strange image in my mirror. Then I showered, regrettably removing my nightdress. Back in my bedroom, I started dressing and automatically reached for my suit. Of course, I found the skirt instead of my usual trousers. “Well,” I thought, “if this is what she wants, and if Mum wants it too...” So I dressed like I had when I came home last night... skirt and all.

Looking in my mirror before I put my jacket on, I pondered the apparently still growing nascent mounds on my chest. Somehow with my skirt about my waist, they looked as if they belonged, so I did not bind them or do anything else to suppress them. Those points were becoming noticeable, even under my jacket! I do not really know why I didn’t do something about them, (other than my dislike of doctor visits).

Finally, when I was fully dressed, jacket, skirt, and all, I had to admit, again looking in my mirror, that those lumps looked in place. They were smallish, perhaps, but seemed proper with that outfit. I looked like a properly attired businessperson, just not the same person as I had seen the morning of the day before. With Carol’s and now Mum’s support, I decided to just “go with the flow” and see what happened. In retrospect, I guess I really liked what was happening to me and was just using their support as an excuse to allow it to happen.

Thus attired, I was off to work. I remembered to sling my purse over my shoulder before picking up my ubiquitous brief case. I recalled my discussion with Mum the night before on makeup and hair styling, but I did nothing in that direction other than running a comb through my locks, which had grown long for a male.

When I arrived at the office, Carol was ecstatic over my suit and purse, hugging and kissing me. I had not expected that. I had been ready to ask for my trousers back. Instead, I was overwhelmed, almost bowled over!

Much as I hate to say it, I loved the attention that both she and Mum were lavishing on me! I seemed to be doing better than ever. Instead of failing, I seemed to be succeeding; I just was not sure how or at what.

I realized deep down, however, that it was Carol who was really doing the succeeding, but she was somehow doing it in my name. I didn't know what to do or if there was even anything that I should do, so I simply did as she wished. If she wanted me in skirts, it was a relatively easy thing to do.

I had a question about one of the letters I was working on and went into the office to ask her for a clarification. She looked at me a bit askance, then asked, "Whatever are you wearing under your skirt?"

I blushed a bit and answered, "My boxers of course and the knee-highs."

"I thought so! That will never do! I hadn't noticed it before, but they are ruining the hang of your skirt. Your hose tops are visible when you sit. Here, put these on." With that, she handed me a bag. In it were several packs of knickers and women's sheer tights.

I looked at her remarking, "You're kidding, aren't you? I can't wear these."

"Sure you can. Go into your washroom and change your underpants. Then come out and we'll go over how to put on the tights."

I wasn't pushed in but was gently assisted to enter the washroom. There, I looked at the knickers. All of them were lacy to varying degrees. I picked the least lacy pair and pulled it out of its package. I pulled off my boxers. I was a bit reviled at putting them on but with her waiting outside, I really did not have much of a choice. Besides, who would know?

It took two tries until I realized the label went on the left. Then I got them on comfortably. The image in the bathroom mirror was odd, to say the least. With boxers and bag in hand, I exited the washroom.

Carol took my boxers from me and tossed them on the desk. She then took the bag, extracted and shook out a pair of tights, wispy things to my inexperienced eyes. She told me to sit down on the (my?) chair.

Carol pulled off my shoes, then rolled down my knee-highs. She explained that putting on tights was a variation on putting on the knee-highs. Like them, each leg had to be rolled down to the toe, but the difference is that I had to do a leg at a time. She demonstrated, stopping when one leg was at about mid-calf. Then she had me put the other one on, rolling it down to the toe, then pulling it up to mid-thigh.

I was getting nervous, dreading the imminent exposure of my knickers. She knew exactly what they looked like, since she had given them to me, but I was still extremely nervous about that kind of intimate exposure. I was bent over with my skirt hiked up to my mid thigh as I crouched there. It was embarrassing.

