

OFFICE GIRLS



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by

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OFFICE GIRLS

I really didn't need to work at all. Let's face it, mummy has tons of money - and didn't really want me away from her - she can be somewhat possessive at times. Frankly, after I finished college, I think she wanted me to stay at home and keep her company. College HAD, however, given me a certain degree of confidence - at least enough to complain that I had to make some new friends - but which was really my desperate attempt to get some respite from her and Mary (Her personal maid/cook/housekeeper) who thought the earth revolved around her employer - and gave the impression that I was just a pest around the house - one that was tolerated, simply because mummy wanted it that way for some inexplicable reason.

Finding a job turned out to be no problem once mummy relented. It was surprisingly easy to land it as a matter of fact. Of course, I didn't know then to what extent mummy participated in the company management - thought I was hired on my charm and qualifications alone - which may have been an erroneous assumption on my part. Anyway? It was easy and I welcomed the chance to get out of the house for at least eight or nine hours each day. Of course, mummy made sure that she got her pound of flesh in the evening and weekends - but it wasn't so bad then as a matter of fact. I had gradually slipped back into our evenings at home - found them to be nice and calming after the workday. Complained about having to stay in of course, but was secretly content most of the time - just went out a few nights a week to show I could.

There were four ladies at the office - all clerical. Paula and Jasmine, senior clerks then Audrey a clerk, and Rose, Mr. Paulus' secretary. Three males. The office manager, Mr. Paulus, then myself - a senior clerk, then Tom the junior clerk.

It was a happy place. Mr. Paulus was an easy going, gentle person. Rose was plump and motherly. Paula and Jasmine would look at the three males with a barely hidden impatience because, quite honestly, we tended to bumble along in a dazed way. I was pretty sure that Audrey was jealous of my position as a senior. After all, she had been there more than two years before I arrived - and had been the one to train me. I

think she was bent out of shape when I got promoted before her - but didn't see why it should bother her so much.

Like any other office, I suppose there were petty jealousies - maybe I have very little experience, but I pride myself on being a perceptive human being. Okay, us three males formed a sort of clique - called ourselves the "Hero-Trio" in the face of the feminine disapproval we faced every day - but what the hey - so we took lengthy lunches - and maybe an extra martini now and then - but rank has its' privileges, right? Sometimes I sensed that the women really wanted to tear into Tom - he WAS the supposed junior in the hierarchy, presumably - but every time they'd raise any kind of complaint, or criticism Mr. Pauley would joke them out of it - or Rose would make some motherly comment to calm the troubled waters. I wasn't too sure where I stood with the ladies to be honest. I just knew that I often got a very nervous feeling when Mr. Paulus and Tom would both be out of the office at the same time, leaving me by myself, with only the women for company - almost like a lump of meat out there in the ocean with sharks circling around - except that Rose was always there to protect me.

But then, suddenly, things changed. Without any warning whatsoever, Mr. Paulus retired! Without a word to anyone. I heard Audrey sniggering something like "High time they got rid of Polly! The old fool was a liability in here. Glad that someone finally took things in hand!"

I wanted to chastise her - was she sincerely intimating that Mr. Paulus had been forced to retire? This was almost too much! A kindly, gentlemanly fellow like him - a liability! But, to tell the truth, I decided against it. There had been a marked change in the power structure inside the office - and if it hadn't been for Rose, things might have got even more uncomfortable. The women seemed to feel that they were now in power - ridiculous!

Then, to my dismay, Rose decided to retire as well. I think she was offered the post of the new Manager's secretary, but declined. After meeting Miss Chills I understood perfectly - a cold, blonde woman - her name was most appropriate, I thought. Much younger than Mr. Paulus - but with a certain, although constrained, ambition about her. Certainly NOT into leisurely lunches and the occasional martini! I resolved to

behave until she had the chance to recognize my potential for contributing to the profits made by the office.

Then, the Monday after Rose left, Miss Chills had a general staff meeting. There was another lady now, who she introduced thus- ly. “Ladies? I’d like you all to meet Miss Jones - though you’ll probably want to call her Edith. . .” She paused, her eyes falling on Tom. “You - young man? Is something wrong? Do I detect something in your facial expression - that shows you’re disturbed?”

“Eh - well, Miss Chills? I’m not.. eh . . used to being addressed .. as . as a lady?” He gave her a tentative smile

She fixed him with a wintry glare. “Young man? I see nothing to smile about. You will learn quickly that I do not have a great deal of admiration for the male sex. AND? From what I’ve been given to understand? The males in this office have NOT been given to pulling their weight. In MY vocabulary? Calling someone a ‘lady’ is a compliment. Do you object to my complimenting you?”

Tom shriveled, noticeably. “No Miss Chills. I guess not. Not when you put it ..”

She ignored him - totally. Turned her glare on me. “And YOU sir? Do you feel like complaining when I compliment you?”

I found myself blushing like a schoolboy but, amazed at my savoir faire, I leaned back in my chair and answered. “Ma’am? No ma’am. Of course not!”

She rewarded me with a tight smile. “Very well!” Then she swung her eyes slowly around the assembly. Then, her eyes fixed on me, started speaking again. “Ladies? (Pause) As I was saying ..”

Edith Jones quickly became a power in the office. They didn’t demean her by calling her a ‘secretary’. Oh no - she was “Executive Assistant “. Dark, mature - in her mid-forties, she was older than Miss Chills and, being dark haired and complexioned, was the perfect foil for her. But where Miss Chills was cold and haughty, Edith was very ingratiating - in a smarmy sort of way - though god help anyone that crossed her!

Tom was the poor fellow who was the first to learn this. One morning, shortly after she started, she came out of

her office - where she guarded Miss Chills like a centurion. Crooked her fingers at Tom. "Have you got coffee there?" she said loudly..

Tom looked at his cup in some confusion. "Yes, Edith, About a half a cup I'd say."

"NO! In the POT!" she said.

He looked over his shoulder "Yes. There's about a half pot there."

"Very good! Would you pour Miss Chills a cup - black please? And while you're at it? I'll have a cup too. Just a little cream - and two sugars please."

"But... But.. We all get our own coffee here .."

"Very democratic, I must say," she sneered. "But Miss Chills is the office manager, is she not?"

"Yes."

"And I am the Executive Assistant - am I not?"

"Yes."

"And, if memory serves me correctly, aren't you the junior employee here?" Her voice was very sarcastic now.

Before he could answer. Miss Chills appeared behind Edith in the doorway. "Some problem here, ladies?"

"Oh no, Joanna," Edith said. "I'm just giving this young man a lesson on office hierarchy. Do you understand what I've been saying?" she asked Tom.

"Yes Edith, I think so," he said slowly.

"Then please bring the coffees into Miss Chills office. Smartly now - chop chop!" Her orders given, she turned her back confidently and she and Miss Chills went back into the office.

Embarrassed for poor Tom, I kept my face down on my work as he made his way to the coffee maker and poured two cups. I sensed him pass my desk on the way to Miss Chills office, then once he was out of sight, lifted my head again. That way, I saw him return - with the two cups still in his hands, his face flaming with embarrassment. Again, I avoided his eyes, wondering what he'd done wrong - but then he repeated his trip, this time carrying the two cups on a tray. I

heard Audrey's poorly suppressed snigger as he did so.

But worse was to follow. A little while later, Edith re-appeared and called for him.

"Yes, Edith?" He said quietly.

"Come and get the dirty cups, would you dear?" she cooed, "then you can wash them for us - if you don't mind?"

I think he was ready to quit there and then - but I knew that his finances wouldn't let him do anything like that, without having a new job lined up.

"Where do you want me to wash them, Edith," was his only reply.

She pointed to the ladies room. "Why, in there, of course. But dear? Do check before you go in, if you don't mind. Just make sure it's vacated."

We had a staff meeting later that day. Miss Chills went over some administrative details, then turned the meeting over to Edith. Edith went and stood in the center of the office. Pointed at Tom. "Would you come here and stand beside me, please?"

She was smiling in her normal smarmy fashion, so he pasted a smile on his face and went and stood beside her. Like myself, he is small and being that she's bigger than him anyway, in her heels, she practically towered over the poor chap. Then, she surprised everyone by putting a possessive arm around his shoulders.

"I owe this young man a public apology," she started. "I'm afraid I was rude to him this morning, in front of you all, and now I feel I should say I'm sorry in the same way."

"Oh - that's all right, Edith," he said, blushing again. "I didn't mind bringing your coffee - or washing the cups afterwards."

"You didn't?" she said. "Well, that's good - because that'll be one of your chores from now on. We'll have our coffee first thing in the morning - then at break times - and any other times when Joanna has company and desires that tea or coffee be made."

He obviously made an attempt to pull away from her, but she simply smiled and held him closer if anything,

cuddling the poor, unwilling guy, to her side.

“Bit.. But.. Edith? I thought..”

“Thought what, dear child?”

“That. . that .. you were apologizing for making me get the coffee - and clean up afterwards?” he stammered.

“Why on earth would I do a thing like that, huh? As Junior employee around here, you’re expected to do what any senior employee tells you to do - without argument! I was simply apologizing for the tone of voice I used when I spoke to you. That’s all.” “You mean You want me to serve your coffee - and Miss Chills all the time?”

“Now you’ve got it! Exactly! You’ll also make the coffee and tea in the morning when you first come in. Make sure you keep them fresh - and do the clean up as well.”

“But Edith? We’ve always served ourselves in the past,” I spoke up.

“Andrew?” Miss Chills spoke. “You make your own coffee - or tea?”

“Why, no, Miss Chills.”

“Who does?”

I blushed. “Truthfully? I don’t know. One of the ladies?”

“So it could be Paula or Jasmine - both of whom are senior to you - or Audrey?”

“Yes, I suppose so,” I admitted.

“Well then. For your information? Thomas is the junior employee here - and has been given that chore. Audrey will be his backup for the days .

“WHAT?” Audrey bellowed. “I don’t make or serve drinks. Take your job and stuff it!”

With that, she jumped to her feet and headed for the door.

“Oh Audrey! Please? Let me think. Have I been too hasty?” Miss Chills said in the most apologetic tone I’d ever heard her use. “Damn right you have, toots!” Audrey snapped. “I’m senior to Andrew here in terms of time spent - I’m a

damn sight better worker and know a helluva lot more than he does about the business. He just got promoted because of his mummy being part owner.” She sneered audibly when she mentioned mummy. “Audrey? Your language is most unladylike, and..” Miss Chills said in a mildly reproofing tone of voice.

“Ask me if I give a shit!” Audrey interrupted. “I’m sick to death of this place. But you were saying something about being hasty?” Her eyes gleamed and she paused on her way to the door. “Yes,” Miss Chills smiled tentatively. “Perhaps I should re-consider and take length of time into the equation instead of position. What do you think Edith?”

Edith shrugged. “Your call Joanna. In my estimation? Audrey is, by far, better than Andrew in her capabilities to do the job and

“Wait a minute! That’s not fair!” I interrupted. “I’m just...” “I’m tired of the unladylike behavior going on around here!” Miss Chills snapped at me. “Talk properly!”

“I’m sorry, Miss Chills - but I’m not a lady,” I said lightly, trying to defuse the situation.

“That’s not something to be proud of around me!” she snapped again, obviously not mollified. “Now to my mind? Audrey may have a valid objection to being Thomas’s back up as coffee girl. I’m just trying to determine what a fair way of doing this is. So please be quiet while I think!”

Totally intimidated by this woman, I sat there gaping. She had, inadvertently or not, referred to Tom as a ‘coffee girl’ and was now ruminating whether I was to be his back up or not? ME? A back up for a coffee girl!

“Miss Chills. May I please say something?” I asked meekly.

“No you may NOT!” she barked. “And if you continue to speak without permission? I shall make you go and stand in a comer! Understood?”

Well aware of the contemptuous gaze that Audrey was casting in my direction, I simply nodded.

Miss Chills thought for a moment or two, then spoke to me again. “Do you agree that a position in any organization should be based on merit? You may speak now.”

“Yes. That’s correct.” I said this somewhat grudgingly, having some idea where she might go.

“So, as senior clerk, you feel superior to Audrey in your working of problems that would face you in day to day operations?” “Well?” I found myself swallowing. “I wouldn’t say I was superior exactly.”

“Inferior then?” she shot back.

“No. Not that either. I think we’re about the same,” I replied as Audrey snorted derisively.

“Very well,” Miss Chills said. “You should do about the same as her on a test, shouldn’t you?”

“An unbiased test? Certainly!” I responded.

“Very well. Let’s resolve this immediately,” she said. “Paula, Jasmine? You are senior ladies here. I’d like you to go to Andrew’s in box - and take out some of the work he’s due to start. Invent two hypothetical questions based on his incoming work as they would pertain to Inventory, Filing, and Receivables. Then do the same for Audrey. Both candidates will hear exactly the same questions - they will then write down their answers. The first to finish will hold his or her hand up. The other will then answer the question first - immediately. Then the one who finished first may agree or rebut.” She sneered at me. “Does that sound unbiased enough?”

I couldn’t think of any fault in her reasoning and, as it turned out, it wouldn’t have mattered. Edith was assigned the job as moderator. Audrey and I sat at desks, side by side, while Paula and Jasmine stood in front of us taking turns in asking the questions they’d come up with.

Of the six questions, Audrey was the first to hold her hand up every time. Twice, I actually had nothing written down at all when she held her hand up. On my first answer, I was given a ‘barely passing’ grade - which Audrey immediately blew apart, pointing out a few things I’d missed. To make things worse, on the fourth question, Edith asked Audrey to come up with her answer first - to ensure she wasn’t cheating by giving herself more time - and Audrey answered the problem correctly and concisely where I’d barely started writing the answer.

Ashamed and embarrassed, I heard Miss Chills

announce. “Andrew? Effective immediately, you are demoted to the position of Clerk. Audrey? Congratulations! You are now a Senior Clerk. Andrew? You will back Thomas up in the making and serving of refreshments. Do you understand me?”

“Yes Joanna. But I’d like time to think this over,” I said defensively.

“Certainly. Until tomorrow. If you report here then, you will effectively showing that you have agreed to your demotion - and accept your new duties. And?”

“Yes, Joanna?”

“Only my senior staff may address me by my Christian name. You and Thomas, being juniors? Will address me as “Miss Chills” Are we clear on that point?”

Her tone was icy cold - to match her cold stare.

“Yes Miss Chills,” I answered.

I was incensed and ready to quit, but felt it would be more politic to sound mummy out and see what her reaction would be if I did such a thing. On the way home I pondered how to bring up the subject, but I needn’t have bothered - she brought it up herself. “Andrew? I understand that you are having some difficulties with the new office manager at your work?”

Taken aback by this frontal attack, I managed to say. “Well mummy? I wouldn’t go so far as to say I was having difficulties per se.”

Her face showed a measure of disappointment. “I’d thought a demotion would have you quit - out of pride if nothing else - and was SO looking forward to having you back home here, where you belong. I still think that you are being deliberately selfish in working away from here instead of being my companion, as I wish.”

“Oh mummy! I’ll admit that my pride took a beating,” I said hurriedly. “But you know? I quite look forward to the challenge of learning more about office procedures and things like that.” Then I made a tactical error. “But also? I thought it might be a good idea to, maybe, well sort of? Look for another position?”

She positively bristled. “Andrew! Is this how you

accept a challenge - run away? Fine! Go look for another job, but while you're at it? Look for another place to live! I am very angry at you! You seem to want to do anything but stay at home with me. So be it! Let us both see how you fare after I cut off your trust fund!"

