



Reluctant Press

The Internship

Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE INTERNSHIP

BY CHERYL LYNN

THE INTERNSHIP

Bob Mulroney was sitting at his desk trying to compose his thoughts. Several sheets of white paper lying in front of him, an even bigger pile was wadded and stuffed into the waste basket. He sat thumping the eraser of his number two pencil on the side of his desk in tune with the song playing on the radio. His eyes were vacant, his left hand supported his chin as his elbow, taking the weight, rested on the desk top. The radio and thump, thump—a—de—thump of the eraser were the only sounds.

Bob was really not thinking much of anything and especially not thinking about completing the application form lying on the left side of the desk. He stopped thumping the eraser long enough to brush the red hair out of his eyes. The final question wanted a twenty—five to fifty word essay on the importance of being adaptable. He felt like he was more than adaptable, but was having a heck of a time putting that into writing. Scratching his head with the eraser, Bob let his hand fall to the desk top. The pencil rolled free and reaching the edge, dropped to the floor.

Groaning softly, Bob scooted back his chair and slowly rose to his feet. “Might as well get a coke or something,” he muttered feeling disgusted with himself for not completing the application sooner. He was going to be late for his date with Georgeanne if he didn't get on the ball. Unfortunately, he absolutely had to finish the application and get it into today's mail before he could do anything else.

This was his last chance to obtain a summer internship and if he did not get one, then his outlook for a real job at the end of his Senior collegian year was that much less. In today's cut throat world, every advantage you could get was that much up on the competition. Obtaining a corporate internship had been one of his advisor's strongest recommendations, but Bob had delayed applying until the last minute. Now, this summer program was the only one left and he positively just had to get it.

Most of his contemporaries had begun corporate internships in their junior year, and in a few cases, even in their sophomore year to get a step—up on everyone else. Of course, those getting and more importantly keeping a corporate internship, would really be going places. Bob had put off applying in his sophomore and junior years, but now he had no choice. So much for another summer of surfin' and dune buggie romping with some cute beach chick.

Bob stretched, rising on tip—toe and reaching out with his finger tips to grab the door sill. His finger tips just barely reaching the sill, he pulled himself upwards, stretching his sore bunched muscles. “Ooooooh, man, that feels good,” he said as he released his grip and turned once again to face the stack of paper work.

“Climatic Manufacturing” was the last application stuffed in the back of one of the pigeon holes used by the Business Department's student counseling service. Bob had been indeed fortunate to find it and that was perhaps why it was even still there. Stuffed deep in the back, wadded to half its original size, Bob's fingers grasped then pulled it free.

He straightened it out only glancing at the letterhead, before putting it into his book bag. Heaving a sigh of relief, he turned from the wall—to—wall cabinet that the counselors used to post notices and store internship applications as well as other corporate recruitment materials.

As he pushed on the glass door leading out of the counselor's offices, Bob knew that he had been lucky just finding an application. So it did not matter in the slightest just what kind of internship it was. Oh, there had been some others scattered around, but like, he was going to get on with the likes of Proctor and Gamble or even K—Mart for that matter now.

It was obvious that his only chance lay in some unknown company, or off the beaten path firm this late in the year. Finals were almost over and some of the kids had already gone home or to their internships. He was going to have to shake a leg and get a move on. Secretly, Bob wished that it would get in too late.

Hell, he did not want to have to work for a living until it was absolutely positively necessary, but his counselor had been firm. She had given him another much better reason for finding an internship this year. He reflected back on her admonishment.

“Bob,” she had said, “it's either you get an internship this year or I won't be able to guarantee your scholarship for the next. Look, I have done all that I can to keep you eligible, but school rules state that marginal students must meet some special consideration guidelines or no more scholarship.”

She paused to shuffle some papers bringing his scholastic report to the top. “This year, you are just barely squeaking by with a 2.2 grade point average. If that isn't marginal, I don't know what is. Since you are not handicapped, a woman, or an exchange student not fluent in English, you are going to have to do something to indicate that you deserve your scholarship.”

The counselor stacked the pages of his reports on her desk and looking him straight in the eye, “Now! Unless you can get accepted in an internship, I am going to have to recommend that your scholarship be given to someone more deserving. So! What will it be?”

Bob had become quite desperate in his search and hoped that he had not waited too long. His face fell in disappointment when he first began his search for a corporate application. The P&G and K—Mart forms were scattered and only partially complete and it took a heap of looking before he found anything. Fortunately, his counselor's di-

rections to a specific cubby hole proved fruitful. The good news was that he found Climatic Manufacturing, the bad news was that it had been the only application left.

Bringing his thoughts back to the present, he sat down at his desk and began scribbling on the paper in front of him. Forty—five minutes later, he was giving the completed application a final check.

It seemed strange to him that the company, Climatic Manufacturing, wanted him to fill it out in long—hand rather than demonstrate his capabilities on the computer. “Twenty—five to fifty words in your own handwritten style. May be in pen or pencil, but no typewriter or other media may be used,” were the simple instructions. Bob had decided to use pencil as it would be neater, and more importantly, could be erased.

He paper clipped a recent full length plus a close—up of just his face color photos, as required, and current transcript to the application and put it into the envelope. At the post office, he inserted the envelope in an over night mailer and dropped it into the box. Brushing his hands together, he smiled a self—satisfied smirk and went to find Georgeanne.

Georgeanne was his current babe and things were not going all that great in their relationship. He had to force his way with her the last time they went out and now she was being a bit of a bitch to his way of thinking. “BFD,” he thought to himself as he headed over to the Tap Room. “Like she didn't want me to nibble on her titties! If she didn't, then why the fuck did she wear that low cut see through outfit? Women can be such bitches when they wanna.”

When he got to the local bar he found Georgeanne sitting with a number of her girl friends chatting away with a mug of beer sitting in front of her. She pretended he wasn't even there and either ignored him or turned her head away from where he was standing. This only made Bob all the more upset and he began downing shooters faster than he should have on an empty stomach. As he swallowed his fourth straight tequila, one of Georgeanne's friends got up and left the bar. Encouraged by the alcohol, Bob got off the stool and made his way back over to the table. Besides, in his mind, he still had a date with her.

Smiling his broadest and most sincere smile he begged forgiveness and seeing Georgeanne actually look up at him, sat in the vacated chair. For the next twenty minutes he did everything that he could to get her to forgive him.

Finally, she smiled and said that she would give him just one more chance. Bob could be a real nice guy when he worked at it. His smile could be infectious as well, and he was smiling for all he was worth. Bob had already decided to dump Georgeanne, but he wanted to have one last fling with her. Actually, he planned on getting into her panties this time and he wasn't going to take 'no' for an answer.

Georgeanne was sitting there in a white nylon poet's blouse with those great big fluffy billowing sleeves in a pale yellow color and a short denim pleated flared skirt with brass buttons running up the front. It exposed her great thighs and legs which only increased his desires.

He quickly tossed the tenth tequila solo into his mouth, then immediately followed it up with some of Georgeanne's beer, swallowed the mixture down. His confidence re-

stored and feeling that he could rule the world, he reached over and grabbed Georgeanne's hand.

“Lesh...dan..dance,” he ordered. Bob had already decided that he was not going to take no for an answer.

The Tap Room was filled with a capacity crowd as Bob shoved and pushed his way to the dance floor with Georgeanne in tow. He was feeling no pain as he grabbed her tightly about the waist and pulled her to him. He felt flushed as he pulled her pelvis into his and began grinding his hips.

Her perfume filled his head and seemed to go straight down into his dick, which began to swell. Feeling superior and in total control, he let his right hand grip tightly to her perfectly rounded and firm ass cheek. The material of her dress began to bunch under his grip. His massaging fingers brought the hem of her skirt up, exposing her pantied butt. At the same time, he maneuvered his left hand over her right breast and began rubbing.

“Hey! Stop it, Bobby!” she demanded into his ear as her hands began tugging at his. “Come on, stop it! You know I don't like it when you do that! Now let....gooo! Darn your drunken hide! Let me goooo!”

Bob released his grip when Georgeanne dug her sharp finger nails into his wrists. “Ouch! Damn it! That hurt!” he grumbled as he backed off. He still groped with his hands trying to fasten them onto her narrow waist, but she spun out of his grip and walked off the dance floor. Bob was left standing looking like an idiot to his way of thinking.

“Georgie baby!” He yelled and followed after. “Man, the bitch must be on the rag or somethin’,” he mumbled to himself as he worked his way back through the crowd.

“Bob, you're nothing but a Neanderthal! A great big, self centered, egotistical Neanderthal! Now get out of my life!” She had screamed at him when he had gotten back to their table. She even slapped at him with her purse as she stomped past. She was very plainly pissed. That's when he had decided to start drinking seriously. Nothing solved problems like golden tequila. Now he had no one to call his friend left on campus and probably in the whole wide world, as well.

Later, Bob found himself laying on his dorm bed. Still dressed and with his shoes on, holding on tight to keep from being thrown off the spinning bed, he slowly forced open an eye and let out an agonizing moan. He felt sick, very sick.

Finally, he rolled off and unsteadily got to his feet and staggered as quickly as he could into the bathroom. Falling to his knees he grabbed the commode in a tight bear hug to keep from falling in and heaved his tortured guts out. He did not know how long he had knelt there, but when he thought he could make it, he slowly got back to his feet. His mouth tasted just like he had eaten a pound of dog shit. He washed his face and gargled with some mouth wash, then tossed back a couple of aspirins and finished off a glass of water. His reflected image looked like death warmed over and looked almost as bad as he felt.

Back in his room, he stripped and all but fell into the bed. His last thoughts were a bad memory of Georgeanne telling him to kiss off. He had followed her back to her

apartment and tried to get her to go to bed with him. He sorta remembered tearing her blouse and her taking a swing at him. He didn't remember if he had gotten any or not. His only current need, was to stop the spinning of the bed and the pounding in his head.

“Shit happens, man!” He mumbled and turning over slept.

Several days later, Bob found a large envelope in his mailbox. It was pale pink in color and in the upper left corner in raised golden ink, the Climatic Manufacturing logo was stamped. He tore it open and with the shaking hands of anticipation, began reading the cover letter.

“Dear Mr. Mulroney,” it began, “We have received your application for our summer internship program. However, if you had noticed on the application you submitted, this opening was for LAST YEAR! Therefore, we are sorry to inform you that your request cannot be considered at this time.”

“Damn!” Bob said, but continued reading. “However, should you be interested, there is an opening in one of our line management departments. While technically not an internship, should you decide to accept this counter offer, it could become a stepping stone to a rewarding career.”

“Well, at least he would have a chance at something to show his counselor. She would have to accept this in lieu of a real internship, wouldn't she?” Bob mused. He shuffled the papers and finished reading.

“If you decide to accept, please complete the enclosed material and submit it to my attention. It should be noted that the application must be complete and thorough. No blanks or unanswered questions. Once we have received the completed forms, you will be informed as to your final acceptance.” It went on some more, but he had all he needed. Folding the papers, he stuffed them in his pocket and headed back to his room.

Back in the room, he sat at his desk and began completing the more than ten pages of questions. Name and general identification stuff came first. This was followed by a lengthy listing of physical characteristics and medical history. Height: five—six; weight: one seventeen; sex: frequent. No scratch that, Male. And so it went on, page after page. Color hair: Brown, but that did not truly reflect its actual color—mousey would be a better description. It was also straight, limp, and reached to just below the nape of his neck.

Eyes: blue. Actually next to his smile they were his best feature. They were a bright blue with just a hint of gold flakes in them. Nearest family member: none, well at least none he cared to think or even call family. Person to contact in an emergency: Geor-geanne, that would serve her right, besides she just might still care a little bit.

Two weeks later, Bob received another package in the mail. It was from Climatic Manufacturing and contained his acceptance notice, orientation materials, and a one way coach class airline ticket. On the first day of June, Bob left for the airport in good spirits.

He had at last secured a summer internship such as it was and his counselor had been more than happy to approve. She had been particularly up tight in Bob's opinion when he presented his acceptance letter to her. Now, all he had to do was complete this summer job satisfactorily and report back to school to assure himself of his senior year's scholarship.

“No sweat,” he thought as he settled himself in his airplane seat.

He was met at the airport by a pretty young woman by the name of Betty Rogers at the baggage claim. They stood idly waiting by the black conveyer belt for the arrival of his meager baggage. The belt continued rotating in constant circles until they were the last ones standing there.

Figuring that the commuter had miraculously managed to lose his only piece of luggage on a non—stop direct flight was hard to believe, but they had. Frustrated and tired, he had fussed and cursed the airline and baggage claim operator to no avail. It did not matter what he screamed or shouted, his bag was not at the airport.

After filing a lost baggage claim, they departed for the plant facilities. Soon they arrived in a remote area surrounded by a twelve foot fence topped with concertina wire. At even intervals, electronic surveillance towers were placed. To all outward appearances, this was something like a prison or military base. They were held up at the main gate while the security guards checked Betty's credentials and Bob's job acceptance letter.

“Boy, what do they make here to require this kind of third degree?” he asked as they drove through the gate. “This ain't some kind of CIA operation is it?”

“Oh, no,” Betty replied. “The company is just being cautious and we do have to be careful of industrial spies you know. Didn't you read the orientation material they sent with your acceptance?”

“No, I haven't had a chance,” he responded. “But man—o—man, this is some operation to require all this security. You sure this ain't no CIA thing?”

Betty just laughed off his comment and rode in silence until they reached a large beige brick three story building. She pulled into a parking space, shut the engine off, and stepped out of the car.

“This is the company dorm,” Betty began as they walked to the front doors. “All the comforts of home and more. I think that you will find it more than satisfactory. While it is still communal in nature, the individual rooms are private and you have your own bath. Come on, I'll show you to your room.”

They entered a long hallway, off to the right was a large glass enclosed area that was obviously the dinning room and to the left was another open area that could only be a rec. room. It had a big screen television, pool table and numerous lounging chairs. A card table was off to one side. There was no one in the room when they stopped to look.

“Strange,” Bob thought seeing no one about. “Er, how come no one's any where around?” He asked while craning his neck to peer into the rec. room. He didn't hear

anything, either. No radio, no tape player or anything, but that fact did not register in his conscious thought.

“This is the summer and not that many of the employees qualify for staying here. We used to have a large internship program, but as you know with all the down—sizing taking place these days. Well, any way I was surprised that you were accepted. As the new guy, you'll be restricted to campus for a couple of weeks, though. Nothing personal, they have all these orientation classes ya gotta sit through, besides we only have a few real residents that stay here. You'll get to meet them soon enough.”

He followed Betty up to the third floor and down the hall to a room near the middle of the floor. Betty inserted the magnetic key card and the steel door opened into a brightly lit living room. Inside, Bob discovered a neat, clean, surprisingly large apartment.

The walls were done in a pale lilac color, wall—to—wall cream colored pile carpet, bright pink kitchen table and matching chairs with white padded cushions were off to one side. In the corner was a coffee pot and microwave. A small refrigerator was hidden behind a false cabinet door. Overhead, two cabinets contained cups, saucers, tea pot, two place settings, and two glasses.

The main living area contained a pastel purple sofa and matching ultra—modern recliner with the headsets and everything a couch potato could ever want. A radio, tape player, CD combo stereo set was sitting on a corner table while a free standing lamp and coffee table completed the living room. The colors were too feminine for Bob's taste, but the bedroom was much worse.

The bedroom, filled with furniture, looked surprisingly small. A queen—sized bed with bright white satin comforter, yellow ruffled bed skirting with matching pillow shams was placed in the center of the room. On each side were white French provençal side tables with brass lamps and pink shades. Against one wall was a large bureau centered between two doors that opened into large closets.

The closet on the right contained dresses, skirts, blouses, and other feminine apparel. The closet on the left was almost empty except for three peignoir sets, one in pale yellow, another in bright neon blue, and the third bright white.

Completing the room's furnishings was a dainty vanity with lighted mirror. It was in the same white with gold trim as the bed and bureau, but had a yellow satin ruffled skirting with lace overlay attached. The cushioned bench, also covered in yellow satin, was made of brass wire.

The bath contained a bright pink enamel sink, footed tub, and commode. The commode was covered in white shag tank, top, and seat cover. On the white tiled floor was a pink throw rug and bath mat. All in all, a very feminine apartment. Entirely too feminine for Bob. The living area had been ga—ga enough, but this was too much.

“What? Look Betty, I can't possibly live in this...this place! It's a girl's room an...and it..it even has girl's clothing in the closets! For crying out loud, can't you get me someplace else? I'm not going to stay in here! Hell, they'll think I'm some kind of sissy! You got to have another apartment for me, huh?”

“Look Mister Big Shot! The company furnishes you a place to live and work clothes. This is the only available unit and it's last tenant was just promoted to our LA offices. She was also a very good friend of mine. Now, if you want me to drive you right back to the airport so be it, let's go!”

Tapping her foot, she waited for a reply. Seeing none, she continued, “I've got better things to do than stand here arguing with you. Of course, if I take you back now, you will be required to refund the Company all expenses related to your coming here. Emmm...let's see,”

Betty paused while she rummaged through her purse. Pulling out a slip of pink paper, she examined it, then looking Bob in the eyes finished, “According to this, you will owe the company \$3,785. That includes processing charges, air fare, and other miscellaneous charges. Okay, so what will it be?”

Bob's jaw dropped when Betty told him how much he would owe the company. Knowing that there was no way he could ever come up with that kind of cash, at least not legally, he shrugged his shoulders and let a foolish grin smile in answer.

“Alright already! Can't take a joke can you? Yeah, this'll do just fine,” He said a little too loudly. Under his breath he added, “Just fuckin' dandy!”

Moving away from Betty, Bob turned his attention to the closets. “Where the heck are my work clothes? You don't expect me to wear those stupid girly duds now do ya? Yeah, ya kiddin' ain't ya? 'Sides what are they doing here in **MY** apartment?”

Bob was actually worried there for a second as he had at least followed the directions contained in his acceptance letter about not needing to bring any work clothing as it would be furnished. He had imagined that it would be three piece vested suites or at the worst denim work clothes, but dresses. No way!

All he had brought besides what he wore, were spare underwear, bathing suit, several pull over knit shirts and jeans, a new pair of athletic shoes, and his personal care items. Everything in the world that he now possessed was contained in the duffel bag which somehow failed to arrive at the airport.

“Of course not,” Betty laughingly replied. “That is unless you really want to. Wear Jean's old clothing that is. She left too quickly to pack everything and said that anyone who wanted them could have them. With the raise she got, no wonder she did not want to bother with all this packing.”

She sobered up quickly and became very serious, “Besides! You don't have to worry your silly head about maintaining your macho super stud image. As a matter of fact, you go tossing your machismo around in this place and you'll be outta here so quick your teeth will rattle.”

She paused to make sure that she had his attention, “The company takes a *very* dim view of any such behavior. If you had bothered to read your introductory information kit, you would have noticed that this company was founded *by women* and *is run* almost completely by them. You are an exception to the general hiring policy. You are our “*token*” minority so to speak. Now unless you want me to take you back to the airport, you'd better forget acting manly around here. Do you understand?”

Seeing him just stand there with his mouth hanging open, she added still dead serious, "I'm not kidding about this! No bull shit and absolutely! Positively! No macho crap allowed!"

"Now, assuming I *misunderstood* where you were coming from. Sure! Go ahead and wear whatever you feel like as long as it is appropriate for the occasion. No one here would ever tease or question you, you know! We are a very open minded company in some respects."

Bob looked at her incredulously, but soon realized that she was speaking the truth. She was entirely too serious to be pulling his leg. He shuffled his feet and stared down at them as Betty continued.

"Besides, one of our major product lines is woman's apparel. We are all expected to experiment and utilize company made products. It was one of our line inspectors that developed our newest creation and biggest money maker to date by doing just that. She discovered that a sport's bra we made, if slightly redesigned and made of different fabrics, would greatly enhance the bosoms. As a matter of fact, this is her room. She got the big promotion!"

She stopped then and just stared at him. Smiling broadly, she walked over to the closet and pushed some of the dresses out of the way revealing several jump suits. They were in a chocolate brown color with the company name and logo embroidered in bright pink thread over the left breast pocket.

Betty lifted one off its hanger and held it up for him to clearly see. Short capped sleeves, loose fitting in the chest, tapering in at the waist which fastened with a pink web belt, full seat, tapering legs, and had a chromed zipper running up from crotch to rounded neck. A big chromed D—ring hung from the zipper tongue.

"No, you won't be expected to wear women's clothing. These jump suits are what we **all** wear on the line. Er...until your clothing is delivered from the airport, I'd recommend that you make use of whatever clothing Joan left behind."

"Dirty clothing or bodies are not tolerated here! So I'd recommend that you make do until your stuff gets here. You can put your dirty things down that chute. The company covers your cleaning bill too. Now, unless you have some other questions, I'll leave you until morning. I'll be back to pick you up promptly at six—thirty a.m.! See that you are ready. It wouldn't do to be late your very first day. Now would it? Tata."

Bob followed Betty back to the door and locked it after she left. He stood unmoving for several minutes, undecided as to what he should do next. His basic instincts called out for him to just get the hell out of Dodge and worry about having to reimburse the company for any expenses later.

Just as his hand reached out to grab the door handle, he had second thoughts. If he left now, a number of things would happen all very bad. First, he would be obliged to repay the company; second, his advisor would have to revoke his scholarship, and worst of all, his student loans would all come due and payable. Then to add misery to the company, he would most certainly have to find a real J—O—B! Ugh! He couldn't stand having to do that.

“Besides!” His mind logically concluded, “Just how am I going to get back to the airport tonight any way? Shit! It looks like I am going to be stuck here for the duration.”

He let his hand drop away from the door knob. With a resigned look on his face, he returned to the bedroom. Going into the closet, he examined the three jump suits after pushing the dresses further out of the way. He pulled one of the jump suits down and brought it out into the light to get a better look at it.

The material was silky and wet looking in a rich chocolate color and it felt cool and slinky to his touch. Opening the zipper front closure, he noticed that it was lined in an ultra—soft white material. It felt like it had no weight at all and would be too fragile to stand up to everyday use.

Shaking his head, he dropped the suit on the bed, and began to strip. Better to find out now how it was going to fit than wait until the morning. Standing in his jockey shorts, he pulled the suit up his legs. He shivered slightly as he pulled the chromed zipper up. It felt as cool and soft on his body as it had when he held it. The length and size seem okay, but the fit could have been much better.

Despite his misgivings, the clothing was a lot stronger than he had originally thought just looking at it. It pulled and tugged at his body unlike anything he had ever worn before as he walked over to the bathroom. It pulled uncomfortably at his crotch.

Bob twisted and turned to see just how it looked on him in the full length mirror fastened to the bathroom door. The center seam of the suit pulled tightly into the crease of his ass in back, but the material hung loosely around the buttocks. In the front, the material clung tightly and the center seam pulled annoyingly at his pelvis while shoving his penis and scrotum off to one side leaving an obvious bulge. He was not at all pleased with the way the jump suit fit him in the crotch.

All in all, the jump suit still seemed fragile, but he knew now that it was a lot stronger than it looked. Shaking his head, he pulled down the zipper and stepped out of it. Tossing it towards the bed, he returned to the tub and turned on the faucets.

“Might as well take a nice hot bath while I'm at it. Too bad this joint doesn't have a shower though,” he thought.

Bob woke the next morning to an irksome buzzing coming from the clock on the side table. Reaching out from under the covers, he swatted at it several times before shutting off the obnoxious noise.

“Damn,” he groaned as he pulled his arm back under the warm covers. “I don't remember setting that damn thing. What time is it anyway?”

He pulled the covers from off his head and stared bleary eyed at the ticking clock. It read 5:00 a.m.

“Fuck!”

As he pulled the covers back over his head with aspirations of going back to sleep, he remembered where he was. “I'll be back to pick you up promptly at 6:30,” Betty's words echoed in his mind.

“Fuck and double fuck!” He said as he slowly dragged himself out of the nice comfortable bed.

Going into the bathroom, he first walked up to the commode then finished with that personal duty, went to the tub to get the hot water running. As the tub filled, he examined the contents of the medicine cabinet. Finding a pink lady's razor and container of woman's shaving cream, he lathered up his face. By the time he had shaved, the tub was full.

Back in the bedroom, he picked up his discarded jockeys and sniffed at them. He quickly jerked his head back. They were too ripe to put back on as was his undershirt. Tossing them into the chute, he walked over to the bureau. Opening the top drawer, he found bra's. White ones, black ones, red and even blue ones. Lace covered, padded, unpadded, dainty and practical, strapped and strapless. He slammed the drawer shut in disbelief that anyone would need that many different bras.

In the second drawer he found panties. Lots and lots of panties. He reached in trying not to really touch them, but using just his thumb and forefinger, picked at them. They were all entirely too feminine for his tastes. Slamming the drawer shut in disgust, he walked over to the closet. He had decided not to wear anything under his uniform.

Pulling out the jump suit, he gingerly stepped into it. Carefully, he pulled the zipper shut making sure that he didn't catch his manly member in its steel teeth. That was the only problem with not wearing underwear, you had to be careful not to catch it in the zipper. Bob had done that once before and he had learned that lesson very well. The only problem with not wearing underpants, his masculinity was more obvious in the tight crotch.

He couldn't wear his socks either by the smell of them, so once again he tried his luck with the bureau. In the third drawer, Bob found hose, pantyhose, and socks. Rummaging around a bit, he finally found a pair of plain white cotton sport's socks.