Carol then told me to finish by pulling the panty portion up to my waist, which I did by standing and turning my back to her. She then took the bag out to my secretarial desk. Instead of putting it in my briefcase, she put them in my purse, stuffing it full. I was admonished to always wear my knickers and tights to the office so that my skirts would

hang and look proper with no unsightly outlines, which she called panty lines. She said it was just as unsightly to see my stocking tops peeking out below my hem line.

Chapter 10: Comfort and Success

She then went back into my office, leaving me to wonder just what was going on both in my office and in my home life?!! Things had certainly changed in a radical way in a few short weeks.

Carol had started it by giving me my high-heeled shoes, then the camisoles and blouses, followed by the suit coat with the backwards buttons. To this, she added the matching skirt, followed by the disappearance of my trousers. She seemed to be following a step-by-step plan designed to transform me into...what exactly? Then, apparently at her own expense, she had given me some additional suits. Each one proved to be identical to the first one, a skirt suit. They were to be worn to work on a daily basis.

Of course, the “new me” required a change of underclothes. Instead of knee-highs, I had now been initiated into tights which then necessitated wearing knickers. In other words, my attire had become totally female from the skin out. For some unknown reason, Mum was supporting my total change of attire. Adding to that, Carol had initiated me into this routine, step-by-step. She seduced me into it by warming up to me when I acquiesced to her (their?) wishes for my clothing.

Well, if that change in attire was what was bringing us success, then so be it. As long as Mum was not adverse, I was not about to say anything, let alone complain, as this plan—if that was what it was—seemed to be working well. Actually, Mum not only did not complain but had only positive things to say. Far be it for me to complain when she didn't! She was, after all, my ultimate boss.

If I'm honest about all of this, I kind of liked our arrangement. We continued to have successes with our incoming projects. Carol continued to encourage me to dress this way and she continued to warm up to me as. Was it odd for a man to be dressing like a girl at work and beyond? Well, yes, of course, but when I looked past the social transgression of it all, things in my life had never been better. Did it make sense to complain and give up everything I had gained by making a few concessions to Carol and Mum?

Later, when we left the office at the end of the day she stated matter-of-factly that for the best results, I should shave my legs and underarms. No other comment in this respect was made.

I found the sensations from the tights to be different but not unpleasant. At least I did not have very hairy legs! And my hair color was light enough! I did have enough to be visible, if you looked. I knew I'd have to take care of it that evening.

The knickers were soft and were unquestionably more comfortable than my boxers. I also had to admit that the hang of the skirt was improved over wearing the lumpy boxers

under my skirt! With the pants I previously wore with my suits, there was no problem with boxers, but my skirt was much more form-fitting; the crumpled irregularities caused by my boxers were too visible! They broke the sleekness of the fit. Even I could easily see that.

Initially, wearing skirts, knickers and tights felt really weird, but definitely not uncomfortable – even when we were out in public! I had got used to the swing and sway of my skirts relatively quickly. My skirts gave me a degree of comfort that I had not gotten in the confining, sometimes binding pants of the suits I used to wear.

The new project proved to be longer and harder than those that had preceded it. It took weeks to complete, but we did. Well, Carol did with my help instead of visa versa.

In the office, other than that first day when she had hugged and kissed me, she was rather decorous. Yet, we began to “date” on a regular basis on each Friday after work, with her always driving. We’d go to different restaurants. Each time she would knead my knee (now through my nylon tights), and we’d end up with a hug and a kiss, more or less repeating what had happened on the date on which I had first worn my skirt.

Of course, I now had more skirt suits, thanks to her donations. It did not occur to me to ask who was paying for them. In any case, they fit me very well and were quite comfortable. Even the high heels I had worn daily had broken in (or was it my feet that had done the breaking-in?) and were now also quite comfortable. Of course, they had profoundly affected how I walked, but I had also gotten used to that too. Swaying my hips as I walked was now natural. I had learned to do that as I felt my skirts sway about my legs in a most pleasant way.