"Oh mummy!" I said, panicked at the thought of having to support myself on the miniscule salary I made. "I just meant that it might be good experience for me to get some job interviews - for later on in my life. Certainly not at the moment. I'm perfectly happy where I am."

She seemed somewhat mollified, but said. "You just said that you were looking forward to learning more about your job and procedures - that sort of thing?"

"Yes mummy, I did."

"Well, once you've got all of that learned... wouldn't that make you more qualified when you're job hunting?"

"Most certainly mummy!"

"Then why don't you wait until you have been fully trained and are competent in your new position before looking for another job? Up until that point, I wish to hear no more on this subject! The matter is closed!"

I let out an internal 'whew' of relief. That had been a close thing.

The following morning brought another shock. The starting times had always been very flexible - especially for the males. I'd been used to getting in to work anywhere between nine and nine fifteen. I had the feeling though, that this was something I'd better watch. Accordingly, I walked into the office at eight forty five. Audrey was sitting at her desk out in the center of the floor, Tom standing almost at attention in front of her. She took a sip of her coffee and smiled at me. "Well! If it isn't our other little wuss!" She looked at her watch. "See the time, dearie?"

"Yes Audrey. I thought I'd come in earlier this morning." "Earlier?" She barked out a laugh. "Your starting time is eight thirty. After this? You'd better be on time. I won't have juniors under me, come in late. Now? Come and stand with this other little wuss in front of my desk. I want to get some things straight around here!"

I joined Tom and the pair of us stood there like two naughty schoolboys as she lectured us like a housemistress.

She informed us that, although we basically reported to all of the others in the office, she felt that any misbehavior on our part would reflect on her - so when she told us to do something - anything - we'd better jump! The first thing I was told to do was clean out my office - then move all of her stuff in there. I felt like crying - this was something that had escaped my mind. Tom and I now held positions out in the center of the floor - the only two with no privacy - totally at the beck and call of the women who surrounded us in their private offices. Naturally, Tom was used to this, but I felt it a most awful come down in the world.

The other ladies started drifting in and while Tom was being introduced to the joys of tea and coffee making, I had to go and ask them what they took in the way of either for start time, or breaks and as Paula and Jasmine always stayed in the office for lunch that time as well. These two preened, delightedly accepting the fact that someone who they thought had looked down on them (I hadn't) was now in a position of serving them. Edith smiled and patted my backside as I left her, and Miss Chills stared at me with icy approval as I wrote down what she normally wanted.

Audrey then had me type up a table containing all of this information for Tom - and after she made me correct some mistakes I'd made - give it to him. Then, red faced and embarrassed, he put everybody's drinks on a tray and served the whole office - including me. About a half hour later Audrey crooked her finger at me. "Go and help wussie to clean up. After that? Have him show you how to make the tea and coffee."

"But Audrey? It's his job!" I protested. "That's not fair!"

"Look! I'll explain myself just once," she growled. "Out of consideration for you and the other wusses feelings about being in a ladies restroom? Us real ladies won't want to use our restroom while the dishes are being done. If he's doing them by himself? It'll take that much longer - won't it?"

"You want ME to go into the Ladies room - with him?" I gasped.



“That’s the general idea, sweetie? Want to go and argue the point with Joanna?”

I didn’t.

“That wasn’t very nice!” Tom said truculently in the Ladies room as we were washing and drying the cups.

“What?” I asked.

“Saying that it’s MY job to do this shit! You could

have at least offered to help!”

“But it IS your job!” I protested.

“You’re my back up! It’s your job too!” he sniped.

“Girls! Girls! What is going on in here, pray tell?” Audrey spoke from the doorway. “You’re taking far too long. Having a nice little gossip - or is it more of a cat fight in process?”

Tom and I blushed in unison. To be caught arguing in a Ladies restroom was bad enough - but to be called ‘girls’ was beyond the pale. I thought that Tom would complain about this, so kept quiet - but the coward said nothing.

Then she noticed something. “Tommy! (Though it sounded suspiciously like “Tami”) Whatever have you done?”

“Huh?” he said, looking around in confusion.

“Look at your shirt! You’ve splashed suds on it! Tut Tut! Have you never done dishes before?”

“Oh!” was all he said, hopelessly.

She came and gave him a tender pat on the cheek. “That’s all right. You’re doing just fine!” Then added. “But if you girls are finished? Some real women may want to use the facilities.” Then she laughed as we scurried out of there, each of us red faced and carrying the cups that had been washed.

After that, the day passed without incident - although I noticed that we were given many little chores to do that used to be done by each individual - and it would be so demeaning! One of the Seniors would simply look at either of us and crook a finger. Smile sweetly at us as she gave us some mundane chore - ask, just as sweetly, if we were sure we could handle it? And then to be told we were such treasures when we’d done something monumentally simple? Awful! Given grateful hugs? Worse! Pats on the backside? Humiliation personified!

Yet, strangely? I started feeling comfortable within the new environment. No real responsibilities. Being told exactly what to do? Being reproached only mildly if an error was made? It was almost like a second childhood - protected and secure. Not overly much expected of me.

Tom, on the other hand seemed to rebel against everything. I didn’t try to show him how wrongly he was

thinking of course - everything was just too new to me, myself, and I was too unsure to try and reason with him.

I mean to say! The following day, he was SO ungrateful when Audrey gave him an apron - that she'd bought with here OWN money - to protect his clothes? You'd have thought he'd have been more grateful! Okay, it was some sort of floral print and, with huge patch, lace lined, pockets along with the heavily flounced bib could have been considered feminine - but I still think he could have hidden his emotions better. His face, when she had him serve with it on was angry - rather than embarrassed. I mean, it was only an apron, for goodness sake! He even got angry at me, when I tried to give him an encouraging smile as he served me my coffee.

“What are you smirking at!” he hissed, although he kept a smile on his face - not wanting any more rebukes from Audrey. I didn't answer him for the same reason and so our relationships were strained for the rest of that day. I went out to lunch by myself. When I returned, he was sitting chatting with Paula, Jasmine, and Edith in Edith's office. He looked ashamed - and I could see why. Sitting there, chatting with women - and wearing his frilly apron! What a picture of masculinity! I guess he saw my facial expression because even though he and I did the dishwashing later, we hardly exchanged a word.

At dinner that night, Mary - as she often did, joined mummy and me at the table for dessert, coffee and cheese. Mummy was in an excellent humor about something or other. She finally broached the subject I dreaded. “Well darling? How are you doing in your new position? Did you do anything exciting today? Do you think they're perhaps grooming you for a managerial position?”

I blushed. “Oh mummy! They're just putting me through a sort of refresher course. Teaching me fundamentals. That sort of thing.”

She frowned a little. “But you were a Senior Clerk, were you not? Don't you know all of those fundamentals by now?”

I was frantically searching my brains for an answer that wouldn't make me look like a total incompetent - or tell too much of the truth either. How would she react if she found

out that her son seemed to be getting trained to be just a small cut above the office boy? I didn't know - but was scared there might be a chance she'd demand my resignation - or worse? Demand a promotion for me. (I was actually learning how little I knew about the office. Could clearly see now that I'd never deserved the position in the first place, and dreaded the scorn that would be heaped on my head from my more knowledgeable co-workers if such a thing were to happen).

Mary saved the day! "Dorothy? May I say something?" she asked.

"Of course dear. Fire away!"

"Well, don't you think that maybe, with the recent change in management - things may have to be re-learned?"

"Mummy nodded. "Ah! Makes sense - and I've always had the impression that Andrew, like most males, is very inflexible. Probably needs more training than the ladies there. Is that it Andrew?"

Relieved, I shot Mary a look of gratitude as I mumbled something or other agreeing that her supposition was probably true. As a matter of fact, that feeling of gratitude is probably why I surprised both women - and myself - when I offered to give Mary a hand to tidy away the dishes - an offer that was accepted rapidly. I hadn't meant to help her DO them, but somehow she seemed presumed that's what I'd meant - though why women seem to have this genetic flaw in associating aprons with doing dishes, I have no idea! I consoled myself with the fact that, yes, the one she put on me was frilled in a few places - but it was only a half apron and nowhere near as the feminine garment that Tom wore at the office. Mine actually looked quite masculine, I thought - though the perfectly flounced bow that Mary tied at my back did detract from that a little. That, and a few frills at the hem and around the pocket. I was also surprised to find out how friendly Mary was not the rather stiff lady I was used to seeing.

Apart from the strained relations with Tom, the following day was quite pleasant. I was gradually settling into my new duties and, as I said earlier, found that as I became more amenable to performing the little chores I was given to do, the ladies all reciprocated. When Paula and Jasmine asked if I'd care to have lunch with them, I was sorely tempted, but

declined. They seemed disappointed so much that I almost changed my mind.

A few disquieting things did occur over the next few days. Nothing to write home about but a little embarrassing just the same. As Tom and I were not getting on too well, we'd decided that he'd do the dishes in the morning by himself - and I'd do them in the afternoon. I was quite surprised, therefore, when I once saw Edith enter the Ladies room when she had to have known he was there, but she didn't hurry out - and neither did he, so I had to assume that nothing of any consequence had transpired.

The other thing was worse - at least for me. Tom (rapidly becoming Tami to everyone but me) had discovered that he was now expected to run errands for the ladies. I had no idea what this entailed, although his red face should have given me some indication. I don't know if it was because of the problems between us or not, but one afternoon he was late in getting back from doing his errands. You can imagine my shock and dismay when Audrey approached me about ten minutes to three - his apron in her hands. "Seems that Tami is running late Andrew. Looks like your turn at bat dear. Here, why don't you put this on?" And she held the apron out towards me!

For some reason, I found myself panting. "Ah Audrey! Ha ha! I don't need that thing. I'll just go and get the coffee and the tea made. But thank you anyway."

She shrugged. "Don't know why you guys have such a problem wearing aprons. I'm just trying to save your clothes from getting messed up."

"But, isn't it Tom's - and didn't you give it to him because he messed up? I won't mess up." I said grandly.

She shrugged again. "Up to you, I guess - but if he's not back by the time to do the dishes - you'll be wearing it! I'm not having you girls walking around in spotted clothes."

Sometimes I don't know when to be quiet. I was angry at her calling me a girl - but didn't want to look small minded by complaining - after all, Tom had let her away with it - so why should I make myself look bad by complaining? "Well, that's a perfectly understandable attitude for you to take - but you're talking to the wrong person!" I said then added.

“Excuse me. I’ll go and get ready for break now.”

Serving up the drinks was embarrassing, but I was as pleasant as I could be as I carried the tray around. Tom came back just before I finished - so I showed my class by serving him too. He had the grace to look abashed and thank me nicely.

Naturally, my embarrassment was compounded when I accidentally splattered some soapy water on my shirt while doing the dishes. To further my shame, Paula and Jasmine came in - just to freshen their makeup, they assured me - but it still felt strange standing beside them while they chattered away beside me, looking in the mirror as they did so. To make matters even worse? Audrey followed them a few minutes later. Her facial expression when she saw me dabbing at my shirt front with a paper towel was indescribable. I immediately felt glad of the other two’s company. Had the feeling that Audrey might have had mean words to impart to me if we’d been by ourselves. Still, afterwards, she didn’t seem to have anything to say, so I felt very relieved about the whole thing.

That evening, mother was in a thoughtful mood. Made me rather nervous actually - kept looking at me appraisingly, as if sizing me up for something. To my surprise, Mary took over the burden of the conversation - and I started to get an idea of what mummy saw in her. She was charming and an intelligent conversationalist. It wasn’t until after dinner was over that she stood up and, speaking to me, said. “Well? Shall we?” that I realized that she now considered me an equal!

Now, I am NOT a snob, but was about to let Mary know that what I’d done a few nights before was a one shot deal - when mummy intervened.

“Not so fast, Mary. I need to talk to both of you before you both take off and leave me. I’ve been thinking.”

I was stopped, dead in my tracks. Mummy had not only assumed that I was going to help Mary - she’d also accepted it as a fact, that it was acceptable for me to do so! I swallowed my words quickly and replaced them with “Yes, mummy? Thinking about what?” I noticed that Mary, smiling brightly, had also sat back down.

Mummy leaned back in her chair. “Andrew? I must admit that I found it MOST gratifying that you helped Mary

with the cleaning up chores the other night. Didn't know you had it in you!" "Thanks mummy! I was glad to help," I said, blushing at my own lie

"But it made me think!" she continued.

"About what, mummy?" I asked, sincerity just oozing out of me.

"Well? Mary needs to go on vacation sometimes. Not only that? She's getting older. May not be able to cope with me after a while."

"OH mummy! Mary's just a young thing yet!" I gushed, making some brownie points with Mary, I hoped. Saw a smile hit her lips and thought I had.

Mummy smiled indulgently. "Andrew? I must say! You're learning tact and diplomacy! Isn't he, Mary?"

"Oh yes!" Mary said. "Such a pleasure to see those rough masculine edges being smoothed out! I wonder if it's here - or his office - that's working these wonders?"

I wasn't sure whether to be complimented or not by what she said, but didn't have a chance to reply as mummy was speaking again. "Both places, I hope. But as I was saying? I got to wondering if what we've done in the past couldn't be modified a little."

"Done in the past?" I interjected.

"Yes. You see, while you were at school, when Mary needed time off - for vacation, things like that? We'd hire a temporary girl from a maid service. She'd spend a week with us to learn my particular needs and desires, then she'd take over while Mary was gone."

"Didn't always work out too well," Mary laughed. "Remember that young blonde maid?"

"Don't know what you're laughing at." Mummy grumbled. "Incompetent girl!"

"Now Dorothy! Don't fret about it. It's not as if I take long vacations you know." Mary laughed sympathetically "And? You are rather particular, you know."

Mother smiled. "Well, I DO have my standards, but to get back to the subject?" She turned and directed her attention to me. "I was thinking - there's no real need for hiring

temporary help while you're around. It's not as if you couldn't learn to brush my hair - or give me a back rub now and then - that's really the major things I need."

I laughed. "Mummy? I've no idea how to do these sorts of things! Probably wreck your hair and give you stiff necks." "Don't talk such ridiculous nonsense Andrew! You saying you can't learn?"

She was serious! "Well mummy. I suppose I could, but..." "Then, that's settled!" she snapped. "You can come upstairs with Mary and I later on - and she can start training you. Unless you seriously object to helping your poor old mummy out?"

Mary apologized later, as she was tying me into my apron. "That wasn't my idea, you know." She said, shaking her head. "It's just that Dorothy sometimes gets ideas in her head - and won't listen to anything."

"But Mary? It sounds as if she wants me to be her maid!"

"No dear. I'm her companion - and you'd be replacing me. She just wants you to be her companion is all - and once you've learned how? She'll probably forget all about it."

She turned me around to face her and adjusted the ruffles at my apron bib a little. "This apron looks really nice on you dear. A little cap to match? Maybe you could be Dorothy's maid!"

"Oh Mary!" I gasped, outraged.

"I'm only teasing you - you silly little darling!" she laughed. "Now off you go and clear off the table!!" With that, she gave me a loving pat on the backside.

Mummy was still in the dining room when I went there. She looked surprised, then happy to see me. "Very sensible dear! And very becoming! Come here and let me see you!"

Blushing and awkward, I went over to her. She adjusted the frills at my bib in exactly the same way as Mary had. "Yes! Very becoming. Now do a little twirl for me, would you dear?"

"Oh mummy!" I said, blushing even more.

