

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Kelsey Alex West was eighteen and this afternoon would receive his high school diploma. His grades were okay but not good enough to obtain a scholarship. He had worked every summer to save money to go to college but flipping burgers didn't pay that much. What spare money he made was usually spent on video games. The rest he had to give to his mother, Doris to help pay expenses. Kelsey also worked part time at the burger joint after classes and the reason his grades were so low. About the only good thing he could say about his life so far was his girlfriend Janet. However that was about to end as she was going off to college to get an early start next week. With her gone Kelsey had little to look forward too.

When his father died two years ago, the insurance paid off the house but little else. Doris, his mother, had to sell the house as she couldn't afford the insurance or pay property taxes. They moved into a small two bedroom apartment not in the better part of town but far from the worst. Doris, had to go back to work as a stylist but her income barely made ends meet. Kelsey had to step in and work part time as well.

The loss of her husband, being a single mother and bread winner were very hard on Doris. She had gained a lot of weight and became depressed over those two years. The first thing she did when she arrived home, after kicking off her shoes, was empty a bottle or two of wine. The alcohol only added to her depression which led to frequent outbursts. Some of those outbursts were violent, some crying jags and others a combination of the two. Kelsey did his best to avoid her once she started drinking. He did love her but over time began dreading being anywhere near her.

Kelsey didn't have much going for him. Graduation was not going to be the happy event most high schoolers look forward to. Not for Kelsey anyway. He just hoped his mother was sober, if she even bothered to show up. Kelsey was near the very back of the line as the students made their way up onto the stage. He kept looking to see if his mother was anywhere around. He finally spotted her as he took his first step onto the stage.

"She's late but at least she looks sober," he thought as he held out his hand to receive his diploma.

With the ceremony over his mother and another woman walked up to him. She gave him a big hug then introduced him to the older prim looking woman. "Kelsey this is Ms. Brooks. She owns the store just around the corner from the salon. I went by there the other day and saw she had a job opening and thought of you," she said.

What she didn't tell him was that she was going to the liquor store when she saw a man struggling with a woman. Doris didn't stop to think and using her heavy purse took a mighty swing. The man went down like a ton of bricks. That woman was Ms. Brooks and in appreciation asked what she could do to return the favor. Now she was paying back that request.

"Hello Ms. Brooks, nice to meet you and I can certainly use a job," he replied extending his hand.

Instead of extending hers, she examined him critically before reaching out and shaking

his. Her firm grip was unexpected. “You’re not exactly what I expected Kelsey. I was under the impression you were a young woman,” she said.

“Yeah, I get that a lot. Not the most masculine name Mom could have picked out. Still, I really need a job now that I’m out of school. I can’t see myself flipping burgers for the rest of my life. I’ll do whatever it takes if you hire me Ma’am,” he replied.

“Doris should have told me Kelsey was a boy but led me to believe he was a she. The only reason I came was because I owe her for stepping in when that man accosted me in the parking lot. She knows the kind of businesses I run but I always pay my debts. Well, she named him right in any case with that baby face and small frame he looks like a girl. As long as I’m here might as well make him an offer. The Labor Board has been on my ass for not having any males in my employment. An offer I hope he refuses but I can show the State I tried and pay my debt at the same time,” she thought.

“What I need, Kelsey is a personal assistant. You will be responsible for maintaining my calendar and appointments. Handling the phone calls and other secretarial duties. Are you familiar with Microsoft Office programs? More importantly can you be available twenty-four seven? I have many business arrangements in different locations which require some travel and my attention. If, and I say if I hire you, are you willing to move into one of my guest rooms? Also before you answer, will you agree to adhere to all my employee policies? They are very strict and I don’t allow for any deviations,” she stated.

“Oh yes Ms. Brooks, I wouldn’t mind using one of your guest rooms. I know those programs too and any bimbo can do that other stuff,” he quickly answered.

“A chance to get out of that crappy apartment and away from my drunk mother, I couldn’t ask for more,” he thought.

“Very well, I’ll consider it. Here is a copy of my employee handbook. Go over it and if you are willing to adhere to those policies, come by the shop tomorrow morning,” she said turning and leaving.

“So he thinks being a personal assistant is a job for a bimbo. If he shows up tomorrow, I should tell him I changed my mind. No, on second thought, I think I’m going to insist on a very strict interpretation of my employee dress and grooming policy. Bimbo indeed! Let’s see if that pompous ass will still want the job,” she thought.

“Wow, baby, she’ll consider hiring you. That’s great news. Isn’t it?” Doris said smiling broadly. “Come on, let’s go home and celebrate. I even bought you a cake.”

The cake proved to be a Hostess cupcake and there was a gallon of boxed white wine for her. Kelsey was just happy she had shown up, sober, and it was the thought that counted. He liked those cupcakes and bringing Ms. Brooks with her a definite plus. As he finished his cake, looked at the “Brooks LLC Personnel and Policy Manual”.

“That thing is an inch thick,” he thought flipping the pages but not paying much attention. *“I don’t care what’s in here. Can’t be any worse than those from the burger joint. I’ll do just about anything to get away from all that stinking grease and demanding customers. I’m a hard worker and if I get this job who knows. I might have a future after all.”*

Kelsey was wearing his best jeans and white dress shirt for the job interview. His shoulder length dirty blond hair was tied off with a strip of leather into a low ponytail. This morning he took the time to shine his only pair of dress shoes, something he

seldom did.

"I've got to get this job and out of the apartment. Mom went into her crazy phase last night, throwing plates and shit all over the kitchen. I hate it when she goes into one of her rages. She's nice enough when she's sober but lately those times are getting fewer and fewer. From the way she looked this morning, I'll have to drive her to work and take the chance of getting pulled over. Don't have my license since I don't have a car but maybe with this job I'll be able to buy one," he thought going into the kitchen to see if his mother was ready.

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When he parked the car near the salon, his mother told him that Ms. Brooks' store, Imelda's, was around the corner. He was surprised to see that Imelda's was an upscale women's clothing store. Seeing manikins displayed wearing dresses and lingerie in the windows, Kelsey only paused a minute before pushing open the glass door. He hadn't taken five steps into the store before a very pretty brunette wearing full makeup approached.

"Yes sir, may I be of assistance?" she asked smiling broadly.

"Yeah, I'm here to see Ms. Brooks," he answered. *"Wow! Working for Ms. Brooks will certainly have some benefits. She's hot,"* he thought.

"Ms. Brooks...yes, she's in her office. I'll take you there," she replied her smile disappearing realizing no commission was forthcoming.

"Nice ass," Kelsey thought following Heather.

Ms. Brooks was sitting behind a grey metal office desk when he entered. She was fully made up, hair in a tight bun and wearing a pewter colored pants suit. With a wave of her hand, indicated for him to take the chair in front of the desk.

"Kelsey I really didn't expect you to show up this morning. Your mother did tell you what kind of businesses I run, didn't she? Most men wouldn't consider this line of work much less being a secretary for a woman," she said.

"No ma'am she didn't but I really need this job. I know all about Microsoft Office and willing to learn what else you require," he replied.

"So you don't mind being my personal secretary then? The only concern I have is I need that person to be available twenty-four seven. I'm not sure I want a male living under my roof," Ms. Brooks stated.

"Look Ms. Brooks, I'm willing to do anything and swear that living in your house will present no problems. Just give me the job, I won't cause you any regrets," he replied.

"You sound sincere and seem qualified. However, I doubt you are willing to comply with my employee dress codes or perform some of the menial job requirements? Have you read the employee manual and job description that I gave you?" she responded.

"Uh...no ma'am....things got a little difficult last night but I can see no reason for me not to," he said.

"Here is another copy of the manual and job description. Read them carefully while I go out into the store. I have some things to discuss with Heather. If you're still here when I get back, you have the job," she stated dropping the manual on the desk in front of him.

"I didn't expect him to show but I was prepared. My attorney drew up a pretty iron clad

employment contract specifically with him in mind. If he's dumb enough to sign it, then he's dumb enough to be the bimbo he thinks the job calls for. After that incident in the parking lot, I've had enough of taking men's shit. Let's see how they like it when the tables are turned," she thought.

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The first part of the manual was a general discussion of the businesses and its history. As he was glancing over the history of Brooks LLC, he was surprised to see that a large part of the revenues came from oil and gas royalties and a cattle ranch. Brooks LLC, besides owning twelve Imelda's, had interests in other retail shops around the state. It was also one of the State's largest privately held corporations. While SEC record filings were not required, earnings were stated to be well above eight figures.

"Wow! That's something I never would have guessed. I figured Ms. Brooks was rich but not a multi-millionaire. Now I know I have to get this job. No telling how far I can go if she hires me," he thought.

Continuing to scan the contents of the manual nothing popped out as being out of the ordinary. Kelsey noticed under employee benefits that health and dental insurance were included for contract employees but not hourly workers.

"I really could use that insurance," he thought. *"Huh, she even provides for a clothing allowance. Wow! I didn't expect all these benefits but what's a contract employee? Whatever it is, I really want this job as one of those."*

Kelsey continued glancing over the rest of the manual until he came to the employee dress code. "Every employee must present a neat and well-groomed appearance both at work and home. Even if not at work your appearance reflects on Brooks LLC. A clothing allowance and discount on all store purchases is provided to offset this requirement. As an employee of Brooks LLC, it is imperative that all our employees present a profession appearance at all times. Full makeup, dress or skirt and blouse, hose and heels when working is mandatory. When at home minimal makeup and casual wear are permitted but must be tasteful. Failure to adhere to this dress code is immediate termination with the loss of any accrued benefits."

"Sounds a bit harsh. Guess it all makes sense as this is a woman's dress shop but can't apply to me. I always wanted a coat and tie job. So no big deal, I just need to buy a suit and tie," he thought closing the manual.

Reading the "Duties and responsibilities for Personal Assistant," he had to pause. *"The job part looks like what I think a secretary does but this part about house rules is something else. No guests, alcohol consumption or access for personal entertainment without permission isn't the problem or a ten o'clock curfew should I go out. However this 'other personal services as required.' I wonder what she means by that. Plus there is no mention of vacation or time off,"* he thought.

His thoughts were interrupted as Ms. Brooks returned and sat behind her desk. "I see you're still here Kelsey and willing to adhere to my employment requirements," she stated.

"Yes ma'am but may I ask what was that about contract employees?" he replied.

"As my personal assistant you would have to be a contract employee. The biggest difference between a contract employee and a normal hire is that you will be responsible for paying all federal and State taxes, deductions and fees instead of me.

Also you will be working more than forty hours a week and not paid overtime. You won't be charged rent or board and consider that your overtime pay. Plus, your employment would be for a stated duration with specified tasks," she answered.