While they did not have the athletic style length to them like he was use to, they would do. Even if the socks only reached to just above his ankle and had a rolled top edge to them, they didn't have any silly pink piping or other feminine feature that he could tell.

Dressed, he went back into the bathroom and scrounged up a tooth brush. It was made of pink plastic and still in its original package. A new tooth brush and not somebody else's used one. He thought this a bit of luck.

As he was finishing up, he heard a knocking on his door. "Just a sec," he yelled. Grabbing the face towel, he headed to the door.

"I see that you're rea....You're not thinking of going out looking like that are you?" Betty said as she entered the room.

"Huh? What's wrong? I got the stupid uniform on as required."

"What's wrong! You ask? Have you looked into the mirror? Why that's disgusting at best and absolutely uncouth." She finished as she pointed down at his crotch.

"You're just going to have to do something about that. I can't present you to the officers of the company, let alone the other workers, looking like that. Come on! Let's see what we can find to resolve your little problem."

“What do you mean by little problem?” He said as he began following her into the bedroom.

“Sensitive are we now?” She said stopping, turning back to look down pointedly at his crotch.

Bob was brought up short, so to speak, by her candid stare and authoritarian attitude. He did all that he could at that moment, he blushed beet red. Betty turned on her heels, and continued on her walk to the bureau. There, she opened the first drawer. Taking out a bright mallard green satin bra and letting it dangle from her fingers, offered it to him.

“If you are so unsure of yourself, would you like to try one of these over the shoulder boulder holsters. I guess in your case though, that this one is a little on the big side.”

Finished teasing, she turned back to the bureau, and opened the second drawer. “Aaaahh, I think that I have us a solution.”

She turned to face him once again, this time a pale blue little bit of nothing was dangling from her fingers. “This is a panty brief and while it looks small, will stretch to fit you nicely. You might want to tuck yourself down and back to keep it from getting uncomfortable. Here, hurry up and put it on! We're going to be late.”

“What, you've got to be kidding. I can't possibly get into this....this thing. It's way too small.”

“Look, trust me. It will fit. See,” Betty instructed pulling on it with her hands before tossing it over to him. “It's elastic and stretches quite nicely. Now get into the bathroom and put it on or do you want me to help you get into it here. Come on scoot.”

“Alright already, but if I tear this thing putting it on don't say I didn't warn ya.”

He slipped out of the uniform and began tugging the tight fitting garment up his right leg. It was firmly grasping his flesh, but it was going on without tearing. Finally, it was settled around his waist like another layer of skin. Glancing down at his now smooth crotch, he blushed crimson.

“Damn if this don't make me look just like a stupid girl,” he mumbled as he stepped back into the jump suit. Grabbing the D—ring he pulled the zipper up quickly and was rewarded with excruciating pain. He had forgotten about his thick mat of chest hair which the zipper grabbed painfully in its teeth. Gingerly, he pulled the zipper back down, and then, carefully zippered it back up.

A few minutes later a blushing Bob re—emerged from the bathroom rubbing at his chest. His bulge totally missing and a smooth flat front testifying to the control of the panty brief.

Betty smiled approvingly as he walked back out, “That is much better. By the way what was that scream all about, didn't damage yourself? Did you?”

“Naw, just caught my chest hair in the damn zipper,” he replied somewhat embarrassed.

“Look, I think I can help you out there. Come here, I'm sure that we can find a nice camisole for you to put on. You don't want to be tearing out your precious chest hair all day long now do you.”

Bob didn't know how to respond to that comment so he just stood there as Betty went over to the bureau and removed a silky looking little bit of nothing out of the fourth drawer. This drawer was filled with slips, full, half, and camisoles, teddies, and girlish vests and ribbed nylon floral printed undershirts.

She handed him the nylon top to put on warning him to be careful when he unzipped his jump suit. It was silky smooth in a pale blue color with dainty white floral lace trimming the top and bottom hem. Dual spaghetti straps went over the shoulders and darting made the fabric tent slightly at his breasts.

It was cool to the touch and slinked down to just above his navel. He shivered at its touch, but decided that wearing it was better than the alternative. He was going to be pulling at that zipper quite a bit since his jump suit did not have a fly. Patting his hips as they started for the door, another thought hit him.

“Hey! This uniform doesn't have any pockets. Where am I going to put my wallet and change.”

“Oh you're going to make us late. We're only going to have enough time for some toast and coffee now. Jeez, here take this and put your things in it.” She said walking to the closet and pulling out a small plain black leather purse with a long strap.

She tossed it over to him and waited while he dropped his wallet and loose change into it along with a handkerchief, keys, and pocket knife.

“You're worse than a woman carrying all that stuff around,” she said as they walked out of the room.

They grabbed a quick breakfast down in the employee cafeteria. Bob while he had wanted eggs and bacon with all the other trimmings was forced by Betty's admonishments about having to be at personnel by seven—thirty to just have toast and coffee. Besides there was no one else there and they had to do whatever cooking was necessary. Betty fixed the instant coffee while Bob made the toast.

Bob did not have the opportunity to think too much on the strangeness of the situation. No staff, no employees, just themselves in the company kitchen. They were late and he was rushed into gulping down his toast and coffee. All in all a most unrewarding breakfast for him.

Promptly at seven—forty they entered the Office of Ms. Delia Rose, Director of Personnel. She was a severe looking woman all thin and angular with steel gray hair tucked into a tight bun on the back of her head. She wore a minimum of make—up, lipstick in a pale pink, dusting of gray eye shadow, and mascara. Her lips were thin and while creased in a smile, was not warm.

She arose from behind her desk as they walked in, and walked over to greet them. She was wearing a gray worsted wool two piece suit, white poly blouse with rounded collar buttoned to the chin. Black hose and patent leather pumps in a two inch block heel completed her attire.

"I expected to see you at seven—thirty," she said while maintaining her smile.

"Oh, we're sorry Ms. Rose," Betty said, "but Bob here had some problems getting ready this morning. The airline lost his luggage 'n..."

"Yes, dear I am sure that you both had a legitimate reason to be late this morning," she acknowledged still with that thin smile on her face. "You may go now Miss Rogers. I'll call you when you are required again. Thank you. Now Mr. Mulroney!" She looked piercingly into Bob's eyes as she said that, and turning on her heel went back behind her desk. There she picked up a file folder and opened it.

"So you must be Bob Mulroney our new associate trainee. I assume that you are fully aware of our company's employment policies and requirements and are fully agreeable with them. You did read all the materials that were sent to you, didn't you?"

"Er...ahhh..well.."

"Did you or didn't you read them Mr. Mulroney?"

"Yes...er..yes Ma'am I did," he hastily answered even though it was untrue. This woman was the most intimidating that he had ever met. She did not look all that happy with him at the moment either.

"Heck," he thought, "he was only a little bit late. It wasn't like being really tardy or not showing up at all." Now that he thought on it a bit, maybe he should have just left when he had the choice last night.

"Well fine. In that case, I do not need to go over them again unless you have specific questions. Well...do you have any questions? None? Are you sure? You do not have a problem then, I take it, with the penalties and salary docking clauses or dress codes? No! Fine."

She pulled a handful of papers from the file folder and held them out to him. "Now that is over with, I have a number of documents here that you will need to complete. W—2's and such. You may take them over to that desk there and finish them. If you have any questions, just ask. Oh, by the way, you are scheduled to be in the President's office in fifteen minutes. I'd advise you not to be late for that meeting and you are not leaving here until you finish those forms."

Bob began filling out the forms. The first was a simple W—2 followed by a cafeteria optional benefits plan. Items like child care he quickly disregarded, picking instead additional health coverage. Not having to make a co-pay on his health insurance was going to be more useful to him than child care he reasoned.

This form was followed by a long and wordy document that he read only the first paragraph of which discussed uniform dress and allowances that would be automatically withdrawn from his base salary according to Labor laws. He decided that he did not need to read all of it so he quickly signed the bottom and dated it.

Another long winded document came next and was filled with fine print. After he spent a number of precious minutes trying to read it, he figured out that it was nothing more than a term life insurance policy. Just another standard employment benefit. So a little mad at himself for spending so much time on it, he signed and dated it as well.

Still another wordy document was behind that one and he decided not to waste time reading it and just signed and dated it as well. The words "Power of Attorney" did not register in his mind at all as he shoved it aside. Flipping it over on the stack with all the others, he began scanning the final document which discussed something about withholding fees for dormitory rent and meals.

"Er Ms. Rose," he said looking up from the page before him. "What's this about dorm rent and meal costs to be withheld? I thought that all my housing, food, and work clothing would be furnished at the company's expense?"

"That is true *PROVIDED* you satisfactorily complete your three months employment probationary period. Didn't you say that you had read our introductory packet? It was all covered in there. The company picks up all housing, food, and clothing requirements as long as you complete your full contract. Should you leave for any reason without company approval...."

She paused to make sure that she had his full attention. "...Well...you would be expected to repay our costs. That would include our expense of getting you here as well. So the company withholds a certain percentage of your pay check each week until you have fulfilled your commitment."

She stood up and walked over to where he was sitting. Looking down at him, she smiled that thin tight smile of hers and finished. "Actually, this will make a nice bonus payment to you on your departure. Consider it a savings plan if you wish. The company will pay a 10 percent interest rate on it of course. Does that about cover it? You only have five minutes before your next appointment."

Looking back down at the paper, he signed the last one, placed it on top of the stack, and handed it all to her. Smiling a crooked sort of smile as he did so, he let his arm fall back into his lap as she took the papers. He felt very intimidated by this very self confident and authoritative woman. He did not like that kind of feeling in the least. Women weren't suppose to be like this to his way of thinking.

"Now go on to your next meeting. Miss Rogers is waiting outside for you and she will guide you. After that you are expected at the company dispensary for a check—up



and physical. I will expect to see you back here immediately after lunch. That is all! You may go now.”

Bob got up and quickly went out of the room. He was thankful to have gotten out of there as easy as he had. That Ms. Rose was some tough bitch. He almost felt like he should have bowed or something before he left her office.

“Boy!” he thought as he exited the office, “She’s intimidating as hell!” Seeing Betty waiting for him, he went over to where she was sitting. “Man, am I glad that is over with!” He stated as he reached her. “Is she always like that?”

“Ms. Rose?” She replied. Then she confirmed his own thoughts as she led the way out of personnel. “Oh, her bark is much worse than her bite actually.....but I wouldn’t want to get on her bad side either.”

Soon they were standing in front of the President’s office. It was plush to say the least. The floor was in a checkered pattern with white and pink marble tiles. Floor to ceiling leaded glass windows filled one side of the room while the other walls were laminated in a golden teak wood veneer. Off to the left side was a built—in wet bar and mini—kitchenette.

Against the back wall stood an antique elaborately carved rose wood desk. Two forest green leather upholstered chairs sat just in front of the impressive desk. Behind it sat a stunning blond of approximate middle age. She stood as they entered the room, and coming around the massive desk, warmly greeted them.

“Hello, my name is Melaney DeLaHosa,” she said pleasantly as she held out her hand. Bob took it lightly expecting a limp feminine grasp in return. He was very surprised in that her grip was both firm and strong. Because of the way he had expected her grip, his own fingers were limp and caused his senior ring to mash into both the little and fore fingers painfully.

“Oh! Did I hurt you,” she said seeing him flinch. “I sometimes don’t recognize my own strength. Please accept my apologies if I hurt you.”

“Oooh, no ma’am,” he quickly tried to recoup his self esteem. “Er...” he started out lamely to explain, but was cut off.

“Well, Bobbie, may I call you Bobbie?” She continued interrupting him. Not waiting for his permission, Ms. DeLaHosa went on to welcome him into their little family as she liked to consider it. She explained the company’s history and what its goals and objectives were. She spent considerable time telling him that this was a team effort built around “La Familia”.

She and senior management were to be considered the parents offering firm yet loving guidance while all the others were like children. Children needing guidance, specifically assigned chores and tasks, and occasionally correction or punishment for bad behavior. Once a specific chore was learned and learned well, a new responsibility could be given with a corresponding commensurate increase in allowance. Each employee would be identified by their first name to encourage familial associations and encouraged to help one another.

“It was all spelled out in your pre—employment handbook which I am sure you read. Ms. Rose had you sign a statement that you had done so as a condition of your employment, didn't she?” Mz. DeLaHosa asked. “Ahhh, yes I thought so. Well Bobbie that makes you one of our family now doesn't it! We're proud of our family and like family we try to keep up with everybody. As a matter of fact your college counselor was once one of ours, you know? But if you don't like this kind of relationship or feel in the least uneasy about it, speak up now dear. We certainly would like to avoid any ugliness or recriminations at a later date. Oh, by the way this conversation is being recorded as are all our initial interviews.”

She waited while tapping her pointed toe on the tile floor for him to respond. Seeing him with his head hung down and his eyes focused on the floor, she continued, “Please, Bobbie speak up so we may record your answer for posterity. Do you of your own free will acknowledge everything that I have told you including the part about garnishing your salary and accept that as a condition of your employment?”

“Errrr....ahhhh...I guess,” he reluctantly replied seeing no way out of his situation. He still could not look this commanding woman in the eyes. She intimidated the h..e..double toothpicks out of him. Something that hadn't ever happened to him before his arrival at Climatic Manufacturing, but this kind of superior feminine attitude was becoming all too frequent since his arrival.

“I am sorry Bobbie, would you please speak up and state that you agree to our 'La Familia' methods and that you may be subject to garnishment in the course of your employment!”

“Yeah, yeah, sure! I...er I agree to all that stuff! Sure 'n that garn...garnishment... that stuff too!”

“Fine, Bobbie, I'm sure that you will make an excellent employee and member of our corporate family. Come give us a hug and then you can rejoin Ms. Rogers out in the foyer.”

Bob was shocked as Ms. DeLaHosa stepped up to him and grasped him in a strong embrace. He did not see the smile of triumph on her face as she hugged him tight. With a pat to his back, she broke contact, and signaled for him to go. Dazed and somewhat confused by the strangeness of it all, he turned and walked out of her office. The cloying smell of her heady perfume still filled his senses as he walked out into the foyer. Betty was waiting for him as he shut the office door behind him.

“Well, you still employed or what?” Betty asked half joking. Seeing the look on his face, she smiled and turned telling him to follow along. He had an appointment with the corporate doctor in the dispensary.

Bob was just getting control of all his faculties as they entered the glass door labeled “Dispensary” in big bold block letters. Just inside, it was blocked off by a wall to wall partition painted in a soft pea green. In the space between the partition and the entrance were several chairs and a reading table piled with the typically out dated magazines. Just off to the left was a frosted glass opening with the words “Reception” in block letters painted on it. Adjacent to that was another door.

Looking around Bob turned to Betty and asked, “Er..what's next?”

“Just your pre—employment physical. Shouldn't be too strenuous for you, but we have to know of any physical problems or diseases you might be carrying around before we actually hire you. Pre—existing conditions for our corporate hospitalization policy and such. Besides, we don't want you infecting any of us either. So have a sit over there, and I'll get you registered.”

Bob took the indicated chair and waited while Betty went over to the receptionist's window. She stood chatting with the person behind the frosted glass counter for a while before turning and heading back to where he sat. She was still giggling softly as she approached him with a smile reminiscent of one worn by the cat that had been caught eating the canary.

“The Doctor will see you in a sec,” She informed him as she took a seat beside his. Bending over she thumbed through the piles of magazines before selecting one. As she sat back and opened it, Bob heard his name being called.

“Bobbie...Bobbie Mulroney?”

“Bobbie, indeed!” He thought as he arose and walked over to the open door. A pretty woman about middle age wearing the white starched uniform of a nurse stood holding the door open with her hips. She held a metal chart in her hand as she smiled at him in greeting.

“Bobbie?” She asked through her smile.

“Like who the fuck else was in the damn room,” he thought, but managed a weak smile. “The name's Bob,” he replied as he walked up to the door.

The nurse led him into a typical examination room, metal stool, examination bed with its paper sheeting, one straight backed chair, and a shelf containing tongue depressors, cotton balls, and other junk. She had him sit on the stool while she took his blood pressure, pulse and temperature. Finished with her routine, she handed him the chart and a ball point pen with instructions to fill out all the forms as best he could. As she turned to leave, she informed him that he might as well remove all his clothing except his briefs.

Bob started to get up to strip then decided to complete the medical forms first. No sense sitting naked any longer than he had too. The forms were typical history and physical and he did not have any trouble filling them out. He was checking off the last item when the door opened and in walked another woman.

She was wearing a white lab coat with stethoscope hanging from around her neck instead of the nurse's uniform. Seeing him look up, she asked him why he wasn't ready for her examination. Bob caught off guard, mumbled something unintelligent and started to rise when he dropped the medical forms and pen on the floor. He bent to pick them up when the woman told him that she would be back when he was ready for her to examine him. She did not sound at all pleased as she turned and left the room.

A flustered Bob soon gathered all the papers up and placing them on the shelf, hastily began to strip. Naked except for his panty girdle and socks, he stood fiddling

around until he decided to sit back on the stool. He sat there feeling idiotic for an indeterminate amount of time and was getting ready to stand as the door opened once again.

The same woman came back in as seeing him stripped, smiled a strained tight lipped smile at him. "Well, I see you're finally ready now!" She said in a cold tone. "I'm Doctor Renie Arnold. Get up on the table please. Oh, and take off those socks! Didn't the nurse provide you with proper instructions? Oh, never mind! Just get on the table!"

Bob hastened to do as he was told only to stumble as she told him to take off his socks. He felt the perfect idiot and a clumsy one at that. She had caught him completely off guard. Bob was not prepared in any way to meet, let alone have a female doctor examine him. With a crinkling crunch of paper, he settled himself on the edge of the examination table blushing a bright pink.

While he was getting himself settled, the doctor picked up his medical forms and briefly scanned over them. Letting out with a few "errrs" and "hmmms" she shuffled through the papers before turning her attention back to him. Walking over closer to him, she put the stethoscope to her ears and placed the cold sensor against his left nipple. He shivered involuntarily as she proceeded with her examination.

The doctor's manner was brisk and totally devoid of any friendliness or humor. She was professional and thorough in her exam. She seemed to spend more time probing his groin than had other doctors during similar procedures with her only comment being, "You have a weak ring here."

"Weak ring? Weak ring? What in the world is she talking about," Bob thought even as his blush deepened to the continued probing of the doctor's fingers into his scrotum. He flinched as a finger probed a little too deeply into his sack. He was glad that his penis stayed limp during all this fondling, but his embarrassment continued unabated.

Finished with her probing of his groin, she then told him to face the table and bend over. Bob stood as instructed for what seemed like an eternity only to inwardly groan as he felt the doctor place a hand on the small of his back. He clenched his anal muscles in anticipation of the doctor's next move.

"Relax," he heard her say almost at the same time that he felt her index finger probe deeply into his rectum. Simultaneously with the insertion of the finger, Bob felt his penis come into erection.

As he felt the finger moving inside of him, his erection grew stiffer causing a brighter flush to darken his cheeks. He was blushing so bad that he just knew that the red tinge had spread all the way down to his bottom cheeks as well. The doctor continued digging into his bottom with her finger.

Pulling her finger out of him, she placed a box of tissues beside him and turned away to dispose of the glove and wash her hands. Bob did not see the smile of immense satisfaction pass over her face as she did so.

As he reached over to pick up his panty girdle, he heard her say something about blood work and hernia repair. Bob was in too much of a hurry to cover his embarrassment to listen closely to what the doctor was saying. All he understood was that he felt much better with his pants on. Fortunately, the doctor had not mentioned his pale blue panty girdle.

“Bobbie,” the doctor began once they both had been seated. Her in the straight backed chair and he once again on the stool. “You appear to be in fine physical shape except of course for that very weak ring in your groin that will just have to be fixed before you really hurt yourself. Now, unless the lab and radiology results come back with something to concern us, I am going to recommend that you take advantage of our liberal medical policy and have that ring looked after. Otherwise, it will appear as a pre—existing condition on all your medical records in the future which may or may not allow you full medical insurance coverage later. The company cafeteria plan will completely cover the cost of this procedure. Now, do you have any questions?”

“Err...yeah...yeah I do,” Bob said somewhat timidly. “Er..er what's this about a weak ring? 'n what are you suggesting I do about it? Exactly..I mean.”

“Well, you have a strain in the muscle tissue surrounding your groin. The muscle tissue in your groin keeps your intestines from dropping down into your scrotum. Now if that should happen, then, well besides potentially making you sterile, it could cause your intestines to kink resulting in their inflammation.”

The doctor continued discussing in somewhat complex medical terminology what exactly could happen to him. As a result, she soon had Bob scared silly because when he asked her to tell him simply the result of his intestines dropping the word “Death” came out loud and clear. Sterility was bad enough, but death caught his complete attention.

While he absorbed what he had been told, the nurse came in and took several blood samples and directed him to follow her for x—rays and urine sample collection. The doctor told him to think about what she had told him and that the company would be glad to solve his little problem should he desire. A shaken Bob followed the nurse out of the examination room.

After what had seemed like a very long time, Bob walked out of the dispensary with Betty at his side. “Don't look so glum,” she admonished him. “It's not really all that bad. You should consider yourself very lucky that our doctor discovered your problem before it became a *real problem*, if you know what I mean. Besides, its not every company that would be willing to pay to have it corrected even before you complete your probationary period. Come on, let's go get some lunch. I'm starved!”

Back at the dormitory, they were joined by three other young ladies in the cafeteria. For the first time, Bob noticed two older women in white semi—transparent uniforms working behind the counter. At least his misgivings about being in an abandoned building were being resolved. The three young girls all dressed in silky looking jump suites just like his, were both pretty and charming as well.

Betty introduced them as Joan Katalba, Sherri Joiner, and Melissa Belmont. All three were regular employees working on various production lines and they all lived in the dorm. Joan was the senior most of the group and was the supervisor of the entire clothing line. Sherri was a quality control technician in sports wear and Melissa was currently working in shipping.

Betty, Bob discovered was a personnel assistant. Doris Melzer and Paula Dupont were also living in the dorm, but were still in the plant. Other than the seven of them, no one else was currently living in the dormitory.

“No one other than the seven of them” struck Bob right where it counted. Things were looking up and Bob took time to closely examine each and every one of the girls from a male's perspective. That is he checked out the size and shape of their boobs and how good they filled out their clothing. In every case, he decided that they were all keepers with perhaps Betty being the best of the lot. Although, Melissa definitely had the biggest set of boobs, her nose was a little big and her chin a little too prominent for his tastes.

All in all, he decided that perhaps having to live and work for Climatic Manufacturing wasn't going to be such a bad deal after all. Especially when you considered the fact that no other men were living in the dorm with all these gorgeous women. This fact gave him more than enough self—confidence and assurance that he would be able to get one or even all these lovely young ladies into his bed. It was enough to make him into a total ass and the more his mind thought about it, the more of an ass he would become.

Lunch while meager, chef salad with saltines and diet soft drink, did not bother him as his mind concentrated on who he was going to get into his bed first. He even forgot about the surgery the doctor suggested. Throughout the entire meal, Bob had a great big grin on his face. His conversation even took on a whole new tone and assertiveness.

After lunch they walked back to the administration building to see Mz. Rose in Personnel. He wasn't kept waiting long before he was ushered back into her office. “I see that Doctor Arnold suggests some surgery for you prior to your being assigned to one of the production lines. It says here that she wants to perform a hernia plasty day after tomorrow...er..let's see that'd be Friday. So what is your decision? If you are going to have the surgery, then I won't assign you to anything permanent just yet. I'll let you get acquainted with our operation. Well...what is it? Surgery or no?”

Bob hadn't really given much further thought to whether or not to have the surgery, but Mz. Rose wasn't going to give him any longer to think about it. Quickly his mind reviewed the pros and cons of having the surgery according to the doctor. If he had it then he wouldn't have to worry about all the bad things that could happen and it wouldn't cost him anything either. But then again, it did mean someone was going to actually use a sharp knife on him and no one had ever done that before either. He shuddered at the thought of the knife.

“Well, Bobbie what will it be? I haven't all day?”

Bob glanced nervously at her, then decided that he did not want his intestines poking into his groin and perhaps making him impotent. “IMPOTENT” now that word had

meaning and with the potential number of hard bodies he could look forward to enjoying...well...his egomaniac made his decision for him.

“Well what will it be Bobbie?” Mz. Rose asked once again. “If you decide against it, the company will not pay for it at a later date as it will be recorded as a pre—existing condition. Additionally, I can go ahead and assign you to the Sanitation Department. We have a spot open there right now and I need to fill it. We simply have to have someone to operate the sump pump on the septic tanks and grease traps.”

“Septic tanks! Grease traps!” That was all he had to hear to help him make up his mind. “Er, yeah, sure,” he said, “I...I'll have the necessary surgery. Yeah, Mz. Rose you sure that everything will be okay and I won't have to pay anything?”

“Oh, yes! Quite sure Bobbie. Well, at least it won't cost you anything as long as you complete your probationary period and apprenticeship satisfactorily. Then once you have completed that, all costs would be prorated based on time served. Is that satisfactory for you?”

Bob was slightly confused by the terms “apprenticeship” and “prorated” being added to the conditions of his employment, but just figured that what she was saying did not really apply to his situation. An itch of a thought hovered at the back of his mind telling him to ask for more information on the length of this apprenticeship, but his arrogance let it slip away.

“Yeah, she must be confusing him with some other new employee. I never agreed to any long term deal. What can you expect from a woman anyway. Her hormones are probably acting up,” he thought as he dismissed what would prove to be a very important question.

“Yeah, no sweat!” He replied. Bob relaxed then and half listened while she explained his first assignment.