“Andrew! I want to see if your skirt bells out!”

She was quite disappointed to find out that it didn't. Had me twirl three or four times. I felt so silly! Twirling around like a girl! Then, of course, Mary had to come to find what was keeping me. Once she heard what mummy was trying to accomplish, she explained that the apron skirt was too long and too heavy. Did mummy want her to get me a shorter one that would be lovely when I twirled?

Mummy actually looked as if she was considering it - but then, reluctantly, refused. I was so glad to get on with clearing off the table while Mary and mummy chatted about how pretty skirts looked when they belled around a wearer's legs - almost as if I wasn't there.

I noticed that I had the dishes to wash - Mary off doing something else. I thought of complaining, but what the hey - just rinse them off and pop them in the dishwasher. Really didn't mind doing them - well not too much, anyway.

“Oh, THANK you Andrew!” she said, coming into the kitchen just as I finished - then added. “Would you mind? Wiping down the countertops as well?”

I nodded, though wondering what her last servant died off, and started wiping them down.

Engrossed, I didn't hear her come up behind me. Almost fainted when two arms snaked around me from the back and pulled me into her ample bosom! “You're becoming such a little treasure!” she whispered in my ear. “And that compliment you paid me? You really don't look on me as being too old?”

I didn't know what she was getting at, but then, aghast, heard her add “For you?” And she KISSED me on the neck!

“Oh Mary!” I said, in shock. But she misinterpreted my tone and my words. I found myself being turned around to look into a pair of liquid brown eyes. Then she pulled me into her embrace and kissed me firmly on the lips!

“Oh .. Oh .. Mary!” I said, stunned.

Again, she misinterpreted my reaction. “You like me too?” she whispered. “And all this time? I thought you didn't like me at all!”

What in the world was this woman babbling about? I almost asked her exactly that, but before I could, two things happened. The first was that she pulled me into her arms again - and planted her lips on mine - with a tongue forced into my mouth! She was so strong! I felt like a rag doll. The second thing that happened was the servant indicator bell rang - indicating that mummy wanted her. "Oh DRAT!" Mary said as she pulled away. "But I guess we'd better get going. Why don't you get that apron off?"

"Okay!" I said trying very hard to hide my glee at finally getting rid of the damn thing. Didn't want her to think I was happy at being interrupted.

"I'll get you a fresh one - a half, like the one you wore last night," she added.

"But Mary, why?" I wailed. "I don't need an apron - surely?"

Her mouth got petulant. "Oh Andrew! Are you going to go back to all that macho attitude? Or should I say 'misbehavior'? Didn't you understand? Your mother was SO pleased to see you dropping some of these silly masculine traits! She and I were SO impressed by your maturity in accepting a role as a potential candidate as a companion for her! Please! Don't spoil it all now!"

As she spoke, she was untying my apron strings - and from somewhere, had produced a bouffant, frilly, half apron which was being wrapped around my waist. Helpless against her volubility, I soon found myself wearing an apron again. She smiled warmly at me as she wrapped one, identical to mine, around her waist. "Now Andrew? Why don't you show me how nice a bow you can tie on mine?" she asked, then turned her back to me.

Feeling absurdly feminine, I tied her apron sashes into a bow at the back. She smiled and reprimanded me gently. "No Andrew! That will never do! Here, try again!"

It took me a few attempts, but finally she patted my cheek. "See darling? That wasn't so hard, was it? Now let's go and see Dorothy, shall we?" Then she linked her arm in mine and we went off together, out aprons flouncing around us as we walked along the hallway and up the stairs. On the first landing, she surprised me by pulling me to her and kissing me

again. I felt I should raise at least some form of protest - but in truth? I found it to be a rather pleasant experience.

Let me explain. I know that I come off looking like some sort of wimp - or 'wuss' as Audrey calls Tom and I. But my experience with women - particularly in a romantic light? Is sadly inadequate - nonexistent in fact. Okay, I'm a lot younger than Mary - but she's not unattractive. A little stocky perhaps, with a trace of dark moustache on her upper lip? In her mid-thirties, with a Mediterranean set to her features? Strong in the arms - and assertive? I couldn't help but find myself attracted to her. Without even thinking about it, found my arms snaking softly around her neck - and my lips avidly seeking hers as she kissed me there on the landing. Felt a tendency to cuddle into her side for protection as we continued towards mummy's bedroom. Giggled a little as her hand found my backside and stayed there - in a most possessive manner!

Mummy took in my flushed face and the sparkle in my eyes as soon as we entered her room.

"MY! Don't you look nice!" she smiled. "And that apron is much better! Thank you for wearing it dear. Now? If you'd just give me a little twirl? Just to please an old lady?"

And flushed and girlish, blushing and giggling, I twirled until my apron skirts belled out around me - both women applauding me as I did so.

Then, under Mary's eagle eye, I had to unpin mummy's hair - then standing behind her as she watched, I stood and brushed her long hair as she sat on the bench in front of her dressing table and smiled approvingly at me in the mirror.

I have to admit that there may be some feminine aspects of say, wearing an apron, and fussing around with a lady as she prepares for bed.. But you know? After a while, one gets used to an apron when doing that sort of thing - I mean the pockets are so handy! I used them to hold the different size rollers when Mary was teaching me how to roll mummy's hair up - just a few 'to keep things neat'. And it wasn't like I had to undress her or anything like that. Well, only if you take into account helping her to take off her skirt and blouse and assisting her into her robe. As I hung up her skirt, I was surprised at the extent of her wardrobe.

But it was the atmosphere that was so delightful - so relaxed and tranquil! Mummy was SO complimentary about my soft hands as I massaged the cream into her neck muscles, again under Mary's strict supervision - and the perfume from the lotion made the ambience a trifle more feminine I guess - but after a while, I couldn't smell it at all. That may have been because, at mummy's suggestion, I sat beside her on the bench and had Mary work her magic on my neck, explaining the various pressure points and muscles to watch out for. Then, to teach me how important it was to use the proper tension on the rollers? Mary put some in MY hair - purposely putting one slightly tight - and one loose. Then, mummy laughingly sentenced me to wear them to bed that night. "Only way to teach you what it feels like!" she said fondly. And so what if Mary wrapped my head in a chiffon scarf - it was mummy's bedroom for goodness sake! What would you expect to find there, a tarpaulin?

And the conversation was unlike anything we normally had during a normal day, where she tends to be a little on the overbearing side. It was so pleasant, just to chat about inconsequential things. It was so pleasant to see both women with their guards down, showing their obvious affection for each other - and for me. They even seemed impressed when I gave them some opinions on the materials and color of a new dress that mummy had bought the previous day. Mary patted me on the backside in a loving way as I did this - something she'd taken to doing when mummy wouldn't notice. It felt nice, to tell the truth and later, after we said goodnight to mummy, she took me in her arms right outside the door and kissed me firmly! Caressed my backside openly, with both hands. I'd have said something to stop her, but being right outside mummy's door, I didn't want her to hear. So, maybe, Mary got more of an idea at this point that this sort of behavior was acceptable to me.

I was having a most pleasant dream in bed and, as I gradually awoke and stared dreamily at Mary, leaning over the bed and kissing and fondling me gently, I realized that it wasn't a dream. Once she saw my eyes open, she showed me her white teeth in the darkness. "Hello, my sweet little sleepyhead," she whispered, then pulled the covers back and slipped into bed beside me! "Mmmm!" she whispered. "You feel so nice and warm and cuddly. Smell nicely too. You

Mary's pretty boy?"

I may have giggled a little bit, which again gave her the impression that her advances were welcomed, so her taking me completely into her arms must have seemed a perfectly reasonable thing for her to do. And after she started to kiss me and fondle me and whisper all sorts of nonsense in my ear? It would have been cruel of me to stop her, would it not?

She was wearing a long satin nightdress. Seemed very interested in my opinions of the feel of the material. Somehow, she'd removed my pajama pants and she'd take the surplus material of her nightdress skirt and drape it over various parts of me - my thighs, my legs - my penis, and ask if it felt pleasant. Frankly? I found it most erotic - but I couldn't tell her that, could I? Accordingly I tried to be as non-committal as I could, which meant that she had to do it more often and, to tell the truth I got rather aroused.

There's no other way to say it, is there? I lost my virginity that night. She overcame what weak resistance I tried to offer, then climbed on top of me and removed my pajama jacket. Fitted a condom over my penis. Straddling me then, she slid herself on to my shaft. Then, once she had eased herself all the way down, smiled down at me - and then she took a minute or so to spread her nightdress skirt around me like a tent, pulled my arms out from under it and had me put them around her neck. Once that was done, she worked her way up and down on me, very slowly. I could tell that she was confused by lust - actually asked me if I was her girl! I giggled and reminded her that I was a boy, and she apologized profusely immediately. Said it was because she'd felt the satin layer between us, smelled my perfume (from the cream of course) and seeing my hair done up in the semi darkness had, naturally, jumped to the wrong conclusion.

I wondered how many girls she'd made love to, but was distracted by her taking the lace hem of her nightgown and gently caressing the sides of my face with it while cooing soft endearments. I came not long after that, and though I wanted to sleep very badly, she had me kiss her breasts and caress her vagina until she let out a large sigh and collapsed beside me.



The following morning I felt gummy eyed and disoriented. Wondered why, then remembered. Thought I might have dreamed the whole thing but when I found out I was nude and my pajamas scattered at the bottom of my bed knew that everything was anything but a dream. Got a terrible surprise when I put my hand to my hair and discovered the rollers there. When I thought on it, the tight one had been uncomfortable during the night - and now the loose one hadn't shaped the hair the way the others had. The waves made by the rollers seemed to wash out okay in the shower, but I noticed later on in the morning, some curls that normally weren't there.

I was very self-conscious when Mary brought me my breakfast, but with mummy engrossed in her morning paper, managed to give her a shy smile. She pouted a silent kiss at me, then smiled broadly as I blushed red. She seemed kinda disappointed when I left for work - but I thought it was because I didn't give her a good bye kiss. Had an intuition that she wanted me to help her with the morning dishes but, that being patently ridiculous, ignored it.

At work, things were strange. It's difficult to explain. It started off when Audrey let out an audible sniff as I passed. Not being accustomed to women's superior olfactory sense at that time, it wasn't until Paula asked me if I was wearing perfume, that it dawned on me that I may have still been carrying the scent from mummy's cream the night before.

Tom didn't notice it of course, being a male, but even he seemed different. Not rebelling now when told to do something by the ladies - overly eager to please if anything. I also noticed that he wore his apron longer both before and after serving the coffees and teas as if finally accepting that it was the proper thing for him to be wearing. I felt a small surge of contempt for him - but then remembered my own performance from the night before and repressed it. . He didn't seem to want to talk with me at all now. As we'd agreed, he did the dishes in the morning. I was surprised to see him back in his frilled apron at lunch time - and wearing it while sitting chatting to Edith, Paula, and Jasmine. They were all laughing about something when I came in to the area, so I don't think they heard me - and when I looked into the office, it looked very much as if Paula was applying makeup to his face - and he just SAT there!

He stayed well enough away from me on the way back to his desk, but he seemed un-natural in some respect - then I noticed the traces of lipstick, blush, and mascara. He served up the drinks at afternoon break, although he just seemed embarrassed to serve me - didn't smile at me at all this time.

I was sitting leafing through a magazine just before break ended, when Audrey came to my desk.

“Yes Audrey - why?” I asked - then shuddered as I saw her hand out what looked like a frilled mass of colorful organza - or some such material.

“Here. Get this on.” She said. “I figured that if I bought Tom one and not do the same for you? You might get jealous. Now? You can look just as pretty as him!”

“I'd rather n . . .” I started.

“Shut up wuss! She interrupted me at once. Put your apron on and get to work!” she snapped.

I could only stare at her. Could not open my mouth to save myself. She took another step closer to me. “Think I don't see what you're up to?” she whispered vehemently.

“I don't know what you're talking about Audrey?” I said helplessly.

“Oh, you don't?” she said, said in an objectionable effeminate voice, flipping her wrist, batting her eyelashes, and pouting her lips. “Jesus! I like men! Would really love to have a relationship with one - and the only ones that are available to me here are a paid of goddamn pansies! Can't stand up for yourselves. At least Tami put up some sort of struggle - but you? Come in here smelling like a woman. Do what women tell you to do! Act all coy - and think I don't see you eyeing up Tami's apron? Maybe jealous of how Paula and Jasmine are treating her? Think I can't see how you deliberately dirtied your blouse so that I'd be forced to get you an apron?”

“Audrey?” I said desperately. “No way! I can explain. You see..”

“Andrea! Enough already! You're starting to piss me off! Now, you don't need to thank me for buying you such a pretty apron but you better get it on real quick! Go and collect the cups and saucers. Get started washing them. You don't?

I'll put it on you myself! Now, what's it going to be?"

Tami was the only one - other than Audrey of course - that didn't compliment me on how nicely the apron looked, or how it suited me. Even Miss Chills, smiled approvingly when I went into her office to pick up her cup and saucer. It was a very feminine garment. Diaphanous and multi-layered in various pastel hues - full skirted and a heart shaped bib. Full ties that Audrey showed me how to tie properly. It was SO embarrassing for me, a male, to have to wear it - but I consoled myself with the fact that once I explained how Audrey had misconstrued things to her, she wouldn't - couldn't possibly - expect me to wear it again. After all it was Tami's job. Not mine!

I was almost finished doing the dishes when Paula and Jasmine came into the Ladies room. "We really need to talk to you Andrea," Paula said.

"Please, Paula? My name is ANDREW - not Andrea!" I complained weakly.

"I'm sorry!" she said impatiently. "But we want to talk to you about something important - not trivialities like that!"

"Yes!" Jasmine said, coming to stand beside me. "As senior staff members, we're concerned by the way that Audrey is treating you juniors." She put an arm around my shoulders. "We want you to know that we're here for you. Want to make sure that you're happy."

"Don't have any complaints?" Paula said coming to my other side and putting her arm around my waist. "You don't have any complaints, do you?" She didn't wait for my answer. Spoke to Jasmine's reflection in the mirror. "You know Jasmine? I'd never really noticed how tiny, Andrea is." Then she spoke to me. "What size dress do you wear Andrea? Petite?"

"Oh stop teasing the poor boy!" Jasmine said. "Look at how the poor thing is blushing! Be serious now!" She gave me a strong hug. "Don't mind her, Andrew. We're just concerned that you might have complaints about how Audrey is treating you."

I stood there, practically imprisoned by the two women standing on either side. With them being older than

me, I'd never really noticed it before - but they were both rather attractive. Jasmine dark haired, though frosted about three inches taller than me in her heels. Paula a redhead and about the same height as Jasmine - though she was wearing flats. Neither of them would be what you'd describe as stocky, although I was conscious that they both outweighed me. Their arms felt strong.

"Audrey? She's all right I guess. I don't want to get her in trouble," I said tentatively.

"Mmm! That's very nice of you Andrew but I sense something there. Could you be more specific?" Jasmine asked seriously. "Well - you know. She talks to Tom and me like were girls. Makes us wear these aprons. Stuff like that," I faltered.

"Tom?" Paula asked with a puzzled look on her face. Then "Oh, you mean Tami? And you don't like this apron? I think it's gorgeous. Don't you, Jasmine?"

Jasmine stared at my reflection. "Well Paula? I could see where some males might consider it a little feminine," She played with some of the frills at my chest. "But Andrew? You, being a man, probably don't understand how nicely it brings out the color of your eyes. It really IS very pretty on you ..."