"Okay and I know what payroll deductions are but no idea of how to do that," he replied becoming worried.

"My accounting staff could handle all that for you if I decide to take you on. Any more questions?" she replied.

"Yes ma'am about my living with you. I can accept the stuff about the curfew and getting permission but what about my personal time or vacation?" he asked.

"Like I said Kelsey I need someone available twenty-four seven. Two weeks paid vacation is included in your contract payment. You will also get two days off per week but again, cannot take them if I have need for your services. More than likely you will have the weekends or equivalent time off. Here is the employment contract containing all the details of the duties, hours and pay for services rendered. There are also penalty clauses should you decide to quit prior to the end of the contract period. I strongly recommend you go over it with your lawyer as it will be strictly enforced. Bring it back next Monday, signed and notarized if you still want the job," she stated handing him a thick folder.

"With that, my debt is paid to his mother. I made the offer and if he accepts what's in that contract will be truly amazed. Although I admit I would love to see him as the bimbo he said the job calls for. He would make, with some effort, a cute one," she thought.

Kelsey had read the contract several times. Some of it made sense and some left him confused. He had no problems with the presenting a proper well-groomed appearance at all times section. The part about \$30,000 a year with fringe benefits including employer funded retirement stood out as a surprise. The two year term with employer option to fire or renew, he didn't see as a problem either. It was all the small legalese in the contract that bothered him especially the parts regarding dress codes and company policies.

"All this stuff seems directed to female employees. I'm not a woman so this can't possibly apply to me. I like the idea of being employed for two full years but these penalties if I'm fired or quit are pretty tough. Loss of all accrued benefits, refund of all discounts and clothing allowances if I'm fired. Plus a \$30,000 penalty payment if I resign within the first year could be a problem. Then there is this really small print about unmarried employees remaining chaste, must apply to women. Getting pregnant could be a problem so that doesn't apply to me either. I really should get a lawyer to go over this but I don't have the money to hire one. Still it gets me out of here and a chance to do something other than flipping burgers for the rest of my life. I've put up with a lot over the years dealing with my mother too. Doing two years with Ms. Brooks should be no biggie. It's either sign this or go back to flipping burgers with no future. Ms. Brooks has a thriving business and I could have a future. Guess I'll sign it even if all the honorifics say Miss. instead of Mr.," he decided.

Walking into Imelda's Monday morning, contract in hand, his penis twitched seeing Heather. She was wearing a grey wool blend straight mid-thigh skirt and a semi-sheer white blouse that empathized her beautiful figure. Her lustrous brunette hair was done up in a French twist. Her full rum raisin painted lips seemed to shout "cock sucker" as his gaze finally met her eyes. They were not friendly, more contemptuous if he could put a name to the look he received.

“Hey sweet thing, looks like we’re going to be working together. Ms. Brooks in her office?” he cheerily said eyes dropping back down to her chest.

“I can’t believe this jerk. He’ll lose that attitude once Ms. Brooks is finished with him though. If he wasn’t such an ass I could almost feel sorry for him,” she thought pointing to the back office.

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Kelsey was standing in his boxer shorts being measured by Heather blushing beet red. Ms. Brooks was also in the changing room writing down the measurements as Heather called them out. The bright blush on his cheeks caused somewhat by the tent in his boxers.

“This is so embarrassing. When Ms. Brooks said I needed a whole new wardrobe I didn’t envision having Heather measure me like this. If I feel the back of her hand brushing my balls one more time I don’t know if I can hold back,” he thought.

“Ten medium,” Heather called out as she removed the metal foot measurer from his left foot.

“Thank you Heather. Okay Kelsey get dressed. We have an appointment to get to,” Ms. Brooks stated.

“I hope what she has planned next won’t be so embarrassing. I’ve never been measured so much or by such a beautiful girl. Another couple of minutes and I really would have embarrassed myself,” he thought before replying, **“Yes Ma’am.”**

The next stop was humiliating. From the store Ms. Brooks drove him to a doctor’s office for his employment physical. It wouldn’t have been so bad except the doctor was a woman and Ms. Brooks watched everything including his prostrate and hernia exam.

Leaving the doctor’s after receiving several injections, vaccinations and booster shot plus a large bottle of supplements, Kelsey was still blushing. *“A woman doctor I probably could handle but with her staying there watching. That was so humiliating,”* he thought rubbing his butt where a needle had entered.

When Ms. Brooks pulled into the parking lot of the Cut and Curl Beauty Salon, he was confused. “Ms. Brooks, why are we stopping here?” he asked.

“You said you would do whatever required and thoroughly reviewed my personnel policies. I insist on you presenting a proper well-groomed appearance at all times. Margo here will see that you conform to that policy. Kelsey you will fully cooperate with Margo no matter what she decides. You have signed and notarized our employment contract and I will hold you to it. If Margo tells me you gave her any problems, I will fire you and invoke the penalty clauses contained in that contract. Do I make myself clear?” she answered.

“Geeze that was a bit more than I wanted. I figured she’d say a short haircut. I like mine long and was going to argue over the length but..I can’t afford to be fired over a damn haircut. I can live with short hair for now,” he thought.

Kelsey was used to going into salons that catered to both men and women like you see in the malls. The Cut and Curl was obviously set-up to cater to only women. From the pink and lavender walls and the advertisements on them to the décor shouted women only. Margo proved to be a fiftyish woman wearing a black mid-thigh skirt and white satin smock. Her black hair done up in loose bun at the top and wearing full makeup

like the girls he saw at store cosmetic counters.

Ms. Brooks gave her an air kiss to the cheek before stepping back and saying, "Margo this is Kelsey. The one we discussed the other day and he has signed on to be my personal assistant. I've already told him to do whatever you demand without complaint. Any misbehavior on his part and I may terminate his employment. So do what we discussed and report any problems when I return," she said.

Turning to face Kelsey gave him a stern look. "Kelsey cooperate or else and I'll be back in a few hours to pick you up," she stated then walked out.

"What the fuck? A few hours? How long does it take to get a haircut?" he thought watching her retreating back.

"Come along dearie, we don't have all day. From the looks of you I'm sure we can make you presentable for Ms. Brooks," Margo said turning and walking to the back of the salon.

The name plate, pink with white letters said, "LHR Services" on the door she led him to. "Kathy is a fully certified and licensed LHR technician with ten years' experience. You'll be under her care for approximately the next two hours. Now you be a good little boy or I'll tell your mommy to spank," she said with a giggle pulling open the door.

Kathy proved to be a middle aged woman wearing pink scrubs, "This my morning appointment we talked about?" she said in greeting.

"Yeah, if Kelsey here gives you any problem let me know," she replied then left the room closing the door.

"Alright Kelsey strip and put this on or not. I've seen everything over the years so I don't mind. Whatever you're comfortable with, this is going to take a while," Kathy directed pointing to a curtained area in the corner.

"Wha....what are you going to do?" he asked not wanting to strip down again and a bit fearful.

"I'm a Laser Hair Removal Technician and going to begin the process of removing unwanted body hair. I have the very latest in LHR devices so I can cover more area sooner than most other services in town. For most areas the laser is computer driven so killing the hair follicles is much quicker. I'll have to do the face and genital areas. Go on and strip so I can get an idea of how many sessions I'll have to schedule," she answered.

"I..I don't have much body hair but I like what I do have. So why am I scheduled for this? I don't see how that affects working for Ms. Brooks," he replied confused.

"All of Ms. Brooks' employees come here and use our services. What I do is a standard requirement so please strip and get on the table. All I need from you besides your cooperation is what medications you are on. I can tell from experience your skin type and ancestry. You can go behind that screen to strip and then put this thong on if you're modest. It won't bother me if you decide not to use it," she replied handing him a white paper triangle with thin elastic straps.

"This is going to be more humiliating than when Heather measured me. If I had known I'd be going through with all this shit, I never would have signed that contract," he thought putting on the paper triangle that barely covered his manhood.

Two and a half hours later Kelsey left that room his skin glowing a light pink. He smelled of flowers from the body lotion Kathy had massaged him with after the procedure. He was wearing a pink nylon smock, his boxers and pink paper slippers.

He had fearfully watched as a metal arm moved up and down his body for most of that time. It sent out beams of light that stung slightly as Kathy watched wearing dark goggles. The only thing remotely enjoyable was when she massaged the lotion into his skin. He did object at the scented lotion and when told to put on the smock but she paid no heed. As he removed the paper thong from his loins was upset to see his pubic hair in a neat inverted triangle. After all what man would want anyone seeing that feminine shape and the only way to remove it would mean shaving it all off.

He was escorted to Margo's station where his hair was shampooed and conditioned. "Your hair is the right length to do a number of different styles. We can go short or stylishly long. It has nice body too," she said combing it out.

"I like my long hair," he replied trying to pull the hem of the smock down without much success to cover his exposed boxer's legs.

"Funny I would have thought you'd go with the short styles. Oh well, let's get started we're running a bit late," she stated picking up her scissors. "I'll just get rid of the split ends first."

Kelsey was exhausted from his experiences so far and closed his eyes. The soft snip-snipping lulling him to sleep. A tugging on his scalp brought him back to awareness but didn't open his eyes. *"I don't know what she's doing but I'm so tired I think I'll rest a bit more,"* he thought.

"Okay dearie time to get under the dryer," Margo said tapping him on the shoulder bringing him out of his rest.

As he stood up he felt an unfamiliar weight and tightness on his head. He started to reach up and touch it but Margo slapped his hand away. "No, no dearie don't touch," she ordered grabbing his hand and leading him over to the hair dryers.

"While you're sitting under the dryer I'll have Miss. An give you a nice mani/pedi. You be nice and don't argue with her. So far you've been good and I don't want to give a bad report to Ms. Brooks," she said lowering the dryer hood over his head.

She was gone before he could ask her why he was under a dryer. *"My old barber never did this. After all that's happened today I think I'm not going to like whatever she's done. What the heck is a mani/pedi? Never heard of that either,"* he thought as a young Asian girl rolled a trolley up to him.

The warm foot bath was a new experience and felt good but what the woman was doing to his fingernails bothered him. "I thought only women got that done," he said trying to pull his hand away.

She said something he couldn't hear over the dryer noise and pulled his hand back with a firm grip. She worked quickly and efficiently but slapped his wrist several times to stop his squirming. With the last slap he could see her mouth "Ms. Brooks" but couldn't hear. It was enough to stop any further resistance. When she had finished Kelsey's nails extended half an inch in rounded ovals varnished a pale pink with white tips. His toenails without the extensions matched his fingernails.