Bob was satisfied as he left the Personnel Office. He was assigned to Betty as her temporary gopher. While she would conduct his orientation and familiarization with the company and its grounds, he would of course do whatever she required of him. “And,” he thought, “following around this little bit of tail wouldn't bother him in the least. Yeah, life is good!”

Over the next few days Bob had it fairly easy. He followed Betty to the various manufacturing sections on the plant grounds, met many of the other employees all of whom with very few exceptions were women and lived off—campus, and generally reveled in the proximity of so many women. Of course during this period, he began to let the ass show through on more than one occasion.

It was on the second day as he sat with the other girls in the dining room having lunch, when he watched Joan biting down on a banana. “Say there darlin' if you really like 'nanners,” he drawled, “I've got one real sweet 'n juicy up in my room if'n you'd care to join me later this evening.”

All the girls sitting at the table froze. Joan's swallow almost stuck in her throat while Sherri almost dropped her spoon. Melissa stared in wide eyed amazement and Betty's jaw just dropped in disbelief of what she had heard.

You could have heard a pin drop, but Bob failed to notice as his head was bent down in concentration on his next mouthful of food. He had already assumed that Joan would be both flattered and drooling at his suggestion.

She was drooling, but not in any manner Bob would have approved of. She was foaming mad and would have her revenge. It took all of her will power and the firm hand of Betty on her wrist that kept her from plunging her fork into Bob's thigh. He never even suspected or had the faintest idea of how much he pissed off each and every woman there so completely.

Unfortunately for him, this was not the first or last time that he would manage to hack off the women to a degree most fool hardy. They knew that they would have their revenge later, so the immediate gratification of bashing this male chauvinist into pulp could wait.

By the time he had raised his head to smile in Joan's direction, the girls had gotten a grip on their instinctive feelings of disgust. Joan's reaction was to release her grip on her fork, swallow her last bite, and to not even bother looking in his direction. The conversation was somewhat chilled from that point on. Fortunately, they were almost finished with their lunch, but Bob hadn't finished making a total ass of himself.

Bob did not give the incident a second thought and continued as if nothing had happened. Since there was no immediate rebuke or other negative comment from Joan, Bob ignorantly continued being an ass. He aggravated the situation all the more when, as they were dropping off their trays at the clean—up line, patted Sherri on her nice, firm, rounded butt as he walked past her. He did not see her almost bash in his head with her tray or the expression on her face. Once again, ignorance could be considered bliss for if he had known otherwise, his behavior may have changed.

They toured the lingerie production line where Betty had been the senior section leader. “Doris Melzer was now in charge,” she told him as they entered the building. Then she began describing what took place in this section. It was here that the company constructed their patented “Up—Lift” bra and “Wonderizer” brand corsets. It was automated to the point where only a few real people were needed to operate the line.

Sizing, colors, material, and other construction data was fed into a central computer and the auto—robotics did the rest. Of course there had to be humans on the line to clear up the occasional snags and clogs that arose, but this department was a no brainer. It was designed to run itself.

Bob listened to all that he was told about the operation of the department with disinterest. As the tour headed towards the command module, he mumbled mainly to himself, “Yeah, even a dumb bimbo could operate this set—up.”

He did not notice Betty staring at him. Louder he said, “You said that you were once in charge of this thing Betty? Does that mean I'll be assigned here after my surgery?” Then not waiting to hear what she replied said much softer, but Betty heard him anyway, “Man, I bet I could make this place really hum.”

In the command module, he was introduced to Doris and given an overview of its operation. Doris was a squat heavy set mature woman with gray hair tucked into a

neat tight bun on the top of her head and a very friendly wrinkly smile. “Grandmother-ish” would best describe her.

To illustrate the efficiency of the production line to respond to order changes, Betty took a tape measure and began measuring Bob's torso. His objections got him absolutely no whereas Betty pulled the tape tightly around his chest. He blushed furiously, as he stood there being measured while having Doris look on.

First, Betty placed the tape below his nipples, then, over the nipples and finally she measured the distance from just above his nipple to the top of the shoulder. Smiling brightly all the while, she then pulled the tape tightly snug around his waist, somewhat looser at the hips and butt, and to his utter embarrassment from his crotch to the bottom of his breast bone. He was sputtering and at a loss of words in his indignation, but Betty still smiling entered the data into the computer console.

“Oh! Get over it!” she admonished him. “It's just to demonstrate how quickly we can respond to customer demand and still achieve a quality product. Come on down to the line, the first batch should be arriving any minute. We'll see you later Doris. Oh, Bobbie will probably be assigned here beginning next week. I'll see that you get all the necessary paperwork later. Bye.”

Bob followed Betty back to the end of the production line where two women were busily inspecting finished bras for any unsatisfactory results. The brunette standing closest to them looked up and smiling handed Betty six brand new bras. They were in assorted fashion colors, cranberry, teal, champagne, wine, brilliant white, and candle glow.

“See, with this methodology we can do multiple colors and fabrics all at the same time without having to close down the line to change materials or what have you. Not only that, but we can produce different styles such as this halter type, standard bandeaux, strapless, and our newest,” she said holding out the six bras, “the 'Up—Lift'.”

“That was the one designed by the young lady who had your room before you came. The computer does the picking from an array of fabrics and colors, then cuts, stitches, and assembles according to the preselected sizing. This run is all in a fine nylon satin with padded push—up inserts. Even the fine eyelet lace edging is automatically applied as you can see.”

She handed the bras to Bob who at first instinctively shied away from touching them. However, at Betty's insistence, took them from her to examine. “You will notice that they are in your exact size Bobbie,” she said as he took possession. Turning the bras over in his hands, Bob felt a distinctly uncomfortable sensation fluttering in his stomach.

“Here let me prove it to you,” she ordered as she reached out and spun him towards her. Then taking the D—ring, quickly lowered the zipper on his jump suit. She had been too quick for him to stop her from at least exposing his camisole covered chest. Today he was wearing a pale yellow shimmering nylon one with spaghetti straps and bone lace floral insert at the center of the bodice.

He flushed pink as Betty reached out and pulled the top of his jump suit down about his waist. When he defensively tried to get out of her reach and pull the clothing

back into place, her sharp barked order “Stop that this instant!” Froze his hands in mid—pull.

He just looked at her for several moments with a dull vacant uncomprehending look in his eyes. It was obvious that he was caught totally unprepared. He wanted to extend his hands to ward off her approach, to ward off the advance and shield himself. But if he did that, then his jump suit might fall below his waist exposing his panty girdle for everyone to see.

“Oooh nooooo,” he said as Betty approached him carrying the teal colored bra held out in her hand. “Oh no you're not gonna do what I think you're thinking of doing.” Panic was not that far out of his reach as his eyes opened wide at the approach of the garment.

Seeing the fright in his eyes, Betty tried to calm him. “Now don't be completely idiotic about this Bobbie! After all....its just us girls here. Come on, just relax and get a grip. How else can I show you just how good our production line is if you don't try it on? We pride ourselves on producing a quality, comfortable product. It is our confidence in our products that make us such great sales staff. Now if you ever expect to graduate up to a sales position, you had better learn about the products you are selling. You do want promotions don't you?”

Bob did not know just how to respond to Betty. If he said “yes” then he'd be forced to try on that infernal bra and if he said “no” then he'd be taken for an idiot. In either case, he would come out the looser.

“Awe, you're not afraid of wearing a bra are you? Think it will take away your manhood or something? A real man wouldn't feel threatened by this you know,” another female voice added itself to Betty's to chide him.

“Fraid ya gonna loose your little man?” It was the brunette from the assembly line kidding him. “Sides, that precious camisole you're wearing needs a bra to make it hang right.”

“Gad!” Bob thought remembering the camisole he had on. His bag from the airport still had not arrived and he was forced into wearing the underclothing left behind by Jean. He tried his best to pick out the less frilly and feminine items, but it seemed that their previous owner enjoyed the lacy frills.

“Here let me help you put it on,” Betty was saying. “You do remember our conversation about macho BS and how we don't judge people by what they wear. Besides, like I told you before, employees are expected to try out our products. Now are you going to wear this or do we go back to Personnel?”

“Crap!” Bob muttered as he nodded his head indicating his capitulation.

Slowly, she pulled the straps off his shoulders and allowed the camisole to slide down to his waist. Stepping behind him, she had him slide his arms through the bra straps and pulled them up and over his shoulders. Goose bumps and shivers ran up his spine as the satin ribbon straps touched his flesh. Hooking the three hook and eye closures in back, Betty then began adjusting the straps after prodding his pushed up flesh into little mounds within the cups. His face glowed red as she did that to him bringing giggles from the onlookers.

Tugging and pulling, she stepped back and viewed what she had done. The shimmering satin bra gleamed on his chest and performed as expected. It did make two mole hills look just like firm mountains. The only draw back was the thick matting of chest hairs poking out in tufts over the bra's lacy rim.

“OH! Ugh!” the brunette said. “Man, you have just got to do something with that ugly chest hair. Its just too gross for words, man!”

“Yeah, I think Juliet is right about that Bobbie. You really ought to do something about that when you get home tonight. As a matter of fact, I'll stop by after dinner and give you some help. I got this wonderful stuff that will do wonders if you'd like,” Betty said.

“Huh! Now why should I have to worry about that,” Bob retorted as he began trying to remove the bra. Unlike the girls he had watched in the past unhook their bras without apparent effort, he just could not get his arms and hands to maneuver like they did. He stood there twisting and turning in all sorts of contortionist poses attempting to unhook the bra strap without any success. They let him struggle until he had to stop and rest his aching arms.

Betty and the girls were rubbing at the corners of their eyes with their fingers by this time from laughing and giggling so much at his antics. As Bob came to a stand still, huffing and puffing, the girls did their best to regain self control.

As he stood with his arms dangling loosely at his side, Juliet still rubbing at one eye walked over and behind him. Thinking she was going to unhook him, Bob heaved a sigh of relief. Instead of unhooking, she reached out and sliding her fingers under the bra strap pulled it out and let it go with a loud snap.

“Ouch! That hurt damn it!” Bob cried.

“Great!” Juliet said as all the women broke out laughing. “I've always wanted to do that. Now you know just how it feels, boy!”

“Awe come on you guys,” Bob pleaded. “Please get me outta this contraption. Please?”

“Bobbie...No I don't think so. You need to familiarize yourself with our products and well...I can't think of a better way for you to find out just how comfortable our bras really are. I mean, we girls are so use to wearing bras that we may loose sight of and even accept a bad fitting bra without notice.”

She let a condescending smile flicker across her lips before continuing. “At least you can approach it from a totally different point of view that could lead to major improvements. Now you would, of course, get all the proper credit and whatever bonus that may arise. Don't forget what happened to Jean. Like, I mean she's in upper management and making super bucks for her idea. Wouldn't you like to have a shot at the same thing?”

“Since you put it that way...but I mean get real,” he thought. Even as he was getting ready to say “No way Jose,” the girls turned on their heels and began walking off.

“Pull your camisole back on and zipper up. We still have a lot to do before quitting time,” Betty told him as she led the girls away from the production line.

Bob pulled the soft nylon camisole up and over his now expanded bosom feeling his inner arms brush against the smooth satin of the bra cups. It sent a chill running up and down his spine. The bright green satin with its bone colored floral eyelet lace edging seemed to take up his entire downward view.

He wasn't sure which upset him the most, the sight of the offensive garment clutched to his chest or the firm mounds of his own flesh nestled in those green pockets. Shivering, he quickly pulled the camisole into place and zippered up the jump suit. He would have to hurry if he was going to catch up with Betty.

As he reached Betty he heard the last of her conversation with Juliet. "Fine Julie, just wrap them up and deliver them over to my place. Oh, let me have what you have there. I'm sure our darling Bobbie will just love to have them."

"Have what?" He blurted out as he came up behind them.

"Why your new bras of course, silly," Juliet giggled as she pressed the remaining five bras into his hand. Bob could only look down at his hand in dumb amazement. Dangling from his open palm were the remaining five bras.

"Wha...what do I need these for?" He said looking back up at Betty. Seeing her just stand there and stare at him, he at first looked confused then shaking his head thrust out his bra filled hand while demanding.

"I'm not some stupid girl you know! Like duh! Maybe I don't get your little joke, but enough is enough already. How about helping me out of this blasted thing, and give these damn things to somebody who really needs them!"

Betty and Juliet both just turned away totally ignoring his demand. With Betty saying that she would see her later waved bye to Juliet and continued towards the exit. Bob was left standing with a bra filled hand extended into the air and a slacked jawed expression on his face. He had to hurry to catch up with Betty once again. He caught up with her as she reached the exit.

"Alright Betty! Come on, please? I can't be seen wearing this thing. It's bad enough that I am stuck wearing this." Here he paused to pick at his feminine styled jump suit.

Looking back at her he continued, "Please, Betty I feel stupid wearing a bra and I...I need some help getting it off. Come on now, you've had your fun, but it's time to stop all this nonsense. Awe, come on..." He held out the fist full of bras as he tried his best to look pitiful.

"You obviously weren't listening to what was said were you? Didn't I tell you how important the firm believes personal experience with our products is? I am quite sure that if anyone can let us know just how comfortable, utilitarian, and well made our undergarments are it would be you. Don't you see Bobbie, you've never experienced wearing women's undergarments before and therefore can bring a brand new insight and understanding for us to evaluate."

She paused to study his reaction before continuing without giving him a chance to reply or gather his wits. "No! I wasn't trying to be funny in there. I was very serious as you will come to understand when you get to know us better. I can also assure you

that no one, and I mean no one, will make fun of you or think less of you for having tried out our products. Now come on! I still have a lot to show you today and it's getting late. Oh, put those bras in your purse and let's go."

Bob automatically opened the leather satchel that he had slung over his shoulder and dropped the bras into it. He considered it a satchel but Betty referred to it as a purse. Since the jump suit did not have any pockets he had no choice but to carry it or one of the really obvious looking purses left behind by Jean.

That evening Bob sat sprawled out on his living room chair feeling completely exhausted from his very trying day. He still wore his jump suit and bra and was absently picking at the tight band constricting his chest. Dinner had been embarrassing at best and the food severely lacking in both taste and quantity.

Seems the dietary crew quit after lunch and it was the tenants responsibility to cook the evening meals. Being the new kid on the block, guess who got to fix everyone's dinner. Fortunately, the girls pitched in to help a little. Like how hard could it be to fix tuna salads. The dishes and clean up was all his though.

By the time he had wiped down the stainless counter and put away the last of the cleaning materials, it was almost eight thirty. Two of the girls were watching some tear jerker movie on the big screen idiot box in the rec. room and he almost joined them, but he was tired. So stopping only long enough to ask where Betty was, Bob headed up to his room.

He had wanted Betty to help him get out of that blasted bra he had been forced to wear. Getting it off and keeping it off couldn't happen too soon for him, but Betty left word for him to wait for her. So now he just sat in his stocking feet. Oh, yes he now wore knee highs as his only pair of cotton socks had disappeared along with the rest of his clothing. You'd think being the only male living in the dorm, the laundry crew could keep track of his clothing. But no, they had apparently lost everything that he had tossed down the laundry chute.

He waited, the lights left off on purpose as he was in a sour mood and did not want to change it. Only the outside lighting seeping in from between the curtains illuminated the room. The frown on his face fit his disposition perfectly. It was bad enough having to undergo surgery in the morning, but to have had to deal with the bra bit and the cooking and not telling what the hell else was in store for him was a total bummer.

He also wondered when Betty would arrive to help him out of that blasted bra. It was really starting to bother him as he once again picked at the tight constriction across his chest. He had tried until his arms ached to get it off, but to no avail. He just couldn't bend his arms enough to reach the hooks.

As he sat in the silent darkness, his thoughts were just as bleak. "Why oh why did I ever dig up that blasted internship application! Why didn't I take the hint when the letter came back saying the position was for the prior year. Oh, yes! I should have known better, especially the way my dumb luck was running. I mean what else does it take to warm me sufficiently to go and crawl under some rock and hide. The loss of my luggage and the weirdness of this company and its bosses, boy is this turning out to be some eerie hallucinogenic trip or what! Damn! Pinch me awake!"

Bob was pulled out of his morbid thoughts by a loud knocking on his door. Forcing himself to get up, he walked over to it and pulled it open. He did not even bother to look at who it was. He just turned his back and strolled back to his chair. Plopping down he let his arms droop over the arm rests and set his heels up on the coffee table. If he was trying to project the image of a pitiful puppy, he came close, but still not good enough to invoke sympathy from Betty.

“Now if this isn't the most depressing sight. Come on! It can't be that bad!” She said as she walked in and flipped on the lights. “You're acting like a three year old you know. Now what's the problem? Is it the bras or your coming surgery tomorrow? I thought that we have already been through the reasons for your wearing bras? So, it must be the surgery. Right?”

“No...yes,” he snapped. “Er..its both! I don't see how my wearing a girl's bra is going to mean diddle squat! Besides! I'm damn tired of wearing Jean's things. I want my own frigging clothes! I want my plain cotton jockies and tees!”

He let his feet drop to the floor and sat up in the recliner, “Jeans...there must be some guy styled jeans around here some place. Or at the very least, some guy styled shirts. You can't tell me that none of you gals ain't got no men styled white dress shirts. 'N I want my old cotton socks...not these...these nylon things. Besides they're hot on my feet. Why can't you help me find something decent to wear or take me to town so I can purchase some new duds?”

“My, my but haven't you been keeping it all in! So much hostility and just over something as silly as having to wear women's undies for a few days. Tsk, tsk now aren't we insecure! Look, if you want to go out and buy yourself a whole new wardrobe please feel free. I just thought from what you said that you couldn't afford to buy any new stuff.”

Betty paused to examine him sulking in his chair, noticing that she had his attention even if he did not look at her. Smiling to herself, she continued not quite as sarcastic as before, “Look, I'll be glad to take you into town after you finish probation if you really want. Heck, it's only three more weeks away and you're a great big strong man and should be able to hold out until then. Can't you or do you think that you'll turn into a woman if you wear them that long? Besides, what's the big problem....Heck, your luggage from the airport should be found before then.”

Finally relenting, Betty had him stand so that she could unhook him. With the bra dangling from his elbow, Betty told him she had another gift for him. His look of questioning disapproval did not go unnoticed. Bob tossed the bra over onto the couch and turned to face towards where Betty was standing. His hands absentmindedly rubbing the red welts crossing his chest where the bra had dug into his skin. She had a white box in her hands. It was tied with a red ribbon and he did not like the looks of it for some reason.

Tentatively, he took it from her outstretched hands and tore off the ribbon. Letting the top fall to the floor, he then pushed the white tissue paper out of the way. Inside the box, Bob found six corsets. Gulping loudly, he looked up in puzzlement as the box and its contents fell to the floor. Disbelief written all over his face.

“Oh come now, mustn't treat your delicate dainties like that,” Betty giggled as she stooped to pick up the spilled contents of the box. A red satin corset with black lace edging and lacings, a pale ice blue with floral lace overlay corset with bone colored lace trim and darker blue lacing was next, this one was followed by similar ones in canary, white, black, and lavender. Each had a wasp waist and wire supported demi push—up padded bra cups. The shoulder straps as well as the cups and hem were trimmed in dainty eyelet lace.

“Wha...wha...what..what's this stuff?”

“These? Why, I believe they are called corsets. Don't you remember that we programmed your sizes into the lingerie run this afternoon. The bras came out first and by the time the production line began the corset run we had left. Remember?”

“Yeah, I remember, but you never said anything about stupid corsets!”

“As long as you are going to have to wear Jean's jump suits, you are going to have to have some support you know,” She said while staring down at his crotch.

Bob didn't miss that look and protested almost immediately. “But I'm already wearing this darn panty girdle!”

Betty did not say anything in reply, but picked up one of the corsets and held it out to him. She had a sly smile on her face knowing full well that Bob did not have any choice in the matter.

“Oh, no you're not! I'm...I'm not going to start wearing those things!” He said vehemently pointing at the corset.

“Well! You just remember what I told you about experiencing the products we manufacture! Besides, you've got surgery in the morning.” Betty left it at that knowing that she had won the argument. She replaced the corset in the box with the others and put it on the coffee table. Her smile now filled her face with a glow of triumph as she turned to leave.

“Oh, I'll stop by in the morning to escort you over to the dispensary. You had better see about getting to bed early tonight. It's going to be a long day for you tomorrow. And don't forget...you're not suppose to eat or drink anything at all until after the surgery! Don't forget now. Bye.”

Bob just stood in his living room for several minutes after Betty left. Finally, shaking his head, he turned on his heels and walked into his bedroom. “Man! What did I let myself in for with this damn internship?” He asked himself not for the last time.

In the bedroom, he stripped off his jump suit and tossed it into the clothes hamper. “Too bad I didn't put my washables in there for dry cleaning as well,” he thought as he walked over to the vanity. Sitting on the vanity stool, reached down and rolled the knee highs down his ankles and tossed them towards the laundry chute. They missed going in, landing close together about a foot and a half from it. He was still mumbling to himself as he shimmied out of the restricting pink panty girdle which was quickly followed by the pair of bright green and white flower printed nylon briefs. Neither one of those garments made it into the chute either.

Naked, Bob viewed his body in the full length mirror fastened to the bathroom door. His body was not what one would call macho, but he did have a healthy thatch of hair on his chest which ran down to his groin in a narrow dark line. Arms and legs were both covered in a similar dark fringe, but he did not have any hair on his back or sticking wildly out of his nose and ears like some guys he knew.

He was skinny and not very muscular either, but it was all he had and as far as he was concerned this body was all "Male". That is, if you did not consider the deep creases on his torso which weren't your normal male markings. The deep red lines and indentations caused by wearing the bra were still painfully visible to his sight. Rubbing at the red lines running under his breasts and arms, Bob walked over to the tub and began filling it.

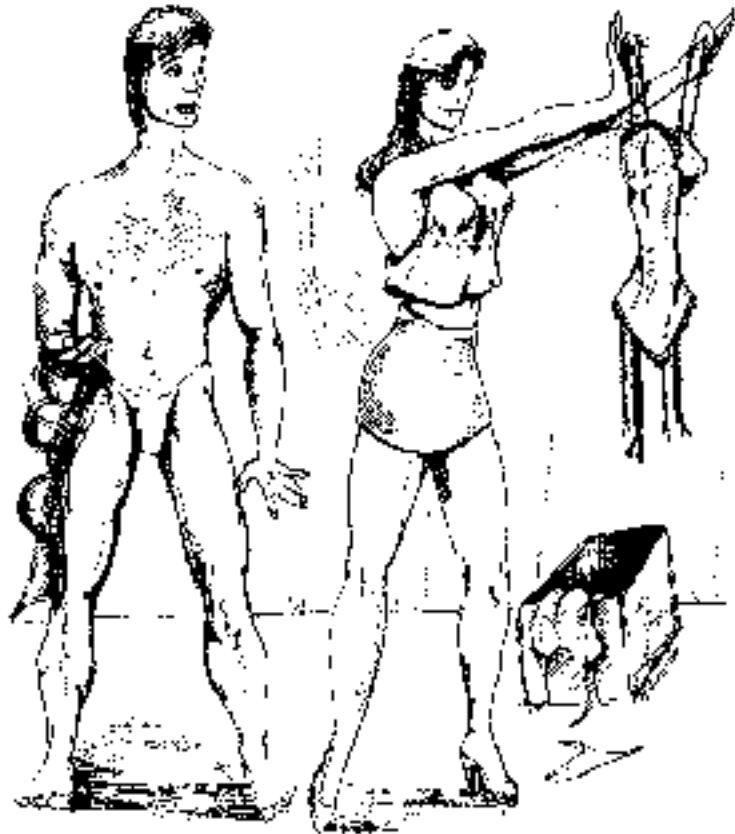
As he lay in the tub of hot steamy water, enjoying its relaxing qualities, his mind wondered back over the past few days. The hectic last moments of packing for the trip here, the loss of his duffel bag, this very strange company, and the idiocy of having to wear nothing but women's clothing since his arrival.

"Now they expected him to actually wear bras and probably those damn corsets as well," he thought. Then there was the up coming surgery to consider. He was not too happy about going under the knife, but he did not see that he had much choice. The positive to his present circumstances though was that it would keep him from having to actually work for a while longer.

Now that brought up other matters. Like for the life of him, he couldn't understand why his advisor at college seemed so pleased that he was accepted here at Climatic Manufacturing. She had always been somewhat aloof in her dealings with him. She hadn't been too damn happy about him dating her niece Georgette either. Georgette had been a strange bird too now that he thought back on it. Demanding and assertive all the time. Like she thought her pussy didn't stink. Well, he showed her that last time when he forced himself on her again.

"Like she really didn't want it, Ha!" he thought. "Damn bitch! Dropping her was the best thing he had ever done. Dumb broad!"

Thinking back on events did not help him any. The thoughts



about his last date with Georgeanne were in some respects troubling, but visualizing how her ripe body looked offset whatever guilt he may have felt over the incident. Instead his hand automatically reached down below the suds filling the tub and began manipulating his hardening penis.

For the first time in weeks, he let his body work on auto pilot until satisfied roused himself out of the tub. He quickly stepped out of the tub and grabbing a towel began rubbing himself dry. Any thoughts or actions that might get him out of his current mess, forgotten in his relaxed state. All his body wanted now was sleep.