"Yeah Jasmine. But you have to remember the legal ramifications here," Paula said. "I mean - calling him a girl? Making him wear this apron? Might be taken as sexual discrimination."

Jasmine nodded. "Yes Andrew. She's right you know. Think you might want to bring suit against the company? Tell the Labor Relations Board all about this?"

"Well ladies?" I said nervously. "I don't think there's any need for something like this to go that far. Maybe if you could just talk to Audrey about it?"

"Okay. If that's what you want - but she's a very impetuous young lady. Paula said. "Might take umbrage if we tell her that you're complaining about her. I heard her threaten to spank Tami the other day ..."

"Oh, I don't think she'd go that far with Andrew here," Jasmine interrupted. "She's just insecure about her new position here. Spank him?" she shook her head. "No. I don't

think so.” Then she looked at me pensively. “But if she does? I’m sure you’ll have a case against her.”

“You really think that she might?” I asked. “Honestly?”

“Hard to say,” Paula answered. “But I don’t think she’d really hurt you.”

“Ah - Er - Actually? It might be better if we just forgot about it?” I stammered.

“Are you absolutely, positively, sure you don’t want to raise a complaint against her?” Jasmine asked.

I swallowed. “Maybe it might be an idea for me to think about it for a while? I don’t really want to be causing trouble in the office.”

“So, you really don’t mind wearing the apron?” Paula asked. “Maybe he just needs to get used to it is all,” Jasmine offered. “Yes. That might be it.” I said, grabbing at the opportunity. “Once I’ve worn it a few times, I may feel more comfortable in it?”

“Oh! Audrey will be SO pleased to hear that! She was worried that you might not like it,” Jasmine said.

“Yeah. That’s why she asked us to sound you out. See how you really felt about it.” Paula said. “So we can tell her that you do? Really like it, that is?”

I looked at the two women grinning at me in the mirror and realized how they’d tricked me into showing how scared I was of Audrey. But what could I say? That I didn’t like it now? But I goofed. “Do you really need to tell Audrey anything?”

“We won’t if you don’t want us to,” Paula said. “After all, we’re friends here, right?”

“Yes. That’s right! Thank you ladies.” I gushed.

“I don’t know so much about that!” Jasmine said briskly. “You turned down our invitation to join us for lunch the other day.” “But I really wanted to! I just had something I had to do that day.” I gabbled.

“Bet you have something you want to do tomorrow too!” Jasmine retorted, looking intently at me in a threatening sort of way.

I knew better than to say I did. “No. Now that you mention it? Not really,” I said.

“Good!” she said. “So want to join us - and Tami - in Edith’s office then?”

“That might be fun. May I?” I said, trying to sound enthusiastic. “Yes, seeing you ask so nicely. But just one thing more - Andrea?”

“Yes?”

“Tami showed Audrey how much she loves her apron by wearing it when she joins us at lunch. So why don’t you do the same, huh?” Jasmine said, her grip tightening about my shoulders, giving me an indication of the answer I was to give.

“Oh sure. Okay Jasmine,” I said.

“Lovely!” they both said simultaneously - and then, still in unison, patted my backside gently as well.

The fact that they were calling Tom a girl now - openly - and calling me Andrea fairly consistently indicated that they might be doing the same thing permanently before too long. When I came out of the restroom with the washed crockery, Tom actually gave me a sympathetic look - and it dawned on me that these two women might have worked the same type of trick on him.

I was exhausted when I got home that night. It was so strange to be greeted by Mary with a smile and an embrace. “Hello darling!” she said, kissing me avidly. “How I’ve missed you! Mmmm!” and she took me in her arms and kissed me again.

Mummy shook her head, although she was smiling. “Thank goodness you’re home, Andrew! She’s been mooning around like a sick calf all day! No company for me at all!”

I could only gawp at mummy. She was aware that Mary and I had a relationship? How had she possibly found out? Once again I was amazed at female intuition. But then the thought struck me. Had Mary possibly told her? What had I possibly gotten myself into? I just seemed to be getting myself from one weird situation into another. Decided that I’d get showered and cleaned up - and go out somewhere, just to get away from women. They seemed to be taking just a little more of my life than I felt was proper these days.

But this was not to be. I didn't need to shave - I'd shaved just over a week ago, but felt much better after I'd showered and changed. Whistling happily, I was tripping down the stairs, when mummy met me. She looked at me sternly. "And? Where do you think you're going, young man?"

I gave her my brightest smile. "Not going to eat in tonight mummy dearest. Not going anywhere in particular. Grab a quick bite to eat at a fast food place. Maybe take in a movie? It's been a tough day at the office. Need a change of scenery," I exclaimed happily.

She glared at me. "Over my dead body!" she said. "Mary has spent all day mooning about - been having a hissy fit about what to make for dinner - and it wasn't MY appetite she was wondering about! You think I'll allow you to leave this house - and force me to spend the rest of the evening with her when I have plans of my own? Like HELL you will! You'll at least stay for dinner. After that? Well it's up to you two. But, just as a favor to me? Go and offer to help her make and serve dinner. She's been a pain in the ass all day. Now help me out! Do something - anything!"

I was so complimented! A woman was mooning about over me? But I pretended reluctance. "Okay mummy - if I must, I must." But even that silly comment had ramifications FAR beyond anything I could have dreamed of. Mummy's eyes grew flinty. "When I come home? Mary had better be happy! I find that you've upset her in any way? I'll ground you here for a month! You'll come straight home from the office and will not leave the house without my permission!"

I cursed myself inwardly. What had I done? Knew that mummy had grounded me before - but the worst had been for a week. Now that she was looking for me to be her companion? A month wasn't out of the question! I knew better than to do anything argumentative at that moment - I'd have just fired up her indignation even more. I managed a smile. "I will treat Mary as queen of the house this evening mummy! She will be transported with joy!"

Her eyes softened a little and she nodded. "That better be the case - now off with you, you scamp!"

Mary didn't hear me enter the kitchen as she was clattering pans around, but when I said. "Hi Mary! Could you

use a hand?" She whirled around and her eyes brightened. "Oh DARLING!" she cried as she came to me. "Want a hand?" She paused dramatically, her hand to her breasts. "Not at all - I want your whole body!" Next thing, I was her little rag doll as she enfolded me in her strong arms and rained kisses on my lips and cheeks.

"But you're so sweet to offer to help! Yes you can! But let's get this off and this off!" she said, removing my jacket, then my tie.

Unbuttoned my short collar. "There! That's better!" she said. "Now let's see what Mary bought you today, shall we?"

"Bought me?" I said, a shadow of dread starting to slide over me.

"Yes! When I saw it, I just HAD to buy it for you!" she said, going into the larder. "I just hung it in here," she continued coming out with what looked like a pink chiffon dress on a hanger.

"Ha ha Mary! That looks like a dress!" I laughed nervously. "I don't wear dresses!"

"S'not a dress, silly! It's an apron! Now let's get it on. I'm dying to see how it'll look on you!"

"But it's pink!" I protested as she fed one of my arms into the garment.

"Yes! I'm sure you'll look pretty in pink - will complement your complexion darling. And I couldn't ask you to wear white aprons again - made you look just like a housemaid - always gave me a terrible inclination to put a maid's bonnet on you. Now just stand there quietly. This is more difficult to fasten than I'd thought it would be!"

When she finished, she herded me over to the mirror. "Who's my pretty boy, huh?" she asked. "C'mon now, admit it! Aren't you just the prettiest thing?"

And, to my horror, she was speaking the truth! I looked nothing less than a pretty boy - in a pretty pink dress! She could call it an apron all she wanted - but it was a dress. I was totally enclosed in it both front and back. It had long flowing sleeves with the cuffs matching the hem of the full, bouffant, skirt and the close fitting neckline - a three inch wide

band of lace, a slightly darker shade than the rest of the material

“Aw Mary! What would mummy say if she saw me wearing something like this?” I asked helplessly.

“Well, she liked it when I showed it to her. She agrees with me that pink is definitely your color. But I think I’ll do something with your hair - I’d thought these rollers I put in last night would have helped more!”

Her calm answer astounded me. She’d shown mummy this thing that looked like a dress! And all mummy had done was wonder if it would look nice on me? And, while I stood there, dumbfounded, Mary had taken a little comb out of her apron pocket, and was doing something to my hair.

“Thought so!” she said a few seconds later. “A center part in your hair is much nicer! Now if I could just... stop that!” and gave my hand a slap as I tried to put it up to my head. “Just keep that part...” she continued. Then. “This’ll do it!” And she was attaching barrettes - jeweled ones - in my hair, one on each side of the part she’d just created with her comb.

She examined me with a critical eye. “Much better! Now take the water pitcher through to the dining table please.”

Frankly? I was glad to escape. Put the pitcher on a tray and carried it through to the dining room. Saw the table was set for three and that everything looked ready, and was returning to the kitchen, when the doorbell went off.

“Someone’s at the door Mary,” I said to her.

“Yes. I heard,” she said shortly. “Why don’t you go answer it?”

I saw the chance to get out of the apron. “Okay,” I said meekly and started trying to undo the back.”

“What are you doing?” she asked crossly.

“Well, I can’t answer the door like this!”

“Why not? You look perfectly okay.” Then she looked at my face. “Oh, for goodness sake! Leave your apron alone! I’ll get it myself!” and, wiping her hands on her apron, left the kitchen.

When I heard the murmur of two female voices

seconds later, I was petrified because, for sure, one of them wasn't mummy's. Panicked, I looked for escape, but was too late, because Mary was back talking over her shoulder to someone - then following closely behind her - came Edith!

“Silly boy! Didn't want to get the door!” Mary was complaining to her.

Edith took in my dress and my hair. “Why Andrea! Why not? Andrea? That's a girl's name! His name is Andrew!” Mary said, obviously puzzled.

Edith shrugged. “I'm so sorry, Andrew. You haven't told Mary?”

“Told me what?” Mary asked, somewhat truculently.

“He probably forgot, didn't you Andrew?” Edith said. “But some of the girls in the office? They've taken to calling him Andrea - and he doesn't seem to object.” She smiled at me. “Isn't that true, dear?”

Blushing, I nodded my head.

Mary made a tutting sound then came and put a comforting arm around my shoulders. “Well, he's NOT a girl! He's my pretty, darling, boy! Aren't you darling?”

What could I do? I nodded, and before I knew what was on her mind, she swept me around to face her, then embraced me in a bear hug - kissing me forcibly!

“Mmmm!” she hummed happily when she broke away. “Isn't he just the cutest thing? I've been dying to do that all day!”

“I can see why,” Edith laughed. “But is it possible for a girl to get a drink around here?”

It was Mary's turn to blush. “Oh excuse me dear friend. My little cutie just gets me so sexy that I forget my manners. Andrew darling, would you do the honors?” And putting a possessive arm around my waist she pulled me gently along with her, and we led Edith into the sitting room, where I proceeded to make drinks for the ladies and serve them. To my shame, Mary had me then sit on her lap and lean back into her, with my head on her shoulder while she chatted easily with Edith, occasionally fondling the material of my dress and giving me soft kisses.

Finally, she said “Well, dinner won’t get finished by itself, I guess. Edith? Can I trust you if I leave you two together?”

“Absolutely not!” Edith laughed. “Just watching you two has got me all randy - I may steal a kiss or two.”

“Well - as long as that’s all that you steal!” Mary laughed. Then allowed me to get up. “Now Andrew? If she starts anything? Just yell. I know she’s a good looking woman - just remember who YOU belong to, huh?”

I blushed and looked at the carpet as both women laughed. Felt, rather than saw Mary leave the room.

“Well?” Edith said in a sultry voice.

“Yes Edith?” I said, looking up from the ground, to see her beckoning me with a finger.

“Come and give Edith a kiss please. Or do I have to come over there and steal one?”

“OH Edith. Stop teasing,” I giggled. “Didn’t you hear Mary?” “Yes. But me? I think you’re just a little flirt. Looks so pretty in your dress - and with your hair like that.”

“Not a dress,” I mumbled.

“Andrea? Be a good girl and come and give me a kiss. Now!” “Please don’t call me Andrea?” I asked.

“Very well Andrew. Be a good girl and come and give me a kiss. I won’t ask again!”

I saw the adamant expression on her face, so shyly went over to where she sat with her lips upturned and leaned forward to kiss her. Found myself pulled down onto her lap, an arm around me - and being kissed soundly. I struggled but it was futile - so lay back in her arms.. Surprisingly, she was gentler than Mary - kissed me softer, with just the tip of her tongue coming in and out of my mouth. She also embarrassed me by telling me how pretty I was, but I have to admit that it was quite a pleasant experience.

Then Mary came back in to announce that dinner was on the table. She laughed when she saw us. “Edith! Can’t leave you alone for a second. Andrew! You’re a naughty boy! Later, I may put you over my knees for this little escapade! Now come and eat!”

Over dinner, I learned that the two of them were old friends - it turned out, in fact, that it was Mary's recommendation to mummy that helped Edith get her job at the office. And then Mary asked Edith where the idea had come from at the office to call me Andrea.. "I mean, he's a very pretty boy. But to call him a girl's name? I don't understand." She said.



"Well, he IS pretty. No doubt about that. But it may have been the fact that he wears perfume?"

"Perfume?" Mary asked, puzzled

"Mary? I think I must still have smelled a little of mummy's lotion when I went in to work." I said.

"Lotion?" Edith asked.

“Yes, I was showing him how to give Dorothy a back rub and she likes this rather heavily perfumed lotion,” Mary replied.

“You good at giving back rubs?” Edith asked me, apropos of nothing.

“Don’t know. Haven’t much experience.” I said.

“Dorothy seemed to like what he did okay,” Mary said. “Raved about his lovely soft hands”

“Very interesting,” Edith said, then got quiet.

I offered to do the cleanup of the dinner dishes, which Mary gratefully accepted. Truthfully? I was being a tad self-serving. For one thing, it got me away from the women for a while - and most importantly, it helped to define that what I was wearing over my clothes was an apron. Believe me, I took my sweet time about it - though I was called upon to make drinks once or twice and serve them. Nervously saw that Mary was getting a little sozzled - and amorous.

Finally, I had an excuse to divest myself of the apron before Edith left. Took a little fun in seeing Mary’s pouting expression as I took it off but paid for this enjoyment later. What’s that saying? There’s no such thing as a free lunch? Anyway, Edith said her good-nights and thank-yous in a flurry of femininity - of which I was pulled into - kissing and hugging and all that stuff. Although, in all honesty, I must admit that I was beginning to find this type of routine rather pleasant.

Mummy hadn’t come home by the time I went to bed, but I vaguely remember hearing some noises which would indicate her arrival. Then I was asleep. Then? I was awake again. Mary standing at the side of my bed, her teeth gleaming down at me. “Andrew? You awake?” she whispered.

I grunted an assent - and she was sitting on the side of my bed! “I’m SO embarrassed,” she whispered.

“Huh? Nothing to feel that way about,” I murmured sleepily. “Yes I do! I bought my pretty boy a present - but knew that Dorothy was coming home - and I had to tend to her first. She missed you by the way.”

“Missed me?”

“Yes. She thought you’d be wanting to give her her back rub tonight - but I explained that you’d been SUCH a help entertaining Edith that you were exhausted. So I put her to bed - though I think you might want to make sure that you’re there for her tomorrow night?”

“Thanks Mary. I never thought she’d want me back - not on a regular basis anyway?” I mumbled.