He had his hands curled staring blankly at what Miss. An had done to his nails when Margo lifted up the dryer and tested his hair. "Good you're done dearie. Stop admiring Miss. An's work and follow me back to my station," she said.

"Sh...she made them longer and painted them pink!" he gasped still shocked.

"She only did what Ms. Brooks demands of her employees. So stop your whining and let me finish my job," she curtly stated.

While facing away from the mirrors Kelsey was acutely aware of most of what Margo was doing. He could see her tossing large pink plastic rollers into a bin then brushing briskly through his hair. As she walked around him with comb and bristle brush in hand making final touches here and there, he asked what she had done.

“Dearie I’m almost finished, just need to set it with some hairspray then you can see for yourself. This style will require a bit of effort to maintain but you’re the one who wanted long hair. I think Ms. Brooks will be more than pleased with the result,” was all she said.

He didn’t want his hair spayed with anything and wanted to ask a lot more questions but too scared. Plus her mention that Ms. Brooks would like it kept him silent. *“Crap! What has she done to my hair and why does she have to use hair spray? Only women do that but it’s probably too late to do anything anyway. Shit! I never should have signed that contract,”* he thought.

The scent of varnish with a hint of perfume filling his nose made him sneeze. *“Oh man, what have I gotten myself into?”* he thought.

“Okay dearie we’re almost done. You hold very still now or this could become very painful,” Margo said bringing a piercing gun to his left ear lobe.

“What the....she’s gonna pierce my ears? Damn, it’s gone this far and I know a lot of guys get them done. Might as well let her do it,” he thought as the first of four shot home.

“Those are just keepers until they heal. I’ll give you some instructions to prevent any infection and you will have to rotate them frequently for the next week. You ready for your unveiling dearie,” Margo said turning the chair so he could see his reflection.

Kelsey sat motionless, mouth opening and closing with no words coming out a few moments before gasping, “What the fuck!”

Staring back at him was his face but it wasn’t. The brows had been thinned and arched. There were pink balls in his earlobes but what drew his attention was the hair. There were highlights in a full head of soft wavy shoulder length dirty blond hair. A tendril of tightly curled hair hung down each side of his face that bounced like a spring with any movement. Even without makeup the horrified face reflected back looked like a fairly pretty young woman.

“Language dearie, language. Watch that tongue of yours or Ms. Brooks will hear about it. For the moment I’ll assume you were overwhelmed at how beautiful your styling turned out. That is the reason for such an unlady like response, isn’t it?” Margo smugly stated.

They were both startled hearing, “Tell me what Margo?” as Ms. Brooks walked up carrying a plastic garment bag over one shoulder and a large tote with the “Brooks Stores” logo.

“Oh nothing Ms. Brooks really. Kelsey got a little too thrilled seeing how gorgeous her hair turned out. I wanted to surprise Kelsey and just now revealed what we have done,” Margo explained.

“If you say so Margo and I must agree, Kelsey came out much better than I expected under your talented hand. You know the high standards I expect from all my employees. If Kelsey was not cooperative or gave you any problems I’ll want to know. I’ve fired many an employee over the years for not complying with my policies. Now if you’ve finished is there a room you can spare so Kelsey can get properly dressed? We still need to make a stop and I’m more than ready to call it a day,” Ms. Brooks said.

“What the hell is going on? She’s given me a totally woman’s hair style, my damn brows have been practically removed and they’re talking like all this is normal. I thought Ms. Brooks would at least raise an objection but....,” he thought.

“Just don’t sit there like you’ve been pole axed Kelsey. Get up and come along. We still have a stop to make and I need to get you settled in at the house. Come along now,” Ms. Brooks stated breaking him out of his thoughts.

“We’ll be ready to finish once Kelsey changes clothing Ms. Brooks,” Margo said untying the smock as he stood.

“Finished? What else is she going to do? Like what they have done already isn’t too much. I’ve got to put a stop to this right now,” he thought picking up the large bag from the floor. “Crud, I forgot what they did to my nails.”

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“Ms. Brooks what the hell is going on? You saw what they did to me. They’re making me look like a girl. Why didn’t you say something?” Kelsey blurted as soon as they were in the changing room.

“Watch that tongue of yours Kelsey or you can walk out of here right now! I do not tolerate foul language at any time,” she spat back, turned her back to him and hung up the garment bag on the back of the door.

“Everything Margo has done was by my direction. As I told you from the very first, I strictly enforce Brooks LLC’s personnel policies. Those policies clearly state that ALL employees will present a well-groomed appearance at all times. And I quote, ‘full makeup, dress or skirt and blouse, hose and heels while working is mandatory. When at home minimal makeup and casual wear are permitted but must be tasteful.’ You told me that you thoroughly understood these policies and signed a two year contract to be my Personal Assistant, did you not?” she stated turning to face him.

“Yes Ms. Brooks bu....but I didn’t think they would apply to me. I’m a guy after all. I was under the impression I would be wearing a suit and tie,” he replied beginning to understand the extent of his stupidity.

“Tell me Kelsey, exactly where did you see in the policy manual any ‘Exception’ to the rules? There are none and unless you quit right now, you will comply with all the rules as stated. I should warn you, that if you quit or I fire you for none compliance, you will owe Brooks LLC approximately \$42,500.00. That includes the \$30,000 penalty fee plus all the expenses for what you have incurred so far today. Most of that is for the complete wardrobe Heather measured you for this morning. Now, I certainly don’t want an obvious man dressed as a woman in my employment. Besides looking ridiculous would reflect badly on Brooks LLC. Therefore, I will do what’s necessary to make you appear for all outward appearances to be female. You will either agree with the terms of your contract or you can simply walk away right now. So what’s it to be?” she demanded.

Fortunately there was a built in bench seat in the room and Kelsey fell into it. His head was spinning and his stomach knotted. “Oh my gawd! How did I get so screwed? I never thought those rules would apply to me, damn it! Stupid! Stupid! \$42,000? \$42,000? Where am I going to get that kind of money? I just graduated out of high school and already fucked up the rest of my life. Stupid! Stupid! Like I have any choice. It’s either look like a girl for two years or owe more money than I have ever seen before. Geez, I would have to work at the burger joint for six years full time to

make that kind of money and not spend any of it. Stupid! I have to agree but maybe... just maybe if I still look like a guy in a dress, she might make an exception and let me wear a suit," he thought as a sour taste rose up his throat.

"It's late and we have another stop to make. So are you staying or walking? It's your choice. I want an answer right now," she said.

"I....I'll sta...stay," he managed to reply still shaken.

"Very well Kelsey. Now let's get you dressed. Strip and be careful removing that smock. Can't have you mussing your hair after all the work Margo put into it, now can we," she said smiling. *"I think this is going to turn out to be a very entertaining experiment for me at least. I've heard that some women get a big charge out of doing something like this but I never thought I would. As a matter of fact I think I'm really getting into this,"* she thought reaching into the bag.

To Be Continued...

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Kelsey carefully removed the smock as ordered and stood in his boxers and pink slippers feeling very uncomfortable. That feeling quickly changed to shocked embarrassment when she said, "The boxers too." Trying to maintain a semblance of modesty turned his back, stepped out of his boxers and hands covering his groin turned back to face her.

"We are going to be working closely together for the next two years Kelsey so forget the modesty. Remove those hands and put this on," she stated handing him a nude colored gaffe.

"What the...she's giving me some sort of jock strap? It's not going to cover up much," he thought stepping into the elasticized garment.

He was standing turned away from Ms. Brooks as the back of the gaffe dug into his ass cheeks and the front left half his penis exposed. *"Shit! This thing is way too small and I hate how the back is digging into my butt. I can't let her see my dick,"* he thought tucking his penis uncomfortably back between his legs. His face was flushed as he turned around, hands still covering his groin.

"Now this," she said handing him what at first he thought was a pair of boxers.

The "boxers" were a glistening white slinky material with thin waist band having a small white satin bow in the center. *"I've never seen boxer shorts like these before and light as a feather,"* he thought but gladly slid them up his legs to cover his groin.

The undershirt he was given next was equally slinky and weighted almost nothing. It too was a bright white with thin satin straps and square neckline with eyelet lace detailing at bodice and hem. When it slid down his torso, Kelsey shivered. He wasn't sure if it was a shiver of pleasure or shame. He was sure what he was given next was the matching half-slip.

"She's not only made me look like a girl but dressing me as one. Hell if I had any balls I'd quit right now and screw the penalties. Like how far could I get dressed and looking like this? Other than my boxers, I have no idea where my clothes are and that Margo would probably call the cops on me," Kelsey thought as the elastic waist of the

slip snapped into place.

A white starched cotton cap sleeved blouse with a Peter Pan collar and front closure gave him a bit of trouble as the small pearl buttons were on the wrong side. The above the knee black wool blend straight skirt was a no brainer to put on but no less embarrassing. A pair of white sling-back open toed pumps with a one and half inch kitten heel were a little tight but fit. The final item was a black leather purse.

“So much for looking like a guy in a fuckin’ dress,” he thought looking into the full length mirror. *“I look like a flat chested girl even without makeup.”*

“Much better Kelsey. Now come along. Margo needs to do one more thing before we go,” Ms. Brooks stated opening the door and walking out.

Kelsey took one step and halted. The small heels didn’t give him a problem it was the skirt. It severely limited his normal stride. It took him a second or two to mentally adjust before he followed after Ms. Brooks.

Twenty minutes later wearing full makeup, he still felt awkward following Ms. Brooks to her car. She led him to the passenger side and told him how to turn his back to the car seat, brush his hands under to smooth out the skirt, keep his legs together, slowly sit then slide his legs into the car.

##

As Ms. Brooks drove to their next destination Kelsey’s mind was in a whirl of confused and upsetting thoughts. The floral smell of cosmetics and hairspray filled his nose. The tightness of the gaffe and exposure created by the skirt a constant reminder of his new status left him traumatized and trapped.

“It’s not like she didn’t tell me. I just assumed that dress code applied only to women not me. I should have walked away the moment I entered that salon and now it’s too late. I’m friggin stuck by my own stupidity. I don’t know where we’re going but like how much more can she do to me. I’ve never felt so embarrassed or humiliated in my life,” he thought.

“Today we’re just building a basic wardrobe and look according to Brooks LLC guidelines. Once we get your weight down you can add to your wardrobe. Tomorrow and for the next six weeks, you will have indoctrination and orientation classes to make sure you present the proper bearing and behavior I expect. Normally I don’t provide these services; however, you are a special case. My other employees already know how to dress, put on makeup and style their hair something you are woefully lacking. In addition your mannerisms, voice and overall behavior needs to be modified to fit your position in my company. I’ve contracted this training out and it didn’t come cheap. The cost will accrue to your account as well as everything done today and added to what you will have to reimburse should you quit or get fired for none compliance. I expect you to concentrate on these lessons. Do your best and give them your total cooperation. Understand?” she said breaking into his thoughts.