Promptly at 5:30 a.m. his alarm went off with a loud roaring in his ears. Semi—consciously, he flung out his arm and banged his palm down on the snooze button. Pulling the covers back over his head, Bob went back to his dream of Georgeanne laying naked beside him. Only now he realized that Georgeanne had his face! He awoke with a start and tossed the covers off. He then almost ran to the bathroom mirror and gazed at himself in relief as he recognized his masculine body standing reflected there.

“Fuck!” he muttered as he went to start his morning coffee. Taped to the hot plate was a note that simply said, “No Food or Drink”. Remembering his surgery, he walked back into the bathroom to get ready mumbling curses and expletives the entire time.

Promptly at six—thirty Betty knocked on his door. “Ready!” she asked when he opened it.

“Yeah! Sure let's get this shit over with,” he said as he walked out into the hall where she stood and pulled the door closed behind him. This morning he wore only a white pantigirdle deciding to forego the corsets as being unnecessary. He was not wearing a bra either. If he was going to go under the knife this morning, then he figured that would be enough.

“Aren't you forgetting something this morning?” She asked. “Like where's your bra and I bet you didn't even wear your new corset either.”

Bob looked at her like she was crazy or something, and started to open his mouth to tell her exactly where she could put his bra and corset. He was in no mood for her attitude or superiority, but she stopped him before he could start in on her.

“Bobbie! I am your supervisor here at the company and it is my responsibility to make sure that you follow all the company's policies and directives while you are employed here. Do I make myself clear! I thought that we had already cleared all this nonsense up yesterday! You do not want me to go through that explanation again. Trust me! Now I realize that you have been under a strain, but this is it! No more bull or objections from you or you are outta here! No references! No apprenticeship!”

She paused for effect before continuing, “And....I personally guarantee that it will be impossible for you to ever get another placement anywhere in this country again. Now! Open the door and let's get you properly dressed. You are still our employee? Right? I thought you'd see it my way. Come on, we're going to be late.”

With head bowed in resignation and defeat, Bob opened the door and proceeded to the bedroom. There he watched as Betty opened his bureau drawer and removed the lavender corset. Holding it up by the straps, she examined it and then looking over at

his pathetic looking face, put it back. Instead, she removed a soft cupped yellow nylon bra and handed it to him. "We'll use the corset after your surgery," was all that she said.

They walked into the dispensary and were escorted to a surgery suite. Inside, Bob was told to remove all his clothing and to don a pale pink paper hospital gown. When he looked pointedly over to where the nurse and Betty were standing, they smiled and turning walked out of the room. Feeling somewhat pleased at this small victory, Bob reluctantly removed his jump suit and other clothing. Seeing no other place to put them, he folded his clothing and placed it on the stainless steel stool sitting off to one side.

A mix of feelings jolted through his mind as he hopped up onto the paper covered surgical table. Looking down towards his lap, he noticed that the gown did not even begin to offer him any modesty. Quickly, he jammed his hands down into his lap to cover himself as best he could and pressed his knees together. A shiver of cold nervous anxiety ran up his back while he felt himself blush. The few minutes that he was left alone seemed like an eternity for which he was both happy and distressed.

The door opened and the doctor walked in closely followed by the nurse. She smiled and after saying hello asked him how he was feeling. As she made general conversation, the nurse filled several syringes and laid them out on a green cloth for the doctor's use. Soon Bob was smiling without a single care in the world and it was difficult for him to complete a sentence much less talk. He did not even object when the nurse started to prep him for the surgery.

His pink paper gown was opened, exposing his body to everyone's view. He blushed at that, but did not say anything. The nurse quickly covered his chest beginning just below his nipples going all the way down to his crotch and groin with shaving cream. She then began shaving it using a straight razor. Soon he was as hairless as a baby. Next, his ankles were strapped into steel stirrups and the table moved into position. Bob was flat on his back, legs spread wide while his rear end and groin was lowered and completely exposed.

The doctor worked quickly and quietly. She opened his scrotum and after clipping off his ductus deferens removed each testicle and replaced them with comprehensive time released hormonal implants. That done, she closed the incision with surgical glue and had the nurse bandage it.

Now with Bob still in LaLa land, she lowered the table so she had easier access to his chest. Taking his right nipple between her gloved fingers, she raised it out from his chest. Using a syringe with a large bore needle, she pushed it into the middle of the nipple down about three quarters of an inch into the flesh. Then she twirled it around a few times and injected half the contents before extracting it. She then did the same with his other nipple.

Bob woke several hours later laying on a bed in a brightly lit room. Off to one side were all kinds of medical equipment and apparatus, off to the other was a hanging curtain blocking his view. Sitting in a chair beside his bed was Betty. Seeing him awake, she smiled.

“How are you feeling?” she asked, “Do you need me to get you anything? Water, sure let me help you sit up. The doctor says that you should be able to leave in about an hour after you wake. Here just sip out of this straw. Need me to hold it? No, okay you just let me know when you're through. The doctor says that you did just great and that you'll be ready to go back to work in no time at all. Isn't that great news.”

“Bet you thought that you'd be in bed for a week at the least. Well not on our time, buddy. Here let me put that back on the table. If you'd like I'll help you get dressed. The doctor said that you may experience a little soreness and dizziness. No! Well suit yourself. Your clothing is over there at the foot of the bed. When you feel awake and strong enough get up and dressed. I'll be back here in about an hour to escort you back to your room.”

That afternoon Bob was sitting on the toilet examining his bandaged groin. He probed gently with his finger at the thick pad covering his scrotum, but felt no pain or discomfort. He still felt a little flustered about his hairless chest and stomach, but there was little he could do about it now.

Finished his business, he got up and pulled the pale peach colored panty briefs up his legs. The white eyelet lace around the leg openings itched slightly, but he ran a finger up under the hem to smooth out the edges. He did not realize just how feminine a gesture that was.

Slipping into a soft nylon tricot gown in a darker peach color that fell to just above his knees, he walked back into the living room. The nightie had a scooped, pleated, rounded neckline and short cap sleeves with just a frill of lace edging. There was only a large dust ruffle around the hem as an embellishment, it was the plainest night gown in the closet.

He sat in the stuffed chair and tried to relax with a cup of instant tea and a tabloid that he found on a rack beside the chair. The lead story on the front page glared out, “Woman Gives Birth to Alien” and the story line went down hill from there. Inside the front cover was a story on how to keep your lips luscious looking all day.

While not totally a woman's magazine, it was geared to their interests. His only other reading material was a worn and tattered Romance novel and a *Cosmo*. At least when he finally picked up the glossy magazine, he could enjoy ogling all the great looking gals in the ads. He was surprised at the number of revealing female torso's contained in what was suppose to be a woman's magazine. He even read the article on “What turns women on the most.”

He did not feel like going down to the cafeteria to eat dinner even though he hadn't had much of anything all day. He just wasn't feeling up to getting dressed and besides, he still had some soup left over from his so called lunch. Joan, Sherri, and Melissa had stopped by and tried to coax him to join them, but he wiggled his way out of having to go.

“Strange,” he thought after they had left. He normally would have jumped at a chance to spend time with three good looking women. “Must be the after effects of my surgery.”

That next morning, Bob gave himself a sponge bath like the doctor had advised. He would go back to see her this afternoon and until then was ordered to take it easy. He pulled on a clean pair of purple satin lycra panties that shimmered on his hips. A white pair of pleated and flair legged shorts with button front zipper and no pockets came next.

He then pulled a bright yellow tee shirt over his head and tucked it into the shorts. Stepping into a pair of white sandals with ankle strap and a two inch block heel, Bob grabbed a white purse, tossed his key into it as he walked out the door. He was more than ready for a big breakfast. He was starved. Bob did not bother to check the mirror as he left or he would have seen the bright purple of his panties shinning through the white of his tight shorts.

Betty saw him in the dinning room as she was leaving for work. She smiled broadly, and asked him how he was feeling. He could barely pause in shoveling food into his mouth as she walked up to his table. Looking up at her with his mouth full, he could only grin back at her.

“Well, I see that you are eating, so I'll just run along,” she said smiling back down at him. “Remember, I'll be back around twoish to take you back over to the doctor's. Okay? See you then, bye.”

Later, Bob was surprised to discover that he could not find or see any scaring or other physical indication that he had been operated upon. When he questioned the doctor as she was washing her hands after telling him to dress, all she replied was that she had used the latest laser technique which left little scaring.

He was satisfied with that and quickly pulled his purple panties back up over his groin. Before he left, he was given a bottle of pills and instructed to take one twice a day. She also wanted to see him again in six weeks unless he felt ill. Additionally, he was cautioned not to do any heavy lifting. He left the doctor's office feeling quite pleased.

The pills made him feel mellow and at peace with the world. By the time Betty arrived to walk down to breakfast with him that next morning. He wasn't as ravenous as he had been the day before and did not object when the girls kept pestering him to mind his manners at the table. They made him put small portions on his plate to begin with, then they made sure that he only put meager portions on his fork.

He had to eat slowly and carefully as the girls insisted that he perform each task in a slow deliberate manner. They wanted him to learn to eat daintier naturally. They made a game of their instruction by having him do everything in slow motion. This kept him from protesting overly much. The way they kept at him, combined with the drugs, made Bob putty in their hands.

From the dining hall, they went back to the lingerie line and Bob was posted with the Quality Assurance girls. It would be his responsibility to examine the eye and hook fasteners on the bras, corsets, waist cinchers, and such for proper operation.

It was dull and boring work, but he could actually do it. He was initially embarrassed at having to handle these feminine garments while other women looked on. For

some strange reason he also felt guilty for fondling the lingerie until he realized that he was actually wearing a bra himself.

By lunch time, Bob's back was killing him from having to stoop over and pull various garments from the production line. Having to stand did not help, but thanks in part to the drugs he was taking did not feel the full extent of his muscle strain. He complained to Betty about having to stand and bend all day and how it was causing his lower back to ache.

Betty grabbed his hand and led him back up to his room once they had completed lunch. There she had him remove his jump suit and put on the canary colored floral lace overlaid corset with demi—cup bra. After reminding him that first he needed to become familiar with the company's products, she also explained that the corset's rigid structure would provide the support his lower back required. Betty had to promise him that he would notice a big difference in how he felt by day's end before he accepted the garment from her.

She helped him hook the eye and hook fasteners in the front, then carefully and methodically pulled the rear lacing tight. So tight that Bob was almost breathless and had to sit before he collapsed in a faint. He begged Betty to loosen up the lacing, but she would hear of no such thing. Stating that he would just have to learn to get use to the pressure and take shallow breaths, Betty walked out of the room. Over her shoulder, she told him not to be late for his second shift on the assembly line.

Bob just sat there huffing and puffing for breath as he watched the door open and close as Betty left him sitting there. Finally, he slowly got up feeling the lower hem of the corset dig deep into his waist as he did so. The gusset strap stretching under and between his thighs held his masculine equipment in a very tight grip assuring that no tell tail bulges would show.

“Uggha, ooooh man, but that smarts,” he moaned as he placed his hands around his much slimmer waist. His finger tips almost touched to his great surprise. He did not appreciate the two new mounds of flesh sitting high on his chest either. His flesh had been pushed up into very feminine if small mounds by the demi—bra.

“Ahhhhhh, shit! Shit! Shit!” he said. Then he had to stand still a second or two while he caught his breath.

The next two weeks seemed to fly by as Bob was kept busy both day and night by Betty and the other girls. He spent his days at the end of the assembly line checking lingerie hook fasteners and much of the night learning about the different fabrics used in creating lingerie and the different types of foundation garments the company manufactured. He was also instructed in the various uses of those self same garments.

He learned what a garter belt was used for and how to put one on and hook nylons properly to the clasp fasteners. He, after much protest and argument, had to shave his

legs smooth too. Putting “runs and ladders” into good hose was a “total waste” according to the girls.

Getting him to shave his legs had taken far less persuasion than it would have just a short time earlier. Where the nurse had shaved his body prior to his recent surgery, was itching like crazy as the shaved hairs started growing back. His body was constantly being tormented by the prickly growth, especially around his groin area. So the girl's idea wasn't all that totally unacceptable.

The combination of drugs to keep him calm and the fact that three good looking women offered to enter the shower with him to help went a long way in blunting his protests. So what if the girls wore their bathing suits while scrubbing his nude body down completely with a depilatory and then using a razor on the more tender spots.

The end result was that Bob was now not only clean shaven but all his body hair was gone as well. When he protested two days later about having to go through the whole process once again, he was ushered into a basement room in the dorm and led over to a reclining chair. There a bright light was shown in his eyes as the three girls hovered about him.

Melissa sat by his right side holding something that looked like a fat pen light in her hand. “Since you don't enjoy shaving like you have too now, I think that we have come up with a satisfactory alternative. I'm a licensed electrolysis technician, got my license when I was in high school to help pay for college, you know. I'm really quite accomplished.”

Holding up the fat pen like device so that he could get a good look at it, she continued. “This here is a galvanic/thermolysis unit. It combines the use of direct electrical current and high frequency sonic waves to destroy the hair follicles. It won't get rid of all your unwanted hair right away. You are going to have to have patients, as this will take anywhere from 60 to 120 hours of treatments to do it right. So just lay back and relax, like I said this is going to take awhile.”

“Hey!” Bob cried out. “Wha..what if I don't want any of my hair zapped out like that? Come on Melissa, I...I don't know about this! Betty come on make her stop!”

“Look Bobbie, we are all” here she paused to look pointedly at the other girls standing around him, “sick and tired of your belly aching! Now, we no longer care what you personally like or dislike, we're going to see to it that you start learning a few manners and how to cooperate. Fully!”

Seeing that Betty was finished with her speech, Melissa finished telling what to do. “Now hush up and let me get started! I don't particularly enjoy spending my personal time working; especially, when I could be out with the gals.”

Bob did not have a chance. The other girls gently pressed their hands firmly on his arms and legs to make sure that he lay still and let Melissa do her business. Each night, every night for four hours over the next month they repeated this process. By

the fourth time, Bob had become complacent and no longer tried to argue with them. It wasn't until the second to the last time that he gathered up enough courage to complain. Melissa had pulled his panties down until his shriveled penis was just barely covered by the thin pale rose colored panties.

“Hey! Hey!” he started, “What are you doing? I..I don't have to shave there! Come on Melissa what do you think you're doing?”

Only Sherri and Joan were with them this night and they quickly pressed their weight down on his arms and legs to prevent his moving. “Bobbie, just hold still! We're just about finished and wanted to do everything just right. I'm just trimming this patch of hairs into a more manageable shape that's all. It won't be much longer, perhaps tomorrow night and we'll be all through. Come on, bear with me just a little bit longer and we'll be finished. Okay!”

Bob, by this time, was almost totally tamed by the domination of the girls. Sighing to himself, he let his muscles relax and gave in to their demands. By the end of the next night, Bob had a nice heart shaped little triangular thatch of pubic hair between his legs. Gone forever was his thick black patch of masculine pubic curls. While he could tell that his body hair was no longer going to be an immediate problem, he did not fully appreciate just how permanent the electrolysis treatments were.

Getting back to the present, Melissa worked on his face and neck for the next four hours. Calling it a night at last, they stopped by the cafeteria long enough to get some crushed ice to use on Bob's burning face. That next morning, he was more than glad to use the pink feminine razor to remove the remaining unsightly hairs from not only his face, but legs and underarms as well.

He did not object when Betty stopped by to help him into his corset. This time she pulled the lavender one out of his bureau for him to put on. She watched as he got the lacing initially tightened, then she stepped in and pulled them in until the fabric met in the back. A tight bow knotted into the laces to hold them in place, and they were done. Bob's figure would be difficult to describe as masculine and his summer internship had barely begun.

Bob was standing at the production line, examining a very lacy purple bra, when Betty walked up beside him. “About ready for some lunch?” she asked. “The girls are going to meet us over at the cafeteria.”

Carefully putting the bra back on the conveyor belt, he smile at her and nodding his head agreed that he was more than ready. The strict diet the girls had insisted that he stick too was no fun and he was or seemed to always be hungry. His stomach even grumbled in anticipation of having lunch as he walked away from the assembly line.

“Betty,” he began “er, I, er, I've been wondering, er..when am I going to see my real stuff again. It's been over four weeks now and I haven't gotten my duffel bag from the airport yet. Look its okay to have to sample the stuff Climatic Manufacturing makes, but look, I'm a guy and guys don't wear this kinda of stuff. You know?”

“What's the matter? I think you look just fine. Has anyone here given you any grief over the way you look?” She paused to look at him to see if he would respond to her

question. Seeing no move on his part to answer her, she continued, "If so, you just let me know and I'll take care of their little wagon."

"Hey, you guys coming or what?" a voice called to them. Betty looked over her shoulder to see the girls waving as they walked out the door. Looking back at Bob, she smiled and finished, "Come on! The girls are waiting for us."

"Awe shucks, Betty that's not what I need to hear," Bob began as they started to walk out the building toward the dorm. "It just ain't right for a guy to be wearing this stuff. You gotta understand, I'm not built to wear these things. This corset is killing me and....and it keeps digging into my sides something fierce. That's not all either, this girdle is really uncomfortable if you know what I mean and...and well..it just is."

Bob hesitated to tell her what he really feared as they continued walking. His chest was puffy all the time now and his crotch...well that was something altogether different. His penis didn't do "nuthin". It no longer got hard when he jerked it off and worse yet, it had no feelings what—so—ever. He blamed it on having to wear that tight elastic gusset strap and his puffy breasts on the corset's built—in bra.

"Oh, don't be ridiculous," Betty said with a cross between a laugh and a snort. "What makes you think that you are so special? Those things feel the same way on us girls, silly. Besides, I think that you have learned a lot by wearing women's lingerie. It is important for you to explain in your daily diary just how that feeling relates to the clothing we manufacture here. How else can we make the necessary adjustments in our designs to make them more comfortable and practical?"

"No, I think that it has been a blessing that your stuff, as you call it, has not arrived. As a matter of fact, you are doing so well that I am recommending that you be transferred over to the sport's clothing department. I'm sure that you will do exceedingly well there. I want you to continue expressing your feelings about the fit of our clothing you are wearing in your daily journal. Mz. Rose asked me to tell you that she expects to see detailed written reports on each item of clothing every week from now on. They will be used to help our design staff. According to Mz. Rose, your descriptions and experience in lingerie have already been of some benefit."

They ate a small lunch and returned to work. Betty however had Sherri take Bob back over to the Personnel Department. There she directed him over to a secretary who gave him an assignment sheet and directed him to building C. He had been reassigned to the Sport and Leisure Clothing Division under the directorship of Sherri. Sherri smiled pleasantly at him and taking his hand lead him over to her building.

There Bob was given a work station containing an automated sewing machine and a feeder tray. It would be his responsibility to remove the backing on zippers, place the zipper along the correct seam and then guide it through the feed slot of the sewing machine. When he offered objections, Sherri just told him to be happy that he did not have to actually pin the zipper backing to the cloth as they use to do before modernization came along. He was then told to take his time and that he would not be expected to perform his new job proficiently until next week. With that she stood by and

just watched him go through the motions until she was satisfied that he could actually perform the task.

For the rest of the day, Bob pulled paper strips off the back of zippers, stuck them to the cloth seams at the back of tennis skirts, and fed them into the sewing machine. As the skirt fed through, he would then place it on a conveyor belt going to another work station. He felt like he had zippered a zillion skirts by the time quitting time arrived. As a reward for doing so well on his first day, Sherri gave him two tennis skirts, tops, and of course the ruffled contrasting panties.

Bob was tired by the time he got back to his room, and just dumped the two bundles of clothing on the purple couch as he slid into the padded chair. He did not stir until Betty came by to see how he had liked his new position and responsibilities. Once inside his room, she saw his new outfits and demanded that he try them on at once.

He tried to protest, but she wouldn't listen to him. Instead, she picked up the clothing and pushing at his back forced him into the bedroom. There, she pulled out the white with rose colored inset pleated skirt, its halter top with two large and two small gold and rose colored chrysanthemums splashed across the left breast, and the bright white ruffled panties.

“Here! Put these on then come out into the living room and let me see,” was all she said as she turned on her heels and left him standing there.

Bob wanted to shout “no way in hell!” However, just as the words were about to leave his lips, he realized that he did not have any choice. So stepping out of his jump suit, he picked up the white panties and shaking his head, stepped into them. As the cool nylon slid up his smooth legs, a tingle ran up his spine. He was not sure this time if it was a pleasurable sensation or fright. With the panties on, he buttoned the halter top closed. It was difficult getting the buttons into the corresponding eyelets behind his back, but he was learning.

A month fiddling with corset lacings and bra hooks had made his arms much more agile and flexible. Finally, he fastened the short flared skirt around his waist. Even with all these clothes on, he still felt naked from the waist down. As he took his first tentative steps towards the living room, he felt the back hem of the skirt flip up against his thighs in a most disconcerting manner. Shaking his head once again, he stepped out into the living room.

“Oh, wow! That looks marvelous on you Bobbie. Now, quick, go back and put on a pair of peds and your white tennis shoes. I'm positive that you will find a pair in the closet. Now scoot! I can't wait to see the full effect.”

“Man that was quick,” Bob thought as he turned around and reentered his bedroom. Going over to the bureau he pulled out a pair of white cotton peds, and then discovered a pair of plain white tennis shoes with pink lacing sitting in the corner of

the closet. As he started back to the living room, he happened to catch his reflection in the open bathroom door. He had to do a double take before he realized that the feminine figure reflected there was his very own.

All the right curves were there thanks to the foundation garments, but more scary was the fact that all that was missing was a proper hair—do. His brown stringy hair hung to almost his shoulders but was the wrong cut to be feminine. He silently thanked his lucky stars that he still looked like a guy, but resolved to get a hair cut as soon as possible. “A very short one at that,” he reassured himself.

“Oh, that looks much better. Here spin around let me see how it flares. Ooooh, Bobbie, that is just precious on you. Now go change. I want to see the other one now. Change everything but the shoes okay?”

Back in the room, Bob slipped out of the white and rose out fit and into the purple pleated skirt with silver lining and the matching violet ruffled panties with the violet colored halter top with silver lace trimming. He had to pirouette once again and parade around the room three times before Betty was satisfied.

She heaped praise on him at every twist and turn as he meandered around the room. He felt silly and stupid all at the same time. When he tried to voice his unhappiness, Betty just told him he was being entirely too critical of himself and that he looked just beautiful.

As Bob stood there in his living room, Betty walked over to him and gave him a big hug. “You look positively divine,” she whispered in his ear as she embraced him. “Come on let's go show the girls. Better yet, let's stop by my place and pick up a couple of rackets. It will only take a sec, okay.”

Before he could offer up any protest, she grabbed his hand and began tugging him out the front door. Soon with two rackets and a can of new balls they were standing on the asphalt court. Sherri and Joan had decided to join them in a friendly doubles match. Melissa had other things to do, but said that she would catch up with them later. And so, it began with Bob and Betty against Sherri and Joan.

As in most games, taunting and kidding around took up more time than the actual play of the game. Finally, Joan decided to get serious and challenged Betty and Bob to a real set to determine who got the honor to claim to be the dorm's aces.

To make sure that the contestants took this game seriously, the girls decided that the loser would have to pay for the next salon visit. When Bob objected, Joan laughed and upped the anti by saying that the loser would have to pay for the works. Bob's protests were ignored by Betty and the others.

“It's just a hair cut and a few frills. It's not like we were going to have to pay a million dollars or anything like that if we lose Bobbie,” Betty assured him. “If it bothers you so much, I'll kick in your share of the cost, but we ain't gonna lose darling. Now get ready to receive!”

As Bobbie bounced around on the court and you couldn't call it anything else but bouncing. His skirt kept flipping up in back and front and with each flap, he felt the touch of fabric against his body. A very foreign feeling for him and a distracting one at that. However, it was not nearly as distracting as the bouncing he was achieving in his bra covered chest. He could actually feel the material of his halter top rubbing against his bra cups and chest. With the strange tenderness he had been experiencing lately in his nipples, this was a very distracting sensation.

The restriction around his waist and upper chest also made breathing difficult and slowed his response and reaction time tremendously. As a direct result of all the new and distracting sensations, Bob was missing a lot of shots and almost cost them the last two games, but Betty was a very good player. While Bob barely got the ball into play on his service on the second ball, Betty usually aced hers. By the time they had reached the end of the sixth game all tied, Bob was exhausted.

Sweat ran down his temple and clung to his chest as he panted in sheer exhaustion. Luckily Betty carried them to victory, giving them the advantage. Game eight was long and contentious, but once again a great return by Betty and a very surprised lob over the net by Bob clinched it for them. Bob and Betty won bragging rights as the dorm's best tennis players that evening.

Bob dragged himself up to his room and immediately turned on the spigots to the tub. He felt like he had been rode hard and put up wet. Slowly, he managed to undress. Freed of the clothing, he felt much better and the hot bath eased his stiffening muscles. An hour later dressed in only his pale rose satin bath robe as he relaxed in the arm chair, Melissa came to get him for their nightly electrolysis treatment.

He managed to get up and let her in, then stiffly went into the bedroom to change into a pair of red panties with a floral lace insert on the front panel, white nylon padded bra, red flair legged walking shorts, white leather belt, white cotton sleeveless blouse with small pearl buttons and soft rounded collar, and white Grecian sandals.

After a month, grabbing his purse came quite naturally to him. He automatically put his keys in the purse and tucked it under his arm as he walked out the door with Melissa right beside him. He had tried without success to pass on tonight's treatment, but she would have nothing to do with that. She wanted to get all this over and done so that she could start doing her own thing once again.

By the time Bob returned to his room, all he wanted to do was crawl into bed. Quickly stripping out of everything but panties and bra, he pulled a soft green capped sleeved waltz length nylon gown over his head and fell into bed. The light had hardly gone out, when his alarm started its obnoxious buzzing.

