

# The Temp

## **Part One – The Job Hunt**

Kit hated his job. He hated the stress, he feared his supervisor, he thought the hours were intolerable and the pay was a joke. He had done four years of university to attain this, and he regretted the time and energy he'd spent doing it.

He wasn't cut out to be a nurse. He decided this one day as he was hauled on the carpet for a medication error – it nearly cost him his job and his license, as the patient was quite ill and the error nearly caused the patient to die. As it was, there was a review, and Kit found himself dismissed with a black mark on his record.

A medication error can be a difficult thing to live down.

Kit lived alone in a small, fifth-story apartment in Brisbane, south of San Francisco in California. He really loved his little apartment. It suited him perfectly even though in some places the ceiling came fairly low, but then, he was not tall. It faced the bay – he could see the yacht harbor and the tankers riding at anchor and the sea gulls would come to his balcony to sit and stare at him and think.

He didn't want to lose his perfect little haven. Finding a position as a nurse, however, was going to be quite difficult because of the black mark on his record.

Kit had one good friend in the whole wide world – her name was Grady. She sold fish and lobsters down on Fisherman's Wharf. To Kit, Grady looked like a guy: she wore big, heavy boots and a baggy woolen sweater and even had a few whiskers of which she was quite proud. They'd liked each other when she'd been a patient. At first he'd been a little shy: her masculine traits initially made him a bit uncomfortable, but he had grown to accept them.

"Ya know whatcha should do, there, Kit?" she drawled slowly. She had been watching him out of the corner of her eye as he sat on the milk crate, completely depressed, telling

her what had happened to him the last few days. He didn't look up and she pursed her lips in determination. "You just listen to me, Kit... I've figured something out about you."

"Which is?"

Grady paused, and Kit looked up at her expectantly. Grady nodded. She knew she had him pegged and sincerely wanted to help. She chose her words carefully

"Kit, yer just not cut out for that sort of job, you know?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nursing. It's too much responsibility for ya. People's lives are in your hands and all that. Yer not like that. Yer..." Her eyes went contemplative. "Artistic. That's it. You're artistic."

Kit's hands were small, his features were small, his neck was small. Only his eyes were big and it showed at that point.

"Artistic? What do you mean? I can't even draw stick figures..."

"You know, like an artist," Grady wheezed a little in exasperation. There was an uncomfortable pause, since Grady wasn't quite sure how to explain what she meant by 'artistic' – her impression of him was not so much that he was skilled in some art form but rather that he *seemed* more of that sort of temperament than, say, a carpenter or plumber or empire builder. "You have that *mind*, that *spirit*. Yer not a logical, 'cold hard facts' kinda guy – and *that's* what a medical person *has* gotta be. Yer just not that kinda guy at all!"

Heck, he wasn't even much of a *guy*, really. She vaguely wondered what he would be like in bed. Her lips pursed tighter – she was sure he was still a virgin. A virgin at 22. How pathetic. She wouldn't have minded changing that if he was of the right frame of mind – but right now, she simply wanted to help him.

"Well, whatever. I've just *got* to find something to do," Kit said finally,

almost to himself. "I really don't want to lose that apartment, and I gotta eat so..."

"Help Wanted ads," Grady said firmly, thrusting the San Francisco Chronicle at him. "Something other than nursing, though, Kit. That's what you need!"

She was right. It was time to bite the bullet and start looking. Grady had made her point. Perhaps he should be looking for something *outside* of nursing. Kit liked that about her: Grady was quite direct.

As she served a customer he pored over the paper. In the computer skills area he circled one part-time position that involved Excel programming – something he loved to do and excelled at.

However, force of habit made him focus on nursing jobs.

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Four days and twelve rejections later – these were the days *before* the critical nursing shortage – he found himself opening a sun-drenched door of an older office building in the

Castro district. He was dressed conservatively: black slacks, black shoes, white shirt and his long, dark hair was slicked back.

He entertained little hope of landing this position – it was the one requiring Excel programming skills – but he figured before he would start at the unemployment lines, he would try all leads first.

The receptionist was young and a bit over-weight and wore one of those stretchy cotton skirts worn on the hips that showed a lot of baby fat at the middle. Kit thought she looked a bit too Goth to be a receptionist. Nonetheless she was nice enough to him as she handed him a multi-page job application form and told him he needed to fill in *everything*. She seemed to have a curiously secretive air about her.