“Wh..why are you doing this? Those dress codes and other things in the manual apply to women. I’m a man and assumed they didn’t apply to me. Besides, there is no way I could ever pay whatever you say I owe,” he replied still dazed.

“All the rules are designed to promote the image of Brooks LLC and I will not let you make a mockery of them. I offered you this job as a favor to your mother and I gave you more than fair warning. So you assumed did you? Assumed..broken down means you made an ass of you and me. I’m no ass but you certainly are. I told you to go over

that contract with a lawyer. As far as repayment is concerned, I'll slap a lien on your future earnings. I don't care if it takes me the rest of your sorry life but I'll make sure you never make it out of poverty. So you just assumed and signed anyway. Forget it! For the next two years you are going to strictly comply and behave in a manner as not to embarrass the Brooks LLC name. Shall I pull over to the curb and let you out now or are you going to cooperate?" she demanded.

"Shit! I'm wearing a damn dress, makeup and halfway across town from home. I have twenty two dollars and some odd cents to my name and probably never see more than that. I can't walk home looking like this and with no chance of making a real living. Shit!" he thought then simply nodded his head.

He was broken out of his thoughts as Ms. Brooks pulled into a parking space in front of Irma's Prosthetics. Irma's was a converted forest green painted wood framed house with six parking spaces in a declining neighborhood. Inside the walls had various prosthetic arms, legs and such displayed which brought a confused look from Kelsey.

"What are we doing here?" he gasped.

"To get the finishing touches Kelsey and I expect your full cooperation," she answered as a grey haired woman came to greet them.

"Good afternoon. How may I be of assistance," she greeted.

"I'm Ms. Brooks and I believe we talked earlier today and this is Kelsey," she responded.

"Ahhh, yes. Please follow me into my consultation room if you please," the woman replied.

When Kelsey saw what Ms. Brooks intended to have done to him he went into panic mode. Like a deer in headlights he froze uncomprehending as Irma laid out the contents of two boxes. He couldn't fight so his instinctive flight mechanism kicked in. As he turned from the table to run, Ms. Brooks stood blocking his path.

"Kelsey stop and think for a moment! Remember how you are currently dressed and where we are. Just how far do you think you will get looking the way you do? Do you really want anyone to know that you are a man impersonating a woman? I certainly don't and I don't think you want to either. You leave now you will probably wind up either in jail or beaten to a pulp. There's nothing permanent being done and this is necessary to protect both you and Brooks LLC. Now let Miss. Irma do what she needs to do," Ms. Brooks snapped.

"You...you've left me with no choice have you. I can...can understand the fake boob's bu....but tha...that thing?" he stuttered pointing to the table.

"That thing as you call it is absolutely necessary. First it completes your disguise and secondly, your dresses and skirts won't show an unsightly bulge. Plus as you are unmarried meets Brooks LLC's chastity requirement. Now do what Miss. Irma says," she retorted.

An hour later Kelsey got back into Ms. Brooks' car totally mortified and humbled. He would have welcomed having his arm removed and replaced with an artificial one than what was done. Natural looking C-cup gel breasts with thimble shaped brown nipples were glued to his chest. He could almost accept those additions. However having a very realistic false vagina that hid any trace of maleness crushed what ego he had left. This vagina was the very best in special effects designs and only close inspection could tell it wasn't real. It could be penetrated and if lubricated, would feel natural.

As she drove to her house Kelsey's mind was so numbed few thoughts filtered through to his awareness. Those few thoughts didn't help as they focused on the tightness between his legs and weight on his chest.

"Sh...she had teats glued on an...and tha....that thing between my legs. I jus...just laid there and le...let them do it. I should have run bu...but in that neighborhood an...and dressed like this. The...they look an..and feel so real. I'm such a coward. I should have run bu...but no..not like this. I just couldn't," he thought.

##

Kelsey's body was working on automatic as he and Ms. Brooks' maid, Maria made several trips from the house to the car unloading his new wardrobe. Maria was a short fat Latina with an attitude who worked five days a week. She wore a standard gray maid's uniform with pointed white cap and apron. She also made it very clear that she was senior to him and not his maid.

"I be here long time and only report to Senora Brooks. I no be your maid. I boss if she no around, comprende?" she said when they were introduced.

"It's bad enough having to do what Ms. Brooks demands but answering to a fuckin maid, no way," he thought but quickly enlightened.

"Maria is correct Kelsey. If I'm not around you will do as she tells you. She has been with me for over ten years and a dear friend besides. Until you learn how to do things for yourself, Maria will help and you will do as she instructs. Now you two go and unload the car," she informed him.

The room she had given him was much larger and nicer than the one he had at the apartment. It did nothing to brighten the gloom that had settled in his mind. Anyone coming into the room would immediately know it was a woman's from the floral wall paper and lace curtains to the delicate French Provencal furnishings. There was even a beveled lighted mirrored vanity with pink satin skirting and matching bench seat. The only nice thing he could say about the room was that it had an attached full bath.

With Maria's help it took over two hours to unpack the many boxes and put the clothing away. With every arm movement, with every step, Kelsey was reminded of the additions to his body and the way he was dressed. Mentally and somewhat physically painful reminders of just how stupid he had been.

"I can't see my friggin feet and these teats are heavy. That thing has my junk numb and I'm so screwed. Stupid! Stupid! Maybe she's right though. If I had any real balls, I'd have run when she pulled into that salon. Stupid! Now I'm stuck like this for the next two friggin years," he thought opening another box.

Fortunately the clothing had been picked straight out of inventory by Heather so they didn't spend time removing price tags. Most of the time was spent on him learning how to fold and where to place his lingerie in the eight drawer dresser, hang blouses, skirts and dresses. The few slacks and jeans would never pass inspection as a man's style.

As the boxes of clothing, shoes and cosmetics were emptied, Kelsey found it difficult to accept that they were his. His lingerie was an even bigger puzzle to him.

"Oh my gawd, I've never owned so much clothing and she said that this was only the basics. A lot of that underwear I have no idea of what it's for or why I need so many different types. Until now I always thought a bra was a bra and panties just

underwear. I don't want to wear any of it or be a girl but like I have any choice. It's gone too far now for me to just leave; especially after what she's already done. I just have to keep reminding myself that this is only temporary. Two friggin years of this shit but I have to accept that or go completely bonkers," he thought.

##

Kelsey thought that yesterday was a royal bitch but this morning started off no better. Maria entered his room without knocking, dragged him out of bed and supervised his toilet, dressing and did his makeup. Physically looking like a woman while naked, did nothing to ease his embarrassment around Maria. It only made it that more intense. Every movement, every act from having to sit to pee to putting on a bra was so alien, so feminine was overwhelming. Having to do that in front of Maria mortifying. Looking into the full length mirror did nothing to abate his humiliation.

"That's me but not me. Nothing feels or looks right but I really look like a woman wearing a blouse and skirt. Almost pretty except for the nose and crooked teeth. Why couldn't I look more like a man in a friggin dress? If I did Ms. Brooks would end all this," he thought.

As he followed Maria to the kitchen for breakfast his mind was filled with all the new sensations of wearing women's clothing and heels. The pull of bra straps, swishing of pantyhose and the slight sensation of falling forward caused by both breasts and one inch kitten heels had his mind reeling.

"I'll never get used to this. Even looking like I do how does she expect me to convince anyone I'm a girl? I don't know the first thing about being one," he thought.

He was starving but the churning in his stomach made it difficult to eat his bowl of oatmeal. Even that little almost came back up when Ms. Brooks told him it was time to go to his orientation lessons.

"Ms. Brooks I...I can....can't go out...not like this. Please, I'll do whatever just give me....," he began to plead.

"Kelsey we have already discussed this. Get your purse. If it's any consolation you will be the only one attending these particular classes. Oh, don't forget to repair your lipstick when you get your purse," she interrupted.

After a short ride Ms. Brooks pulled into a parking space in front of a wood framed house. A faded gold leaf sign hanging near the curb simply read, "Miss. Taylor's by Appointment Only."

"Kelsey for the next six weeks I'll drop you off here every morning and pick you up at noon. We'll have a light lunch and then off to your next class. Miss. Taylor came highly recommended and I expect, no I demand, your complete obedience and cooperation. You have a lot to learn in a short period of time. I don't want to hear any bad report about your behavior when I pick you up," she said as they walked up to the door.

From the looks of the house and neighborhood Kelsey wasn't surprised when a grandmotherly looking woman answered the door. Miss. Taylor was a full figured rotund woman wearing a blue gingham dress wearing sensible block heeled shoes. Her makeup was minimal, her salt and pepper hair fashioned into a single long braid.

"You must be Ms. Brooks and Kelsey. Please come in," she said in greeting.

##

Initially Kelsey thought Miss. Taylor was just another friendly grandmother however that quickly changed. She proved to be a formidable teacher with very high demands. The first half hour was easy enough spent on verbal instructions of what she would be teaching and expected outcomes. The next three and a half hours were pure hell. The walking cane she carried was often used to reinforce whatever lesson he was practicing. Kelsey was overwhelmed by the effort required in walking, sitting, standing and stooping like a lady. It was hard enough keeping his pace short, one foot almost directly in front of the other but then had to remember to keep his elbows in and wrists loose. Making matters worse was having to manage carrying a purse. Sitting was just as complicated. He was used to plopping into a chair. Learning to do it gracefully, keeping his knees together and sitting on the edge with hands neatly folded in his lap totally alien. His mind was not only occupied learning totally new movements but filled with the sensations coming from his clothing and prosthetics. When the lessons came to an end he was appalled to hear that today had just been an inauguration.

“Kelsey you’re a clumsy ox but by the time I’m finished you will be a gazelle. Tomorrow wear at least three inch spiked heels and a straight skirt with a mid-calf length hem. We’ll get into some serious training then,” she stated.

“My feet and legs are killing me not to mention my poor butt when she used that cane of hers. Hell, if today was just an introduction I don’t think I can endure anything serious,” he thought.

It wasn’t until he got into Ms. Brooks’ car that he remembered the ribbon Miss. Taylor had tied to his thighs. The purpose of the ribbon was to limit his stride. As he started to pull up his skirt to remove it, Ms. Brooks wanted to know what he was doing. After he explained, she told him to leave it. By this time Kelsey was too tired and hungry to argue. He just hoped she would take him back to the house for a good lunch and get out of his heels. The idea of the heels he would have to wear the next day sent chills running up his spine. His feet and legs were throbbing as it was. Instead of going back to the house, Ms. Brooks pulling into the parking lot of “Irma’s Tea House.” The idea of more public exposure was unsettling but argument useless.