His second day on the sport and leisure line was a repeat of the first. This time, he seemed to have less trouble than the day before. While the line had changed from tennis outfits to leisure dresses, he was still responsible for performing the same tasks as yesterday.

The work was monotonous and once his muscles learned what they were suppose to do, it would become automatic. Step one was to pull off the paper liner to expose

the glued cloth of the zipper. Stick it to the slit in the dress material where it would be closed. Place the dress zippered slit into the sewing feeder tray first. Remove the sewn dress after scanning for correctness, then place it on the conveyor belt. Repeat step one.

Boring was the only word to describe his job description and that was being kind. By lunch time, Bob was more than ready to get away from the assembly line. He hoped that he would get use to the monotonous detail of assembly line work soon.

At lunch the girls talked about the great tennis match of the day before. Of course bragging rights went to Betty and Bob, but Betty did most of the talking. As they finished their salads, Melissa asked what they were planning to do about the bet. At that Betty acted surprised, like she would forget a thing like that.

She turned to face Bob, "Bobbie?" She asked, "What say we just let them off the hook. Besides, it's much more fun to just rub it in than to actually collect don't you think? A full treatment at the salon could be really expensive. Want to forget the bet this time?"

Bob looked up and had a hard time concealing his pleasure, this was his chance to get that short hair cut he had been promising himself. Smiling in triumph, he told everyone sitting at the table that a bet was a bet.

"Heck, if you all remember correctly, I was the one trying to get you not to bet on that silly game. Did any one of you bother to listen? Well, since it was your idea to make the bet, let's do it."

He paused and reaching up to his longish hair, pulled at it. With a tress of mousy brown hair between his fingers, he continued, "Mine is getting to be a bit much and I'm past due."

He paused again to let what he said sink in before finishing, "No, I say! Let's collect on our bet and the sooner the better. Let the losers eat cake, as they say."

"Well girls, I guess Bobbie isn't in a forgiving mood and wants to collect his prize. Bobbie, you sure that you don't want to give these cry babies a second chance? I think a rematch would be in order considering we only played that one set. No! You sure? Nothing but the full treatment as promised, huh? Sorry girls, but a bet is a bet. What say we all go over to the salon first thing this Saturday morning? Okay? Great! I'll make the appointments. See ya this evening."

Lunch over, they returned to their respective responsibilities. During the afternoon coffee break, Bob was given a large cardboard box secured with a piece of string. Placing it in front of him, he opened it up and to his surprise found two sun dresses inside.

“What's the meaning of this?” he asked Sherri who was still standing beside him. At the moment, he wasn't sure just how he should act. Insulted? Well, he was that most certainly, but the expression on Sherri's face wasn't one of derision. She actually looked pleased with herself.

“It's just a little something from off the assembly line. I took the liberty of keying in your measurements and had these run off when I tested the calibration on the machines this morning. Every day we have to recalibrate and test the settings on that day's run to make sure everything meets our quality standards. The other girls have all received something, so I thought that you could use them. I imagine that you are getting tired of wearing those same jump suits all the time. I hope that you like these, they're from one of our best selling patterns.”

Bob was dumbfounded as he stared down at the dresses. One was a soft blue cotton with flared full skirt, tight fitting bodice, square cut neckline, and wide straps fastened with large dark blue buttons. It zippered up the back and had a wide dark blue cloth belt around the waist.

The other dress was similar, except it had short puffed sleeves with narrow floral lace trimming on the cuffs and running down the pleated front of the bodice. It was in a pleated bright, gay yellow rayon fabric. Light and airy and felt like it did not weigh anything when he picked it up in his hands.

“I...I...er..I can't. No! Look Sherri, I can't wear these. What are you trying to do to me? Make me into a stupid girl? Huh? It's bad enough that I am forced to wear these damn jump suits and....an..well these other things.” He paused as he just couldn't bring himself to admit that he was wearing lady's underwear. Much less admit to actually identifying the corset and panties by name.

“What do you mean by 'you can't!'” Sherri demanded. “Didn't Betty mention that you would be expected to fully experiment with our products. Now I don't know about you, but when somebody goes out of their way to be nice to me, I try my very best to show my appreciation.”

She examined him coldly with her eyes for a moment before continuing, “I most certainly don't act like a total ass....and that's for sure! I expect to see you wearing this dress.” She paused to point down at the bright yellow rayon dress, “Tomorrow! Is that fully understood? Or, do I have to submit a negative report on your behavior to Mz. Rose in personnel?”

Bob did not know how to respond. He just stood there looking down at the two dresses. As Sherri walked away after curtly telling him that he'd better get back to work, he managed to move. Reluctantly, he picked up the box after putting the lid back on and went back to his work station.

For the rest of his shift, his mind was in turmoil and confusion. The mere fact that he had not torn the dresses into shreds and punched Sherri's lights out should have told him a lot, but it did not register. He was a very different person than the original inconsiderate bully that had arrived two months ago at Climatic Manufacturing.

The rest of the day went by quickly and Bob did not have to suffer further indignities. Well, not until he met Melissa for his nightly electrolysis treatment. This evening as he had the night before, he took his place on the recliner and stretched out. As he lay back under the bright lighting, he pulled a sleeping mask over his eyes to protect them from the intense glare.

Melissa worked quickly and efficiently on his face for a while talking the entire time about nothing in general. She was babbling on about the latest trend in fashions, but Bob tried not to pay her any attention. He just responded with an occasional grunt or un huh. That is until she reached down and unzipped the front of his jump suit. When he raised his head to question what she was doing, she reached out with her free hand and pushed him back down.

“I've done about as much as I can to your face for the next few minutes. As long as we have to wait a bit before your skin rests enough so that I can finish. Err...I just thought that I would see about removing some of these pesky hairs.”

Bob started to say something, but decided not to. He let his head fall back on the headrest. His skin was itching unmercifully as his chest hairs grew back from being shaved during his surgery. They had had this argument before and he was forced to salvage what little he could of his manly pride.

“Well, just don't get carried away. Understand?” He uttered before letting his mind continue its aimless wandering.

“Oh! No need to get all hot and bothered. I'm not going to do all that much. I just need to keep my fingers nimble while we wait. You don't want me poking holes in your face because my fingers start to cramp—up, now do you? Aha, I didn't think so. Don't worry Bobbie dear, trust me.”

She had him lift up just a bit so she could lower the shoulder straps on his camisole and corset. Quickly, she began poking her instrument into the hair follicles surrounding his nipples. He jerked and cried out in pain almost immediately. Melissa pulled back saying that she was “ooooh, soooo sorry,” then reached over and picked up a can of anesthetic spray.

The freezing cold spray hit his nipples and made them perk up into tight upright barrels. Since he had arrived at Climatic Manufacturing, his chest had taken on new highlights. His nipples once small bumps surrounded by a brick red swirl of flesh had become swollen and extended from a much larger swirl. They had also become quite sensitive and an embarrassment.

When Melissa's electrolysis needle had initially touched his breast, he nearly jumped out of the chair it had stung so. Bob was worried about what was making his chest so darn sensitive and their sudden growth. Up until now he blamed it on having to wear bras and such on a daily basis. Now after feeling such a sharp piercing pain

when the needle touched him, he was going to have to say something to the doctor when he went back for his check—up.

He started to remove the sleep mask and tell her just what she could do with that damn needle when he felt the intense cold spray from the anesthetic spray. With the application of the anesthetic spray though, the pain and sensitivity instantly disappeared. So Bob let himself relax as much as he could given the circumstances.

“Heck!” He thought, “I don't want her hands to slip or do anything stupid.” In self defense his mind used the removal of the pain as an excuse to drop a rather uncomfortable topic from his mind. It also did not occur to him that he should not have been sitting complacently in that chair in the first place. Some subjects were best left alone and hidden away.

Even though he was very concerned about the changes happening to his chest, it was too late to stop Melissa from seeing it. Besides, it would obviously result in a confrontation which he was not emotionally ready for either. Closing his eyes, Bob tried his best to just forget where he was and what was happening to him. The faint “buzzing” sounds coming from the electrolysis machine and Melissa's droning voice began lulling him into an uneasy rest.

He did not even feel it when Melissa reached out with her thumb and forefinger and gently grabbed his left nipple. She twirled her finger tips around it and pulled it upright gauging just how much he had developed. Smiling satisfactorily, she released his nipple and concentrated on removing the stiff black hairs from around it. Soon his chest would be as smooth and hair free as his face.

“It certainly would be a crying shame to hide such blooming young womanhood under a thatch of ugly hair,” she thought.

Much later when they had finished for the night, Melissa asked him if he would like to join her in a cup of tea. Bob wasn't in any particular hurry to get back to his apartment so he agreed.

Bob took a sip of the steaming tea and almost spit it out. “Man! That's some bitter shit!” He said without thinking. “Er..aha...sorry,” he apologized when he realized what he'd said. “I guess I'll be needing some sugar after all. What kind of tea is this anyway? It ain't like anything I've ever tasted before.”

“It's an herbal tea. It's a blend of Black Cohosh and Blessed Thistle. I particularly enjoy this one at certain times as it relieves my body's aches and pains. I thought that you might appreciate it tonight. This one is a little on the bitter side, but then again I'm use to it. Here, why don't you just put some sweetener in yours. Or, if you prefer, I have some honey, no. Go ahead and try it. You'll get use to it after a few sips. It took me awhile to learn to enjoy a lot of herbal teas that I now just simply love.

“Look Melissa,” Bob began tentatively. “I’m not so sure that I want you messing with the hair on my chest...or..or anywhere else any more. I...I think this has gone far enough 'n..'n I wanna stop. Okay?”

“Bobbie, if you think that I'm doing this for my own good you have another thought comin', you understand. I'm doing this as a favor for YOU! You think that for one second that I'm enjoying giving up my evenings to screw around with your face! Hell, I had to give up a date for tonight to do this shit! Man!”

“Whoa Melissa! Don't get me wrong I...I appreciate what you're doing, but...er...errr...I was just wondering if maybe we've done all that needs to be done. That's all. Like, you want to get out of doin' it 'n so'd I.”

“Oh, I'm sorry for snapping at you Bobbie, but you know a girl can get a little bitchy during her time of the month. No! I promised you and Betty both that I would see this thing through and so did you. Besides, if I quit now, your face is going to look really funny with half a beard, you know.”

“I just need a little something to do while your skin rests from the treatments. That's all. If I don't keep on pluckin', my fingers get crampy and numb and I might hurt you. So I have to keep working even if your skin can't take it. That's why I moved down to your chest. Heck if it bothers you so much taking hairs from your chest, I'll start doing other areas, like taking some from your arms and legs. Just a little so's you won't notice anything amiss. Is that Okay?”

Bob did not realize just how quick he had lost any advantage that he may have had. Now he found himself giving Melissa the go ahead to start stripping out the hairs on his whole body. Why in the world he did not just put a stop to the whole blessed thing was beyond him. Ever since his arrival at Climatic Manufacturing, he seemed to have lost every ounce of manhood that he'd ever had.

“Hell, I should have been actively trying to jump these girl's bones at every opportunity,” he had thought on more than one occasion. So here he was agreeing to have his body hairs removed. Strange though, now that his mind was on it, but he did not have any inclination to try and get any of his new friends into the sack. These were very disturbing thoughts that Bob would just as soon forget. In a way, he was glad to go back to his room and the solitude it offered. He was getting into a funky mood and it would be best if he just stopped thinking and went to bed.

Back in his own room, Bob quickly stripped down to his underwear. He still wasn't use to seeing his reflection clad in panties and bras, but he wanted to examine what Melissa had done to him.

Standing in front of the full length mirror, Bob reached up and lowered the camisole from his shoulders. As he pulled the left bra cup of his corset down, the freshly bared skin over and around his left breast was exposed. Not a hair was in sight and the nipple seemed to stick out ten inches. To his eyesight the nipple was humongous, but in reality it was only about a quarter inch around and half an inch in length.

“Oooh, shit! What's the matter with me?” He moaned. Carefully touching and feeling around the reddened area with his finger tips, Bob could only stare at his reflected

image in disbelief. The whole area felt soft and mushy to his touch. Not the firm solid muscle that had been there before he came to this place. Hesitantly, he cupped the breast in his right hand; then, quickly pulled it away. What he had seen filled him with dread.

Shaking his head in an attempt to clear the images filling his mind, Bob began examining the reddish splotch covering his right cheek. It felt slightly warm to his touch, but did not hurt. Just like his breast flesh where the electrolysis needle had worked, the entire right side of Bob's face and neck showed absolutely no hair growth. Just nice, soft and smooth pink skin was mirrored back at him.

Bob did a double take as he looked into the mirror. For the first time, he noticed that his face was now actually two different faces altogether. The right side was smooth and creamy with an arched tapering brow and no sideburn at all. The left side, showed evidence of a thick five o'clock shadow and a bushy eyebrow and a long sideburn.

It was almost more than he could absorb all at one time, so on shaky feet he staggered back into the bedroom. Silently wishing that he had a bottle of tequila and a dozen limes, but this place was drier than the Gobi desert.

He finished removing his remaining clothing, reached into the closet and retrieved the neon blue peignoir and quickly dropped it down over his head. Getting under the covers, Bob pushed the raised hem of the gown down to cover his thighs, pulled the sheet up to his chin and turned out the light.

“Maybe he would wake and this would be all a bad dream,” he prayed silently.

The morning arrived entirely too soon. Bob tried to pull the covers over his head and go back to sleep, but he knew that Betty would be there any minute. He knew enough by now that he did not want Betty finding him not ready on her arrival. So with a loud moan, he tossed the covers off and slid his feet out from under the sheets.

Pulling the nightie over his head and tossing it onto the recently vacated bed, he headed for the bath. He caught his reflection in the full length mirror out of the corner of his eye. The nakedness surrounding his left breast seemed to scream out at him, “Sissy!”

It was too early for him to react with anything more than a low groan and a sad shake of his head. Unfortunately, it wasn't a dream. Finishing up as quickly as he could with his morning toilet, Bob went into his kitchenette to put the coffee on to perk. Instead of coffee grounds, he found an empty container.

“Crap!” he said on seeing that he would have to wait for his morning pick-me-up. As he started back to his bed room, he noticed the small package on the counter. “Ahh,” he mumbled remembering that Melissa had given him some of that special herbal tea. It was some pretty shitty stuff, but Melissa had made a big deal over it and gave him some to take home. He couldn't be impolite and it did help ease the dull pain from the needle so he had to take it.

“Well it might help to wake me up,” he mumbled as he filled a pot with water. So he set the pot to boiling as he left to dress. After pulling on a pair of bright translucent yellow nylon panties with just a frill of lace inset into the sides and around the waist band, he picked up the satin bath robe and tied it closed. Stepping into his high heeled mules, he went back into the living room. Soon he was sipping on the hot brew while he waited for Betty to get there to help him into his corset.

When she arrived, she was all smiles. “Good morning Bobbie dearest. I hope that you had a good nights sleep. I certainly did. Well, come on and let me help you finish dressing. Emmm, that smells good. What's that you're drinking? Tea?”

“Yeah, its something Melissa cooked up for me. You want a cup. It's some kind of herbal tea. I don't really know what the heck it is, but you gotta put lots of sugar in it to make it drinkable. Once you get use to the bitter after taste it ain't so bad.”

Taking their tea into the bed room with them, Bob went over to the dresser and pulled out the canary colored corset and handed it to her. With his back to her, he removed his satin robe and tossed it to the bed.

“You know that you are just going to have to learn to do this all by yourself. Now don't you? Come on let me see you try this morning. Leave the lacing loose; then pull the corset around your middle and settle it properly before you start hooking the front closure.”

She watched him follow her directions for a second or two before stepping up and putting a finishing touch to it. Seeing that it was properly aligned, she stepped back and continued, “Now, see how easy that was. Okay, reach behind and pick up the trailing ends and pull it gently. Don't pull them too tight at first because that will only make it harder for you to get the laces really tight like they need to be.”

Betty watched him follow her instructions, but had to grab his hands when he tried to just man handle the ends. “No, no! I said take it easy. You're just trying to take up the slack right now. If you pull it tight, then the top will be too loose and sag. Here, let me loosen this up a bit and then you can start over.”

Stepping back satisfied that the corset was comfortably settled around his waist. She continued, “Now starting at the top using your thumbs and forefingers, start tugging the lacing in. Work down your back, pulling at each lacing eyelet until you reach the bottom; then, pull the slack out of the lacing before starting all over again at the top. No! No! You don't have to contort your body like that. Take it easy! Just do a little at a time. Twisting your body up into knots will not help you in the least. Just relax and take it slow. See, you're getting the hang of it.”

Bob stood huffing and puffing with his waist narrowed into the near hour glass configuration required by the tight corset. He had accomplished the feat all by himself, but his finger tips and arms were aching with the effort. Betty stood off to the side grinning her satisfaction at his accomplishment.

“It could be a lot tighter, but it will do for now. Once you get accustomed to lacing it yourself, I'll expect a much tighter fit. Understand?”

Bob nodded his understanding and going over to the closet pulled out a fresh jump suit.

“Whoa, what do you think you are doing there? Didn't Sherri give you some dresses to experiment with. Unhuh! I thought so. Here let me see what she gave you.”

Bob moved away from the closet after replacing the jump suit. He felt himself blushing as Betty's words sunk into his conscious thought. He was going to have to wear one of those dresses that Sherri had given him yesterday. He felt bile start to rise in his throat at the very idea of him wearing a dress but he knew that it would be futile to fight it.

He couldn't afford to be fired with all the expenses accruing to his account. His first pay check had been miserly to say the least after all the deductions. It had been so small as to barely pay for his soda and candy purchases in the rec. room. If he did not cooperate and wear those stupid dresses; then, they would surely let him go. He just couldn't afford to leave now.

“Maybe later,” he thought, “when it was time to go back to school, but not now.”

As he stepped back to give Betty room to see into the closet, a vague memory from some old history class flickered through his mind. Something about corporate slavery and the “company store.”

Betty smiling from ear to ear, reached into the closet and removed the yellow rayon dress from its hiding place in the back corner. “Ooooh, this will be just precious on you Bobbie,” she said. “I don't understand why you hid it way back there in your closet. This is so airy and light that you'll positively love it when you have to walk outside in all this heat.”

She let the dress sway in her hand as it dangled from its padded hanger. Then still looking down into his closet, bent over and exclaimed, “Why this and....and..yes..here they are...see this pair of strappy sling—back 2 1/2 inch block heel sandals are just the thing. Come on! Hurry up and let's get you dressed. I can't wait to see just how scrumptious you'll look.”

Bob reluctantly took the items from Betty as she walked over to his bureau. As he dropped the dress and shoes onto the bed, Betty pulled some things out of the bureau. “Here, you'll need these today.”

Bob reluctantly reached out his hand and took the camisole and matching half slip from her. The undergarments were a silky apricot polyester bordered with a lush scallop of floral ivory lace. The camisole was bordered all around the top in the rich lace while the slip had a three inch trim highlighting the hem. He was use to wearing camisoles by now, but the half slip was another matter. Stepping into it and pulling it up his legs was almost as bad as it got and further confirmed Betty's dominance over him.

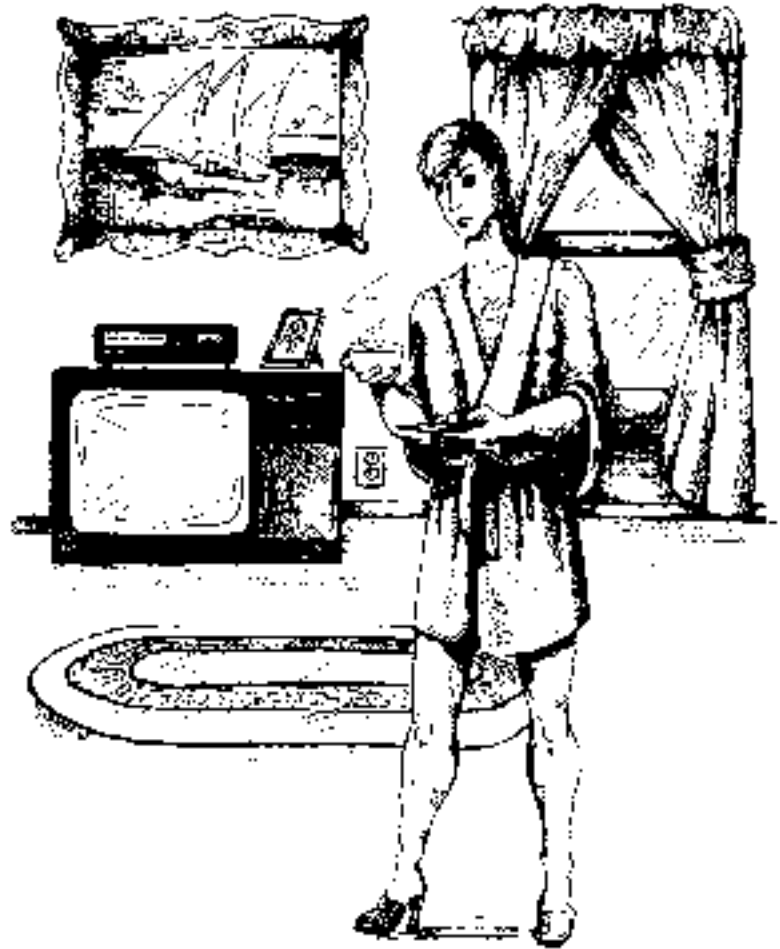
It did not take long for him to finish dressing. Betty insisted that he zipper the back closure by himself. It wasn't an easy task and left him almost as exhausted as when

he had tightened his corset. Just like the corset, it had required him to move his arms in a most difficult and unnatural way.

As he pulled the zipper closed and fastened the hook and eye closure in the back of the neck, Betty remarked, "Now you know why we girls like to have a man around. It makes dressing so much easier. Now, doesn't that dress feel positively delicious? Yes?"

Bob did not know what to think at first as the sensation of wearing a dress entered his conscious mind. It did not feel like anything he could relate to. As a matter of fact, it felt like he wasn't wearing anything at all over his corset. The constriction and tight support of the corset over rode all his senses of touch and feeling.

"Wait, I did feel that," his mind answered. "But what is it...oh, its the back of the dress hitting my legs. It tickles!"



As he focused his mind on Betty's question, he did feel the light airy touch of the skirt against his legs and the gentle pull of the puff sleeves at his shoulders. An occasional touch at his chest of the square neckline. And, if he concentrated real hard, he could hear rather than feel the material of the dress rubbing against his underwear. The word "Slinky" entered his mind.

"That really does look great on you Bobbie, but ugh that hairy body just doesn't do the outfit justice. Well, I guess that it can't be helped. Come on step into those shoes and let's get a move on. We're gonna be late. Darn, and I wanted some breakfast this morning too."

Bob grabbed a black clutch purse, tossed his keys into it, and quickly followed after Betty as best he could in the unaccustomed shoes. He felt like his ankles were going to collapse frequently as he walked down the hall. He did not realize that his hips had taken on a whole new dimension as they swiveled to maintain his balance.

All morning long the girls at the assemble line complimented his pretty dress. They were only critical of his grooming. "All that ucky hair" or "Oh, you'd look so much nicer if you'd just shave your legs honey pot," were comments that he heard. More often

such comments were not directed at him, just whispered loud enough for him to over hear.

He was glad when he could tuck his legs up under and behind his chair at his work station and get them out of view. Why he should feel so sensitive about unshaven legs, did not register, but he was pleased to be out of the public view.

Sherri came by shortly after he was seated and ordered him to stand up immediately. She was very displeased that he had been sitting with his skirt bunched up under him such that the back hem was actually scrunched up and over the chair's back rest.

“Bobbie! Get up this instant!” She ordered. “Just look at that poor dress. You've got it all bunched up and that material will wrinkle awfully.”

She showed him how to tuck and smooth the back of his skirt just before sitting; then, had him practice sitting and standing several minutes before she was satisfied that he knew what he was doing. In addition to that, she decided to have him walk up and down the hallway just to see how he managed his skirts. Seeing him wiggle his fanny in a feminine manner brought a smile to her lips, but the way he held his hands made him still look like a boy in a dress. For the next thirty minutes, she gave him detailed instructions on how to hold his hands and arms when he walked, stood, or sat while dressed as he was.

“See, if you hold your arms with your elbows tucked into your waist, the skirt will hang nicely and any gust of wind that might come up won't flare your skirt and expose your panties to everyone else's view. Also you need to ball your fists slightly, palms in and swing your arms from the shoulder, keeping, like I said, the elbows lightly touching your sides when you walk. Come on let me see you do it again. You can't have too much practice, you know. Ahh, that's so much better. Okay, get back to work and we'll practice some more during lunch.”

At lunch it did not get any better, as all the girls kept telling what to do, how to do it, and more importantly, how much better he would look if he'd just try a little harder. Bob was catching on and he did not realize just how much he was picking up.

He walked with a definite feminine gate and swung his hips provocatively without even knowing it and unconsciously kept his wrists or elbows pressing against his fluttering skirt. Perhaps he did not realized just how feminine he was acting as the fluttering of his skirt against his legs and pain in his feet from wearing heels made all other thoughts meaningless.

It wasn't until after he sat back down at his work station that he realized that he was still very hungry. He had been so picked upon and corrected during the meal that he had hardly eaten a thing. Now, his stomach growled and he couldn't get the thought of that piece of Strawberry shortcake that he had left untouched on the table out of his mind.