He surveyed his surroundings.

It was difficult to ascertain exactly what sort of business this was. There were filing cabinets and computers and employees walking in and out of cubicles. 'Harmon Ltd' was the name on the building. The paper had given no clue, nor could he get any idea from what he was able to observe.

The receptionist finally came over to him.

"Miss Bradley will see you now." She seemed somewhat distant.

He was led through a maze of cubicles to a corner office. While the cubicles were modern and efficient, Miss Bradley's office was decorated in plush velour and rosewood, quite Victorian. Miss Bradley rose from her sumptuous chair and extended her hand as the door closed behind them.

"Mr. Inslow, nice to meet you," she said kindly.

Kit timidly took her hand and swallowed. Hard.

Miss Bradley was stunning.

She was a tall woman in her mid-forties, a good three inches taller than Kit, and generously proportioned, particularly in the hips and bosom. She held herself proudly, as befits a self-made woman.

She was wearing a pink lacy top with a short, pink skirt. It was astonishingly short, exposing the white lace tops of her stockings. The outfit was a bit young for her, but she carried it off beautifully. Her perfume smelled expensive, her hair said 'exclusive salon' and her outfit was definitely nothing off the rack at Macys.

"Please sit down, Mr. Inslow... no, here," Miss Bradley said, suddenly and unexpectedly firm. She indicated a much smaller chair next to hers. Kit hesitantly approached his seat. *This is going to be a very different kind of interview*, he mused as he settled into the amazingly soft cushion and looked expectantly up at her.

She settled back into her executive's chair, eyeing him thoughtfully.

"You are probably wondering what we do here," she began. She had guessed correctly that this question was at the top of his list. "Yes, I realize that it wouldn't be very clear to you. Simplified, we're a sort of employment agency."

Kit opened his mouth slightly to speak but she broke in,

“At the most basic level, we provide employment placement for disadvantaged women. You see, Kristen Harmon, our founder, was herself a battered woman. Kristen is a fighter and her spirit was what made this company happen... and succeed! That's why we named the company after her.”

Kit sat expectantly looking at her, but his heart was sinking. Inexplicably, he felt drawn to the place – something about it made him want to work here more than anything else in the world. True, he had just suffered a series of rejections, but although he felt dreadfully out of place, there was just something about Harmon Ltd, about Miss Bradley, even, that drew him like a magnet.

*How would I possibly fit in here?* he mused. This was all about women, for women, by women. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, steeling himself for another rejection.

Her quick eye observed this and she gave him a side-long glance.

“You wouldn’t happen to have a degree in career counseling, would you? That’s what we really need, at this point - more than a programmer, to be honest.”

Kit sighed and shook his head, the refrain ‘and another one bites the dust’ going through his head. She stared at him in silence her eyebrows rose as if with a sudden thought.

“Just how much do you want a job with Harmon Ltd?”



"Very, very much," Kit said. Then at an enquiring glance from her the whole story of the disintegrating beginning of a second-choice career came tumbling out. He had gotten into nursing at the recommendation of an ex-girlfriend – "you'll always have work," she'd told him. As he related the incident and that statement, the hopelessness of his situation overwhelmed him and he felt tears begin to form. Ashamed of the show of weakness, he sat quietly, eyes frozen on the pen she was tapping on the desk. He could not look at Miss Bradley.

She listened quietly, giving no indication that her sudden thought was gaining substance, developing into a plan. When he finally glanced at her, furtively, he noticed a slight smile playing on her vermilion lips.

"You realize that nursing may just be a stepping stone for you, Mr. Inslow," she observed casually. "Did that ever occur to you?"

"My friend Grady said that I wasn't really cut out for..."

"Well, he knows what he's talking about." Miss Bradley set her pen down carefully on her desk, and before Kit could correct her as to Grady's gender, leaned forward and said earnestly:

"You have applied for the position of Excel programmer. While I do need a programmer, I can't really afford to hire one for just that purpose. Besides, there are lots of highly skilled programmers out of work these days – hungry programmers, experienced programmers, programmers that could write brilliant solutions for me on a contract basis: I wouldn't need to place them on the payroll as full-timers. You, on the other hand, are looking for full-time work. Am I right?"

Kit nodded.

"Yes, well, I..."