“Kelsey I’m not thrilled about giving you more exposure than you are but we have little time. Irma’s has intimate seating so as long as you don’t do something stupid like open your mouth, everything should be fine. I’ll do the ordering while you concentrate on your behavior lessons from Miss. Taylor,” she explained.

Fortunately no one paid him any particular attention. When they left he was still hungry. Several cups of tea and a house salad did nothing to ease his appetite. Their next stop was “Albany’s School of Beauty.”

“This stop should be self-explanatory. There will be other people attending classes but you will be getting one-on-one instruction. Try to remember what Miss. Taylor showed you today and pay attention. I’ll be back at four to get you for your last class,” she said dropping him off.

Three hours of intense lessons on learning skin and hair care followed by basic cosmetic application were easier than Miss. Taylor’s. However just like Miss. Taylor’s lessons with each new step Kelsey felt more of his masculinity go down the drain. Yes, there were several other students and instructors present but all were too busy with what they were doing to pay him any attention. When he left Kelsey was carrying a pink Zebra print train case containing makeup, hair care products and accessories.

He wondered why they called it a train case but it didn't matter. No matter what they called it, it was certainly something no man would carry around.

The final class of the day was spent with Miss. Violet. A speech therapist. There he learned to tighten his vocal cords and speak in a softer melodious tone. He was not all that successful but Miss. Violet was pleased with his progress.

"Kelsey I think you've made some progress today but we have much further to go. Try to keep your vocal cords tight and practice constantly to maintain it. Once we have the tonal quality we'll start on vocabulary and accompanying hand and facial movements," she said.

##

By the time Ms. Brooks brought him back to the house Kelsey was both mentally and physically exhausted. The first thing he wanted to do was get out of his kitten heels. The heel was only one and a half inches but the shoes pinched his toes unmercifully. With his heels off he couldn't wait to remove his long line girdle. He had balked at putting it on that morning but Maria had insisted as the hip and butt padding was necessary.

"Ms. Brooks she say you do what I say. Now put on that girdle. You dress no look right without the padding," she had stated swinging her wooden hairbrush in the air.

Remembering what Maria had done to him that morning brought a blush to his cheeks. Grabbing his earlobe when he didn't move fast enough to get out of bed, she dragged him into the bathroom. There he was treated like a toddler as she kept telling what and how to do new and embarrassing things. In the past taking a bath meant turning on the water and getting in. Not anymore. Now he had to add perfumed moisturizer to the water and put on a shower cap. Using the commode with her watching might not have been so bad except she showed him how to prepare and use a douche. Of course he demanded privacy when she first propelled him into the bathroom. Her response was to pull a large wooden hairbrush from her apron pocket and swat his butt three times before he could jump away. Finished in the bath, his only covering a large pale green towel fastened around his enhanced chest, she selected his undergarments.

"You remember always make sure you lingerie matches. No real lady go out with miss-matched under things," she said removing a white satin bra, white hipster nylon panties and long line girdle from the bureau.

He gladly took the panties and pulled them up his legs under the towel. He had seen more than he wanted of the realistic vagina glued between his legs. Having Maria see it knowing he was really a guy was worse. Putting on a bra was still a new experience and she had to show him how.

"Slide the straps on, then bend and put your little girls into the cups. Here I show you how to put your fingers to hook it," Maria instructed.

The girdle was totally foreign to him but he took a quick dislike to it. It was heavy due to the gel padding in the butt and hips. Plus it looked down right uncomfortable and too small. His reluctance to step into it was thwarted as Maria waved her brush. She had used it twice while in the bathroom and that was encouragement enough. As soon as he hooked the four hook and eye side closure and pulled up the zipper, he knew it was going to be very uncomfortable. The gusset pulled tightly into his groin. The bright white center and side panels squeezed his waist like a vice. Kneading beige sheer nylons up his legs and fastening them to the girdle's tabs left him breathless. By

the time he was fully dressed in skirt and blouse could feel the heat generated by the girdle. Later when he had to use the restroom, his dislike turned into hatred.

During the entire day Kelsey kept saying over and over in his mind, “*Two friggin years. I’ve got to only do this for two years.*”

##

Kelsey was sitting on his bed, rubbing his stocking clad feet when Maria entered without knocking. “Ms. Brooks tell me come help you undress and freshen up,” she crisply said.

He was more than happy to undress and get out of the confining girdle and bra. However having Maria present was not. Still he had no choice and figured he would need some help as he couldn’t reach the buttons on the back of his crème chiffon blouse. The relief he expected from getting out of the hated girdle did not come. Maria had insisted that until he lost significant weight, he would be wearing girdles full time. He was happy when she allowed him to take off the bra but that was short lived. As he stood rubbing the red indentations left by the bra, she gave him another one. This bra was champagne colored in a lustrous satin fabric with molded cups and strapless. She showed him the easy way to put on the bra by fastening in front then turning it to the back. Trying to hook it with his hands behind his back was extremely frustrating.

For outer wear Maria gave him a pair of baby blue crepe de chine flare legged slacks and crème silk cami-top. The spaghetti strapped camisole was the most feminine garment Kelsey had ever seen. The fabric was soft and flowed like water in his hands. It had four inches of delicate floral lace overlay on the bodice and knife pleated front. The lace hem left his navel exposed. He was dismayed when Maria refused to let him put a shirt on.

“This is appropriate for casual wear around the house. Ms. Brooks expects you to practice your makeup application for the next two hours. Wearing this top will make it less likely to get soiled than wearing a blouse. She told me that tomorrow you must wear three inch heels. So put these on. You need practice,” she stated handing him a pair of blue patent leather pointed toed pumps with three inch stiletto heels.

“I...I can’t wear these. I barely made it through today wearing those small heels and my feet are killing me,” he gasped.

“I no care Missy. You do like Ms. Brooks demands or I use my hairbrush, comprende?” she snapped.

For the next two hours Kelsey sat at the vanity and practiced removing and reapplying makeup. It was tedious and at times frustrating but with Maria supervising did his best. The sensations of his clothing especially the pinching of his toes and from his prosthetics were hard to ignore.

“Here I am trying to put on eyeliner and these boobs are getting in the way. I feel like I’m half naked wearing this top too. Everything feels so wrong and I don’t think I’ll ever get used to this. Just have to keep telling myself it’s only for two years. Two friggin years and I can be me again,” he thought.

When he finished applying his makeup to Maria’s satisfaction, Kelsey spent the next half hour walking in the three inch heels. Thankfully Maria held him steady as his ankles wobbled and threatened to turn on him a number of times. He was still being distracted by his clothing and prosthetics but not as much. It took all his concentration to take small heel and toe steps while staying upright.

Satisfied that Kelsey wouldn't break an ankle Maria took him down for dinner. In the kitchen he was given a bright yellow organza apron and told to set the dining room table for Ms. Brooks. Apparently the hired help didn't eat with the boss. After helping prepare supper and serve the boss, Kelsey finally got to sit down.

"Ahhhh, I finally get to sit and off my feet. These heels are killing me. How do women do this all day? I don't think I will ever get use to wearing these friggin things," he thought kicking off the offending shoes.

If he thought he was going to get any relief at supper Kelsey was sadly mistaken. As he ate his meager serving, Maria kept up a constant tirade over his posture, cutting his food into small pieces and eating slowly. After the kitchen was cleaned, Maria handed him a romance novel telling him to read it aloud to her.

"Ms. Brooks say you need practice voice. So you read to me like Miss. Violet say," she said grabbing a cup of tea and sitting across the table from him.

After an hour of reading she had him practice his walking for another hour then off to bed. He was more than glad to get off his feet and hit the bed by then. His feet, calves and legs were killing him and his mind in a fog of exhaustion. What respite he was looking forward too didn't happen. He spent the next hour and half removing makeup, brushing his hair and putting it up for the night. Despite his protestations, Maria insisted he keep the girdle and bra on under his ice blue baby doll nightie. Sleep can swiftly when he was finally told to get some rest.

He was surprised the next morning when Maria gave him a lilac colored leotard, white tights and white panty girdle. *"You hurry get dressed. Ms. Brooks expects you to join in her aerobics workout this morning,"* she instructed.

Kelsey was still half asleep as he walked out on to the back patio. *"Aerobics? I don't know the first thing about aerobics and why so early? It's five o'clock and I should still be in bed not traipsing around in a friggin leotard,"* he thought.

Almost an hour later he knew more about aerobics than he wanted, sweating profusely and practically every muscle aching. *"What a way to wake up in the morning. I though lifting weights was tough but man, I'm exhausted and hurt in places I didn't think I had,"* he thought going back to his room.

He was pleasantly surprised not seeing Maria waiting for him. He quickly removed his workout clothing and enjoyed a steaming hot bath. Finished he groaned at what she had left out for him to wear. Kelsey's lingerie was all black in a lustrous fabric consisting of high cut briefs, bra and long line girdle. His outerwear was a mid-calf length black satin pencil skirt and white satin long sleeved blouse with ruffled, lace frilled jabot tie. A black velvet bolero styled jacket, white sheer hose and three inch stiletto heeled pumps completed his attire for the day.

##

"I can't be driving you to your orientation classes every day Kelsey. You did take driver's ed didn't you? Good but no license yet. Well, we'll take care of that after your first class. Once you have your license, I'll let you use one of our company cars," Ms. Brooks said.

"A car? Wow, finally some good news. Now I'll be able to get out of the house," he thought.

"Before you get any wild ideas about gallivanting around town, I'll be monitoring the

mileage. While your free time is yours to do as you wish, company vehicles are for company business only,” she added bursting his bubble.

With the pencil skirt Miss. Taylor didn’t need the ribbon tie to keep his pace small and dainty but she did have a new device. It was like a corset with hook and eye front closure and back laced but with a twist. Bungee cords were attached to it and fastened to his upper arms forcing his elbows to his sides. Another cord was looped around his middle fingers forcing Kelsey to hold his lower arms perpendicular to the floor wrists cocked. She also fastened a wide stiff velvet covered leather collar around his neck to keep his head up, eyes forward.

“Kelsey you move like a bull in a china shop. These training tools create an exaggerated feminine movement but necessary. When class is over, you will take these with you and wear them at home for additional practice. We only have a short period of time to train your body to move gracefully. By creating muscle memory you won’t have to think about what you’re doing. Now let’s begin,” she instructed.