He did not look up from his work until the afternoon break. As he hurriedly gulped down a carton of milk and some cheese crackers that he'd purchased out of the vending machine, Sherri walked up to him carrying another large box. A great big smile filled her face as she laid the box down in front of him. Bob now knew not to ask what it was. He could guess and he was afraid of what would be said if he said anything. So with a smile on his face belying the pain he truly felt, he scooped it up and left to go back to work.

Back in his apartment after work, Bob opened the large white cardboard box. Inside he found a note from Sherri which said, "Bobbie! You looked so adorable in that dress that I thought that you would appreciate a few little extra's. I know that you and the girls are playing some tennis and all so I've included some sports and casual clothing, a swim suit and a few more day wear selections. Enjoy, Luv Sherri."

"Fuck! Just what I need most," was all he could say as he let the letter fall to the bed. Reaching into the box he removed the first item. It was what some would call a little frill of nothing. His stomach actually twisted into a knot as he held the garment up in the air.

It was a pretty little peach colored cotton knit chemise, detailed with tulip embroidery, lace, and a satin bow beneath the bodice in a princess seamed shape. As he held it up to his body, he noticed that it would not reach much more than four inches past his crotch.

"She can just for—fuckin'—get IT!" He swore as he let it drop off to the side. "She can't expect me to wear something like that. Damn! Man! What other damage is she trying to do to me?"

The next item was a leopard print silk charmeuse romper. Styled with a halter neckline and flutter legs. The halter top he noticed had an adjustable button neck, elasticized waistband in the back and a deep "V" neckline. This one was about the same length as the other not reaching much more than four or five inches down his thighs.

He dropped it along side the first dress and it seemed to just flutter in slow motion down to the bed spread. "Girl's clothing is sure a lot different than guy's," he thought as he turned his attention back to the box.

The next dress was much more to his liking and that little thought scared him silly. Imagine him actually liking a dress. It was a long dress in a classic blue colored pique silk knit. It was sleeveless with a rounded collar that did not expose too much of his chest. That, and the empire waist over a full lower calf length skirt would offer him greater modesty at least. He dropped it into the growing pile on the bed.

A French vanilla Fuji silk jacket dress suit was next. It had a long, cut away fitted jacket with four cargo pockets accented with pearl and gold buttons. It tucked in tightly at the waist and had long sleeves. The dress was a sleeveless, fitted sheath with a bateau neckline. It too was on the short side, maybe reaching to his mid—thigh. It joined the pile.

The last dress was a simple, yet sophisticated belted sheath in a soft opal color. Sleeveless with rounded collar, it fell to just above his knee. Then he removed two ten-

nis dresses with attached ruffled matching panties. The final garment in the box was the most appalling to him. It was a pool set.

A floral island print Hawaiian—shirt with chest pocket and button front, a bikini top with cleverly angled underwire cups designed to enhance a woman's décolleté, zip front short—shorts with a faux flap pocket, elastic waist and flare legs, and finally the matching lycra/spandex high banded waist, full back bikini bottom.

He let them fall to the bed with a groan as he understood what he was expected to wear. With a tiredness born of defeat, both total and utter, Bob let himself fall and stretch out on the satin comforter covering his mattress. He flung his arm to cover his eyes and hoped that he would eventually wake from this living nightmare.

It seemed like he had just fallen on his mattress when the door chime began an incessant ringing. Forcing himself to get up, he walked to the door and opened it. There stood Betty, Melissa, and Sherri smiling back at him.

“Sherri told me what she got for you today and we just couldn't wait to see. Mind if we come in,” Betty said as they walked past him. They made a bee line straight for his bedroom and were soon holding up each garment.

“Ooohs” and “aaahhhhs” and occasional squeals of delight soon filled the room. Before Bob could do much of anything, he was surrounded with everyone talking at once.

“Oh, you've just got to try this one on first!”

“No, you must, simply must put this one on!”

“No way girls! I am dying to see this little number modeled.”

It was Sherri who settled the dispute. “Okay girls don't get your bowels in an up roar. I was the one to get Bobbie all these great little goodies and I get to decide what will be worn first. Here Bobbie, go and put this on. I want to see how it hangs on you. Go on don't be bashful, it's just us girls here. Now go on, scoot.”

Bob took the blue long skirted dress and went into the bath making sure to close the door fast. Inside he shivered in fear and humiliation, but knew that he had little choice. Maybe once he had modeled the clothes, they'd leave him to his misery. So he quickly slipped out of his jump suit which he had just put on when he had gotten home; then dropped the long dress over his head. It felt soft and feathery as it slid down his body. Sending chills racing up and down his spine as it settled into place around his hips.

He felt his face flush bright red as he walked back out into the bed room. All the girls simply oohed and ahed as he came back into the room.

“Ooh, baby!” Betty said in admiration at the way the dress flowed around his body hugging him like a second skin. “That's simply fab!”

Their reaction was not totally unexpected, but from the way they acted you'd think that it was perfectly normal for a man to be seen wearing dresses. They made it seem

very normal for him at any rate. It did not lessen his embarrassment all that much, but the fact that they made him feel like he actually looked good wearing such apparel didn't hurt. Putting on the other dresses still brought an even brighter glow to his cheeks despite all their encouragement.

When Melissa saw how flushed he was, she smiled a great big crocodile smile and pointing her finger at him said, "Look girls! Bobbie's blushing just like a teenager when she discovers just how pretty she really is."

"See Bobbie," Sherri responded, "I told you that you were a natural for dresses."

"Oh, yes I heartily agree," Betty added. "Why Bobbie, you make a beautiful girl. Especially if you can learn to keep that precious blush to your cheeks. Huh girls?"

Bob modeled the bathing suit combination last of all. It fit him surprisingly well and the bra cups looked like they were filled for real. His chest actually filled the cups much to his amazement. He tentatively touched a finger tip against the mound of flesh and felt it contact and then press into his very own breast. It actually felt like he was touching a breast. It felt just like Georgeanne's did. Closing his eyes, he quickly pulled the matching shirt closed and buttoned it. He tried to force the fact that he now had breasts out of his mind and walked back into the room full of girls.

Bob paraded and posed as Sherri directed and despite his reluctance to unbutton the shirt was forced to expose himself for all to see. Blushing brick red as he followed Sherri's orders holding back the shirt tails while keeping his hands firmly on his hips, he twisted them in a saucy manner as he walked around the room. He blushed even harder as Melissa let out a loud wolf whistle.

The wolf whistle was all he needed to drive him over the edge, and in tears he tried to run back into the bathroom, but Betty stepped between him and the door. "Oooh nooo you don't," she said. "You're not going to wimp out on us baby cakes. You can just stop that silly blubbing right this minute."

Bobbie couldn't help himself and he cried all the harder as Betty surrounded him with her arms. Hugging him tight, she cooed into his ear trying to ease his discomfort. "It's alright Bobbie. You really do look fantastic you know. No body is trying to be mean to you. We all think that you are taking this just great. Don't we girls? See? We think you're really great Bobbie. Now come on, dry those tear. Here blow your nose into this tissue. There, there, now that's better isn't it. Come on now. Let's see a great big smile. Come on."

It took awhile, but Bob eventually brought his emotions under control. He was still a little shaky, and the fact that he had broken down like that...Well..it was something he had never ever done before and that disturbed him almost as much as wearing the feminine garments did. They all sat around the living room sipping tea, chatting amongst themselves for a while with Bob still in his swim outfit.

Melissa used the opportunity to take Bob back down into the basement to finish some more treatments on his face. While there she managed to remove most of the re-

maining chest hairs covering his breast. The stress of modeling his new clothing, had left Bob with little enough energy to complain. They were back up in his apartment by 7 p.m. where the other girls rejoined them.

As it was still early and the sun did not set until almost nine, the girls thought that it would be nice to adjoin to the company swimming pool. "Yeah, that's a fab idea," Melissa agreed. "We still have a good two hours of daylight and the worst of the heat is over. I sure could use some help with my tan, so let's do it. Come on guys lets go!"

"Great, come on Bobbie," Betty said grabbing his hand not giving him a chance to back out of going. "You're already dressed, so you can just come along with me while I change."

In no time Bobbie found himself surround by three girls being led over to the company pool. This was his first trip over to the rec. area and was surprised to find hardly anyone there. The pool was a regulation Olympic size, 100 meters long and 25 wide, with both low and high diving boards.

At first, he did not see anyone else there, but spotted a head bobbing in the water by the diving boards and two chase lounges covered with beach towels off to one side. There were two more head and upper torsos in the water by one of the ladders. Bob was comforted by the lack of people but at the same time curious as to why that was.

A company this big should have had a lot of people around. His musings were cut short as the giggling girls, guided him over to some lounge chairs and began dropping their totes, towels, and accessories. Bob found himself seated on a lounge next to one with a wadded up red towel and coverless paperback sitting on it. He did not pay it any mind as he watched the girls get settled. He hugged his arms tightly around his waist and sat slightly hunched, while he waited for them to get settled. His shirt was buttoned tight.

"Here, get that shirt off you silly thing. Why you're as pale as a ghost and a little sun will do you good." Betty said turning towards him. "Let me put some lotion on you just to be safe even this late in the day. Why you're positively white and the sun will make short work of you. Besides, you do need to protect the skin where Melissa just worked. Then after I'm finished with you, you can put some on me. Now won't that be fun?"

Bob sat munching on a sandwich that the girls had brought with them and watched as they frolicked in the big pool. The other two lounges had been occupied by Doris and Paula. The chair with the wadded up red towel was still unoccupied.

As he sat watching the girls splashing water on one another, he wished he could get in with them, but Melissa instructed him to stay out of the water least he get an infection. Staring at the girls, Bob did not notice the person standing beside him until the shadow crossed over him.

By now it was getting close to eight thirty and the setting sun was casting long dark shadows. The sudden darkness of the shadow passing over him, startled him and

he jerked back out of it. Looking up and to the side Bob saw a tall giant of a man standing beside his chair. The man was positively huge! Easily reaching six six and weighing in at close to two eighty of solid compact muscle, this man could never pass as a wimp. He had a short crew cut, square jaw and slightly crooked nose indicating that it had been broken and sharp piercing green eyes. The muscles of his arms and chest positively rippled as he bent and picked up his red towel. Heck, this guys hand's were almost twice the size of Bob's.

The man smiled down at Bob and the look in his eyes spelled trouble for Bob. It was obvious that this dude did not realize that Bob was just that a Bob. A strange new feeling began forming in the small of Bob's back and began rising up into his conscious thoughts. It was a fear unlike anything that he had felt before and it even left a metallic taste in his mouth. Slowly, he licked his lips, and tried to turn his attention back to the girls swimming in the pool.

“Hi there!” He said. “My name is Malcolm. Gerald Malcolm, but all my good friends just call me Moose. Don't believe that I've seen you around here afore now. What's ya name darlin'?”

It was all Bob could do to smile, but that was it. He could no more respond to Moose's question at the moment than he could have won the Sleepers' Digest Sweepstakes. Instead, he tried to turn his head back in the direction of the girls.

“What's the matter? Cat got yer tongue? I don't bite ya know. Come on darlin' won't ya tell me your name? I'm workin' security over in sector Twelve B. So, it's not like I'm a shiftless skunk now. Just trying to be friendly.”

Bob knew that he had to say something. As he fought to come up with an acceptable answer to Moose's inquires, one of the girls in the pool called out, “Hey there! Moosey baby! What ya doing? I can see ya drooling there over our pretty Bobbie. Now you leave her alone you big dumb ox! Besides, you're not suppose to be over here.”

“Awe Miss Betty, ya know the regular pool is closed and its some kinda hot. I didn't mean nuthin' by it, ya know. Just wanted to cool off a bit. That's all. Look, if its all that much trouble, I'll git outta here. Sorry if'n I caused yall any trouble.”

“Oh, Moose don't take it so personal. You know its company policy, but since you're already here....go ahead and relax a bit. You just watch you tongue, that's all.”

Bob looked from Betty back to Moose then back Betty's way as they talked. He did not understand anything that they were talking about. They couldn't be talking about separate compounds for men and women cause he was a guy and it was okay for him to be here. Maybe it had something to do with blue collar versus management and corporate status. He wanted to ask Betty what in hell she was talking about, but with Moose standing right beside him, he didn't want to ask. The last thing in the world he needed was for Moose to discover he was mistaken about Bob's sex.

He watched as Betty and the other girls got out of the pool and walked over to where they were standing. Moose greeted each one by name and with his red towel brushing at his crew cut head sat on Bob's lounge chair. Bob could only stand there at a complete loss as to what to do.

They all sat down with Bob finally deciding to settle himself beside Betty. They just sat there idly chatting away pretty much ignoring Bob. That is all the girls ignored Bob. Moose seemed to take a shine to him and kept trying to get him to talk. Bob for his part just tried his best to provide only the least amount of information as possible and quickly tried to avert any more of Moose's attention. However, Moose was insistent and kept working personal questions and comments about Bob into the conversation.

After some time of this pretty much one sided flirtation, Betty said in a firm tone, "Moose are you trying to get into our little Bobbie's panties or what? You've been hemming and hawing around the subject for the past half hour and I for one am getting tired of you just paying attention to Bobbie. You do know that the rest of us are still here don't you?"

"Er...huh? Er yeah Miss Betty I know yall are still here," an embarrassed Moose replied. "But...well Bobbie here, she's right pertty 'n...'n I'd sure like ta take her out one night."

Now it was Bob's turn to blush and get flustered once again. "What on earth did Betty think she was doing, telling Moose to ask him out. A date of all things!" his mind raged.

Bob was not going to sit there and let Moose ask him out on a date. He certainly wasn't going to give Betty or the other girls any more opportunity to make fun of him either. So jumping up, he quickly gathered up his stuff, and ran for the exit. He ignored the shouts to "come back" as he reached the gate.

Bob's sudden move surprised everyone there as it was totally unexpected. Moose perhaps was the most disturbed and acted like he had been slapped. Seeing his disappointment, Betty tried her best to excuse Bob's actions.

"Now Moose, don't take this wrong, but Bobbie doesn't even know the first thing about you. So you can't just expect her to agree to go out with you like that. She's got to get to know you first, know what I mean. Look, why don't you come back over here tomorrow evening and then you can ask her, okay?"

With that, the girls decided to call it a day as well. They gathered up all their belongings and headed back to the dorm. "Boy did you see the look on Bobbie's face when he realized that Moose was going to ask him out on a date?," Betty asked.

"Whee, he sure tucked his tail between his legs and run like a scared little bunny didn't he," Melissa screamed.

"He was as pale as a ghost when he ran past me," Sherri replied. "Ya know, I think Moose was really smitten with our little ersatz girl friend."

Soon after they got back, Betty knocked on Bob's door and when he answered walked in. Betty smiling from ear to ear just grabbed his hand and pulled him along behind her as she headed over to the purple couch. She sat and pulled him down beside her.

“Why it looks like you have just acquired your very first boy friend Bobbie. Moose is a real hunk and you should feel flattered. So! How can you explain your piss poor attitude and treatment of Moose. You know that you are going to have to apologize to him tomorrow. Understand! You know....We weren't going to let anything happen, but since you behaved so rottenly this evening...We, all the girls and myself that is! Well..We've decided that since Moose is so smitten with you and you behaved so shitty that you will accept a date with him if he asks. Is that understood!”

“Oh, No...Come on Betty. You can't be serious! There's no way I'm going to go out with a guy! You seem to have forgotten that guys don't go out with other guys! No way! Nada!”

“Well, I cannot see any reason for you not doing it! Moose believes that you are a girl and I...well...I don't seem to recall you telling him any different! Did you tell him you were a guy?”

Betty paused to see him shake his head, then continued, “No! I didn't think so. Therefore, since you had every opportunity to correct Moose's belief and you didn't...and.. well, if he asks you out on a date, you're either going to accept or tell him the truth! This isn't a request either. You can consider it an order from your superior.”

“Man!” Bob said in reply to Betty's ultimatum. “I can't tell him that I'm a guy...er..man now! He'll beat the livin' shit outta me. Why are you picking on me like this? What'd I do to you?”

“I'm not trying to get you! Didn't Mz. DeLaHosa explain how we run things here? Well, if you don't tell Moose that you are a boy, then you'll just have to go out on a date with him. It's that or pack your bags. It's not like you don't have a choice.”

“Well, it's darn unlikely that I will see him any time soon at any rate,” Bob told her somewhat smugly. “I'll just stay here in my room. That's all.”

The grin was wiped off his face almost immediately as Betty informed him that he would be seeing Moose that very next afternoon back at the pool. As Bob started to protest, Betty held up her hand demanding silence.

“Bobbie! No more! I've said all that I am going to say about this subject. The girls and I have told Moose to be back at the pool tomorrow and that you'd be there. So that's it. Now you had better start thinking about what you're going to tell him.”

Betty stood up and turned leaving him sitting there. Before walking off, she said, “Oh, by the way, you looked positively divine today and Sherri wants to see you wear your other dress tomorrow. Have it out when I come by in the morning to pick you up. You know, if I did not know who you really were, I would believe that you were a real girl. You were truly meant to wear dresses and such. I just bet that you're going to melt in Moose's arms once you accept who you are.”

With that comment, she quickly left the apartment leaving a sputtering, blushing Bob sitting on the couch. He managed to stand just as she walked out the door. “Damn it Betty! I...I damn!”

That next morning Bob successfully managed to get completely dressed all by himself. The corset was even tied tight enough to get Betty's approving nod and the soft blue cotton sun dress with its wide shoulder straps and flaring skirt looked stunning on him. Betty smiled approvingly at everything he had done and told him so.

“You realize that with a touch of make—up you'd come close to passing as a girl. Well, that and you really do need to shave that ugly hair off until Melissa has the chance to finish zapping it off. I'm sure that Sherri will approve of your appearance this morning. So, what's say we go and get a quick bite.”

Bob instinctively grabbed a white leather purse, tossed in his keys, and followed after. As they walked down the hall, Bob could feel the air blowing up his skirt. He blushed slightly at the feeling and tried to ignore all the strange sensations that were making him so confused.

Bob remembered all the little secrets that he had been taught about how to walk, sit, and move around in skirts. Another day wearing a dress only ingrained that knowledge further into his autonomous thought patterns. The girls kept up their pressure at breakfast and lunch to make his table manners more acceptable as well.

That afternoon Melissa came to his room earlier than usual to get him for their daily electrolysis treatments. He tried to protest, but once again he was totally rebuffed in his efforts. Melissa used the anesthetic spray very liberally this session and even had him wear some headphones. The portable CD player would help to keep him occupied while she worked.

She did not spend very much time on his face, instead worked diligently on removing hairs from the rest of his torso and legs. By the time she had him sit up and remove both his headphones and mask, it was time to get ready for the pool. For the very first time, Bob was reluctant to get off the lounge chair and away from Melissa's stinging needle.

Back in his room he found a one piece Lycra/Spandex woman's swim suit and a white cotton terry shortie robe. He did not need to guess who it was for. So with a sigh of resignation, he went into the bathroom and stripped. The swim suit was a very bright pastel pink with narrow bright yellow lines running diagonally through it. It had a rounded neckline that did not reveal all that much and the shoulder straps were of a medium width. The back dropped to converge just above the small of his back.

The swim suit fitted him very tightly and securely. The crotch piece pulled his equipment in very nicely and there was no tell tail sign of his masculinity what so ever. The foam cups of the suit's built—in bra made it look like he actually had tits and the way it hugged his behind. Well...just say that it was a head turner.

He reluctantly picked up the straw tote containing his pool essentials, sun screen, sun glasses, towels, bathing cap..a hot pink plastic one with a large daisy attached to the left side..nose clip, and one tattered romance novel. He had no idea where the bathing cap or romance novel had come from and he most certainly did not put them there under the beach towel.

They were met in the rec. room by the other girls and this time Paula and Doris joined them. Bob was quite and kept pretty much to himself on the walk over to the pool deep in thought. Even as they walked through the hurricane fence gate, Bob had not decided what he was going to tell Moose. He just prayed that somehow Moose would not show up. His prayers were in vain.

Once again, Bob found himself putting down his gear at the lounge chair sitting beside Moose's bright red towel. Moose was standing there smiling down at him and trying his best to be congenial. Bob could only gulp down his queasiness and fear and smile back at him. He said "hello" in almost a whisper. He started to say something else, but was stopped in his tracks as Moose leaned over and placed a soft kiss in greeting on his cheek. It was all he could do to just sit down on the lounge chair.

Needing something to do to both calm his shattered nerves and provide an excuse for ignoring Moose, he pulled out his bottle of sun screen. Bob intently focused on applying the creamy lotion to his arms when Moose offered to help. Bob was going to tell him that he was quite capable of doing it himself when he caught Betty glaring at him.

Forcing a smile to his lips that he did not feel, Bob just handed the bottle of lotion to Moose and turned his back. He winced at Moose's touch, but looking straight into Betty's eyes knew better than to say or do anything out of the ordinary for a young girl. He also realized that now he could not tell Moose who he really was.

The time at the pool passed as slow as molasses in a January snow storm for Bob. Moose stayed by his side the entire time doing his best to get Bob's attention. Some of the girls, especially Joan, were doing their best to encourage Moose's amorous advances. While Betty and the others kept pressuring Bobbie to "be nice" and responsive to his overtures.

Finally the girls decided that they needed to cool off and headed towards the pool for a dip. Bob, seeing Moose jump up, declined saying that he really had to work on his tan. He figured he would be free of Moose for a little while at least, but seeing him decline, Moose sat back down. Only this time, he sat on the same lounge that Bob was reclining on.

Now they were alone. He could hear the girls playing in the water and from the sounds they were moving further away. Bob watched them as they went all the way across the pool into the deep end providing as much privacy as possible while still remaining in the general area. Bob was getting a panicky feeling, but did not know of any graceful way out of his predicament. His level of panic rose significantly when Moose leaned over and placed his strong muscular arms down on both sides of the chair pinning him securely in place.

Moose was smiling from ear to ear and looked right into Bob's eyes. "What say we go out this Saturday evening. I know this great little place and then perhaps we can take in a movie afterwards. Unless, you'd rather go dancing or sumptin' else," he said. "I got my own place too." It did not sound like he was asking, but rather telling him what he had planned. Bob did not have the slightest idea how to reply and just lay there scared to death. His fear must have shown through as Moose tried to calm his fears.

“Look Bobbie, I like ya and think we'd have a really groovy time. Ya ain't gotta worry none cause Mz. Betty likes me and she'll let ya go. If that's what's worryin' ya? I'll pick ya up at eight. You're staying over in the dorm ain't ya? Good. Look I really have ta git now. I got some rounds I just hav'ta make, so I'll see ya Saturday. Right? Right!”

It had happened so fast and Moose had left so quick that Bob was completely flabbergasted and discombobulated. When the girls got back to the lounges, he was white and shaking like a leaf.

“Are you feeling alright Bobbie? You're as white as a ghost,” Betty said when she came back over. “That big ole Moose didn't bite you did he? Come on? What gives?”

“He..he asked me out on a date for Saturday. Can you believe that...That idiot asked me out and...n...he..he didn't even wait for me to answer. Shit! Betty what am I going to do? Moose just left without waiting for my answer. What...what if he..he comes over Saturday night expecting me to..to go out with him. I can't do that! Betty quit that laughing and help me out here. I can't go out with him.”

Betty did her best to gain control but the expression on Bob's face was just too precious for words. He had worked himself all up into a lather and was puffed up like a blow fish. At last, the other girls came over wanting to know what was going on. When Betty told them, they all started telling him just how lucky he was which made him puff up and sputter out his objections and denials all the more. This caused the other girls to start laughing at his exaggerated antics which made him all the more upset and out of control. Finally, Bob half fell half sat back down into the chase lounge exhausted.

Joan smiling for all she was worth, walked over to him and reaching down to scoop up a handful of his limp hair said, “Well I for one certainly see your dilemma Bobbie dearest. There's absolutely no way you'd get me out on a date with my hair looking like this.”

“Hey! We still have our bet to collect on,” Betty said in reply to Joan's statement. “Bobbie, Joan is right. You can't go anywhere until we do something about that mousy hair of yours. If it is alright with you girls.”

Betty looked over towards the girls who had lost the tennis game the other day and seeing them nod their heads in approval, turned back to Bob. “I'll get your appointment set for this Saturday morning Bobbie. I'm going to save mine for later. Like for when Steve asks me out. Come on girls, let's get back to the rooms. I need to start making some appointments. You girls did say the works didn't you? Come on, Let's get!”

Saturday morning came almost before Bob even blinked. At least that was the way it appeared to him. He spent all the time between Moose's asking him for a date and Saturday morning trying his level best to get out of going. The girls, especially Joan, seemed to take a perverse pleasure in seeing that he not only went out on this date, but would look his best for it as well.

Betty met him promptly at 11:00 a.m. Saturday morning. She almost had to physically force him out of the dorm and into her car, but seeing the futility of his resistance Bob reluctantly agreed to go along. Secretly he harbored the notion that he

could use this opportunity to get his longish hair cut off into something like a nice crew cut.

His notions were soon dissolved into nothing as Betty drove up to a beauty salon. It was not the hair salon he was expecting. You know one of those unisex mall typed styling salons. No, this building Betty pulled up to, was clearly nothing less than a full service beauty salon catering only to women. "No Men!" signs weren't needed once he placed his first reluctant step into that building.

The first thing that he noticed was the smell. It was distinctive and even though this was the very first time that he had ever entered one of these enclaves, he knew what it was. It was an aromatic mixture of permanent wave solutions and perfumes. Sweet, cloy, yet biting and pungent all at the same time.