“Well you are wrong there. I think she’s serious. Wants you to be my backup. But we can talk about that later. Aren’t you curious about your present?” she asked in a teasing sort of voice.

“Oh Mary! You shouldn’t be buying ME presents!” I protested sleepily.

“Of course I should!” she said, pulling the bedclothes off to bare me, and then loosening the drawstring of my pajamas and tugging them off - to leave me nude from the waist down.

“Wh . . Wh . . What’re you doing?” I squealed, though softly, suddenly awake as she unbuttoned my pajama jacket buttons next and opened it, baring my chest.

“Shhh!” She soothed me. “How does this feel?”

And something silky and satiny was being placed up against me from my chest, through my groin, all the way down to my ankles!

“Feel nice? Tell me!” she persisted, touching me through the material up and down my body..

What was I supposed to do, hurt the woman’s feelings? Tell a lie even? I mean, it felt cool up against my body - but lovely and silky at the same time.

“It’s very nice Mary. What’s it made of?”

“Satin - for my sweetie!” she giggled, delighted at my response, then she added, “OH! I just can’t wait! Upsidaisy!”

Seconds later, I’d been pulled upright, had my pajama jacket removed unceremoniously, then conscious of the rose pink satin even in the almost dark bedroom, had my arms fitted into the tube of material that Mary had formed of the nightgown (because that’s what it obviously was) then felt it being adjusted downwards as she gently tugged at the material,

or lifted me to ease the process.. Once I was wearing it, she kissed me gently, fondled my breasts, then laid me back down onto the bed.

Aroused, but somewhat scared, I watched in the darkness as she undressed hurriedly, stripping down to the nude and panting audibly. Then her pale white body with the breasts jutting out was on top of me. "Suck my nipples! There's a boy!" she exulted forcing a breast with an erect nipple into my mouth. "SUCK!"

In her aroused state, our lovemaking didn't take long. My nightgown was up around my waist and before I knew it I was in a condom and as she was straddling me, I could feel the orgasmic tremors rippling through her body as she immediately fitted herself around me, then started pumping. I wasn't overly long in coming to orgasm myself, but she didn't seem to mind. Practically fell on her side, took me in her arms and we both fell asleep promptly.

She was up and gone before I woke up in the morning. I blushed furiously when I found a negligee that matched my new nightgown at the bottom of the bed - a hastily scribbled note lying on top of it. "Say you'll wear the complete set for me tonight? I'm sorry I was so impetuous!"

Mary.

I took the nightgown off as quickly as I could - well aware of the effeminate picture I made in the flowing satin. Didn't wish to look too uncaring, so hung both the gown and negligee in my closet - carefully.

At work, femininity seemed to be the rule there as well - although I was grateful to see that it was Tom who was taking the brunt of the concentrated attack on our remaining masculinity. He seemed to be in his apron a lot longer than was necessary - hardly talked to me at all - and made sure to serve my coffee when I wasn't at my desk - as if I wouldn't, couldn't, see that he was obviously wearing makeup now - and was being very, I mean VERY, obsequious to Paula and Jasmine, both who seemed to be treating him like a favorite child - a girl child, that is. Cooing and patting him. Disgusting! You'd have thought he'd take objection to their treatment of him - stand UP for himself!

In truth, I'd probably been hiding things from myself

as well. How else can I explain that I knew I had to report to Edith's office at lunch time? Knew what was expected of me as I strolled down towards it, yet was surprised - truly surprised? - when Edith saw me approach and with a peremptory finger pointed me back towards my desk, mouthing the word 'apron'!

How else to explain as I noticed (after I'd obeyed her non-audible command) that there we were Tom and myself in frilled, feminine, floral, aprons - while our companions, although women, were in pant suits? Ridiculous, you may say - but true. Almost a total gender-reversal, a point not missed by the women from the moment I entered the office.

"Hello Andrea," Paula beamed. "How nice to finally have you join us. Why don't you sit beside Tami,"

"Thank you Paula. It's nice to be here," I answered formally. "But please? I'd rather be called Andrew - if you don't mind?"

She smiled merrily at the other two women in turn. "Now Andrea? Here, we'd like you to feel comfortable. Just one of the girls along with your little friend Tami here. You don't want to be different, do you?"

I took a deep breath. "Frankly Paula. "

"And Andrea?" Jasmine interrupted. "We've noticed that you and Tami aren't as friendly as you used to be, so speaking as a senior here in the office? I'd like you both to kiss and make up. Is that all right by you?"

I glanced at Tom. His eyes were on the carpet but when I looked at him, he glanced up at me quickly. For a second, I saw into his soul. Knew he'd heard the protest in my voice when I'd spoken.

Could see that he hoped that I would rebel forcibly. Lead him away from his shame.

But I couldn't very well go against an appeal for office harmony, especially from a senior employee, could I? So, my answer of "Well, I can't really argue with that, can I?" was probably not what he wanted to hear.

"Wonderful!" Jasmine said, clapping her hands. "Okay Tami? Andrea says that it's okay with her. It IS okay with you too, is it not?"

“I guess it’s okay,” he mumbled, but shot me a look of triumph, indicating that now I’d been brought down to his level, he didn’t feel so alone in his sissyness.

“Okay girls!” Edith said sharply. “Up on your feet now - and give each other a hug and a kiss. You Andrea? Say ‘Tami? I’m sorry. And Tami? Say I’m sorry Andrea - and kiss each other - just like girls do. Come on now!’”

And, blushing in our mutual humiliation, Tom and I had to kiss and make up THREE times before the women would accept that our apologies were sincere and that we saw ourselves as Tami and Andrea respectively. While we kissed each other, cheek to cheek, I became all too aware of Tom’s - sorry Tami’s - makeup. Lipstick, blusher - and mascara! How could he have sunk so low, I thought.

But then I discovered that it was MY turn! Though at first, I simply thought it was another way of humiliating my office mate. “Tami?” Paula said. “I think that all that smooching and stuff you did with your little girlfriend Andrea? May have mussed up your makeup. We can’t have that, can we?”

“No, Miss Paula,” the little pansy said, pulling out a compact from his apron pocket - and then a tube of lipstick! Powdered his nose - then put a fresh coat of lipstick on his mouth! I felt my nostrils flare with contempt!

When he’d finished prettifying himself, he put the cosmetics back in his apron pocket.

“Wasn’t that nice Andrea?” Paula asked me.”

“Oh lovely!” I said, maybe not altogether successful in hiding the sarcasm in my voice. “Just lovely!”

“And now? It’s your turn!” Jasmine chimed in.

“Huh?” I gulped.

“Well? Didn’t you just say, a few minutes ago,” that you felt that you and Tami should kiss and make up?”

“Well? Yes, I guess I did. But we’ve already done that!” I remonstrated.

“Don’t know about that?” Paula spoke. “You girls kissed. Then Tami made up. But what have you done?”

I stared at her in consternation. “But we did make up!”

I cried, sensing what was coming down - and fighting it. But, as I was discovering, any attempt to halt the inexorable advance by these women was futile. It wasn't too long before I too had made up - or been made up — foundation, blush, lipstick, eyeliner and mascara, with the women gloating openly now. Paula and Jasmine were the two who did the makeover, but then Edith got into the act.

“Oh girls?” she said to the other two. “When I visited my friend Mary last night - you know she's Andrea's mothers' companion? She had done his hair SO prettily! Put a center part in it, then used two faux jewel barrettes to hold it in position! He looked SO cute! And, I almost forgot! He was in the most darling apron!”

Paula stepped back and evaluated me. “Well, I can see how a middle part might suit Andrea to a T - but we don't have any barrettes available, so we'll just have to leave the hair alone.”

“Hold on a minute Paula,” Jasmine said, then spoke to me. “Edith's friend Mary? She styled your hair? Had you in a pretty apron - a prettier one than the one you're wearing just now?” Unwillingly, I nodded an affirmative.

“Mmmm. Has she ever put rollers in your hair before you went to bed?”

“Er, yes - but just a few - to let me see what they felt like. You see, she was teaching ...”

“Hush Andrea! Let me think!”

Obediently, I settled back into my chair, while she thought, then she spoke again. “So Andrea?”

“Yes?”

“When you go home tonight? Explain to her that Paula and I are trying to help you with your complexion - and your hair. Ask her - nicely now! - to help us out a little by styling your hair into a center part.”

“Tonight Jasmine? But...”

“We could always send you out for a home perm kit right now and do your hair during break this afternoon, if you'd rather?”

“No Jasmine, that's all right, I guess.” I answered

weakly, seeing the amused contempt in her eyes.

“That reminds me,” Edith said. “Andrea? Poor Tami has a lot of errands to run today. You’ve never been with her, have you?” “No, Edith.”

“Well, I think it might be a very good idea for you to accompany her. Not only can you give her a hand to carry the packages, she can introduce you to the shops she’s accustomed to patronizing when she does our errands.”

Before I could answer, Tami spoke up. “Edith? This is becoming too much! Please stop referring to me ..”

Edith spoke sharply to him. “Tami! Must we go through this nonsense again? Come with me into Joanna’s office - immediately!”

Tom’s face paled underneath his makeup. “Aw Edith? I’m sorry! It’s just..”

She motioned to him, and meekly he followed her into Miss Chill’s office. Edith closed the door behind them.

Jasmine sighed. “Poor Tami, she should have learned by now, you’d think.”

“Jasmine?” I spoke tentatively. “But Tami’s right to complain - surely? After all, he’s not a girl - and everybody keeps treating him like one.”

She smiled at me, quite pleasantly.. “Look dear? Let me explain. You, Tami, and old Polly were the top dogs in this office a while ago. Me and Paula? We didn’t like it, but we played along. Audrey got shafted - and we played along. Now, in come Joanna and Edith and, guess what? They don’t like men. Period. But what do they have to oppose them here, huh? Big macho studs? No. Just you and Tami. So now it’s you guys turn to get shafted. They want you sissified? Honey, that’s what’s going to happen. Paula and me? We’re just going along for the ride. Kinda fun playing with you little sissies - but we don’t play at the same level of intensity as Edith and Joanna, play - for which you should be well and truly thankful for. Now Tami does okay most of the time, but forgets herself now and then. She’s been over both of their knees already..”

“You’d think she’d learn!” Paula laughed. “Getting her ass blistered again, by the sound of it.”

“They spank her - I mean him?” I said startled, just hearing the sound of something like slaps on bare flesh coming through the door of Miss Chill’s office.

Both women looked at each other and smiled. “Well, we thought so - but maybe they’re just playing patticake in there?” Jasmine laughed.

“And Tami cries because she loses?” Paula said, mock-seriously. I looked at them both, horrified. “Ladies? Can’t you help me?”

I pleaded. “I know I’m not very strong - or masculine - but, this sounds awful!”

“Sweetie?” Jasmine sounded vaguely regretful. “We’re just going along, to get along. So why don’t you learn to be a good little girl, like Tami? Here, let me touch up your eyebrows a little. Sit still now!”

And, as I obediently obeyed her and allowed her to pencil in my eyebrows, Tami and Edith came back into the area, his face flushed and his eyes red..

“Okay now, Tami?” Edith asked softly.

“Yes, Miss Edith,” Tom sniffled.

“That’s good! But your mascara’s run for some reason. Why don’t you go to the Ladies room and fix it? If you don’t mind? Then, when you’re looking all pretty again, why don’t you come back and do some of your crocheting? That always seems to calm you down.”

“Yes, Miss Edith,” he said, shamefaced, not looking in my direction at all.

“That’s a good girl!” she said and added, patting him on the backside. “Off you go then!”

Sitting there, having my face made up as if I were a girl, I watched my friend, the only other male in the office head directly towards the ladies rest room - not to wash dishes this time - but to repair his makeup? I feeling of dread came into my mind for a split second. Was this the fate that awaited me?

But other than having to sit and talk with the women, on a variety of feminine topics - mostly about how much of a pain boyfriends were - Edith actually asked me if I’d had any

boyfriends and, taking her to mean male sexual friends, I blushed and said “No.”

She smiled sweetly. “Ah, you were one of those little boys who preferred to play with the girls?”

Then she smiled even more as I blushed and stammered, trying to explain how I’d misunderstood her question. “You mean, you thought I was asking if you’d ever been some boy’s girlfriend. Whatever would make you think that I’d ask a thing like that? You’re not gay, are you?” And all of the women smiled teasingly as I stammered out that I wasn’t.

But that was about the extent of it. When Tami came back, her eyes weren’t quite as red and she settled into a chair with her crocheting and participated with the women - and me - in a quiet conversation. After lunchtime, I gave her a hand to tidy up the office we’d sat in, then helped wash and dry the dishes. Audrey came in from lunch just as we finished. Immediately took in the fact that I was wearing makeup and apart from a slightly disgusted shake of her head, didn’t say anything. I took my apron off and hung it up: didn’t put it on again until it was time to do the dishes after the afternoon break.

I’d had no idea of the amount of errands poor Tami had to run. Naturally, I was terrified of going out of the office wearing makeup but Tami assure me, nicely, that it was hardly noticeable - and that all the sales clerks we’d deal with were women - and they were all too kind to tease us about it. I wasn’t too happy when he introduced me as Andrea but, as he pointed out, if any of these women thought we weren’t content in our femininity, they’d be all over us. If we pretended to be happy little sissies, they’d accept us as that. So, smiling and simpering alongside him as he purchased cosmetics and lingerie - and Tampons - for god’s sake! I managed to live through the ordeal - grateful that I wouldn’t have to do it again.

That night at home was an unmitigated disaster! Mary met me at the front door and - in front of mummy! - gave me a bone crusher hug and a slobbering kiss. Called me her pretty boy - while mummy just stood by and beamed! “Oh, you two lovebirds!” she giggled, then added. “It’s so nice to see a little affection find its way into your life Andrew!”

“I think Andrew’s a lovely name, don’t you Dorothy?” Mary said and I started to cringe, having a premonition of what was coming. Wanted to shut her up, but held as I was in a vice like grip by her side, I could only pray I was wrong.

Mummy looked puzzled. “Of course I like it Mary - I picked it after all. What on earth are you talking about?”

“Edith told me that some of the ladies at his office are calling him Andrea. I told her that they shouldn’t. Andrea’s a girl’s name and he’s a boy!”

Then mummy shocked me even more. “Andrea? A perfectly nice name. A bit girlish perhaps - but so is he, don’t you think, Mary?”

“Girlish?” Mary considered thus for a few seconds longer than I cared for. “Well? He’s pretty enough to be a girl, but he’s all boy MY boy!” With that, she did her utmost to crack a few more of my ribs with another bear hug.

I was seething. Mummy had referred to me as a bit girlish, but then it dawned on me I’d forgotten to take off my makeup! Had she seen this? But if she had, she was unconcerned, “Okay you two! Enough is enough!” she laughed. Andrew - Andrea? Whatever your name is? Isn’t it about time you modeled that nice apron that Mary showed me yesterday?”

I groaned. “Aw mummy! I’m just in the door!”

“So? You saying that it’s too early for you to be giving Mary a hand about the house?”

I stared at her for just a second, then realized that the longer I stood around arguing, the bigger chance that my luck would run out and they’d notice my makeup. “Okay mummy!” I said. “I’ll just run and put it on!” Then I hurried down to the kitchen, hoping that I’d get a chance to wash my face there. But it was not to be. I’d no sooner got there, when Mary followed right behind me. “Just can’t wait to wear your nice apron - and help Mary, huh? You sweet boy!” And again I was swept up into her embrace.