Kelsey was more than ready to leave Miss. Taylor’s but his happiness was diminished hearing Ms. Brooks’ assurances of his compliance. “Oh my, yes of course Miss. Taylor I will see that Kelsey wears these while home. You’re the expert after all,” she had agreed.

It wasn’t until Ms. Brooks pulled into the parking lot of the DMV that Kelsey realized what was about to happen. “Ms. Brooks aren’t we going back to the house so I can change? I can....can’t do this now. No, not dressed like this. I’ll be humiliated and laughed at,” he almost sobbed.

“Kelsey let’s not go over this again. I’ve gone to great lengths to make you fit in as my personal assistant and conform to the dress code. Unless you want everyone to know that you are a male dressed like this, simply fill in the sex box with an F. I’m sure no one will know the difference and I stopped at your school and have a copy of your driver’s ed certificate. It shows you passed and has no indication of your sex. So you either come with me into the DMV or take a hike. My lawyers will be in contact with you soon enough,” she stated.

An hour later Kelsey was staring down at the small rectangular piece of plastic. It was issued by the state of California with a color photo of him in the right hand corner. “*What have I gotten myself into now? I’m officially a female according to this. I just hope I can get this changed later,*” he thought.

The first hour at Albany School of Beauty was spent with an aesthetician learning all about nail and foot care. The next undergoing facial laser hair removal by a licensed technician. The final hour with a cosmetician practicing makeup application. His final class with Miss. Violet concentrated more on his use of a feminine vocabulary. Using descriptive words like, “adore,” “love” and “darling” instead of “like” felt very unnatural.

When Ms. Brooks picked him up Kelsey was more than happy to go back to the house. Since he didn’t get lunch due to going to the DMV he was starving. He also couldn’t wait to get out of his very restrictive skirt and horrid heels. Again, he was disappointed. Maria put him back in Miss. Taylor’s training aides, refused to let him get out of either the dress or heels. She did however let him have a yogurt to ease his appetite. By the time his head hit the pillow that night sleep came immediately too exhausted to even dream.

To Be Continued...

By Cheryl Lynn

Two weeks into his orientation program Ms. Brooks took Kelsey to the dentist. “Kelsey you are making progress in your overall appearance but we have to get those teeth whitened and straightened. Your mother should have had them straightened long ago. As dental insurance is covered that’s getting taken care of today,” she told him one Saturday morning.

Kelsey hated going to the dentist and tried unsuccessfully to get her to reconsider. He left the orthodontist’s office several hours later with bright pink railroad tracks covering sore teeth.

“Pink! Why did he have to use pink braces? I’m up to my ears in pink,” he thought.

After six weeks of what Kelsey thought were pure hell, had changed him significantly. Daily aerobics and strict diet had trimmed and toned his once flabby body. There were still rough spots mostly in his waistline, vocabulary and hand movements but he could pass as fully female. The sensations of wearing a bra and girdle or walking in heels no longer filled his conscious mind. The relief he felt getting out of those heels and girdle after a long day was though. He never took a bath before but looked forward to them now. What hadn’t changed was his male orientated brain. Seeing his image wearing lingerie and makeup in the full length mirror still made him cringe. He did his best to avoid looking at his naked body. The prosthetics where just too damn real.

“Look at what you’ve gotten yourself into. What kind of man would have allowed this? Much less pink braces. If I had any balls this never would have happened. So I guess wearing a false pussy and tits is what I deserve. I’m so stupid,” he thought looking into the mirror on more than one occasion.

The only thing that had brightened up those six weeks was Heather coming over every weekend. They would spend hours going over his wardrobe as she taught him about women’s clothing, how to coordinate and accessorize. Heather was always dressed casually but definitely eye candy to be drooled over by the male population.

The first time she came over wearing white short shorts with a slinky pink camisole top Kelsey’s heart leapt in lust. She was beautiful wearing skirt and blouse at the shop but drop dead gorgeous casually dressed. If his penis could have erected would have been at full staff. Instead he groaned as a stab of pain ran up his spine. The prosthetic between his legs prevented any kind of reaction much to his frustration. Her obvious lack of respect for him also dampened his urges. Her instruction was purely professional that barely hid her contempt. Kelsey was still all man in his mind despite his appearance and her visits welcome. If he had known what Heather reported to Ms. Brooks he wouldn’t have been so happy.

“Ms. Brooks we have a problem. While Kelsey is becoming more feminine you should have seen how his eyes popped out when I walked in. During the entire lesson I could tell what he was thinking and those thoughts were certainly not feminine. You’re going to have to do something about that if you really intend to take him anywhere,” she had said.

“Damn men and their egos! I had hoped the drugs would have softened his ego by now. He doesn’t know it but I’ve had him on hormone replacement therapy since he started. Nothing strong enough to make permanent changes but enough to polish off

rough edges. Maybe I should contact the doctor and see about increasing the dosage. Anyway, keep me appraised and let me know if you see any changes,” Ms. Brooks replied.

Ms. Brooks wasn't happy after talking to the doctor. Yes the hormone therapy would alter the brain chemistry over time but not necessarily the male libido. Increasing the dosage could have serious side effects and still not change the libido. The libido according to the doctor was a mental not a chemical one. However after some persuading the doctor referred her to a psychiatrist. When she met with the psychiatrist he said he could use hypnosis but didn't guarantee success. Hypnosis to really be effective had to be something the patient wanted the doctor told her. She was not pleased hearing that but she was a determined woman. It took a week of serious research but she found what she was looking for, Aversion Therapy Inc.

Dr. Burns was a tall reedy man of upper middle age with a fringe of wild gray hair. The face wrinkled with a large hooked nose and scattered age spots. Ms. Brooks upon meeting him compared him to one of those crazed scientist you see in horror movies. He listened to what she wanted and said he could do it; however, he had reservations. Her request could be viewed as unethical but for the right amount of money. Needless to say Ms. Brooks left his office with a big smile and a series of after hour appointments set up.

##

Kelsey was scared as he sat in Dr. Burns' office with Ms. Brooks sitting next to him. He had no idea of why she had insisted on bringing him here but again had no choice. He was even more frightened when she got up to leave telling him she would be back in two hours and to do what the doctor said. Getting an injection didn't ease his worries but the effect put him into La La land.

“Alright sweetheart you just relax now and let me hook up these electrodes,” he vaguely heard the doctor say.

“I've had experience changing male homosexuals to being straight but never a lesbian. It was difficult altering the male/male mind set but I did it. Only this time I might get some additional fringe benefits. She's a beauty,” Dr. Burns thought.

Ms. Brooks never thought to tell the doctor of Kelsey's true sex. *“I know that kind of look men get when they meet a beautiful young woman. Right now he thinks that Kelsey is what she appears and a lesbian. I'll let the old degenerate keep thinking that. Besides if I told him the truth, he might not agree to treat Kelsey and I can't let that happen. I just can't have Kelsey acting like a male in heat whenever a woman comes near,”* she thought.

Kelsey sat upright, his wrists and neck secured to the chair by padded cuffs. He was aware of a helmet with visor on his head and earbuds in his ears but nothing else. Then the visor lit up showing a beautiful naked woman and then pain. Pain like alcohol being poured onto an open cut, burning pain. It was an induced pain leaving no wound or scar other than the mental one. The first session was just picture after picture of pretty women in various stages of dress followed by pain. Close-ups of bared breasts and groin were more painful to view. When Ms. Brooks came to retrieve him Kelsey was tense but had no recollection of what had happened.

The next three sessions included women engaging in lesbian love followed again by pain. Pain that left Kelsey screaming in imagined agony whenever a close up of a pussy or breast filled the viewing screen. There were words accompanying the

pictures but only heard in the deep recesses of his mind. At the beginning of the fourth session things changed. At first there were the women and pain then a naked man with engorged penis appeared followed by a sense of euphoria. Over the next two sessions the episodes of pain eased replaced by pictures focused solely on scrotums and penises of various sizes and ethnic background. He left those sessions feeling relaxed and happy but no real memory of what had happened.

After six treatments Dr. Burns advanced to another stage without Ms. Brooks' knowledge. All she had wanted was for Kelsey to stop looking at women as sex objects. These sessions, however, involved heterosexual sex from a woman's point of view. None of the videos showed the woman. It was filmed so the view was like looking through her eyes. At first, in slow motion the erect penis filled the woman's vision as it neared. The video in high HD left no detail of that erection out. From the pulsing veins to the glistening drop of pre-cum at the eye was in sharp detail. As it touched the lips, the tongue darted out in anticipation scooping up that pearlescent drop. The mouth slowly opening to surround it as the view focused in on the base of the shaft and pubic hairs. Slowly the view panned upward until the eyes saw the face of a happily smiling man. When that happened a jolt of pure pleasure filled Kelsey's mind.

The videos progressed showing different sexual positions again as if seen only through the eyes of the woman. Kelsey was on his back, knees pressed into his chest, legs wrapped around a man's shoulders. Intense pleasure filled him as the man began thrusting. With each session Kelsey's brain was inundated with feelings of utopian like pleasure. Pleasures he had never felt along with desires he had never had.

With the twelfth treatment finished Dr. Burns gave Kelsey a final exam. Removing the helmet and restraints, he dropped his pants. Kelsey still in a trance leaned forward licking his lips took the offering. Then leaning over the doctor's desk, took it up his prosthetic pussy moaning in pleasure. While Kelsey wouldn't remember what had happened during those sessions, his mind was rewired. How long it would last or how much the reprogramming would affect Kelsey even Dr. Burns didn't know for sure but it worked.

"That was one fine piece of ass. Damn shame it has to end tonight. Maybe I can convince that Ms. Brooks to let me do some follow ups at no additional cost," he mused zipping up his pants.

About mid-way through Dr. Burns' treatment Heather reported to Ms. Brooks. "Ma'am I don't know what you did and I don't really want to know but Kelsey's attitude has totally changed. As you can see I wore this translucent blouse, flirty mini-skater skirt and fishnet hosiery today. Not quite the outfit a proper young lady would wear out in public but you asked me to wear something sexy. All Kelsey did was give me a look of disapproval. The same kind of look I gave myself when I looked into the mirror."

"Thank you Heather. Actually I've done nothing extreme. Just some sort of hypnosis to change his male perspective. Up until now I didn't think it was really working. Not being able to bring him to meetings or the office has hampered my effectiveness. Like you said, having him drooling over every pretty woman wouldn't do. Now that you have eased my worries, I can start Kelsey doing the job he was hired for," she replied.