The next thing that told him he was no longer in Kansas was the interior of the place. It was had subdued lighting and light classical music playing in the background. The entrance featured a pretty young girl of about seventeen sitting behind a white and pink desk off to one side and six plush chairs against the opposite side. She looked up at them with a great big crocodile smile on her face and inquired who they were.

No sooner had Betty identified them than they were ushered back into the inner sanctum. Inside the receptionist area was a much brighter work area. It was done all in soft pastels with lots of tile and thick carpeting. Each work station was privatized and had its own color scheme. Lots of chrome and plushness added to the ambiance of the place.

Bob was led over to a soft blue colored room with a large white salon chair taking up most of the space. Standing beside it was a tall muscular black woman with an Afro that must have reached a full foot out from her head. She was wearing a light blue nylon smock with the name "Chermaine La Tour" embroidered over the left breast. She was about six feet tall, had a sharp angular chin, broad flat nose, and was very muscular for a woman.

The introductions made, the receptionist left them alone in the room. While the stylist was cordial, her manner indicated that she would brook no nonsense from anyone including her customers. She told Bobbie to get into the chair and flipped a blue plastic drape over him and secured it around his neck. Betty did not waste a minute in getting the stylist to listen to her suggestions for Bobbie which he could not hear clearly.

After what seemed like an eternity to Bob, the stylist turned her attention back to him. "I see that you are here for the complete treatment. Facial, man and pedicures, cut and style, and full body debridement. Well, let me wash and rinse you out first before we do anything else then we'll see about that body treatment, okay."

It really wasn't posed as a question, but Bob nodded his head in response. He felt himself lowered back so that his neck rested on the basin. Chermaine pressed her body up against his as she leaned over him to begin washing out his hair. Bob could smell a teasingly sweet cinnamon musk coming from her as she pressed up against him. Her large breast bumped into his cheek several times and he felt, for just the

briefest of seconds, like turning his head and biting the tit squarely on its nipple. Fortunately for his continued good health, he resisted that impulse.

His head wrapped in a soft blue terry towel, Bob was helped to sit up and then off the chair. Chermaine led him over to another room which reminded him of pictures he had seen of a turkish bath. It held a sunken pool filled with steaming fragrantly scented water and all around it the floor was done in fancy tiles. Statues and busts of women in various stages of undress adorned the corners. Bob was instructed to strip and get into the bath.

“Er, ahh, right now? With you here?” he managed. “I’ve already had my bath this morning.”

“Oh, shy are we girl. Well it’s just us ladies here and shouldn’t matter, but if you think that your modesty is compromised. Here,” Chermaine said handing him a large pink jar. “Scrub this all over your body and use that lefty sponge there on the shelf. If you don’t do it, and do it right which means really scrubbing your skin clean. Well, this missy, then I am going to have to do it for you, understand?”

“Yeah, sure. I..I’ll do it.”

“Alright, take your time. I’ll be back in thirty minutes. Oh, once you have scrubbed your skin into a pretty glowing red, rub some of that ointment in the large blue jar...on the shelf there...all over yourself. It’ll feel wonderful! There is a terry wrap on the shelf that you can use when you’re finished. You can leave your clothing on the stool. It will be cleaned and taken care of before you leave.”

The water was as hot as it looked, and was filled with the aroma of fresh citrus. Lemon, lime, and orange scents filled his nose with a tingly aroma. He scooped up a handful of the ointment from the pink jar and spread it all over his body. He would have noticed its strong astringent properties if he had not been so near the pool. What hair had been spared by Melissa’s needle was soon gone from his body. He was now completely hairless with the exception of that covering the top of his head. The sponge scoured his flesh, removing what remained of hair and callused skin leaving a bright red glow where ever the sponge passed.

Bob was just finishing tucking the sash into his robe as Chermaine walked back into the room. She had him open the robe, but not enough to expose his masculinity or what little remained of it. He had to lower the robe such that it clung to his hips while he clasped his elbows close to his sides. He did not realize how holding his arms tight to his sides made his breasts look even bigger or just how feminine his pose looked. Satisfied with the job he did using the sponge, she led him back into her work cubicle.

Once Bob was back in the styling chair, Chermaine began applying a thick green paste to his face. “This is a special mask, which will tighten up those laugh lines from around your lips and eyes. It’s a special mix of pureed papaya which is very rich in alpha—hydroxy acids. It’s got some aloe vera gel and cosmetic clay too and it’s all natural.” She finished his facial preparations by placing fresh sliced cucumber and dampened cotton pads over his eyes.

“While the mask is setting, I'm going to start on your hair. So sit back and relax girl!” she continued. “You do know that this is suppose to be a refreshing and invigorating fun experience don't you? So chill babe! Let Chermaine here do her thing cause don't you know it'll make your boy friend's bell ring! Come on relax.”

Bob cringed at the very thought of making “his boy friend's bell ring.” There was little he could do at this stage of the game about it, so he let himself be lulled into relaxing. Chermaine's combing and styling of his hair was pleasant in its own way and soon he was almost napping. The occasional sharp tug and prickly sensation on his scalp were almost unnoticed. Even the cascade of wetness soaking his hair did not arouse any qualms.

He felt the chair's back being raised to a sitting position and swiveled around. Next, he felt something lowered over his head and Chermaine pressing dampened sponges around his ears. Then a loud hum filled his ears and a hot breeze began circulating. He knew just enough about beauty salons to recognize a commercial hair dryer.

While his hair was drying, he felt someone grab his left hand and place his fingers into a liquid of some kind. While that hand soaked, He felt someone grab his foot and begin working on the toe nails. He was startled enough by this sudden attention to ask what was going on, but he couldn't hear through the loud humming of the dryer.

At last, after what seemed like an eternity but had only been three hours, the cotton pads and cucumber slices were removed from his eyes. The green mask was removed with unscented emollients that left his face feeling super smooth and while soft his skin felt tight. He was turned away from the mirrors so he couldn't see what had been done to his hair, but his nails were in plain view.

Each finger nail had been extended with the application of epoxy polymers until they were a good half inch longer than his finger tip and filed into elongated ovals. They had also been coated in a deep lustrous mahogany polish. The deep reddish purple enamel had been layered and buffed until it glistened with a light of its own. His toe nails had also been painted to match his finger nails.

Bob had been almost hypnotized by the sparkle and depth of the color on his nails. “That's right honey! Ain't they beautiful! Our manicurist are the absolute best in town. That there is seven layers of color and clear coat with lots of elbow grease to make'em shine. I don't have the patients to spend that much time on myself. Judging by the looks of your nails before they started, you don't either.”

Chermaine's commentary brought him out of his reverie and he started to turn his head around to face her, but she reached out and held his head in place. “Now don't you start moving on me, dearie. I still have to finish your face. So hold real still now. You don't want me to have to do this over.”

Bob squinted and squirmed a bit as Chermaine plucked a few stray hairs from his eyebrows that Melissa hadn't gotten to. He squirmed even more as she used a humming pricking thing on the edges of his eyes. She maintained a very tight grip on his head, using her body to press down on him while her left hand held a tight grip on the eye lid and the other guided the humming instrument around it.

Having a big boob sticking almost in your mouth might be a turn on for some guys, but Bob was more concerned over what she was doing to him. As a matter of fact, he did not even notice the boob. Finally, she was finished and put the humming gizmo down. She ease off him, and not giving him any chance to do anything, immediately began covering his face in a liquid foundation cream.

It would be sometime much later that he discovered Chermaine had permanently tattooed black eye liner across his lids. An hour later, she moved back and surveyed what she had accomplished. As she looked and made a few minor touch—ups, Betty walked back in from where ever she had disappeared to. As soon as she entered the cubicle, her face lit up in a great big approving smile.

“Ooooh....Bobbie,” she said. “Why Chermaine has done simply wonders with you.”

Chermaine smiled her appreciation of Betty's compliment then looking right at Bob told him, “Baby Doll, you are going to drive your man positively bananas tonight! I promise.”

“What..what did you do? Here let me see. Come on let me see what you've done to me!”

“Alright Sugar don't go getting your panties in a crunch. Just let me swivel you around...and....wha....la! What ya think?”

Bob's mouth fell to the floor. Staring back at him was a very pretty young woman. His full attention was automatically drawn to his very own eyes. Or were they his? His brilliant sapphire blue eyes had never been so expressive and alluring. Blue eye shadow blended into silver up swept into soft white filled in a sensuous pair of eyes. Each outlined in black eyeliner that imparted them with a slanting mysterious come hither naturalness.

His attention drifted down to his mouth. It was unrecognizable as well. Chermaine had made his lips appear full and pouty. A rich creamy lustrous mahogany lipstick had been used to make his lips the most kissable lips Bob had seen in a long time. They ached to be kissed.

As he realized what he was thinking about his own lips, Bob began to blush. “Oh my God! What have they done to me?” His mind screamed out at him. “What have they done to me?”

Just as he thought it couldn't get any worse, Bob looked at the mirror and saw what Chermaine had done to his long mousy hair. It was now a bright golden blond with streaks of platinum running through it. It was fluffed out and fell in loose curls all the way to his shoulders. A fringe of bangs were sweep to the side and the wavy gentle curls were every where. He tried to say something but nothing would come out of his mouth.

“That's alright Sugar! I know I'm better than good. I'm the Best! So they's no need for you to say any thing. Just seeing the surprise on your pretty face is more than enough compensation for me. Well, that and the hundred fifty dollars. Course the beauty bath and manicure are extra, but even I must admit that I did good, yeah!”

Bob started to get up, when Betty told him to stay put. In a way he was glad for her pushiness at the moment because he wasn't all that sure that he could stay on his feet for long. The shock of what had happened to him was so overwhelming. He let himself sink back into the chair and closed his eyes for a second trying to recoup his wits.

As he sat there, Chermaine brushed at his ears or so it seemed. He opened his eyes just as he heard a loud "click" and felt a sharp sting in his right ear lobe. Before he could do much else, he felt himself pushed back into the chair by Betty.

"Hold still. This won't take more than a minute and it's a special present I went and got for you to commemorate your first visit to a salon and first date. Now, sit still!" Betty ordered.

Bob heard the "click" in his other ear this time. Betty was smiling broadly at him. She seemed "as pleased as punch" as the saying goes. Soon he was wearing a pair of stunning ear rings.

A pair of dangling silver ear rings set with three onyx stones and three pearls hung from his newly pierced ears to be exact.

"Melissa has the rest of your jewelry for your date tonight. You had better show her more appreciation than you did for my gift," Betty told him as they got into the car.

By the time they got back to the dorm, it was getting late. Betty rushed him up to his room and told him that she and the other girls would be back soon to help him dress for his big date. When Bob said something to the effect that he was not going out looking like he was, Betty jumped him up one side and down the other brooking no nonsense or reticence from him what so ever. He was going out on this date even if it killed him.

Once again he capitulated to the unstoppable force and sat down on the sofa to wait for his tormentors to arrive. He got up several times to inspect his face in the hall mirror. He touched his face several times in sheer disbelief that the reflected image was really his. All too soon he heard someone knocking on his door. It was the girls.

They came pouring into his room carrying all sorts of packages and bundles. They surrounded him like a surging tide, and he was carried away with them into his bedroom. All the while comments like, "Oh fab look you have there Bobbie," "Love the new you!" "You're positively precious looking," "Oh, how I do love that color on you," filled his ears.

Joan being the senior manager on the up scale women's apparel line had selected a beautiful and sensuous short sleeved dress for him to wear. She had piped in his measurements and the production line delivered a nice dressy outfit that would certainly get Moose's attention. It was a scooped back velvet dress that dropped in a whoosh of perfumed charmeuse. It was made of black acetate fabric and had a bra-vura back bow and the hem fell to three inches above the knee.

Doris furnished a matching set of lingerie for the date. A pair of high cut stretch lace black panties and a matching satin bra. A black bra designed specifically to create a smooth line while providing the necessary enhancements.

The bra had cleverly angled underwire support to provide the extra lift and shape that Bob needed. It was lavishly covered in lace with a satin bow detail. Even Bob could tell that this lingerie was expensive.

A black satin waist cinch with six lace frilled garter tabs, a pair of smokey ultra—shear hose and a soft black slip with layers of lace at the bodice and hem completed Doris's gift selection.

Melissa gave Bobbie some additional jewelry that he would need. A wide banded bracelet in silver with onyx and pearls to match his ear rings that was given to him by Betty. She also gave him several thin and dainty rings for his little, middle, and index fingers of both hands.

Betty gave him a pair of heels telling him they were a gift from Mz. Rosa. They were black satin dress pumps flourished with an ornamental clip—on rosette and a two and a half inch spiked heel. She also loaned Bob a beaded black clutch purse with long slender satin strap. It was one of those very feminine purses which was only big enough to carry the most essential items. Namely lipstick, compact, and maybe a spritz of perfume and tissue.

At last, he was dressed and looking absolutely fabulous. They only had to lightly touch up his make—up and add a dash more of hair spray to bring his appearance back to it original salon finish. He was sitting nervously on the satin vanity stool, legs tucked neatly back and to the side, knees crossed femininely.

“Betty...wha...what if..er..what if he tries something? You got me looking like a real girl and well what if..ah..if he you know tries something?”

“Well I must admit that you certainly look fantastic. As a matter of fact, much better than I thought that you could look. You know, we all said that you were a natural for skirts and I guess you just proved our point. I mean, you would be some serious competition for us if you were a real girl. Now wouldn't you?”

“Ah come on Betty! Quit teasing! I..I'm trying to be serious here. What if that big dumb jock tries something? What am I going to do? If he discovers my secret, he'll kill me. I..I won't have a Chinaman's chance against him. You got me into this and...and you have to help me out.”

“Well, first of all I did not get you into this! You got only yourself to blame. As a matter of fact, we told you to tell Moose who you really were and stop this before you got in too deep, but you kept leading him on. We girls are even wondering whether or not you really wanted to tell Moose the truth. Joan thinks that you just might be well...you know...that way....”

“I am not!”

“Okay, okay! So you're not. But if you get into trouble you're either going to have to talk real fast and furiously or..well..you're just going to have to do what we girls have always done.”

“What da'ya mean. Do what girls always do?”

“Simple! You do what he wants. Up to a point that is. Like, you can let him kiss you and stuff like that. You don't think that it would kill you to swap a little spit. Do you?”

“Ki..kiss me. You mean...awe man!”

“You of all people should know that girls are expected to let their dates kiss them, especially after a date.”

“Okay, okay already! You've made your point.”

“Yeah, but what are you going to do if he tries to get really fresh with you? You are a 'babe', you know. A real cock teaser, if you know what I mean,” Joan added. Revenge is so much sweeter when left to age and mellow over time. “See how good you can eat a banana, sweet cakes,” she thought.

“What! What is she talking about? He...he wouldn't or ooooh noooo! He might. Betty what am I going to do if he really tries something like Joan is suggesting? You girls have got to help me here.”

“Good grief! Haven't you been as ass hole on a date before?” Melissa chimed in. “What did you settle for? Playing with that poor girl's tit or did you force her?”

“Huh? Oh shit! You don't....Naw...you can't be serious? Are you?”

“As serious as death! But I don't think that Moose would hurt you all that much if you consider a couple of broken bones nothing serious. After all, you are covered by a very good company health plan,” Doris added.

“Look!” Betty told him. “If he gets amorous, let him put his arm around you and maybe he'll be satisfied just playing with your breast. That and a few kisses won't be all that bad even for a macho guy like you. Then again, maybe he'll try going a lot further. If that happens, you can always suck him off.”

Bob went white as a sheet and his mouth opened and closed and opened again without him uttering a solitary sound. He looked just like a guppy out of the water. In a way, that is exactly what he was. Totally out of his natural element.



“Well don't have a heart attack! It was just a suggestion. How difficult can it be?” She paused and glanced around the room at the other girls standing and sitting there with them. Bob saw every one of them nodding their heads in agreement.

“It is certainly better than the alternative. Isn't it?” She continued turning her full attention back to him. “Or...would you rather him pull up your skirt and tear the panties off your pretty round butt? Maybe I was wrong about you and you'd like it that way. In any case, I personally have found that giving a little head is always effective in deflating an over zealous lover. It kinda takes the air right out of him. Like you've never experienced it yourself. Just how aggressive were you, once you've been sucked off? See what I mean?”

He sat there for what seemed like an eternity taking in all the verbal abuse and kidding. The girls weren't really being mean, but a good dose of reality from a woman's perspective wasn't something he had any real appreciation for. He just felt like they were being mean to him. By the time Paula knocked on the door to tell them that Moose had arrived, he was a quivering mass of gelatin.

All the girls except for Betty left the room to go down stairs to visit for a bit with Moose. After all, who ever heard of a woman being ready on time. While Bobbie wasn't exactly all that he appeared to be, they all wanted to be present when he arrived to meet his very first date. The expression on his face would be priceless if their ideas came to fruition and they certainly did not want to miss it. Joan, as a matter of fact, would have given a month's pay just to observe what was going to happen on this date. Fortunately for her, part of her wish was going to come true.

All too soon a reluctant Bobbie entered the rec. room followed close behind by Betty. Moose stood up and walked over to greet Bobbie and thrust out a handful of summer flowers. Surprised by Moose's sudden movement, Bobbie pulled back, but quickly recognized the offering. He was still standing petrified to the spot when Betty brushed past him, and accepted the flowers on Bobbie's behalf.

“Why Moose, how positively thoughtful and romantic,” Betty said as she took the flowers from Moose's hand. “Say thank you to the nice man, Bobbie. After all, it's not every day a girl gets something so sweet from her beau.”

“Er...ahhh..ye..yes thank you Moose. It...it was very er...thoughtful of you,” Bob finally managed to whisper. His throaty acknowledgment was much sexier sounding than Bob realized and brought a great big smile to Moose's lips. From the look in his eyes, Moose was more than pleased with his date for the night.

Without much further commentary or discussion, Moose grabbed Bob by his elbow and guided him out of the room. Soon Bob was doing like Betty had told him, sitting beside Moose as he drove off into the night. Moose had opened the car door like a gentleman, and walked around to his side. Bob following orders, scooted his slick and satiny covered butt over and unlocked Moose's door. Before Bob could move back over to his side of the car, Moose had gotten in and placed a thickly corded muscular arm around his shoulders pulling him even closer.

Bob, in surprise, looked Moose in the eye and when he did, Moose planted a quick kiss right on his lips. Bob froze on the spot in shock. He hadn't expected such famili-

arity so soon. Moose grinning from ear to ear, pulled his arm from around Bob and inserted the key into the ignition.

“Man, Bobbie you're really a knock out, you know,” he said as the motor sprang into life. Shoving the shift into drive, Moose settled back into his seat and once again placed his arm around Bob's shoulders. Bob was stuck sitting right there beside Moose in all too close proximity for his comfort but there was little he could do to change it.

Soon they were stopping in the parking lot of a small diner located on the campus of the firm. For his part, Bob had not been off the Climatic Manufacturing industrial campus since his arrival. Even the beauty salon had been located within the compound. As Moose pulled into the lot, Bob actually felt a little bit disappointed. He found himself actually looking forward to getting away from the Company, even if it mean doing so as Moose's date.

Inside the diner, Moose assisted Bob into his seat then proceeded to sit down beside him. As Bob settled himself into his chair, Moose's arm once again found its way across his shoulders. Moose ordered for them both, his was a thick juicy Porterhouse with all the trimmings while Bob's was the broiled catch of the day and steamed veggies. Bob almost took his knife and drove it into Moose's leg in sheer frustration, but he managed to restrain himself. He's almost be willing to kill for a steak. It had been so long.

Dinner finished, Bob excused himself and headed for the rest rooms. He almost walked into the Men's room, but at the last second pivoted on his heels and entered the Lady's. Fortunately, no one was in there and he quickly did his business making sure to repair his make—up before leaving. Moose was waiting by the exit.

Once again, Moose opened Bob's door for him and once again Bob unlocked Moose's door. And then again, Moose reached over and pulled Bob back beside him on the seat. Bob tried his best to keep his eyes straight ahead, but Moose placed his hand under his chin and turned his face into his. Before Bob could do anything else, Moose planted a deep kiss on his lips. As Bob inwardly cringed at the intimacy forced upon him, he felt Moose jam his tongue inside his mouth as well. Bob felt like gagging, but just as he thought that he was going to lose it, Moose backed off.

They headed off into the night once again, Bob not knowing for where until they actually got there. It was a small drive—in theater on company grounds and the screen was actually painted on the rear wall of one of the buildings. Moose parked in the very last row, but near a security light. Moose lowered the window but left the speaker hanging on its stand. The movie was a romantic comedy something about Arizona and a baby, but Bob was too busy fighting off Moose's advances to watch much of it.

It had started out innocently enough. A few quick discrete kisses, a gentle squeeze of his arm, but soon progressed to a more intimate exploration. Moose's hand was probing into the neckline of Bob's dress trying to work its way down onto his breast.

As Moose's right hand was working its way into Bob's bra, his other hand was rubbing at Bob's thigh. Bob's own hands were kept busy attempting to remove Moose's fiddling fingers without a lot of success. The familiarity of the situation, though in a

complete role reversal for him, did not seem funny in the least. No, it wasn't the least bit funny.

No sooner had Bob managed to grasp Moose's right hand and pull it back onto his shoulder than he would lose control of Moose's other hand and it would renew its travels up Bob's nylon covered thigh. Now Bob understood where the term "octopus hands" had come from because he was experiencing it himself for the first time.

Bob was so distraught and preoccupied by the constantly roving hands that he did not think of any effective counter to Moose's advances. If he had taken the time to think about how he had been rebuffed so many times in the past, things may have turned out differently. In the end because of Bob's inexperience and fear of discovery, Moose's right hand nestled into Bob's right bra cup while both of Bob hands held tightly to Moose's other hand. The absolute last thing Bob needed tonight was for Moose to reach the juncture of his thighs.

By this time the windows of Moose's car were pretty well fogged up and Bob was exhausted from his efforts. He could feel Moose's fingers toying with his right nipple. Twisting and pulling gently at it, sending little tingling sensations into his body. Bob was very uncomfortable with this intimate contact and the strange sensations caused by it, but could do nothing else to stop it.

Things stayed relatively stable for about half an hour with Moose content just playing with Bob's nipple and breast. Occasionally, Moose would tighten his right arm bringing Bob's face closer and give him a deep passionate kiss. Bob for his part tried his best not to respond, but Moose was just too forceful and powerful.

At times, Bob thought Moose's tongue was going to dig out his tonsils. Bob was left breathless and just a little more exhausted after each kiss. He knew from personal experience that soon Moose would and could do practically anything he wanted to him. Above all, Bob had decided that Moose could not discover his secret because he just knew that Moose would really kill him.

With his priorities established, Bob began thinking furiously on ways to keep that from happening and to avert Moose's attention. Betty's advice kept echoing in his mind, but that was an alternative that he just could not accept. It was obviously much too late to just say no and pull away. Moose's growing sexual state was becoming just as obvious. As Moose began tightening his arm around Bob's shoulders and started to turn back in his direction for another lip lock, Bob had an inspiration.

"Moo...Moose..er...Moose please! I'm thirsty. Be...aah..be a doll and fetch me a cold soda would you pleeeaaassee." Georgeanne had used that same line on him on their first date as well. Seeing Moose agree and get out of the car, Bob heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"It worked!" His mind screamed. "But what are you going to do when he gets back? Oh! Shit! I'm fucked!" I'm really fucked if I don't come up with a way out of this mess before he gets back."

Bob was still deep in thought when Moose tapped on the car window to get his attention. Moose's hands were full of popcorn and drinks and Bob had to reach over and open the door for him. Just for an instant Bob contemplated locking the doors, but

Moose had taken the keys so it wouldn't have done him any good. Even if Moose had left the keys, Bob certainly couldn't just drive off and leave him behind. That would just delay the time before Moose came and beat the living shit out of him or worse.

All too soon the popcorn was devoured and the soda drunk. Once again Moose maneuvered his hand back onto Bob's breast. This time however, Moose's desires were not to be denied. He began aggressively kissing and feeling Bob up. Bob's protests fell on deaf ears blinded by lust. Soon, Bob found himself leaning almost vertically back against the car door with Moose on top of him.

Somehow Bob's dress had come undone and his bra cups had been pushed down under his breasts. They stood up small but noticeably feminine supported by the scrunched up bra. Moose's thick lips were tugging, nipping, and sucking ardently on his nipple. His hands were pushing persistently at Bob's skirt and slip trying to get them out of the way of his ultimate target. Between sucking and nipping at Bob's breast, he was planting deep soul kisses on Bob's lips. Bob was much too busy to scream or even think by this time. It was all he could muster to just keep Moose's hands away from his crotch.

In the continuing struggle, Bob managed to slide from under Moose and wound up squatting on the floor boards of the car. Moose's face pressed tightly to Bob's breast. In a desperate attempt to bring some sort of control to the situation, Bob reached out and grabbed Moose's crotch.

Bob was stunned at what he felt through Moose's pants. It felt humongous and was as hard as a steel shaft. Moose's hand came up and grabbed Bob around his neck. Bob was pulled closer to Moose's face where their lips met in a tight bruising embrace. Bob felt the very breath drawn out of his lungs by Moose's forceful kiss. Before he could recover his breath, Moose's hand was pushing his face down towards his crotch. Bob could only follow the pressure. Resistance was futile.