A few minutes later, I was taught -again - that women see things, and that it’s a waste of time to think that they haven’t. Ensnared once again in my pink apron, and tied in with perfect bows, she examined me closely. “Want you to

look nice for Dorothy. But darling, I hate to say this - but your lipstick is smeared. Why don't you freshen it up a little."

"M..M . My .. lipstick?" I quavered, as if I didn't know what she was talking about.

She patted my cheek softly. "Think that I didn't see that you're trying to make yourself even prettier for your Mary?" She inhaled noisily. "Oh, I just can't leave you alone! Let me give you another kiss before you fix your lips!" This time, her lips met mine gently and I could actually feel the difference as her lipstick met mine. Then she took my arms and placed them around her neck - then kissed me some more, her tongue playfully darting in and out of my mouth as I stood there, meek and submissive before starting to kiss her back avidly.

She broke away reluctantly. "Now stop it, you naughty boy! Your mother is waiting for us! Whatever will she think? Now, let me see you fix your makeup."

"But Mary! She'll see I'm wearing makeup!"

"Of course she will. Don't you think she noticed you were looking especially nice the minute you walked in the door tonight? Didn't see your lipstick - or your mascara - or your blush? Silly boy! Come ON now darling. Get a move on!"

Cowed totally by this woman, I couldn't think of any way to get out of this mess other than to go to where I'd hung my jacket over the back of a chair before putting on the apron. Took the lipstick and the compact that the women had given me at work out of my pocket and with Mary watching me closely, took a tissue from the table and wiped my lips clean, before touching them up again. "Very nice, Andrew! But you might want to dust your nose with powder while you're at it? It's a little shiny."

She smiled at me lovingly as, in the eternal female manner, I powdered my nose using my compact mirror.

"Now?" she asked as I finished. "Don't you have a message for me?"

I gulped. "A message, Mary?"

"Yes. From Edith?"

“Oh that? I was going to tell you later.”

“Why not now? Right now?”

Blushing, I told her about my complexion program at work - and then, with a little coaxing, I remembered to tell her about my hair.

She patted my cheek gently. “Andrew darling? You must remember that all of us ladies have only the best intentions towards you. Please? When one of asks you to transmit a message to another? It is imperative that you don’t forget. You DO understand, don’t you darling?”

Meekly, feeling chastised, I nodded.

“Well then sweetheart? Shall we go?” she said.

Then, after I’d returned the cosmetics to my jacket pocket, she put an arm around my waist and led me to mummy.

“Mmm! Wasn’t I right Mary?” she said once we showed ourselves. “Told you that that shade of pink would look lovely on him. Now Andrew - just walk to the end of the room for me, would you darling?”

Knowing the resemblance I had to a young man in a pink dress, I nevertheless acquiesced to her request, walking down to the end of the room, then back again, very conscious of both women’s eyes upon me. I didn’t know how to read the look that flashed between them as I got back to my starting point.

From that point onwards, I was under Mary’s control, busily preparing for the meal that was coming, eating it, then cleaning up afterwards. As mummy was so taken with my appearance and decorum while I wore it, I was ‘requested’ to keep it on the whole time. I was stupid enough to breathe a sigh of relief when I was, finally, allowed to take it off - I swear the sigh was not audible - when mummy suggested that she’d like to see the other present, she’d only heard about.

I demurred, pleading that, as it was nightwear, it was far too early for me to be wearing it.

She pooh-poohed my argument, but seemed to be going along with it until Mary suggested that, as she (mummy) hadn’t had a facial in a while, it would be a good

idea for her to change into her nightwear. Mary would assist her in that, while I was changing, then I could take over for Mary while she went and changed. That way, with everyone being dressed in nightwear, I might not feel embarrassed. I sighed when mummy agreed, then added. “Andrew? While you’re at it? Why don’t you cream off your makeup dear? It’s very nice, and I appreciate the effort, but you’ll have to learn to take better care of your complexion.”

So she had noticed my makeup all along? I felt like a fool. I also didn’t know what she meant when she’d said that she appreciated my effort so simply nodded and left the room, Mary giving me a jar of mummy’s cold cream before I left because I didn’t have any of my own.

I looked at my face in my mirror before I removed my makeup. Looked at the soft lips, the delicately arched eyebrows, the hint of eye shadow and the blushed cheeks. Tried as hard as I could to see where Mary was coming from. Who in their right mind could possibly take me for a boy? But I shrugged, it was infinitely more preferable than the alternative. With a soft sigh, I started to cream the makeup off.

I had thought - hoped? - that there might not be too much difference between wearing the apron and the nightgown, but that turned out to be absolutely ridiculous. Okay, the apron was the next best thing to a dress, but there was always a layer of masculine clothes between my body and it. Now the cool satin seemed to cling to my skin as if it were glued there and though the negligee was gossamer light, it wafted about the outer surface of the gown and created an entirely different series of sensuous and erotic touches as I walked to mummy’s bedroom.

She was in her own nightgown and peignoir. Wordlessly, she smiled approvingly then came and gave me a soft kiss. “How pretty! I hope you thanked Mary properly?”

“Very properly!” Mary laughed, the insinuation obvious.

“Oh Mary! I hope you’re not corrupting my son!” mummy laughed. “Now go and get into your pajamas. Andrew can work on my backrub while you do. Scat!”

Mary laughed and made a quick exit while mummy sat

down facing the mirror of her dressing table. She undid the tiny ties at her neck and draped it off of her shoulders to bare her back to me. Dutifully, I took the top off the jar of the lotion she likes and started working it into the back of her neck and shoulders.

She smiled dreamily at me. “This is SO nice Andrew - or would you prefer Andrea when we’re alone?”

“Oh mummy!” I mewed in complaint, but then spoiled everything by letting out a small giggle.

“Well? You appear to be comfortable in your nightdress dear, but how do you feel?” she asked.

“Kinda uncomfortable mummy.”

“Don’t see why you should - it suits you, but I have to apologize for Mary dear.”

I giggled. “Well, she IS kind of domineering, but you really don’t”



“That’s not what I was talking about!” she interrupted. “I mean, here you are taking all of this trouble to make

yourself into a pretty girl - and don't think I don't appreciate it very much - but she keeps going on and ON about you being a boy! It must be very discouraging for you, is it not?"

"You ... you ... appreciate it, mummy?" I stammered, stunned. "Of course I do! You've obviously recognized the fact that I've always wanted a daughter and I hope that you appreciate the fact that I didn't bring you up as one - but you were such a sweet little boy that I didn't have the heart. Now? Here you are almost fully grown and finally becoming what I've always wanted you to be a pretty girl - into makeup and nice clothes!"

"But... But..."

"Hush! I hear Mary coming. Not a word to her about what I've just said!" She smiled at me. "A secret between us girls - okay Andrea?" Then she beamed as I nodded.

For the next hour, Mary worked on mummy - showing me how to apply rollers then she told mummy. "Andrew tells me that the girls at his office are teaching him how to maintain a nice complexion - and they agree with me that he looks nice with a center part in his hair. They've asked me if I'd help with their program and Andrew doesn't mind - but I thought I'd ask and see if you thought it would be all right?"

"Oh? You talked to his co-workers then?" Mummy asked slyly. "No." Mary answered, obviously puzzled. "Andrew passed on their message himself."

Mummy gave me a knowing glance in the mirror, and I caught her inference at once - she thought I was fabricating this! "Sounds like a wonderful idea to me! Sit down beside me Andrew. Mary can work on both of us at the same time."

And, sitting beside my mother, my hair was done up in rollers - a lot more than the last time, and some lotion was applied to them before my head was wrapped in a pink chiffon scarf. Then, humming happily to herself, Mary applied a beauty masque to Mummy - and her very own pretty boy - as she called me. I must admit that after the masque was removed, my skin felt lovely and tingly - then after the cold cream was applied to my face, it felt lovely and smooth. Now, the mirror only showed a young woman dressed for bed.

After mummy and I kissed each other goodnight, Mary and I stepped out into the hall. There, she took me

completely by surprise as she swept me up off my feet and, cradling me in her arms, carried me to my bedroom. It was humiliating to be treated in such a manner, but she did it so lovingly, what could I do? Actually, I felt warm and protected. Blushed when she told me how lovely I was. Then I took off my negligee, slipped into bed and pulled the covers back invitingly. Seconds later she was making love to me again.

The following morning, she was still there. Woke me up a little early, explaining that she wanted to show me how to remove the rollers and brush out my hair. By the time we'd finished it was obvious that my hairstyle was, maybe, not entirely feminine - but not masculine either. Before I went to work, she handed me a small clutch purse, with my makeup in it. "Much smarter," she said. "Looks silly carrying cosmetics around in your pockets."

At work, Audrey gave me an incredulous look. "Jesus! Carrying a handbag now? You turning into a girl or what?" Then she shook her head. "Go and get me a cup of coffee, would you?"

"But that's Tami's job Audrey," I protested.

"Tami's not here yet - so why don't you go and at least get the coffee machine started?" She sneered "Before you put your makeup on,huh?"

Flushed and embarrassed by her belligerent attitude, I still didn't see much sense in starting a fight so went and got the coffee machine started. Went into the men's room and started making my face up. Got an awful fright when the door crashed open and Audrey stalked in.

"What are you doing here Audrey?" I cried out. "This is the men's room!"

"Then what are you doing here?" she taunted. "Suppose a real man was paying a visit here. Found something like you? Get your purse and your makeup - get into the ladies, where you belong! When you come out? You'd better have your apron on!"

I almost cried, she was so mean, but Jasmine and Paula were SO nice when I met them in the Ladies room - complimenting me and giving me encouraging hugs - and Edith and Miss Chills were wonderful when I served their morning coffees. Told me how much better I was at making

coffee - and serving it - than Tami. Yes, I knew that my masculinity was eroding but it seemed to make life so much easier. Friendlier.

Tami still hadn't come in at nine thirty, and then I was called into Miss Chills' office. She greeted me with a warm smile. "Why don't you have a seat Andrea, I'm afraid I have some news that you may not care for."

"Oh dear, Miss Chills. I hope there's nothing wrong?"

She shrugged. "All in the eye of the viewer, I'd say. But may I speak bluntly?"

I found myself simpering. "Of course, Miss Chills - you are the manager, after all."

She preened a little. "Yes dear, I am. But I probably have given you and the other girls the impression that I'm a man hater?"

I batted my eyelashes. "Oh Miss Chills! No! Well maybe a little biased towards the female gender a little bit?"

She gave me a predatory smile. "I'm sorry to disagree with you Andrea, but I really don't like males. I was maybe a little harsh with you and Tami when I first took over this office - but have found myself becoming quite attached to both of you. You seem to have been willing to open up - shall we say - your feminine sides. Willing to learn to downplay your tendencies to masculine behavior?"

I blushed and batted my eyelashes again. Looked down at the floor. "Well, we have been trying our very best, Miss Chills - so I'm glad that you've noticed."

"Yes. Well? It appears that your little friend Tami is leaving the area immediately and can no longer work here."

"Leaving?" I gasped.

"Yes. Effective immediately - and I feel it only fair to tell you that I have NO intention of replacing him with a male - which means that you will be the only male here. Will this pose a problem for you?"

"I don't think so, Miss Chills," I answered tentatively.

"Well, I was just asking for courtesy's sake that's all. But the point I'm trying to get to is the bathrooms. I saw you coming out of the Ladies room this..."

“That wasn’t MY fault Miss Chills - it was Audrey made me go in there!”

“Andrea?” I could practically feel the frost coming at me. “You ever interrupt me like that again? I’ll put you over my knees and spank you! Do you understand?”

“I’m sorry Miss Chills. Truly!”

“Very well! What I was going to say, before I was so rudely interrupted? Was this. What were you doing in the Ladies room?”

I blushed. “Fixing my makeup, Miss Chills.”

She thought on this for a second. Nodded. “A most appropriate place for that activity, don’t you think?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“So, you feel at liberty to use both the men and ladies restrooms?”

I looked at her helplessly, her tone was anything but friendly again. “I don’t know what to say, Miss Chills.”

She pondered this for a second, then smiled at me again. “I’m sorry Andrea. Am I scaring you?”

I gulped and nodded.

“I keep forgetting - you’re really a sweet little thing, aren’t you. Why don’t you come over here?”

“Over to you?”

She nodded, so I got up and walked to where she sat. As I did so, she pushed her chair away from her desk and pointed to her lap. “Why don’t you sit here, Andrea? Time for us to be friends, don’t you think?”

“Yes, Miss Chills.”

She opened her arms invitingly. “Well? Come on then.”

I was surprised at the muscularity of her thighs and of the arm she put around my shoulders, once I was sitting in her lap. “You must work out Miss Chills,” I said admiringly.

“Yes, I do. Want to feel my muscle?” she asked, flexing her arm. “Ooh!” I gasped as I did so. “You must be awfully strong!”

“That too.” She laughed. “But enough of this one way admiration society. I want to discuss the bathroom situation with you.” “Bathroom situation?” I said.

“Yes. It’s patently ridiculous to my mind. Here’s myself, Edith, Jasmine, Paula, and Audrey - all of us senior to you - and all of us crammed into one bathroom - and then there’s you - with a great big bathroom all to yourself. Now does that seem fair to you?” “Now that you mention it? No. I guess not.” I said carefully.

She gave me a strong hug! “You know Andrea? I’ve never been that interested in males - but if I were? I think you’d be my ideal. So soft. So thoughtful. And would you be offended if I said you were pretty?”

I giggled. “Oh, Miss Chills!”

Tenderly she took my chin in one hand and twisted my head so that I was facing her. “Andrea? When we’re alone, why don’t you call me Joanna, huh?” Her voice was low and husky.

“Oh thank you Joanna.” I gushed.

“Friends then?”

“Oh yes!”

“Let’s seal it with a kiss then, shall we?” she said.

Then she was kissing me - but not just as a friend. Firm lips, pressing on mine. Strong arms holding me close. I felt as if I were melting. Then she broke away and looked at me fondly. “So you won’t mind sharing the Ladies restroom with Jasmine, Paula and Audrey, while Edith and I share the men’s - or Executive - bathroom from now on?”

I tried to make a joke out of it. “Does this mean I have to sit down to pee?”

She burst that balloon immediately. “Of course! You mean you don’t sit down NOW?” As if I was a girl! I blushed. She kissed me again. “You’ll see that it’s much more hygienic - not splashing about all over the place - far more ladylike.”

Then her eyes lit up. “Talking about ladylike? I understand that you do back rubs for your mother?”

“Yes, Joanna, but I’m just learning.” I replied shyly.

She took one of my hands in hers. “Oh, you should be good. Lovely soft hands, though your nails could use a little work - and a nice pink polish to match your lipstick wouldn’t hurt either. Why don’t you mention that to Paula and Jasmine?”

“Okay, Miss Chills.”

“Joanna, Andrea - Joanna - when we’re alone!”

I pouted my lips for a kiss and smiled invitingly at her. “Yes, Joanna, I’m sorry.”

You sexy little thing you!” she purred, then kissed me again. But then she loosened her arm around me. “Okay than - up and at ‘em. Time for you to serve up the coffee and tea. Off with you!”

I discovered that Tami had left his apron and, as mine had a spot on it, I didn’t think he’d mind if I wore his - I had the feeling that he wasn’t about to show his face in that office again. That night, I took my own home and, under Mary’s watchful eye, washed and ironed it - she had me model it and, although she said I looked nice, she was obviously pleased that it wasn’t as pretty on, as the one she’d bought me. Mummy said the same thing - and complimented me on my nails. That night she and Mary watched as I put the rollers in my own hair.