Some weeks later, mid-project, she gave me another box. By now I had received several skirt suits from her and so was not all that surprised by yet another gift, but this occasion was not after a date so I wondered if it was my missing pants? Carol said that I should open it only when I got home and that she’d like to see me wear “one of these” tomorrow.

It puzzled me how a pair of pants could be split – “one” of these? As I looked at the sealed box, she repeated that I was not to open it until I got home and that I should share it with Mum. How did she get off calling my mother “Mum”? Curiouser and curiouser, to quote Alice in Wonderland.

When I got home, Mum was there and I told her of the box that Carol had given to me. I told her it was probably my pants that had disappeared so long ago. I did not understand why Carol wanted me to share them with her.

I opened it and was immediately surprised; there were no pants inside.

In the box were three, mind you, three flowery dresses. Mum shook them out and held them up to me and commented on Carol’s good taste. When I remarked that she wanted me to wear one tomorrow, Mum agreed whole-heartedly and we decided which one I

should wear. She then commented that my current high heels and purse would go well with the dress we had selected but would not be quite as good at matching any of my other new dresses. I should ponder getting some new high heels and purses. New shoes? I had just gotten this pair broken in and was not eager to start over with a new pair without just cause. Of course, being my ultimate supervisor, Mum's "suggestion" was really more of a command. At least that's how I took it. Her tone seemed to suggest that it was more than simply a good idea for me to comply.

So, just what was going on? This was my Mum making this suggestion, but she was also my boss at work and such "suggestions" were not to be taken lightly. I did not know the first thing about frocks, purses, and shoes much less about matching them up. I agreed, reluctantly, but I'd have to ask Carol for help. After all, if were to go shopping, I could OK her time since I was her boss just as Mum was my boss. There is a hierarchy to business, after all.

Again in the morning, Mum got me up, this time a bit earlier. Just before I dressed, she helped me to apply a light makeup, lipstick, some mascara, and a touch of eye shadow, while telling me all about how to do it myself. She also made sure these makeup tools and bits were parked in a cute little bag that went into my purse along with a small mirror.

She was setting me up.

She left earlier than I did, as usual, so she did not see me when I was totally dressed in my pretty new dress and the makeup she had assisted me in applying. And so, attired in my new dress and makeup, I left for work.

I arrived at work somewhat early, but Carol was already there with my pot of coffee as usual; I don't know how she did everything she did and still got me coffee.

Chapter 11: Change of Uniform, But Not Only Mine?

There I was in a flowery dress with its full, flowing skirt. Carol was now wearing a pants suit! With it, she wore a frilly blouse. She also still wore hose and heels and who knows what else underneath her suit. Darting in the jacket gave a little emphasis to her fine breasts, but the overall effect was that she came off as more masculine than I, whereas I came off as more feminine than she did. Her hair was in a single braid that added a slight severity to her overall appearance. Don't get me wrong! She was still Carol, just a bit different, appearing to be going in the opposite direction of my gender switch. If I had ever felt like a secretary in what I had been doing, I now felt even more like one due to my "secretary's uniform" dress.

When she saw me in my dress with my rudimentary makeup, she hugged and kissed me and complimented me on both my dress and my makeup. She even reached up and adjusted my hair, which was long enough to look fitting for my current appearance.

I told her that Mum had really done my makeup for me and was teaching me how to do it. When in passing I also mentioned Mum's ideas about matching my shoes to my dresses and also matching my purses, Carol leapt at the idea and said we should go shop-

ping. I mumbled that it was probably a good idea. I said that as her boss (ineffectually reminding her of our “official” positions), I could OK it. She smiled one of her warm smiles, agreed with me and gave me yet another hug and kiss. As ever, she was the instigator and I was the willing participant.

Thus, that afternoon after a morning occupied with her dictating and me typing some letters, we left for the shops. At her insistence, before we left, I just had to fix my makeup, sparse as it was. I also received a bit of help and commentary from her, looking over my shoulder. Once done, I looked in the mirror as if anew. I looked enough like a woman, I supposed, so there would most likely be no sideways glances or snickers from the sales people or customers. Appearances can be deceiving!