At that same point in time Kelsey was thinking. *"I can't believe Heather showed up today looking like a prostitute. Her white satin pushup bra was clearly visible through that blouse. She was clearly pushing Ms. Brooks' personnel policies. Guess she has a hot date as soon as she leaves here. I always thought she was attractive but today it gave me a pounding headache to be around her. She shouldn't be flaunting her wears*

like that."

##

Kelsey walked into Ms. Brooks' office and placed the coffee cup on her desk. He was wearing a white poly blouse and gray wool blend straight above the knee skirt, ecru sheer hose and black three inch pencil heeled pumps. His hair was put up into a bun with a number two yellow pencil skewered into it.

"It's Friday and her calendar is open for this weekend. I hope she'll give me Saturday off. I've wanted to go to that club I heard about and haven't been out on my own. I've done nothing but work my ass off since I started and deserve some time to enjoy myself. Maybe that hunk, Karl from UPS will be there. He said it had a great dance floor. I never cared that much about dancing but think I would like it if he asked me," he thought smiling.

Scooping one hand under his bottom to smooth out his skirt took his seat in front of his boss. With knees and feet pressed together, sat up straight with notepad in his lap waited for Ms. Brooks to speak. The thought of being in Karl's strong arms fading as he did so. Removing the pencil from his hair began taking notes as she told him what she needed for the day. His days started like this every morning since he began actually working as her personal assistant.

The work hadn't been difficult yet it was active. They often went to the other Imelda's stores or to attend a meeting somewhere but a lot spent in the main store. It was the largest and located in an exclusive neighborhood mall. Most days Kelsey worked twelve hours. His free time was used perfecting his feminine image and helping Maria in the kitchen. After ten months his daily routine was becoming more and more habitual. Everything he wore felt normal, putting on and removing makeup becoming easier with each passing day. There were times when he missed his manhood and how easy it was to get by day-to-day as a man. Being a woman full time was complicated in comparison.

"I miss being able to stand to pee and being able to get fully dressed in less than twenty minutes," he thought many times over the past months.

After seeing Dr. Burns other thoughts began filling his mind. With the false pussy prosthetic which only came off for brief times before Irma replaced it, he was very sexually frustrated. Those dreams were intensifying as time passed by and his frustration grew. Instead of dreaming of Heather he was now dreaming of men. As he did so, Kelsey would slide three fingertips into his opening. Rubbing the head of his trapped penis did provide some relief but not the explosive release he wanted. There was a vague remembrance of something larger, hotter filling that silicone tunnel. A feeling, an itch like annoyance, that needed to be taken care of as the days went by.

So far his contact with the male population had been limited to the UPS guy and a few salesmen that met with Ms. Brooks. Karl had been the hunkiest by far and openly flirted with Kelsey whenever he made a delivery. At first those advances were met with a slight blush but now appeared more often in Kelsey's fantasies. On his last delivery Karl mentioned the club and how much he would like to see Kelsey there on Saturday night. When Ms. Brooks gave him Saturday off and the use of a company car, he was ecstatic.

"Alright Kelsey you have worked very hard and deserve some time off. I'll let you borrow the car but remember my house rules. No drinking alcohol and be home by ten," Ms. Brooks said when he had asked.

“Be home by ten. I should have been smarter and demanded a better curfew hour. How does she expect me to have any fun in only three or four hours? I think if Karl puts his words into action I’m going to have a lot of fun though. All I have to do is push Ms. Brooks’ dressing policies a bit,” he thought.

##

Saturday morning Kelsey was back at the Cut and Curl getting a touch up from Margo. The last time he was there she had lightened his hair from dirty blond to a strawberry blond. Today he was getting a soft perm and touch up for his big night off. He was happy that Kathy had finished his permanent hair removal treatments. Now all he had to do was sit back, relax and enjoy the pampering. He remembered how anxious he had been on that first visit but now relished these weekly appointments. Getting pampered in the salon was the only time he could truly relax. Today as he sat back in the styling chair, eyes closed all he could think about was Karl and what kind of penis did he have.

“Why does my mind keep drifting down to Karl’s crotch? I’m a guy under all this feminine finery and I’m still me inside. So why every time I think of sex I keep seeing a penis? Miss. Irma said that if I lube it up no one can tell it’s false. It’s a friggin fake still I have a strong desire to feel what’s it like to have a dick pound my ass,” he thought as Margo worked.

Later Kelsey took his time preparing for his night off. He took a leisurely bubble bath. Something at first he did solely as a means to lessen the aches and pains of his morning aerobic workout, now for the pure pleasure of it. Then he took his time getting dressed. After his salon visit he stopped by Imelda’s to get the one staple garment every girl had but he didn’t. That oh so necessary little black dress.

Kelsey found a mid-weight knit darted bodice, sleeveless, scooped neckline and fitted waist LBD he thought would be perfect. It was made of polyester and Spandex with a full and elegant midi-skirt that would create a twirl ready silhouette when worn. While the dress had a scooped neck it wasn’t so low that too much of his artificial breasts would be exposed.

With the proper red satin up lift bra a tantalizing bit of his real flesh would be displayed. It was something Heather had said about how red lingerie under a black dress always made her feel super sexy, made him stop at Victoria’s Secrets. He purchased the bra, embroidered garter belt, matching satin panties and seamed sheer red hosiery. To go with the dress he picked up a pair of black suede lace-up four and a quarter inch wrapped stiletto heels with a padded sole.

“I don’t know why I’m doing this. I’ve never given so much thought about what I was going to wear much less wanting to feel sexy. Somehow I know this is all wrong but just have to do it,” he thought sitting down at his vanity.

After putting on the dress Kelsey spritzed on some more hairspray then put the finishing touch to his makeup. Carefully he outlined his lips slightly outside their natural line making them look plumper with black cherry lip liner. Two coats of cherry red lipstick followed by two of glistening gloss and he was ready.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this. Going out alone as a guy was one thing but now...as a girl...I feel so vulnerable. Something tells me I have to do this but then there is that tiny voice that tells me to stop. I just have to get out of this house, cabin fever is getting too much for me. I need to get out. I’ll go to that club and have a cola, yeah, and if Karl is there maybe another,” he thought getting into the car.

##

With the car's GPS it didn't take Kelsey long to reach the club. It was located in an apartment complex in an upscale neighborhood. The music was loud but not overwhelming as he made his way to the bar. It wasn't crowded, maybe a couple of dozen people. Kelsey only hesitated a moment before going in as all eyes turned in his direction. By now he knew he could easily pass as a pretty if not beautiful woman. It was the attention that made him pause. Seeing Karl drinking a beer at the bar for some reason made his stomach flutter. Unaware of what he was doing Kelsey looked at Karl's crotch as he got closer and his stomach fluttered some more.

"Just one or two colas and I'm gone," Kelsey thought then seeing Karl's bright smile added, *"Well I probably will owe him at least one dance."*

Kelsey had no idea of how compelling Dr. Burns' treatments had rewired his brain. There was still a feeling of wrongness deep within but the craving to experience the euphoria of sucking a big fat cock or having it deep inside was too strong to resist. Plus Karl was handsome in a rugged way with five o'clock shadow and still in his UPS uniform. The shirt's short sleeves were stretched tight over his biceps, sweat stains under the arms and broad chest screamed macho man. Half a cola and one dance later Kelsey walked out of the club with Karl's strong arm around his waist, the scent of man sweat and cologne filling his nose.

Karl had just shut the door to his apartment and as he turned Kelsey was undoing the belt. A heart beat later, his pants and jockeys were around his ankles. Kelsey was on his knees. The overpowering smell of musk, sweat and urine filling his senses and making his stomach flip flop even more. Karl's fat mushroom head was quickly surrounded by red painted lips.

"Holy shit! I've never had a woman go down like this. I think I've found every man's dream. A nympho," Karl thought.

Kelsey didn't know what came over him when he entered the apartment. It was as if a light switch turned on in his head and he had no control. He had only two primary thoughts, *"I've got to taste and have him fill me and don't let him discover my false boobies."* There was a minor disregarded scream of objection in the far recesses of his mind.

Kelsey was picking up his dress where he had dropped it beside the bed. Karl was fast asleep, snoring slightly. *"Almost nine and I need to fix myself up before I leave. Gawd! I needed that. Not as great as I had hoped but still having him in me felt so good. Too bad he couldn't last more than three times and that last one up my bottom...ooooohhh. Now that hurt but it made me cum. Crud, he put runs in my new hose and I know my makeup is a disaster. At least I managed to keep my bra and slip on. I would hate to think of what would have happened if he....no don't want to go there. Gosh is dick looks so tempting lying there but I have to go. Maybe just a quick little kiss and lick before I do,"* he thought beginning to come out of his compulsion driven need.

It wasn't until Kelsey was back in his bathroom cleaning up the aftereffects of sex, that he shivered. "Oh my, what have I done? I'm a guy no matter what I have to look and act like. I shouldn't have done any of that or enjoyed it but I did. I was damn lucky he didn't discover my fake breasts. It was stupid, so stupid. Just like taking this job and forced to live like this was stupid. Only this time so much worse yet I enjoyed it. No, I had to have it," he mumbled as a tear trickled down his cheek.

Sleep didn't bring the relief he sought. Instead his mind played over and over the sordid details of what had happened. In his dreams the acts were disgusting, perverted to his mind. Yet when he woke in the morning, his panties were soaked with his night time emissions. Like all dreams the distaste and guilt of what he had done dissipated like thistle down blown on the wind. Going into the bathroom he licked his lips thinking how satisfying Karl's cum was.

"I wish I could have some more of that to go with my oatmeal," he thought.

##

Monday Kelsey was sitting at his desk working on an Excel program when Jerome dropped off some boxes. Jerome was Karl's relief, a tall slender shaven headed man of color that did the Monday deliveries. Normally he just dropped off the packages, had his pad signed and left. Today he had an unusually large grin on his face exposing bright white teeth. Instead of handing his pad across the desk for Kelsey to sign stood very close to the chair he was sitting in.

Looking around to make sure no one was nearby, bent down close to Kelsey, "Karl told me you had an amazing pair of lips. Maybe you'd like to try them out on a real man's dick," he whispered while clutching his groin.

For a moment Kelsey couldn't believe his ears and with understanding blushed beet red. He had been looking up at Jerome but now found his eyes focusing on his crotch. Without thinking he licked his coral painted lips seeing the large bulge in the tan slacks.

"That bastard just had to brag. Guess I deserved it though and this one looks impressive. Oh gawd what's gotten into me?" he thought forcing his eyes upward.

"Jerome!" was all Kelsey could think to reply as he signed the pad blushing all the harder.