I’d thought that once Tami left, I’d be inundated with work but, if anything, the amount of work that the ladies asked me to do actually lessened! This, of course, may have been due to the fact that Miss Chills was taking an interest in my career - or at least had me into her office for many little ‘chats’ giving her interest as the excuse. The fact that my lipstick was often mussed up when I came out of there, caused many an amused glance between my co-workers - then when Edith accidentally walked into the office one morning - thinking it was vacant - and found me on Joanna’s lap being kissed and fondled? It was an unstated fact around the office that I was Joanna’s special little friend - and accordingly was given some leeway.

Joanna found out about this and was perturbed about it. Started telling everyone that, suffering back problems from her intensive workouts at the gym, she’d discovered my expertise in back rubs - and was taking advantage of it. Nobody believed this of course, not even when she started

having me give her back rubs during staff meetings. She did enjoy them though - then soon trained me on the art of foot massage. Even bought a special footstool so that she could rest her feet, and I could kneel comfortably in front of her and suck on her toes. As she didn't want her nylons all lipstick, she had me always reach up under her skirts and undo them, roll them down off her legs, then suck on her toes.

This was embarrassing in front of the other ladies but as they didn't pay any attention, it soon became a commonplace thing for us to be having a staff meeting - and her saying "Andrea? Would you mind, very much?" and pointing to her feet. I'd go and put on my apron, then kneel beside her stool, while she extolled about how wonderful and sweet I was as I removed her nylons, then sucked on her pedicured toes. She had an abnormally large 'big' toe and she absolutely loved me sucking on it for some reason, sliding my lips up and down on it slowly and rhythmically.

It wasn't long before she hired a junior clerk to replace Tami. Her name was Sylvia, and she was a pert, pretty blonde. But she did have an attitude. I continued to do the coffee at breaks and lunchtime for a few days until she got settled in. But the day I explained to her that it was now her job to do that, she simply stared at me then burst out laughing! "I'm not the office girl, dearie - and I don't DO coffee. Sorry." She patted my cheek. "I'll leave that up to you. And by the way? This afternoon, I'd like you to pick up some cosmetics for me when you go out, if you don't mind?" "But the ladies expect their coffee!" I exclaimed, ignoring her ridiculous request that I run her errands for her.

She glared at me! "Andrea! I'm not going to stand here arguing with you. If the ladies expect their coffee - they can get their own or you can keep on getting it for them. That's it!"

I complained to Miss Chills and she called us both into the office. "I understand that you two are having difficulties about who should be doing the office girl chores?" she said mildly.

It was the very first time I'd heard her refer to my tasks as those belonging to an office girl, and I was rocked.

"No difficulty Joanna. I don't do coffee." Sylvia said

evenly. “Andrea here wants to do that kinda bullshit in a fluttery apron? That’s up to him - or her - whatever’s appropriate. But I don’t! So what’s the problem?”

The effrontery of that girl - calling Miss Chills Joanna! I half expected to see her taken down a peg or two, but Joanna didn’t seem to notice it. Nor did she seem to see anything wrong in what Sylvia had said. She was looking at me now. “And your side of the story, Andrea?”

“But she’s the junior clerk! I’m senior to her!” I said indignantly-

“So? Are we getting back to that old nonsense about who’s senior to who?” Joanna said severely - as if I was complaining about nothing!

“Joanna! This isn’t fair. It’s...”

“How did you just address me?” she thundered. “How dare you!”

“I’m sorry Miss Chills,” I said humbly. “But she...”

“I will not have this petty nonsense!” she interrupted. “Andrea? Much more of this - and over my knees you will go! Is there anything else?”

“No, Miss Chills, I said meekly.”

“You Sylvia?” She cooed at Sylvia.

“Can’t think of a thing, Joanna.”

“Excellent! Settling in all right dear?” Joanna cooed again.

“Oh yes. I really like it here.”

“Well, I think I can safely say that this matter has been resolved and I won’t be bothered by it again?” She was speaking to me now, her tone icy cold.

“No Miss Chills, I won’t bother you again.” I said.

She smiled. “Andrea? This afternoon, do you think you could put just a smidgen less sugar in my coffee?”

“Yes, Miss Chills.”

“Gooooood!”

Outside the office, Sylvia linked her arm in mine. “I think it may be a good idea for us to have a private chat,

Andrea?”

I sensed that it was not a good time to make an enemy of this young girl, so nodded and let myself be led into the Ladies room. She checked under the doors in the stalls to make sure that no one was there, then turned to me. “Andrea? I want to be friends with you - but if you’re going to go running to Joanna any time you have a beef about me? I might get distressed. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sylvia - but..”

“Andrea? Shut UP for a second. Did I hear Joanna threaten to spank you in her office?”

I blushed. “Yes. But it was just a figure of speech. She’s never spanked me.”

“Well dearie? You pull that crap on me one more time? I’ll have you in here, over my knees, and I’ll spank you on your jockeys - or panties, whatever you wear. Think I can’t do just that?”

I sighed. Knew that I seemed to have become the weakling that everyone seemed to think I was. And, having a secret, I wasn’t about to challenge her, nodded.

My secret? I was wearing panties - satin with a lace border that particular day. I was also wearing other items of ladies lingerie. It had come about this way.

One night about a week prior, I’d gone home. By that time, I’d become accustomed to being engulfed by Mary at the front door, putting on my apron, then helping her with serving the meal and cleaning up afterwards. On this particular night, however, it was mummy that awaited me.

“Hello darling Andrea (She called me Andrea all the time now, when Mary wasn’t around). My! Aren’t we pretty tonight?” Then she gave me a chaste womanly kiss on the cheek.

“Hi mummy,” I said. “Where’s Mary tonight?”

“I sent her off on a time consuming errand. I wanted to have a talk with you - a serious talk - and didn’t want her butting in. I also have a few things to show you. So why don’t you come up to your bedroom?”

“Going to talk in my boudoir?” I giggled.

“Why not?” she said and led the way.

I gawked as soon as we entered my room. There, spread out on top of the bed were four sets of nightdresses and peignoirs! All extremely feminine in beautiful pastel colors.

“Well? Cat got your tongue?” she said. “Aren’t you going to thank me?”

“They’re very pretty mummy. And thank you. But what will Mary say?”

Mummy swore for the first time ever. “Ask me if I give a shit. How’s that?”

I gaped at her. “But I thought that you liked Mary being my... my... friend?”

“Didn’t mind. Despite her obvious reluctance to accept the fact that you wanted to be a girl. But now?”

“Now what, mummy?”

“A little bird tells me that Joanna Chills is showing some interest in you. Is that true?”

I blushed. “Yes. Well. Kinda.”

“And? I even though I know that she prefers girls - something tells me that her biological clock is ticking - and she may want a husband. Something Mary can’t do for you.”

“Mary can’t?”

Mummy nodded her head. “She’s married. Been separated for a long time, but both of them are Catholic, so there’ll be no divorce.”

“Why didn’t you tell me mother?” I asked.

She snorted. “Would it have made any difference? You were a virgin were you not, when you came home from college?” She didn’t wait for my answer. “I figured it was time we got that obstacle out of the way.”

She gave me a peculiar look, then went over to my closet. Slid the door open. It took me a few seconds to realize that in addition to my sport jackets and suits, there were now dresses and skirts and blouses! While I gazed, speechless, she walked over to my chest of drawers and with a theatrical flourish, pulled a drawer open - to reveal a froth of women’s lingerie in a multitude of fabrics and colors. “Now dear?” she

said. "I'm going downstairs. I want you to join me in," she looked at her watch, "no later than twenty minutes - and I want you properly dressed. Proper undies, and either a skirt and blouse or a dress. I don't care. Then? We can have our little chat. Alright darling?"

I laughed weakly. "Mummy? You must be kidding! I can't..." "Andrea! STOP this! I know you want to be a girl - and I want you to be happy - so stop this nonsense! I'll expect you downstairs in less than twenty minutes! Now please stop arguing and do as you're told!" With that, she left the room.

I felt lost. Bewildered. Mummy thought I wanted to be a girl? Seemed to ignore any statement I made to the contrary. It was glaringly obvious I thought that this is what SHE wanted me to be. Was it politic to argue the point?

The bra closing at the back gave me a small problem, but I finally managed to get it on. I picked white undies - the colored ones were pretty, but I didn't want to get too adventurous. I also picked a plain, but nice, sundress - a sort of small floral print on a white background, sleeveless, (Which seemed to show my arms to advantage) shirtwaist with a full skirt. Then a makeup check.

The strappy white sandals weren't too high in the heel so my wobbling was minimal - a little problem going down the stairs, but not too bad. Mummy nodded approvingly as I walked into the room and handed me a glass of wine she had poured previously. "Not bad Andrea. Not bad at all! You've wore dresses before?"

"Aw mummy! Of course not!" I said, blushing.

She shrugged. "As I thought then - You must be a natural." Then sat down.

I put my drink on the small table beside my chair, then smoothed the skirts of my dress as I sat down opposite her. Saw her face light up with pleasure at my femininity. Took a sip of my drink. "You wanted to chat, mummy?"

She cut to the chase immediately. "Andrew? (I noticed the masculine gender she used). You're soft and weak. A prime catch for any aggressive female that comes along. I felt that you needed to lose your virginity. No offense dear, but I was frightened that it would have been some MAN that came and took you away from me. Even Mary was better than that!

It just proved my hypothesis that you have a need to be dominated - and I preferred the dominance to be done in a heterosexual way, thank you very much. But now? Joanna has come on the scene - and I figure that she's the best catch you're liable to come across in a long, long time." "She's awfully bossy mummy." I said.

"Dear. That's the kind of woman you need. Now trust me. We want to catch this young woman! Have to plan!"

I couldn't help it - was thrilled at the idea of associating with Miss Chills - Joanna. I mean, Mary was nice, but Joanna was so strong - so dominant. I actually felt an erection start under my dress and blushed. Mummy saw this. "Now don't be getting all shy Andrea. Has she really shown an interest? Ever kissed you - or hugged you?"

"Yes mummy. She has me sit on her lap sometimes. And? She says I'm very good at back rubs - and foot massage!"

"Wonderful! She IS interested in you then!"

I blushed. "But what'll I do about Mary?"

"She's a good companion, and I'd miss her - so I don't want you to offend her. But I have the funny feeling that, once it dawns on her that you're a sissy, more than just a pretty boy? She may start looking at you in a different light."

"But mummy? I don't know that I like being called a sissy," I complained, but mildly.

"Trust me dear. You ARE one. The instinctive way you walk in a dress. The way you sat down. The way you just crossed your legs? Your soft white arms? You are one. Take my word for it."

I blushed as she continued. "Now dear? Starting tomorrow? I want you wearing proper undies when you go to work. That way? When you sit on Joanna's knees? There's a good chance that she'll find out."

"But mummy! That would be SO embarrassing! And maybe the other women would catch on!"

She shrugged. "Who cares? Panties, bra, garter belt, stockings - and a camisole. Understood?"

"But mummy!" I started, when I heard the

unmistakable sounds of the front door opening and heard Mary's voice call out a greeting. "We're in here, Mary," Mummy called out. And I sat there, transfixed as Mary came into the room.

Naturally she saw me and smiled. But then her face mirrored incredulity and shock. "Andrew! What are you doing, wearing a dress? Boys don't wear dresses!"

"Don't you think Andrea looks pretty in her dress?" Mummy asked her softly.

"His name is ANDREW! Not Andrea!" Mary said, almost crying "And he's NOT a she!"

"Andrea is MY child," mummy said. "And I think it's high time you accepted him for what he is - a sissy. One that would like to be a girl! I want you to start calling him Andrea - and accepting him as a sissy - or a girl - from this moment on."

"But, he's MY pretty boy! How can you do this to me?" Mary said, and started to weep softly.

"Mary?" Mummy was kind. "You want Andrea for a husband?" "Yes! But you know I can't!"

"Very well. Look dear?" she went and gave Mary a hug. "I haven't objected to you having sex with Andrea." She smiled. "It was good for both of you.. I'm not telling you to stop it either - not until Andrea is engaged to be married."

"To a man?"

"Enough of that!" Mummy snapped. "He's a sissy - not gay! Now, behave yourself. We've been friends for a long time, but I'm still your employer so won't put up with any nonsense. Is that clear?"

"Mummy? It's just been a shock for Mary - she didn't mean anything bad," I interjected.

If I'd expected any gratitude from Mary I'd have been disappointed. Got a malignant look instead. She spoke to mummy. "Yes Dorothy. It's clear. I'm very sorry for taking your son - sorry, your daughter - for granted. I think I shall go to bed. I'm very tired" She stared at me. "I think that Andrea should be ready to prepare you for bed - if it's all right by her?"

Stung, and hurt, by her attitude I nodded coldly in

reply.

“Very well then. Dorothy? With your permission?”

Mummy said. “Yes dear Mary. Good night.”

I was stupid enough to think that Mary was finished with me, after that performance. Just shows what I know about women, huh?

Naturally, thinking I’d never see her in my bedroom again, I put my ‘normal’ pajamas on when I went to bed. Okay, I’ll admit that I’d enjoyed the feel of women’s nightwear as I attended to mummy, but without Mary? I felt too embarrassed to wear it to bed. Hence I was surprised to be awakened by a light touch on my shoulder. Opened my eyes to find Mary glaring at me malignantly in the darkness that comes around two thirty in the morning. “I thought you were supposed to be a sissy!” she hissed.

“I’m not - well - Mary? Let me explain!” I said drowsily. “Sissies don’t wear pajamas! Not when they have pretty nightwear to wear instead! Get those ugly pajamas off!”

I woke up in the act of putting on a pale blue satin nightgown that mummy had picked for me. “There! Isn’t that better - SISSY!” she growled. “Want to apologize for the way you led me on? Making me believe that you were a boy?” she thundered - although quietly.

“But Mary?” I trembled.

“WHAT?”

“I wasn’t pretending,” I said almost weeping.

“HUH!” she snarled, sliding into bed with me, pushing me onto my back and lifting my nightdress, putting her lips on mine and forcing her tongue into my mouth.

Over the next few days- or nights, rather - she gradually seemed to cool down. That weekend, mummy had to go on a business trip. Mary invited Edith over again - though this time she dressed me as a maid - and made me perform as such, Edith’s eyes glittering all the time as I floated around, my petticoats swirling and curtsying prettily to both women. This seemed to satisfy both of them - although Mary was particularly aggressive in bed that night. I think she sensed that our trysts were going to become less and less frequent.

You see? Mummy's plan had paid off. Joanna had, naturally, found out that I was wearing lingerie to the office - and was delighted. Absolutely loved to have me sit on her knees and pull at my bra straps, or snap my panty elastic. Had gradually worked it so that I'd sit there and willingly agree that I was her girl as she fondled me into ejaculation - she got a real kick from that although she didn't do it that often. She doted on bringing me right to the point of spurting, then would make me plead and beg. Sometimes she negotiated with me - would agree to do it only when I begged her to insert her finger inside my rear and work it slowly in and out - while I had to pretend that I liked it - although there came a time that I did start to enjoy it.

We started dating - although it was her that initiated it, and took over the male role. Which meant that she came and collected me as well as brought me home. Naturally, I played the feminine part on our dates - with mother often advising me on what to wear. I tried to convince her that Joanna didn't care about my clothes one way or the other - but was proved utterly wrong when Joanna expressed a great deal of satisfaction with my outfit one night. As I was dressed in a pair of midnight blue velvet pants an Orange blouse with long diaphanous sleeves - and a double string of mummy's best pearls - with earrings to match. I also wore a pair of matching pumps with a two inch heel - and nylons of course. Mummy just HAD to boast.