Chapter 12: An Expanding Wardrobe?

What an afternoon it was! We took the entire afternoon off from work and wandered though what seemed like an endless number of stores. Instead of looking for purses, Carol managed to get to the dresses first. Much to my dismay she bought two more dresses for me. I managed to decline getting some more skirts and blouses, but that does not mean that we did not look and try some on. By “we,” of course, I mean I tried them on. To my chagrin, however, she did get me some lingerie, fancy knickers, and equally fancy matching bras in size 36C. Carol said I just had to try the bras on for sizing although the cups tended to tent over those lumps on my chest and hang loosely.

She rationalised purchasing the bras to protect my sensitive chest; I reddened but did not argue, especially after trying one on. It seemed to work, giving me added protection for my tender chest!



Here was a solution to protecting my sensitive nipples which seemed to be sticking out a lot more than in the recent past.

To my absolute embarrassment, she then purchased some shell-like foam inserts for my new bras, saying that my dresses needed a better figure under them for proper fit and that they would add to protecting my chest. I blushed when I put on one of my new bras, put in the inserts, and found she was right. The additional padding also helped diminish my tenderness even more. The mirrors now showed that I definitely was cutting even more of a feminine figure.

She admonished me to be sure my lingerie always matched and to always wear the inserts unless it strained the bras. I questioned her as to why my lingerie just had to match since no one would see it. She answered simply that that was the way it was done and that I had to comply. I also wondered about her statement about "straining my bras," but I just let it ride.

Increasingly, I wondered about what she was doing and why. She was becoming quite amorous towards me. Her affection toward me seemed to be increasing the more feminine I appeared. I suppose I should have argued, but I didn't seem to want to; I enjoyed her attentions tremendously and did not want to do anything that would jeopardise our growing relationship.

Almost as an afterthought, we purchased a series of purses to match my dresses. Everything seemed to just have to match. Since she had given them to me, she knew all about my dresses at home. Thus there were no problems with matching. Then we also "raided" the shoe stores. Again to my consternation, she had me try on what seemed to be every high-heeled shoe in every store we visited. None of them had heels under 3". after all of my time at work in heels, I had learned to walk smoothly and elegantly, in my heels. Over my protests she also got some that had 4" heels. She got shoes to match all of my dresses and some "generic" which would fit almost anything I had, skirts, suits or dresses.

Chapter 13: Adding decorations? A New "Uniform"?

But the most unusual thing was when she steered me into a jewellery shop where somehow she talked me into piercing my ears. When I left, both of my ear lobes had been double-pierced with studs in the holes that had just been made. I also had a small collection of hoops and danglers for my use when my new holes healed. She fairly gushed over my "bravery" and over how good the studs looked.

Before we left, she managed to manouever me through the doors of a beauty parlor. As it turned out, she had set me up for the appointment earlier that day after it had been decided that we would go shopping. I was to have "the works" done. Please try for a moment to put yourself in my position. I was a man and as such, I felt more than peculiar entering a beauty parlor to be worked over, as a woman would. On the other hand, I was being prodded into it by an attractive woman who clearly liked me the way I now was.

Was this really such a big step? After all, I had gone along with every other request she had made of me up to this point. There I was, in my pretty dress, wearing high heel and makeup. Subjecting myself to the beauty parlor was just another small step after many such steps.

I probably should have objected or refused but with such support and encouragement, I ended up getting a perm, bright red acrylic nails, reshaped eyebrows and full “professional” makeup. Along with those, I got full instructions on how to duplicate what they had done to me and on how to take care of it all. As I exited the parlor, I also had a bag containing the necessary cosmetics to reproduce what they had done. Again, Carol paid for it all. Did she have a bottomless source of money? It seemed so, but on a secretary’s wages?