What Bob saw next only confirmed what he had felt earlier. Moose had unzipped his pants and exposed his prick. It was at least nine inches long and two thick. The circumcised head was bloated and its eye weeped in anticipation. It looked so big that Bob gulped down the realization that he had nothing compared to Moose's equipment. A moment of doubt that perhaps he was really meant to wear skirts frittered through his mind.

Bob felt his head being guided down, down, closer and closer to that huge masculine tool. A strong musky odor mixed with after shave assailed his nostrils as his head was pushed lower. He tried just for a brief moment to jerk back, but the hand was persistent. He could see his own feminized hands with the brightly polished nails clutching helplessly at Moose's lap.

He knew that what Betty had said was going to happen no matter what he did. More importantly, he understood that if he did not do it right, then, Bob's secret would be revealed. Bob did what many a young lady had done in his same place. He swallowed his pride and opened his mouth. His reluctant lips formed a lipstick framed oval as he came into contact with heated flesh.

One moment his mouth was inches away from that shaft and then the next moment it was as if the prick had jumped into his mouth. "Umphhhhhhhh...." was all

Bob could say as he felt Moose thrust all the way into the back of his throat. Pubic hairs brushed against his lips and cheek as Moose strained to pump his flesh all the way into Bob's inviting mouth. A panic filled Bob as he could no longer breathe and his hands pulled close around the invading flesh and exerted what force they could to relieve the blockage.

At last, Moose started his back stroke and Bob quickly gulped down a deep breath. He barely had time to exhale and grab another breath before that massive cock was once again thrust deep into his throat. Still filled with panic Bob squirming and twisting his body while shoving and pushing with his hands, tried to get some sort of control of the situation. To all outward appearances though it looked like Bob was in the wild abandon of sexual bliss.

Bob felt the flesh invading his mouth bounce off the roof of his throat on its way yet again deep into him. This time when it pulled back, Bob was able to grasp the shaft with his lips and slow its return enough for him to catch his breath. Again, the shaft bounced off his palate and drove deep into his throat. This time, by squeezing his lips as tightly as he could, Bob was able to keep it from going quite as deep as it had before. Again it pulled back, and yet again.

With his mind no longer preoccupied with breathing, Bob remembered how other girls had controlled him. This time, he slid one of his hands around the retreating shaft and holding on for dear life used it to further limit Moose's penetration. Bob had gotten the hang of it and the action became a steady, but bearable onslaught.

Bob felt Moose straining and pushing upwards with his hips as if he were trying to bury his shaft all the way down to Bob's stomach. Then, with the penis buried deep in his throat, Bob felt the initial explosion. It was almost like the head of the penis expanded to fill his mouth, then a gush of hot liquid flooded what little space had been left. Bob naturally pulled back as far as Moose's hands would let him, but it wasn't enough to dislodge the head.

It continued pouring out its seed into Bob's throat. Bob had no choice but to swallow and when he did he gagged. He felt it fill then run out his nose as his throat constricted. Oozing cum out his nostrils, it soon joined a stream flowing out of the corners of Bob's mouth. Still Moose held Bob's head tight against his groin as he pumped and pumped out yet even more sperm.

It was over. Bob felt Moose relax his grip on the back of his head. As the limp shaft plopped out from between his aching lips, he coughed up a glob of spent fluid. It flowed over his lips to join that already pooling around the hand that encircled the limp shaft. Bob could only turn his head to the side and gasp for air. He felt violated and dirtier than he ever could have believed possible.

He tried to sit up, but Moose held him down. "Come on baby," he heard Moose say to him. "Show me some nice nice and kiss it some more. I know you really liked it."

Bob felt his stomach churn but forced himself to kiss the slack tube of flesh a few more times. He felt it quiver as his lips lightly brushed its head. Squeezing his eyes tightly shut, he managed to slide his tongue up and down the shaft a few more times. Moose seemed satisfied with that and relaxed his grip on Bob's head.

Taking advantage of Moose's collapse into sated oblivion, Bob pulled away from his lap and sat up. Absently he rubbed his soaking hand on the car seat, then realizing what he was wiping off began gagging. Fortunately the window was down as Bob turned his head and let the contents of his stomach pulse out onto the asphalt.

Brushing the back of his hand across his lips, Bob wiped away the spittle hanging from his face. He spit once more onto the asphalt, pulled back in from the window, and let himself collapse into the seat. His head supported by the headrest, Bob just sat breathing in great gulps of air. The taste of bile and seamen seemed to fill his mouth.

After several minutes, he turned and reaching across Moose's lap trying his best not to look down at the limp flesh sticking out of the zipper, grabbed his purse. Taking out the tissues, he wiped his face and hand. Cleaning up as best he could. Seeing Moose start to rouse himself, Bob said something about having to get to the rest room and got out of the car. It wasn't easy squeezing past the speaker pole and the car door, but after what he'd just been through nothing was going to keep him from getting as far away from Moose as he could.

He now knew why the lady's room was such a popular place. He also knew why the girls all stayed in there so damn long. He knew the reason why because he was now one of those girls. It was a safe haven, a refuge from unwanted attention or unwanted company. Bob, as soon as he entered the cinder block entrance, heaved a great big sigh of relief. He saw three young girls standing by the mirrored wall over the sinks and rushed into the nearest open stall. The last thing he wanted was for them to get a good look at him. Not because he felt that they would recognize him, rather that they would see how he looked and would know what he had just done.

In the stall he pulled down his panties and squatted like he had been doing this all his life. As his butt hit the cold plastic seat, tears began flooding down his cheeks. He sobbed for what seemed like hours, but was only minutes. Hands covering his eyes, the smell of musk strong in his nose.

The chatter of the three girls standing by the sinks had stopped when they heard the crying coming from the stall. One of them tentatively knocked on the door to his stall asking if there were anything they could do to help.

As he heard the knock and question, Bob froze. Taking in a big breath, he stuttered out, "It...It's nothing. I'm...I..I'm all..ri..right!"

"Are you sure honey?"

"Yeah, I..I'm sure....er....ah..thanks. Thanks for asking. I'll be fine." That seemed to satisfy the girls and he heard them walk out of the rest room. Getting control took him some more time, but the racking sobs eased off into a snuffle and finally to silence.

Grabbing a wad of tissue off the roll, he blew his nose. Then deciding to go ahead and do his business, relaxed his sphincter. He remembered to blot before flushing. Pulling his clothing back into a semblance of order, he opened the stall door and walked over to the sinks.

Placing his purse within easy reach, he splashed water on his red eyes and did his best to wash away the filth that he imagined covered his face. Stepping back as he

heard some more girls enter, he toweled off and pulled his purse closer. Taking out his compact and lipstick he did his best to repair his face. There wasn't much he could do about his hair since he couldn't bring a brush. Instead, he reached up with his fingers spread and ran them through his hair. Combing out his locks as best he could only to quickly pull his hand away from his scalp when it came into contact with something wet.

With a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, Bob quickly dampened a towel and wiped away the offending globule of Moose's affection. He tried not to look too obvious as he glanced around the room to see if any of the other girls who had just come in had noticed. They were all still behind closed doors so he breathed a lot easier. Now what was he going to do. He couldn't say in the lady's all night. Or could he? Seeing a girl step out of one of the stalls, he knew that he did not want to stay there a be the subject of their inspection. So reluctantly, he grabbed his purse and headed out the door.

He walked around near the concession stand until his high heeled feet began to really hurt. He decided to go into the concession and get a coke and sit down for a while. As he stood in line to purchase his coke, Bob realized that he did not have any money. With a low moan, he stepped out of line and reluctantly headed back to the car.

There was really no way he could delay the inevitable any longer. He was going to have to go back to Moose. Heading back in that direction, Bob began thinking furiously about how he could get Moose to take him right home. He'd had more than he could stand for a first date.

When he got back to the car, Moose was still sleeping on the passenger side of the automobile. Bob opened the car door on that side and shoved Moose awake. "Come on Moose!" he said as firmly as he could, "It's time to get me home. Betty will be pissed if I'm not back."

To his surprise, Moose agreed and slid over to his side while zipping up his pants. He gave Bob a great big shit eating grin as he turned the key in the ignition. "Man! You sure know how to give great head," he commented as they drove out of the theater. He did not see the blazing blush flash across Bob's cheeks. Nor did he hear the rumbling of his stomach either.

He walked Bob to the entrance of the dorm and trapping him between his thick arms, pressed his groin up into Bob's while pinning his back to the entrance. "Come on baby," he demanded. "Give me another kiss before you go in. I don't know if I can wait until next week."

Bob could do nothing pressed tightly against the door. He felt Moose's maleness through his skirt and taste him on his lips. Still Moose was going to have his way and was soon forcing his tongue deeply into Bob's mouth. Finished with the French kiss or rather kisses, Moose moved back and pulled open the door. As Bob turned to go in, he heard Moose tell him that he'd pick him up at seven that next Saturday evening.

Bob ran past the rec. room as fast as his heels would allow him. He did not pause when he heard his name shouted out, but kept hitting the up button on the elevator. The door opened and he jumped in, punching the three button as he did so. The doors shut just as Sherri and Doris walked up.

Bob reached his apartment and stripping as he went headed straight for the bath. Tugging and fighting with the rear laced waist cinch, he stopped only long enough to turn the spigots on in the tub. Naked he slid beneath the foaming bubbles of the bath. Grabbing a lefty sponge, he began scrubbing as hard as he could at his flesh. Tears rolled down his face in a continual torrent. Bob felt like he would never be clean again.

Betty found him somewhat later still sitting in the tub rubbing at his arms. Gently she coaxed him out of it and began toweling him off. She did not speak at first, instead she kept quite and made sure he was dry and dressed in a pretty little gauzy nightie. It was soft pale green in a very tight pleated empire waisted nightie with ruffled matching panties. Bob made no effort to resist or even acknowledge her presents.

She made them some tea using the special herb blend supplied by Melissa. As Bob slowly sipped at the hot brew, he began to relax and he gradually became aware of his circumstances. With his eyes beginning to focus, Betty began talking to him softly. Speaking of nothing of import or substance, but doing her best to ease his mind. Bob suddenly let reality come barging in and began crying. Betty walked over to his side and began comforting him. Gradually, she worked out of him everything that had happened.

Doing her best to keep from gloating, she soothed his shattered nerves. She kept telling him that there was nothing to be ashamed of nor for that matter anything to worry over. "After all, Bobbie we girls have been doing that for eons. It's not like he took your virginity is it? Besides, once you have had the chance to think about it, I am sure that it will not seem so awful."

"Why it sounds to me like you acted very responsibly and took things into your own hands so to speak. After all, I can show you a lot of women on the assembly line who would have given their eye teeth to be in your shoes tonight. So relax. Heck, Betty Anderson from sector twelve would have gladly given her first born child for a chance to be with Moose. She'll be green with envy when I tell her what you did. Come on! You go ahead and get to bed. I am sure by tomorrow you will feel much better about this."

Bob was too tired by this time to argue any more. He let Betty lead him into his bed room and tuck him under the satin comforter. She bent over and kissed him on the forehead before turning out the light and telling him that she would see him in the morning.

In the dark of the night, visions of Moose and his humongous erection filled Bob's dreams. The events of that night replayed themselves over and over in his dreams. By morning he had large rings around his eyes and was more exhausted than he had ever been. Sunday was spent moping in his apartment. He did not even venture out for meals. Instead, he heated up the tea pot and drank some more of Melissa's blend. By Sunday night and Melissa's arrival to continue her electrolysis, Bob was feeling somewhat better.

Melissa had been forewarned by Betty and she used their time together to further remove any doubts he may have about the “rightness” and “correctness” of what he had been required to perform. “Back in the olden days,” Melissa had said, “it wasn't considered proper for a young lady to even kiss on the first date. I mean, like can you believe! A girl couldn't kiss her beau until the third date! How duh can you get!”

Melissa sat back for a moment and looked down at Bob. He lay there complacently and his mouth twitched some, but he was listening. Smiling she continued her lecture, “Like, they even thought she was ”loose” if you know what I mean. It's not like she slept with the guy, you know.”

She stopped talking for a while to let what she had said sink in. Her needle flittered constantly over his stomach. His body was almost hairless now. Oh, he would have to shave his legs and underarms in the future, but his face, chest, arms, and lower torso had been completely denuded.

Deciding to move down to his crotch, she began talking once more to distract him from what she intended to do next. “Things sure have changed and for the better too. I just can't picture myself as not being able to swap spit with my Roger. Like deep throatin' my guy makes me something unwholesome. Heck! Now if you don't go to bed with your man on the first date, something gotta be wrong with the girl. Like she's got the cooties you know! Can you imagine?”

“I bet Moose could lay a lip lock on you that could curl your toes, huh Bobbie? I don't care what you said about all you did last night, I'm bettin' that deep down he turned on at least some of your buttons. Didn't you get a tingling sensation crawling down to your tummy when he played with your titties?”

“No, oh come on this is Melissa you're talking to kid. I've been around the block a few times and believe me I know a hunk when I see one and Moose is a real Hunk. Come on! Tell me what it felt like, and be honest, when he began nibbling on your nipple?”

Bob was taken aback by Melissa's line of questioning. He was still incensed over his date and what he had been forced to do, but now he wasn't so sure. He tried to avoid Melissa's probing questions, but in the end related how he had indeed felt a tingling sensation crawl down his spine. When he verbalized his answer he became all the more confused. He was very glad when the session ended.

Bob had just lay there listening to what Melissa had been saying trying his best to drive the vision on Moose's erection out of his mind at the same time. What was he to think with Melissa carrying on like she was,” he thought. “Like he was some dizzy woman in the first place. Hell! He was a guy and guys didn't do what he had done!”

But the doubt was planted in his mind that he had acted perfectly normal and correctly by sucking off Moose. Being a girl made such antics perfectly normal and even expected. “Expected!” roared in his mind and reverberated to the point of haunting him in his sleep. Sunday night when he dreamt of Moose, it was from a changing point of view. Now, he was beginning to remember the pleasant sensations that had filled him. Now, instead of feeling humiliation and remorse, he was beginning to feel pleasure and a tingling teasing itch in his groin.

Monday arrived none too soon and Bob was still exhausted from his ordeal. However, he was in much better spirits. Tuesday, he even accepted an invitation to play another tennis match. This time Betty and he lost and they would have to pay for a complete make over at the salon.

Wednesday, they went to the pool and to Bob's relief had it completely to themselves. It never entered his mind to question why so few people were around such a great company pool area. He never thought to ask about the buildings across the way from the pool on the other side of the concertina wire either. By Friday, he was beginning to worry about his second date with Moose. He had hoped to see Moose at the pool or on the campus so he could tell him he couldn't go out with him anymore, but Moose was completely absent.

Saturday morning the girls went back to the salon to have themselves fixed up. Now it was Bob and Betty's turn to pay, but as long as they were there, Betty insisted that they get the works as well. Once again, Chermaine took possession of Bobbie.

This evening the girls were not quite as enthusiastic as they had been the week before about Bob impending date. They all chipped in their two cents worth however, and each had some practical advice for him to follow. Especially, if he wanted to hook his man.

This time he was given a white georgette blouse featuring a cut—out embroidered collar with a detachable bow and a pleated front. It had padded shoulders and long billowing sleeves with pearlized button lace edged cuffs. A red double pleated front skirt with a three button kick pleat in back and two side pockets that reached to mid calf would complete his outer wear.

A bright red wasp waisted corset wire supported with demi—cup lace frilled bra, coffee hose, red nylon half slip with slit and delicate lacing at the hem, and matching camisole would complete his undergarments. Bright red patent leather pumps with two and a half inch stiletto heels and a red top zip handbag with front side pocket, strap detail and leather collar completed his outfit.

Once again, he was presented to Moose by the assembled girls and told to have a good time. Bob accepted Moose's arm around his waist with reluctance, but with grim determination followed him out into the night. Bob was determined not to let what had happened last time recur ever again. As before, he was taken to the diner where Moose ordered an angle hair pasta dish for him without so much as a by your leave and another thick juicy steak for himself.

Again they headed towards the drive—in and Bob began to squirm. There was no way he could stand another night like the last date they had. So gathering his courage, he demanded that Moose take him some where else. He was not going to go to another drive—in movie no matter what he had to say about it. Moose, sat confused for a moment then brightening nodded his head in response.

Bob found himself all too soon alone once again with Moose. Moose had taken Bobbie's advice and drove to a vacant lot surrounded on two sides by the tall security fence. A bright light at the meeting of the two sides of the fence lit up the interior of the car. Bob opened his mouth to protest, but it was quickly filled with Moose's tongue.

Moose held him tight, kissing and playing a frantic emotional dance with his tongue. Bob felt Moose grab his hand and pull it down towards his crotch. Bob tried to pull back, but Moose was entirely too strong. It was a hopeless mismatch and Bob realized that once again his ability to misdirect Moose's attentions away from his own groin would be the only thing to save his miserable life. Deep in the recesses of his mind he thought furiously to come up with a means to extricate himself from Moose's growing adore.

Once again, Bob capitulated to the inevitable and began playing the part he was dressed for. Soon he found himself being lowered down into Moose's lap. Bob had taken some initiative and loosened the zipper freeing Moose's erection. He had surrounded it with his hand and had done his best to masturbate Moose into a quick climax, but that did not happen. It was still ram rod straight and jerking in its demand for attention. Just before he was forced to plant his lips around its shaft, Bob gripped it with both hands. Moose was not going to choke off his breath like he had the last time.

Slowly, Bob lowered his lips to the glistening head, and began to lick it with his tongue. He kept this up for some time before lowering himself further down onto the shaft. He felt it fill and then begin bouncing off the roof of his mouth. As he felt Moose's thrusts, Bob knew that when he looked into the mirror in the morning he would see the reddish bruises spotting his throat. A reminder that would last Bob for a long time after he had performed the deed.

After Moose had filled Bob with his seed, they sat back in the seats. Bob doing his best to keep from tossing his cookies and Moose breathing heavily to regain his strength. Bob's blouse had been opened and pulled down to his waist and hickey marks spotted his breasts and neck in testament to Moose's desires. Bob touched his left nipple and it was sore and sensitive to his touch. It sent a spark of sensation something like touching a raw nerve, but not painful down into his stomach. Bob quickly pulled his blouse closed to hide his shame.

Bob was roused by Moose's arm circling around his shoulders. He started to tell Moose that it was time to go when he was silenced by another kiss. It seemed that Moose was revitalized and would not take "no" for an answer. Only this time Moose was not going to be satisfied with a blow job.

As Moose pawed and groped Bob's breasts, he slowly forced Bob back and under his massive weight. Bob's skirt was hiked up around his waist and his panties were being pulled at when Moose's hand suddenly backed away.

Bob smiled at his own cleverness for he had placed a feminine napkin in his crotch. He knew that there was only one thing in the world that would have stopped him in his tracks and had used it to stop Moose. Unfortunately for Bob, Moose was not so easily swayed. Grabbing Bob around the waist, he lifted him up turning him facing away, and lowered him back into his lap. Before Bob could react, Moose pulled his panties to the side and pushed his penis up against Bob's anus.

Moose's loud breathing filled Bob's ears as he felt the head of the penis force its way into his bottom. "Uuuuggggggnnnnnnoooo sssssttttoooooopp! Moose don't! Please noooooooooo! Don't!"

he cried out in both fear and pain. Bob tried to lever himself up and away from that punishing pressure against his bottom.

Moose's hands just gripped his waist tighter and forced Bob back onto his shaft. It was driven deep and after eternity, Bob felt his butt sitting squarely against Moose's lap. A thick, hard rod pulsated inside him, splitting him in two. Then it began to move. Slowly at first then building up steam began to pump savagely in and out of his bottom.

Bob lost track of reality, conscious only of the piston like action of Moose's rod as it kept up a steady pounding of his ass. The sharp pain gave way to a numbness and then to his surprise, he felt his own penis begin to react. They both came at the same moment. Moose's spewing deep into Bob's intestines while Bob's filtered out through the pantigirdle and panty in a spreading wet stain.

Bob lost all recognition of time. He was only aware of sitting in Moose's lap. Feeling, at some point, the shriveled penis slipping out of his rectum Bob was otherwise numb. He just sat there, until Moose finally roused himself enough to push Bob off to his side of the car. Bob still did not react. He just sat there feeling a chill and indifference that he had never experienced before. Moose started the car telling Bob to button up his blouse and fasten his seat belt.

Moose did not bother to walk him to the door when they had arrived back at the dorm. Instead he just grinned an evil leer and as Bob slid off the seat leaving behind a damp spot said, "Now you know just how Georgeanne felt."

Bob was still standing in the parking lot long after Moose had driven off into the night. Moose's last words kept echoing and reverberating through his mind, "Now you know just how Georgeanne felt!"

Betty and the other girls came outside and taking him by the arm led him back to his room. There he was left alone. No one said anything and no one offered to help him in any way. They were not cruel nor were they sympathetic. Hours later he was still crying laying on his bed. Eventually, he got up, stripped off his clothing and went into the bathroom. It was the longest night of his life and the worst.

No one came by to check on him on Sunday and he spent the day trying his best to recuperate from his encounter with Moose. All day and into that night a single question kept running through his mind. How had they known, especially Moose, what he had done to Georgeanne, let alone knew of Georgeanne? That question went unanswered until Monday.

Bright Monday morning, Betty came for him. Seeing him dressed in one of the jump suits, she ordered him to change into one of his dresses. He was too worn out to argue and did as she bid him. He could tell just by her body language that he had better not say anything or object in the least.

He grabbed a red shimmering poly satin striped party blouse with a draped cowl neck. It had softly gathered shoulders and long puffed sleeves. A black straight skirt with rear slit was pulled from its hanger as well.

He went over to the bureau and removed a half slip in red nylon and a frill of lace on the hem. From another draw he pulled out a pair of tailored zig—zag ribbon striped

scarlet nylon sandlefoot pantyhose. A cabretta leather belt punctuated with a gold toned sculpted buckle and matching two inch heeled pumps came next. Redressed, he put his cosmetics and incidentals into a red leather shoulder bag with zip top and followed Betty out of the dorm. Between them they hadn't said a dozen words.

He was taken to the Administration building where he met once again with Mz. DeLaHosa, Mz. Rosa, and Dr. Arnold. He held his bag in front of him with his eyes averted not daring to look at them. Mz. DeLaHose ordered him into a near by chair and the lights were lowered. On the far wall pictures began to play across a screen which had been lowered. Bob could only stare in shock and disbelief.

It started out harmlessly enough at first. Him in his room, him at his work station, then him wearing his first dress, first bathing suit, and all made—up for his first date. Then the film changed, became more tinted but still very clear. There he was with his head in Moose's lap at the drive—in and then there he was bouncing up and down with a rapt expression on his face on Moose's lap. It was all on film and he looked just like a girl enjoying every second of it. Every erotic detail, every nonce of his actions in full cinematic detail preserved on celluloid forever.

“This is your personal copy Bobbie,” Mz. DeLaHosa told him while handing him the roll of film. “We thought that you would want it to remind you of your circumstances. From this point forward, you will not have to worry about being pleased as you so obviously were by our darling Moose. Like I told you when you first arrived.” She paused for effect and used the time to look at everyone in the room. Making sure that Bob knew that she was including them in her notion of family.

We here at Climatic Manufacturing are just one big family. Mz. Claudia Rose. You might remember her best as being your guidance counselor back at school. She is none other than our Mz. Rose's sister whom I believe you have already met. And, if you had ever bothered to ask, Mz. Georgeanne Rose is her daughter! We needn't go into any more detail about your relationship with Georgeanne I don't believe. Suffice it to say that this," here she paused to swing her outstretched arm in a broad arc.

“This place!” she continued. “Besides being a manufacturing enterprise is also a private contract penal company as well. You might have noticed that all your activities took place behind concertina wire and that you were never left totally on your own. Well, Mr. Bob Mulroney, you may consider your initial sentence over and your period of repentance begun. Depending on how successful you try to rehabilitate yourself, you may be allowed to leave here in five years.”

“Five years!” Bob finally found his voice. “Whaa...what no! You...you can't be serious! I haven't done nuthin' wrong and I...I haven't even had...had a trial. You..You can..can't do this to me.”

“Trial my dear boy!” Mz. Rose interrupted him, her voice rising to fever pitch as the emotion got to her. “Oh, but of course you had your trial. We have kept this all in the family and have sentenced you to serve the rest of your miserable life living a life you almost destroyed. My sister's daughter's life will be forever changed by your crude violent abuse of her body and her mind. I am hopeful that Moose's actions to your person has perhaps taught you a very valuable lesson. At least he did not beat you into submission!”

“Now you listen to me!” Mz. DeLaHosa interjected stopping Mz. Rosa from further involvement. “Dr. Arnold here will complete the necessary changes to your body and the rest of us will do our best to see that you receive the necessary instruction to survive in the real world as a woman. For your actions were so monstrous that you have been sentenced to live the rest of your life as a woman.”

Bob was opening and closing his mouth like a fish out of water. “Yo..you can't be serious? What if I don't agree to this crazy plot? What then?”

We are not so cruel as the judicial system which could have sentenced you to death. Instead we have chosen this alternative. Should you decide not to abide by our sentence, then of course you may appeal to the government's judicial system and take your chances. Even if they do not condemn you to death, I am sure that copies of this film will prove to be most entertaining to the jury and ultimately fellow prisoners!"

Bob sagged back into his chair. The hem of his black skirt riding up to reveal the tops of his scarlet pantyhose. Unconsciously, he reached down to pull the hem back into a more modest position. He froze in mid—act, fully realizing just how really fucked he was. They had him completely and totally! With a loud sigh, Bob closed his eyes and surrendered to their wishes.

Finis