"From what you've told me, you are basically self-taught. You don't have an IT degree, and by your admission only limited experience as a programmer. Tell me, why should I employ you?"

Kit stared into middle space, hoping for a quick end to this. She continued:

"I have this perception about you, Mr. Inslow. If I am right, as strange as it might sound, I do feel you have skills that I'm looking for. I'm sure you do realize, though, that if I hire you, you would have to do more than just programming. Is that acceptable to you?"

She leaned back in her chair, gazing at him unwaveringly. He cast his eyes downward and nodded. *He has such long, full eyelashes*, she thought. *What a pretty boy*. Her lips pursed in an almost imperceptible smile. *I want to see him beg. Come on, beg, sweetie*.

"With my lack of experience I would probably work for less than any other programmer, and would work any hours you needed me to," he offered desperately. It sounded lame.

*He's begging. Let's turn the screws a little.*

"I need a bit more than that," Michelle Bradley said clearly, leaning towards him. He caught a whiff of her perfume – it was elegant, feminine... expensive. "No, actually, a lot more. I need commitment – *your* commitment – to accept any job I need doing. I require

complete dedication from all of my girls. If I hire you I will expect that. Are you prepared to do that?"

"Oh, yes!" he said almost too quickly. "I mean, I'm skilled at a lot of things, not just Excel. I know Word and Linux and..."

"I'm not just talking about computer tasks." Michelle peered at him keenly, thinking now. *He's mine. I can ask anything I want, but let's take it easy. I don't want to scare him off.* "I'm very big on multi-skilled employees. One doesn't grow a business like this by hiring staff that are selective about what sorts of tasks they're willing to do." She paused and raised an eyebrow at him. "I need staff that are flexible, resourceful, eager to be part of the team. I don't want yes-men – but they better do as they're told unless they can come up with a compelling reason."

Kit swallowed and nodded distractedly, his big eyes fixed on hers. Michelle was suddenly confident he had no idea where this was going.

*Like a lamb to the slaughter.*

"So, if I asked that you organize a women's meeting in the city, you'd be able to handle that?"

Kit blinked a few times, but he nodded again.

"Sure. I could do tha..."

"...and help out with crisis support sessions?" she broke in.

He sighed a little, but then smiled gamely.

"Absolutely. I'd need some background on what was considered a crisis here. Otherwise not a problem. I might have to read up a b..."

"You wouldn't have a clue how to do any of that, would you?" Her eyes twinkled as she folded her arms under her ample bosom. She studied the document on her desk for a moment. He sat wordlessly looking at the floor in front of him. How long was she going to torment him? It was perfectly clear to him that she didn't think him suitable for the position.

She rose, her body moving in the powerful manner of a ballerina, and stepped behind his chair. His senses were again caressed with her delicate fragrance, slightly mixed with something else, something earthy, unfamiliar, intoxicating. He thought he felt her warm breath on his neck.

"Live alone?" Her voice *was* right next to his ear, soft yet strong. He started as he felt her warm breath on his neck, his eyes wide.

He nodded.

Her perfume surrounded him like a mist, his senses were dipped into a sweetness shower. He felt her hands on his arm and when he turned to the right saw – with some surprise – her sitting on her haunches next to him.

"Are you dating or in a relationship with anyone?"

It was a bold question – but she asked it so searchingly, so seductively that he forgot momentarily this was a job interview.

"No," he admitted meekly.

"Are you gay?"

Kit looked a bit quizzical and a little aggravated at the question, but shook his head. She rose regally and settled on her desk in front of him. If she was aware that her skirt was pushing up and away, exposing a bit more stocking top, she gave no indication.

"How do you get along with your mother?"

His mouth gaped in astonishment. *My mother? What did she have...*

"You are going to be working in a predominately female environment here at Harmon Ltd. I feel strongly about the safety of my staff. The last thing I want to do is hire some prowler, some predator. I need to know who you are, deep inside."

Kit blinked and shrugged.

"I get along fine with her. Oh, she's a bit bossy at times, but I guess I don't mind that so much. She's been very good to me... she supported me all through nursing school. I suppose she must be a bit disappoi..."

"What about your father?"

"I don't know him. I never see him. I couldn't say..." He faltered.

Michelle nodded understandingly, smiling at him kindly. This was better than she had hoped. The extensive job application form he'd filled out had helped a lot in making up her mind about him, but it was in the course of the interview that she saw what his role was going to be. She sat for a moment, pondering her next question.