After I was “done,” we went off to dinner, with her again inviting me in spite of all else that she had done for (to?) me. Again as usual, she fondled my nylon-covered knee. As before, this was quite disconcerting and distracting (albeit pleasant). This time, however, there was freer access as the dress I was wearing was considerably shorter than my business skirts and definitely not as tight as those A-line skirts.

I pondered asking her to come home with me for coffee when we got to my car, but my basic shyness won out again. Besides I did not know how Mum would react. I settled for a warm hug and a marvellous, long, very passionate kiss!

When I came in carrying my multiple bags, Mum was still up. She saw me in my dress, my new coif and my full makeup. She was effusive with glowing comments complimenting me on my full makeup but not saying anything about my obviously smudged lipstick. She also immediately noted my new hairdo and my perforated earlobes, both of which she also complimented me about. I had seriously thought of pulling out the studs, but with her enthusiasm and praise, I left them in. I reached up to feel them and saw her eyes twinkle as she spied my new, longer, colored nails. Mum did not miss a thing. Although I could tell that she saw it, she did not comment my new bra or on the contents that were pushing out the bodice of my dress. I not tell her how much under it was really me, but I felt she would have given me additional compliments if I had. She did not say anything but I noticed her looking at those mounds on my chest on a number of subsequent occasions. How could she not? I was her son, after all, now complete with breasts, apparently.

Since she knew I had been shopping with Carol, I had to show her my new dresses, heels and purses. I managed to bypass showing her my new lingerie.

I had suspicions that Mum was driving this runaway train I was on, but with her enthusiasm, what could I say, especially since she was technically my boss at work?

I realised that with Mum’s “backing,” I did not have much choice but to wear the dresses, like it or not! Mum wanted me to model the dresses, but I said no, I was tired and was going to go to bed. I had a long look at my made-up face before I removed the makeup. It was still a wonder to me how I had ever let this all happen to me. Nevertheless, I thought I looked good and I noted ruefully how plain I looked after I had removed it all. It did not occur to me at the time that that “plain” look was actually my normal male self, what I was supposed to look like what I had looked like every day of my life up until a few weeks previously.

Next morning, I got up and put on the same dress as the day before doing a simple makeup job since I doubted I could achieve anything close to what the salon had done for me. I turned the knobs in my ears and left. Carol met me with warm compliments and so my day began.

Chapter 14: If the Shoe Fits, But if it Doesn't?

When I got home from my day at work, I decided that I had had enough. I told Mum that I was going to change before dinner. I went to my room and doffed my finery and showered to remove my makeup. I used a hair bonnet so that the perm ended up untouched. Coming out, I went into my bedroom and reached for my men's clothes, my slacks and a shirt, and put them on.

While it was not a gross misfit, I discovered that my old clothes just did not fit right any more. Had I changed that much over the past few months? They were now tight at my hips, loose at my waist and quite tight across the growing lumps on my chest. The tightness at my chest was caused by two lumps that even the tightness of a tight shirt could not totally suppress.

Looking in my mirror, I saw what appeared to be a woman in men's clothing. The colored nails, festooned ear lobes and permed hair did not help to give me a male image.

The only pants I could say fit reasonably well were the ones I had worn on my first "skirt day." They had been one of the pieces of my three-piece suit, but they had disappeared.

Then I remembered that my regular man's suit and other clothes had been getting tight even back then, but not this tight! This problem seemed to all revolve around Carol and her arrival as my secretary, but was she the source?

What was Carol's game?

And why was Mum apparently playing along with it so enthusiastically?

She said she had given me my V.P. job in the hopes that it would help me become productive. Nothing seemed to have come of that until Carol arrived. Since then, everything in my life had been slowly changing.

Mum's enthusiasm seemed to have started on the day I showed up in the heels Carol had given to me. When I came home wearing the pants suit, her interest seemed to rise even more. Was there some kind of conspiracy brewing? If so, what was it?