Taking the pad from Kelsey's shaking hand, Jerome let out a brief chuckle before moving back. "You know what they say Kelsey, once you tried black you'll never turn back," he said and walked off.

"That son of a bitch, he has some nerve but that bulge in his pants was indeed impressive. Shit! Why am I thinking like this? Got to get my mind back to this spread sheet," Kelsey thought.

Despite his best efforts thoughts of Jerome's bulging pants were hard to ignore for the rest of the day. That night his dreams were of dicks, black and white as his fingers thrust into his fake pussy. In the morning his panties were damp and lingering memories of dreams made him frown.

"I look like a woman. I dress and smell like a woman and now I'm even dreaming like a woman. What's wrong with me?" his mind cried.

Tuesday Kelsey did his best to ignore Karl when he made his deliveries. The spreadsheet was open and he concentrated on filling in the blanks as Karl stepped around the desk with his pad.

"What's the matter Kel? On the rag or something? I thought we had a good thing going," he quipped holding out the pad.

"Nothing's wrong and I'm not on the rag!" Kelsey hissed. *"On the rag? That ass! Like I could ever be on the rag. What an insult! Oh shit, I think I said the very same thing to my girlfriend once when she pissed me off. Gawd, have I changed that much?"* he

thought with a tinge of fear.

“Okay, look I’m sorry. Let me make it up to you this Saturday. I’ll make us a nice dinner at my place. I’m told that I make a mean lasagna. Come on baby, forgive me for whatever I’ve done,” he replied almost pulling off a regretful look.

“How many of your other friends did you brag about what we did?” Kelsey retorted still upset.

“Just Jerome. He’s my best bud and we tell each other everything. Sorry baby, I promise not to do that again. Come on give me a second chance,” he replied sounding almost contrite.

“I don’t know. Ms. Brooks may not give me the weekend off but..but I’ll think about it,” Kelsey answered glancing at the bulge in Karl’s pants.

“I should have just told him to go to hell but he does have a nice cock,” he thought as Karl walked away.

##

That Thursday he was called into Ms. Brooks’ office. “Kelsey did you even bother to use Spell Check on this? I’ve noticed a lot of errors in your work this week. Now go back and edit this letter and do it right this time,” she scolded.

“I don’t know what’s gotten into Kelsey lately. His work shows a clear lack of attention. Maybe he is turning into the bimbo he says that’s all the skill a secretary’s duties require?” she thought as he returned to his desk.

“With Karl coming on to me every day I’m having a hard time concentrating on my job. All I keep thinking about is his big dick. What’s wrong with me? I shouldn’t be like this but I can’t stop thinking about how wonderful I felt with it in my mouth. She’s made plans to go to the ranch this weekend so I guess I’ll have to do that in my dreams. Maybe next weekend. Shit! There I go again. I’ve got to stop thinking about sex,” Kelsey mentally admonished himself as he sat back at his desk.

Early Saturday morning they took Ms. Brooks’ private jet to the ranch. There as the foreman gave them a tour of the operations, Kelsey found himself distracted. *“Gee all these cowboys look so hot. If any of them are as big as that champion bull I saw....maybe I’ll have a chance to find out since we are spending the night... yyyuummmm,”* he thought.

Kelsey was disappointed. Unlike in the movies these cowboys didn’t live in a bunk house on the property. Only the foreman and his wife who was also the cook did. It was a very frustrating weekend for Kelsey and he felt more on edge Monday morning when they returned to the office.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with me but ever since I saw that doctor Burns, my head has been going nuts thinking about cocks. Sucking cocks, humping cocks any kind of cock. If I were a real girl I think I would be a nympho but I’m a guy. So why am I always thinking about it? Wanting it? I’m not gay! Maybe having to pretend to be one is screwing with my head. I can’t think of another reason but that’s crazy,” he mused.

When Jerome showed up with some boxes of copy paper, Kelsey couldn’t resist the urges any longer. “Jerome would you be a dear and help me take those two boxes into the storage room,” he sweetly asked.

“Huh? I don’t.....,” Jerome started to say that wasn’t in his job description then seeing the look in Kelsey’s eyes finished, “Yeah, sure anything to help out a pretty lady.”

Fifteen minutes later Kelsey was back at his desk with a broad smile. *“Oh my gawd! He had the biggest dick and so yummy too. I took all I could and still so much left over. If Ms. Brooks knew I’d be so screwed. I’ve got to talk to somebody about this but who,”* he mused licking his lips.

At lunch Kelsey asked Julie to join him. Julie was a tad older than him, single and fairly pretty. She had the reputation around the office of being a free spirit. “Julie do you think...think about...sex..I mean doing it?” he tentatively asked.

“Of course, doesn’t everybody at one time or another?” she responded.

“Like I mean all the time? I can’t seem to get it out of mind. I think about it all the time,” Kelsey almost whispered.

“Maybe you’re just sexually frustrated and need some action. Working like you do for Ms. Brooks has to be stressful and doesn’t leave a lot of free time. It’s not like you couldn’t get a good working out with your looks. Hahahahaha, sorry didn’t mean to laugh but it’s either that or you’re a bimbo. Have you thought about bleaching out your hair into a platinum blond? That always drives the guys into a feeding frenzy,” she said breaking out in a fit of giggles.

“She means well but maybe I’m becoming a....a bimbo. I always thought only bimbos worked as secretaries and such menial jobs. Maybe wearing women’s clothing, acting like one and being a secretary for so long is making me like that. I wonder? I always thought platinum blonds were hotties especially with big tatas. Got to stop thinking like this. I’m a guy not some bimbo. Still I did take Jerome into the storage room. I wanted that cock so bad. Maybe I should think about getting that bleach job,” he thought finishing his lunch.

##

Kelsey was sitting primly in front of Ms. Brooks’ desk. He was wearing his favorite outfit. A charcoal mini-length straight skirt, semi-sheer white poly blouse with lace frilled ascot, sheer black hose and black patent leather pointed toed four inch stiletto pumps with a one inch platform. Underneath his lingerie was all slinky black satin with lace embellishments. On the back of his office chair was the matching charcoal Eaton styled jacket with black rope piping. His hair fell in flowing waves to mid-shoulder and bleached platinum blond. Kelsey’s makeup wasn’t over done but the glistening bubble gum pink lips stood out. Usually he dressed more conservative but today was different. It was his semi-annual review and after the last three, she gave him the rest of the day off.

He couldn’t wait to get out of the office and meet up with Hugo. Over the past year whenever he got free time, Kelsey would go bar hopping if not seeing Karl or Jerome. Hugo was his latest lust interest. Kelsey had met him during one of the many meetings he attended with Ms. Brooks. Hugo had really big feet and if the stories were true about men with large feet then Hugo should be gigantic. During a break Hugo had given him his business card telling Kelsey to call any time he was free. Today he planned on doing just that.

“Kelsey I’m not sure what I’m going to do with you. Over the past year your work has declined. Last week you put down the wrong time for an important staff meeting. I’ve put up with a lot, namely because of your particular circumstances but if your performance doesn’t improve I’m not going to renew our contract. I thought giving you more time off on the weekends at the beginning of the year would help but....but all that did was make you less productive. Then when you bleached your hair I felt a bit

guilty. You told me a long time ago that any bimbo could do this job and it seems like you have become exactly that. I should have also refused when you asked for those implants. However....what's done is done. I'll make my final decision at the end of the next six months. Now go on, get out of here. I'll expect you back at the house no later than ten on Sunday," she stated.

"Whoopee, she gave me the entire weekend. Guess I'll have to run to the house and pack a bag now. If Hugo doesn't have that much time I can always go to Karl's place," Kelsey thought then said, "I'm sorry Ms. Brooks if my work has been shoddy but I've been distracted. I'll try harder, I really really will. I'm also sorry if you don't like what I did to my hair and boobies. It's just that I thought I would...would fit in better you know. Those falsies were chaffing my skin and Ms. Irma suggested getting implants would be healthier. That's all."

"My boobies aren't all that big and besides I like them cause the boys like them. Don't know why she's upset I got implants. She's the one that made me dress and act this way. I thought she would want me to get them," he thought cupping the DD's through his blouse.

Back at the house Kelsey carefully packed a small suitcase with a few changes of clothing, makeup and other essentials. He had called Hugo and was pleased they could spend the entire weekend together at his lake house.

"Going to the lake makes packing so much easier. All I need is a couple of bikinis, nice sun dress in case he wants to take me out and this little bit of nothing," Kelsey said holding up a pearlescent colored slinky baby doll nightie.

##

Kelsey's weekend had proved to be as wonderful as he hoped it would be. Hugo was indeed well endowed and full of stamina. The only problem Kelsey had was that Hugo liked to go down on his partners something he couldn't let happen. His fake vagina would fool on penetration but not such close scrutiny. He managed to stop those advances but made Kelsey start thinking that maybe SRS might be a good idea.

There was still some of the old Kelsey left after a year and half living and breathing a totally feminine life. However not enough to overcome Dr. Burns' conditioning. Kelsey's secret was almost discovered a few times when he went out on dates but this weekend was the closest. It had scared him enough to start thinking about having a real pussy.

"I know I'm a guy but have such overpowering urges. I'm addicted to cocks and getting plummeted by them so much I have a hard time not thinking about it. Hugo almost found my secret. If he had I don't believe I'd be here today more likely at the bottom of that lake. I don't even think like a man anymore or remember what it's like to feel my dick. I certainly don't want to die or beaten to shit if I'm discovered either. If I had a real pussy I just know having a nice fat cock in there would feel so much better. I guess I better check with Ms. Brooks though. She seemed upset with what I've done already and I need to know if the procedure is covered," he thought getting up from his desk and walking into Ms. Brooks' office.

"Kelsey I never meant for it to go this far and I do feel guilty for letting it get to this point. All I intended was for you to appear to be a young woman, not become one. I insisted on a strict interpretation of the company dress code to teach you a lesson. When we first met you said the job was for bimbos and I owed your mother a favor. I figured after two years you would have learned a new respect for women and go

happily back to being a young man. Now you come to me wanting SRS? I'm not sure I could condone such a drastic move; however, the procedure is covered under your health insurance. I'm not sure of all the protocols required but if you pass them, it's your choice. Still I would hope you would reconsider," Ms. Brooks said.

"I sure learned my lesson Ms. Brooks being a woman is very complex and demanding. I'll think about what you said," he replied. *"Lesson, yeah one that changed my entire life and perspective. I could go back to being Kelsey the man but I'm not gay. The very idea of having sex with another man so repugnant I get sick just thinking about it. No, I crave sex but can only satisfy that compulsion by being a woman. I really have no choice but to get that surgery,"* he thought.

The End or the beginning of another story.