"I told Andrea that you'd love her in this outfit (She had now given up any pretense that I was a male) - and you DO, don't you?" she asked.

"Oh yes!" Joanna sighed happily. "I may not be able to keep my hands off her!"

Silly me, I was actually scared to go out in public like that - but Joanna took me to a nice dim, restaurant with a small dance floor. It took me a while to realize that it must have been a lesbian hang out - though I blushed when the waitress referred to me as Miss - or ma'am - and Joanna as Sir. I've never been much of a dancer, but found that I did reasonably well when the pressure of taking the lead wasn't there - actually found myself gratefully melting into her arms as she steered me around the floor. In her car going home she parked, then took me in her arms. She stroked my arms - she loved to

do that - and then my breasts, padded of course, then graduated to loosening the fasteners at my pant waistband. I wasn't wearing a slip of course and had long ago discovered that she enjoyed me in a garter belt and stockings. This time was no different and after snapping the suspender straps a few times, her hand crawled over my panties. She started to masturbate me, but not until I had to plead with her to 'finger' me - her euphemism for playing with my anus - something that seemed to turn her on far more than anything else. She followed this by giving me her idea of a special treat then - using a small, battery powered vibrator. Lying there across her thighs, my clothes in total disarray, my blouse opened, my pants hugging at my knees, my makeup smeared and my hair mussed - writhing and squealing as she worked her implement in and out of me, I felt what was probably my last real feeling of masculinity - how could I have sold my birthright for nothing more than some minor threats - perfumes, and silks? But this passed, and with her staring down on me, dominant and powerful, I finally came, squealing in girlish ecstasy...

At work there was very little pretense now that I was anything else but the office girl. Even in front of the others, Sylvia made it clear that I did her bidding - something that no one else seemed to question or deem unusual. Somehow, I don't quite know how? It was as if my time in the office was short - and everyone knew it but me. I still wore some semblance of male clothing but, more and more, articles of clothing like blouses and soft material pants were becoming essential parts of my daily wardrobe. Once? Audrey called me by the name 'Andrew' three times - and cackled when she pointed out that I'd never responded. There was no longer any signs from the other ladies that they considered me any kind of outsider. We had lunch and breaks together - and I didn't always have to wear my apron so much - maybe because my other clothes were deemed femininely suitable?

At home, there were still indications of Mary's outrage - although she was still a regular visitor to my bed - though now, when she called me her pretty boy, she'd always react quickly and sarcastically "Oh! I forgot! You're not really a boy, are you? Just an old fashioned sissy! Then she'd take my erection into her and sigh contentedly. But, as time went by, she'd do this less and less so sexually I was constantly in use - if not being handled by Joanna, I was used to assuage Mary's

need for heterosexual sex. Accordingly, I had no complaints regarding sexual frustration. If anything, it was the other way around.

Mummy was still the ultimate driving force in my life, though that changed the night of my engagement.

As far as I was concerned, that particular date with Joanna was only different to the extent that she was coming to our house for dinner. This created quite a stir in my own tranquility when I discovered that mummy wanted ME to cook dinner - and to be solely responsible for everything! Mary was pissed off - to say the least felt that her territory was being invaded probably, but mummy was implacable. "Andrea is cooking the meal tomorrow night and handling all the other aspects of canapes, drinks, and the clearing up! You will NOT interfere Mary, do you understand?" And Mary backed down.

Mummy must have (feminine intuition?) grasped Joanna's intentions immediately when she'd asked to join us for dinner. I guess that me, dumb male that I was, hadn't a clue. It's not surprising really when I admit that I was flustered when mummy took me to her beauty parlor that morning and had me given the 'full works'? Sure, I felt wonderfully pampered by the time I left - but wasn't feeling quite that good, once I'd taken care of business for the meal (ordeal?) that was to follow.

By that time, I had become a reasonably competent hostess - mummy had demanded it -, but I'd never faced up to anything of this nature, not without Mary's guidance and assistance. It took me a good part of the day to get the appetizers, salads, entree's , and desserts made - and although there was nothing especially difficult about any of them, I found that a nice long soak in a perfumed bubble bath very satisfying.

I wore a silk taffeta dress - very full skirted, sleeveless, with a frothy, multi layered petticoat underneath. Mummy herself supervised Mary doing my hair - and me applying my own makeup. I think that Mary was secretly delighted that I chose the apron she'd given me to wear over my dress - although she hid it very well.

Naturally, I was very nervous about appearing in front of Joanna fully feminized in full makeup, a dress, and high

heels but when I opened the door for her, she smiled at me, obviously delighted. “Very nice Andrea! Very nice! May I give you a kiss?” “Blushing, I nodded - and was quite surprised when her kiss was more polite than romantic. I didn’t hardly need to repair my makeup.

She herself was wearing a fairly severe skirt suit - dark charcoal with a white silk blouse underneath. Her hair was pulled back away from her forehead and she wore some makeup, though not much. Small gold earring, no other jewelry.. She could never have been described as masculine - but there was no doubt as to which of us was dressed for the feminine role.

Naturally, she’d met mummy before but seemed surprised to find that Mary wasn’t there. As Mary had never been too successful at hiding her animosity I was quite surprised when Joanna practically demanded her attendance. I didn’t object - I’d prepared more food than was necessary, but will admit that I was surprised when Joanna said “I think it’s high time I mended some fences with that lady” - and greeted her warmly when she joined us.

I performed my hostess duties admirably, if a little shyly, as mummy kept quietly boasting about my growing versatility as a housewife. I’ll admit that I probably felt a little strange doing all of the feminine tasks while three women sat around, but it dawned on me that this was probably going to be my station in life from then on and? Frankly, it felt quite appropriate.

After the dishes were cleared away, I took off my apron, poured us all drinks then joined the ladies. “What’s that you’re drinking darling?” Joanna asked softly.

“A scotch on the rocks - just like yours dear,” I answered.

“Didn’t you have a glass of wine with dinner?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“Well, I think that’s enough for now. I want you to have a clear head tonight.” She smiled at mummy. “I’ve found that Andrea doesn’t have much of a head for strong drink. She has a tendency to getting a little silly now and then.”

There was a pause. This was the very first time she'd ever referred to me as a woman in front of mummy and Mary. I saw Mary bristle a little, but mummy simply smiled. "Yes. Her father had the same problem." And I was now, officially, a female within that house. This was not lost on Joanna. "That's such a pretty dress darling, why don't you come and let me have a better look at it?"

Very conscious now of my petticoats swaying under my dress and the sounds of the taffeta, I walked over to where she sat on a sofa. She smiled lovingly up at me. "Very pretty indeed. Now why don't you sit here beside me Andrea? I think it's time we all had a little talk. Just sit here, put your head on my shoulder. And darling?"

"Yes, Joanna?" I said as I sat beside her, smoothing out my skirts."

"Be a good girl - and don't interrupt. Okay?"

"Okay," I said meekly as her arm went around my shoulders and I rested my head on hers.

"Dorothy?" she started. "I want to marry Andrea. Do you foresee any problems?"

"You accept that she is... somewhat... . effeminate?" Mummy asked deliberately.

"Wouldn't have her any other way."

"If I may say so, effeminacy is not valued too highly in a husband," Mary said, then apologized.

Joanna smiled. "Andrea will be my wife dear - not my husband. I don't like males but have a growing maternal need to have a baby."

"Couldn't you get artificially inseminated if that was all you wanted?" Mummy asked slowly.

"Of course. But as you know, I'm quite ambitious. See no reason why I should give up my career when I can have a wife to take care of the baby - and allow me to go to work. Andrea looks perfect to me in that regard..."

"But Joanna, I can't..." I started to say, but her hand came over my mouth.

"Andrea? Didn't I tell you not to interrupt?"

As her hand was still over my mouth, I nodded.

“What color panties are you wearing?” she asked after a short pause, seemingly apropos of nothing.

“Teal.”

“Pretty ones?”

I shrugged. “I guess so.”

“I’d like to see them. Would that be all right?”

I blushed immediately. “Just now? In front of mummy and Mary?”

“Can’t think of a better time,” she said, releasing my shoulders. “Upsidaisy!”

Nervously, I got to my feet and faced her. Put my hands to the hem of my dress and started to lift it. “Like this?” I asked.

“No darling. I don’t need to see the front - just the back.”

“But how do I show you the back?” I asked, puzzled.

“Easy,” she smiled. “Here, give me your hand.”

I placed my hand in hers, and as she pulled me gently down over her knees, it finally dawned on me what she had on her mind. “I hope you ladies don’t mind?” I heard her say. “I’ve never spanked Andrea before - but I DID ask her not to interrupt, did I not?” “Absolutely!” Mummy said - and I heard a non-committal grunt from Mary as my skirts and petticoats were pulled back, and felt the coolness of the air on my pantied backside.

“Andrea?” I heard Joanna coo above me.

“Yes Joanna?”

“You understand why I have to spank you?”

“Yes Joanna,”

“And you realize it’s for your own good?”

“Yes Joanna.”

“You don’t object then?”

“I’d rather you didn’t Joanna.”

“But if I let you away with being a naughty girl now? You might decide to test me again some time. Don’t you think that’s possible?”

“Maybe.”

“Well, that’s not good enough!” she said firmly. With that, I felt my petticoats being lifted more and I let out a squeal as she gave me a sharp spank on my panties, followed by another then another.

She paused. “If I allow you to get back up and sit on my lap, will you be a good girl?”

“Yes Joanna.”

“Very well. You may get up now.”

My eyes filled with unshed tears and flushed with embarrassment, I couldn’t look at either Mary or mummy as I got to my feet, then positioned myself on Joanna’s lap. Hid my face in her breasts instead. Felt comforted as she put her strong arm around me again and held me close. “Comfy now darling?” she asked solicitously?

I nuzzled into her neck and kissed it softly. She patted my head. “There’s my girl,” she said.

Then she spoke to mummy. “I hope you didn’t mind that little display, but I felt it necessary.”

Mummy laughed. “I had to do it to his father a few times - so I saw the need.”

“And Mary? How about you?” Joanna asked.

“Me?” Mary asked, obviously surprised. “I’m only a servant here.”

“Oh, come ON!” Joanna laughed. “Are you going to tell me that you’ve never had relations with Andrea - or Andrew, rather?”

“I won’t deny it,” Mary answered stiffly.

“Well, that’s good,” Joanna laughed. “I really do HAVE to discuss Andrea’s sexual history and I’m sure... Andrea? Behave yourself!” (I had stiffened indignantly, but had enough sense not to say anything this time). Then she continued “And I felt that you two ladies could probably fill me in on his propensities better than anyone.”

“Propensities?” Mummy asked.

“Yes. He’s not gay, is he?”

“He is NOT!” mummy answered huffily.

“No offense, Dorothy,” Joanna said smoothly. “But I don’t think you’re the one to answer that. Mary, what do you say?”

“I think that’s up to you to find out for yourself,” Mary answered coldly.

Joanna sighed. “Look, I’m probably not phrasing my questions too well, but have a very good reason for asking them. I have NOT had sexual relationships with Andrea, though she is sweet and submissive - everything I’ve ever dreamed of in a partner. But? My maternal instincts have taken over my brain - and I must have a partner who can plant the necessary seed in me. If Andrea is gay, this would create a situation where both she and I would be unhappy and, as nobody here would wish this on us, I’m asking questions that - trust me - are only designed to make us all happy. Please trust me. Mary, let me ask you again. Did you and Andrea, perform heterosexual intercourse?”

Mary pursed her lips, but a gleam of pride shone there a little. “Yes,” she admitted.

“Thank you. Was he ever the dominant in the act?”

“The one on top? No. He was just my pretty boy. Loving and soft and warm.”

“Did he wear women’s nightwear when you made love?”

“Well, yes - but I bought the nightdresses for him - they don’t make satin nightwear for men - at least I don’t think so. And if they did? I probably couldn’t afford it.” Mary answered defensively.

“I know that you probably can’t answer for Andrea - but do you think that she enjoyed the sex with you?”

Mary smiled proudly. “She never complained that I know of!”

Then she blushed. “Andrew? I’m sorry. You are NOT a girl! I don’t care what anybody tells me!” She glared at Joanna. “He is just a pretty boy - that’s all! Was MY pretty

boy until you came along!”

Joanna smiled - a gentle reproof for Mary, then turned to mummy. “And Dorothy? You had no objections to this relationship between your son and Mary?”

Mummy shook her head. “Mary is both my friend and my confidante. She was getting sexually repressed and I was frightened of losing her if she decided she had to leave to find gratification. Andrew has always shown feminine proclivities. When he came back from college, I was sure he was still a virgin and, scared that he might be influenced into homosexuality, I felt as if allowing the two of them to get together would kill two birds with one stone. I also felt that this kept him closer to home - less inclined to stray.”

I felt Joanna relax underneath me. “So, essentially, you three have been quite happy with the relationship up until now. True?” She tapped my shoulder. “Andrea? Is that the case?”

I nodded and she spoke to Mary and mummy. “True, ladies? Please answer honestly, because I have something to propose that may make everyone here happy.”

“True,” mummy said.

“I guess,” Mary said reluctantly.

“Very well,” Joanna started. “Thank you for your honesty. Now, I’d like to be honest in return. Apart from my current maternal yearnings, I am NOT feminine. Not feminine at all. I want to have - so called ‘normal’ sex with Andrea, until I’m impregnated. After that? I intend to have sex with her in the way that makes ME happy - and as I’ve no way of knowing whether she’ll like that or not, I have a proposition.

After we’re married, we shall live here with both of you. Andrea shall continue to work as office girl until I have the baby. At that time, she’ll resign and become a full time mummy to our baby.” She turned to Mummy. “This will provide you with your son’s or daughter’s - companionship - along with your grandchild’s, which I think you would probably want?”

Mummy smiled and blinked appreciatively.

Joanna spoke to Mary. “You considered Andrea to be a pretty boy when he wore nightgowns. Would you still see

him as attractive if he wore dresses?”

“Of course!” Mary answered. “He’s still a boy-where it counts!” she added slyly.

“So? If we all live together? Dorothy gets to keep her current companion, plus the nearness of her own child - and a grandchild. Mary gets to be near her pretty boy - and I get my baby. Everybody is happy!

“But what about ME, Joanna?” I mewled.

She shrugged. “You’ll learn how to be a proper sissy - something I think you’ve always wanted. You may not like my kind of sex but with Mary in the house? I’m sure you will find a way to get something that satisfies you one way or another.”

“I don’t understand what you’re getting at,” Mary said slowly. “You mean...?”

“You understand perfectly, Mary. Once I’ve used Andrea’s front to get my baby, I’m done with it - it’s all yours. You just leave the back passage alone - that’s mine!”

She put one hand under my chin and turned my face up to hers. “Will you marry me Andrea?” she cooed.

I blushed. “I’d be happy to be your husband Joanna.”

“Not been listening, have you sweetie?” she said, slipping a jeweled engagement ring onto my finger.

“I think my own wedding dress could get taken in. Would you like that Andrea?” mummy asked excitedly.

“And I’ll bet that Sylvia would just love to be one of your bridesmaids,” Joanna said.

“One of them?”

“Tami called the other day. Needs some references in a search for a new job. I was thinking? Bet she’d love to be your other one!” Joanna said thoughtfully.

The End