Carol had made a play for me, more than one in fact. To complicate things, I found myself caring more than just a little for that woman! Whatever else I could say about her, she had gotten me out of my funk. With her help, we were actually accomplishing things, getting many projects completed, successfully and well!

We were not peers, but she seemed to know as much as I did and was good at applying her knowledge. In fact she did my job better than I ever had. Yet she was my secretary. Or was she? I seemed to be doing most of the secretarial work these days. Worst, I seemed to fit the part well and, as time passed, I minded my new role less and less.

As I stood there looking at my ill-fitting clothes, these thoughts swirled about in my mind. If nothing else, Carol's influence had ushered into my life my most productive phase ever!

But, where would things go from here?

So dressed in my old, now ill-fitting clothes, I went down for dinner. Mum looked askance at me but did not say anything. I must say, it was quite uncomfortable to sit at the table in those tight clothes, binding in all the wrong places.

Our table talk revolved about my work to start with, then moved to Carol. I confessed that she was really good, even that she was better than I was. At this, Mum smiled but did not make any further comments.

That night, I set my nightdresses aside. I found it somewhat uncomfortable to sleep in my old, also ill-fitting, pyjamas. They did not have the smooth, comforting feel of my nightdresses.

Chapter 15: A New Day, And New Decisions

In the morning, I pondered what to do. I took my morning shower; for some reason again, I used a cap, preserving my perm. When I came out, I dropped my towel and stood in front of my mirror. The image in the mirror was definitely feminine. There were the lumps on my chest and my hips seemed to be wider than I remembered. Those could explain why my old suit did not fit all that well. I really should have dropped everything right then and gone to see our doctor to see what the heck was going on. Procrastination, as with so many times in the past, won out again, though. Besides, like most men (if that was what I still was), I just do not like doctors.

My permed hair, multi-pierced ears, arched eyebrows, and acrylic coloured nails were decidedly non-masculine. If I were to wear my old clothes to work, I know Carol would scowl and be less than friendly.

Practicality won out and I reached for my lingerie, including my bra with the "inflating" inserts that made my chest noticeably larger. It was even larger than the day before. I didn't notice, however, as the changes in my body were incremental. I followed these up with one of my new dresses, hose, and new matching high heels; I knew I was going to have to break them in. Once I was mostly together, I put on my makeup, trying to emulate the parlor's artistic works. It wasn't as good as the artisans had done, but it wasn't all that bad.

When I was done and ready to go, I looked again in my mirror and saw, not a man in women's clothing, but a very presentable woman standing there looking back at me.

What was I coming to?

I had gotten dressed before Mum left. I hurried down to a breakfast of tea and scones. Mum was already there and the tea was made.

When I came in, she looked me over and smiled her approval, adding, "My, but you look nice this morning!" I knew I had made the right decision.

"Thanks, Mum," was all I could say in response.

We chatted over scones. She complimented me several more times on my attire and overall look, making some comments on some of the finer points of my makeup. Shortly thereafter she had to go. After her departure, I did my last bits, including some of the touch-ups she had mentioned.

Chapter 16: Back to Work

I came in early but Carol was already there, dressed in a smart skirt suit. Also she had made me the requisite pot of coffee. In school I had become addicted to coffee, so I loved having coffee at work above tea,

She complimented my appearance, then it was to work as we went into the (my) office. We worked together on the day's projects, but I did all of the typing. There were, however, little touches and pats that she bestowed on me from time to time. Clearly, this wasn't strictly a business-only relationship. Nice! From time to time, as the day progressed, I found myself thinking that I liked being pretty for Carol.

Just before noon, she informed me that we were due at a meeting that afternoon with the project's customer.

I asked what she meant by "we."

She answered that she and I were going to go to the Kimberly office where we had an appointment to talk with their CEO about signing their contract. If they signed it, it would signal the end of our project, but only if they did...

This kind of project action was new to me.

I panicked internally as I realized how I looked due to what I was wearing and what my "real" position as a vice-president was. When I asked her what she had set up, she answered that she had registered us for the appointment. In registering, she had stated that she would be bringing an assistant. I did not have to ask who that assistant was; I knew that I was that assistant.