"Originally, the position we advertised was for a temp."

Kit nodded despondently.

"It's just that I can't offer you full-time work as a programmer right at this moment. What else are you good at?"

He stared at her feet, and shook his head in resignation, his spirits in the toilet. This job was gone now – that was certain. He wasn't any good at anything else, really.

"I'm up here, Mr. Inslow!" Michelle said sharply. Kit looked up, and quailed at the fire in her eyes. He had never been so intimidated by anyone in his life.

"I guess I'm not really much good at anything, Miss Bradley," Kit said quietly. Unable to look her in the eye, his gaze dropped down to her generous bosom, then quickly back at her face, realizing suddenly that staring at her breasts was rude.

"Well, at least you're truthful," Michelle said with a mischievous smile. *I have him where I want him.* "I am going to hire you on a trial basis." Kit's heart leapt with joy at this, and he looked up gratefully at Miss Bradley's face, who smiled generously down on him. "What that means to you is this: we will let you know the evening before if we need you the next day. If you prove yourself useful, rest assured you will have full-time work. If you don't... well, I guess it will be up to you how much we keep you here, won't it? You'll be on a 3-month probationary period, and if your performance is up to scratch at the end of that, I'll extend that period to six months until your skill level and productivity meets my standards and the company's needs. Here is the contract."

She handed him a formal, multi-page legal document, leafing quickly through to the pages that required his signature, softly mumbling something about “just a bunch of legal mumbo-jumbo to keep the company lawyers happy” until he had signed everything.

He hurriedly signed, lest she change her mind. As he put the pen down, she pointed to a paragraph on the last page.

“I just want to call your attention to my name on that page there. Read it carefully.”

*“Any breach of contract will result in the undersigned being liable for the sum not exceeding \$450,000, to be paid in yearly installments of \$100,000, for a period of four and a half years.”*

Kit stared at her in consternation, his mouth agape.

“But I’m broke,” he began and then laughed tentatively, with a weak smile. “I mean, I figure that you probably *know* I’m broke. It’s just that I could never produce that kind of money. Not only that, ma’am, I understand your need for a temp – but I do hope that you realize that I need a job pretty quickly. What happens if you only want me one day a month? I would starve – and if I picked up the terms of this contract correctly, I can’t go looking for other work.”

“Honey, you have nothing to worry about,” Michelle said soothingly. “The job is yours – you can start today! – and as long as you keep to the terms of the contract, you’ll be fine. I wouldn’t worry my pretty little head about it, if I were you. I think you will find your salary here quite a bit above the norm.” She named a surprisingly high figure.

Kit would normally have bridled at her condescending tone, but when she told him what his salary was going to be, all indignation evaporated, replaced with a profound and humble gratitude. Not only had he secured the position, but he was going to be paid twice what he made as a nurse. His apartment was safe and his livelihood assured as long as he met Miss Bradley’s expectations. He smiled bravely and extended his hand to her.

“Thank you for this opportunity to work for you,” he said, offering his hand. She took it in both of hers, and caressed it gently.

“Such soft hands,” she smiled. “You’re a nurse, did you say? Are you any good at foot rubs?”

Kit nodded uneasily. This was a bit touchy-feelie, but this *was* a woman-focused business. Women were like that, he remembered hearing somewhere. Nurses certainly weren’t, but Miss Bradley wasn’t a nurse. *They would never treat me as nicely as Miss Bradley does*, he decided. *I’m darn lucky to have a chance at this job!*

She held on to his hand for a moment or two longer than he felt necessary, caressing it gently, gazing at him kindly. She finally seemed to detect the growing embarrassment and uneasiness in the way his eyes flickered and she smiled knowingly.

“You’d better get over to Denise’s desk and finish the rest of the paperwork. You are expected to have a physical – we provide that service for you. I’ll have Denise make an appointment with my gynecologist. You’ll like her: she’s very nice and very gentle.”

“Gyne...”



"Oh, yes. That's right, gynecologist. You must have a physical – there's no getting around that. It's required by state law to work here. We might as well get that taken care of right away. No time like the present. You'll be cleared to work immediately."

"But..."