This role reversal of ours was suddenly going to extend outside the closed world of our office. I couldn't change and I couldn't be the real me while wearing a full skirted, flowery dress, and high heels, to say nothing about my permed hair, makeup, and bejewelled ears. In her immaculate skirt suit, she had the professional look I did not have, could not have as I was now dressed. As far as anyone could tell, she was the boss and I was her secretary.

We gathered up and stowed in a snappy looking brief case what we would need. More correctly, she gathered up what she would need. My needs boiled down to a notebook, a

pen, and my purse, including the makeup within. Just before we left, I asked her what she was going to call me while I was wearing these clothes.

She smiled and said, "How about June, like the month? It's not too far from Gene, your real name." I frowned, thought a bit. I had no other answer, so I agreed. Thus I was christened as "June."

We went down to her car and got in. There was no question at all about using my car. She drove halfway across town to the Winslow Building. I knew the address, having sent I-don't-know-how-many letters there, but I had actually never been there until now.

We took the lift up to the 26th floor.

When we got there, she was addressed as Ms Mason. I was introduced simply as June and was so addressed. After all, she was the one wearing a smart, conservative business suit with medium high heels while I was clad in a billowing, flowery dress and wore shoes with higher heels. At least I wasn't chewing gum like so many of my earlier secretaries had.

They took us into their boardroom. Actually it looked just like one of the meeting rooms in our building. This was where we met the CEO and three of their executives. Carol unpacked various materials out of the briefcase that she had brought with her. Then, in quick order, she made an excellent presentation of our project! I was relegated to taking notes, just as would be expected of a good secretary or administrative assistant.

It was painfully clear to me that she had prepared her presentation without consulting with me, asking me any questions or asking for my help, and it was still well presented and well taken. She was supposed to be my secretary yet I ended up coming off as her secretary!

This was a turn of events I would not have anticipated, especially how she so easily carried it off with technical expertise and clarity much better than I would have. The whole thing came off as if she was the vice president she appeared to be and which I should have been.

On the way back to our office, she complimented me on my efficiency and demeanor. We avoided the issues of roles, presentations and preparations. Back at the office, she asked me to type up the notes I had taken, which I did, presenting her with a copy. She read through it, complimented me on their completeness and clarity. She highly approved of my effort. Right, boss!

Half an hour later, we got a call that she took. The contract had been signed which meant that our largest project yet had come to a most successful conclusion. It had been quite a large and complex project and we were justly proud. The glow from that overshadowed the question of our individual statuses.

In our visit to their office, it seemed as if I was her secretary instead of vice versa. That was obviously my function at the meeting. I was also my new role here in our offices as I looked closely at it.

We did not have long to celebrate in the office, for along with the success came the start of a new project, which she dropped in my lap, commenting that we shouldn't get too

complacent after our first big success. I scanned it briefly and had just put it down when she came out of the office.

“Grab your purse and let’s go.”

“Go? Where?”

“Why, to celebrate of course!”

Chapter 17: An Unexpected Surprise

I arose, grabbed my purse, checked my makeup, then touched up my lipstick while she waited with a smile on her face. As I put my compact and lipstick back into my purse, which I then slung over my shoulder, it hit me briefly. Had I changed so much over the previous months that this had all come to be so automatic?

I followed her through the door, which she locked, and down to her car, my high heels softly clicking on all hard surfaces we walked over. I knew better than to inquire about the specifics of where we were headed; she had long since usurped my right. We were going to go wherever she wanted to go.

We ended up at a very posh, restaurant that had a parking valet. We got out. She handed him the keys for parking. I followed her through the door.

The décor was hushed and quite elegant. The Maitre D, on learning Carol’s name, immediately bowed and led us to a semi-secluded booth, gave us our menus, and left. Just after we scanned the menus, a soft-spoken waiter showed up, and we ordered. Better said, she ordered for the two of us.

she ordered a bottle of Champagne that seemed to arrive almost immediately. She toasted our success, then we sipped and chatted about how well the project we had just completed had gone. We then talked somewhat about what was coming next. Although I thought she had handed it to me when it first came in, she seemed to know a lot more about the new project than I did. I couldn’t help but notice that Carol seemed to be watching me rather closely, not enough to make me nervous, but more closely than usual.

The meal arrived and it was delicious. We had just completed dessert and had just gotten our after-dinner coffee delivered when she suddenly became very serious and looked at me straight in the eye.

“June,” she began, using my new alias, “we have worked together for quite a while now. During that time I have watched you blossom from a nerdy, lazy, self-centred twit into a beautiful, productive and talented woman.”

“Wait a minute, what do you mean twit?”

“Let me finish. This is not all that easy to say, but yes, you were without a doubt a twit. To continue, yes, I know what lies between your legs and it enhances your appeal to me.” She paused.

Appeal? What was she saying? Where was this leading?

Seeing the quizzical look on my face, she smiled one of her warmer smiles and placed her hand on mine, kneading it lightly.

“Yes, dear June, I have been drawn to you since I first started working with you.”

I couldn't help but notice that it was 'with' and not 'for' but I said nothing, waiting to see where she was going.

“Therefore,,” she paused, reached into her inner jacket pocket with her other hand and pulled out a small, velvet-covered, hinged box. She opened it and continued, “What I am asking you is,” there was a pregnant pause, “will you marry me?”

I gawked for a moment at the ring with its sparkling diamond. I looked up into her smiling eyes that twinkled more than any star.

I'm afraid I made the clichéd remark, “This is so sudden.” As I gazed into her loving eyes, I realized that all that had gone before, all of the changes I had undergone at her hands, all of it was but a prelude to this moment.

“But Carol, how can you love a man with breasts who wears dresses?”

“That is part and parcel of why I love you. I want you to stay just as you are, breasts, dresses, high heels, makeup and all. The original Gene Acton I met so long ago, the one who was blowing off projects and secretaries left and right was neither interesting nor worth knowing. He was nothing like you, dear June.”

“But I'm not June. I'm Gene.”

“A mere technicality that we can change. I want you as my wife. As such, you will take my last name, like a good wife”

Me a wife? I did not know exactly how to respond to that. I knew that, on some level, I was not adverse to the idea. After all that we had been through together, everything seemed to all come together. I did not have to do any deep soul searching to realize that I had, indeed, fallen in love with her. I hate to say it—after all, it isn't appropriate for a man—but my eyes were tearing a bit with the emotion of it all.

I just had to ask, “What will Mum say?”

At my questioning look, she added, “Since you ask, I already checked with your Mum and she approved of our union. As etiquette requires, I've already asked her for your hand in marriage. She has consented whole-heartedly. She said that she has been watching closely what's been happening and approved of your new developments, not only the clothes and body changes but also how you were developing into a useful member of the company and society!”

As usual, Carol had planned everything, with more levels of detail than I would ever have been capable of. As a tear escaped my eye and flowed gently down my cheek, I gave my answer, “Yes, Carol, I will marry you, if you really want me as I am.”

She broke eye contact to take the ring out of the box and gently place it on my finger. She then looked me again in the eye.

“You see, June, as I told your mother,” her eyes fairly sparkled now, “What I am really doing is marrying the boss's daughter!”

We leaned together and kissed.

#

Dear reader, I'm not sure I can adequately describe my feelings at that moment. Where deep in the recesses of my brain there lurked the notion that me, Gene Acton, a man, could not possibly be a bride, of all things, on another level, I was more thrilled by the possibility of wearing a beautiful white gown on my wedding day than I can remember ever feeling about anything else in my entire life. As Carol and I kissed, my small but growing breasts tingled with excitement. At that very moment, I fully accepted that I was no longer Gene, but the lovely bride-to-be June.

###