"No buts. You're going and that's final. Refusal to submit to a physical by a corporate physician is grounds for dismissal. Not a good way to start, is it?" She stared at him steadily, an ominous light in her eyes. He nodded in acquiescence – he got her point. "This concludes this interview. Any questions? No? Alright, then let me introduce you to Denise." He followed her wordlessly out through the secretarial cubicles to a large one in the other corner of the third floor where Denise sat glaring at her computer screen.

"Damn thing crashed again," she growled and then suddenly – artificially – smiled sunnily at them. "Can I help?"

"Kit here is coming aboard today – he's a bit of a computer whiz. Perhaps he can help *you*. As a small test," Michelle suggested, "why don't you two change places? See what you can do with it, Kit."

Kit handily fixed the problem and then went on to show Denise what she needed to do to prevent it from happening in the future. This was unlike any other computer guru Denise had ever met, who all kept their knowledge as a closely guarded secret. Not only that, his explanation was in English – not computerese. All of a sudden she could see what she'd been doing wrong – and knew that she would never make that mistake again.

He had secured Denise's respect.

"Where did you find him?" she asked Michelle later that afternoon over a cup of coffee. "He's wonderful!"

"Well, whatever you do, don't let him know that," Michelle told her firmly. "Don't forget why we hired him in the first place."

Denise smiled shrewdly. Just about the time Kit was being hauled on the carpet for his medication error, Harmon Ltd was experiencing its own ennui: some nosey legal beagles were sniffing around for a way to put together a class-action suit against the company because of its unspoken policy to only hire women. Fortunately, Denise had been tipped off by one of her previous secretaries who'd been fired from one of the legal firms and was a bit disgruntled.

Michelle realized she had to hire a token male and, at the same time, felt that he might be able to be the toy she was looking for, to satisfy a deep, personal desire to make a male taste femininity. Kit came knocking at the door looking for a job at roughly that exact moment – the timing could not have been more perfect.

However, it wasn't until the interview that Kit's role became clear to Michelle. The women sat in Michelle's office for over an hour as Michelle spelled out to Denise what Kit was going to be doing there at Harmon Ltd.

Michelle had no secrets from Denise – they had been friends for many, many years, and Denise knew Michelle better than Michelle realized. Even as her boss was speaking, Denise was already coming up with a plan to establish Kit in the feminine milieu he'd found himself in.

"Well, I better go make that appointment for Kit with Dr Young," Denise said finally with a smile as she picked up the empty cups. "I think that's a great idea, by the way, making him submit to a physical by your gynecologist. Brilliant stroke of genius, that! Do you think Mabel will be upset?"

"Are you kidding?" Michelle snorted slightly. "She's been dreaming of making a little man submit to a gynecological exam since medical school, when that guy she was seeing ran off with the ballet instructor! He was even shorter than Kit – she should have known he was too scared of her for a relationship to last. She didn't know at that time what she really wanted, but she and I got talking in a bar one night and I could tell – even though I think she's forgotten most of that night – she was pretty drunk."

Denise pursed her lips. "Is she going to molest him? I don't know that I want to be a part of..."

"Oh, Denise, she's not going to *hurt* poor little Kit," Michelle rejoined, shaking her head dismissively. "She's well over her anger, I'm pretty sure. I think she'll just have a little fun with him. You know, put him in stirrups and rattle a speculum and all that. Poor Kit – he's really in for a real girl experience. You realize this is all gold – it's going setting him perfectly into our matriarchal hierarchy. I'm sure you can see that!"

Denise couldn't hide a smile.

Dr Young was able to fit him in that afternoon, if he hurried right over. Denise called a cab, and Kit found himself on his way to his first visit to a gynecologist.

It was not to be his last.

## **Part Two – The Gynecologist**

"Ah, Kitty! Do come in!" The doctor's office nurse was spry and lithe, with a fast tongue and a twinkle in her eye. "I can just *tell* you must be looking forward to this. Don't worry, sweetie, it's nothing other women don't face at some point in their lives."

Kit puzzled mildly what she meant by 'other women'. He smiled weakly and took the forms from her to fill them out.

"When was the last time you saw your gynecologist?" she asked in that professional tone that nurses take in doctor's offices.

"I've... um... never been..."

"Never been!" she exclaimed, ostensibly appalled. "My, my, that's naughty! You need to take better care of yourself, honey. Why, you could get cervical cancer and never even know it. You should have a pap smear at least once a year!"

Kit stared at her, open-mouthed. *Pap smear?*

"But, I..."

"Look, I don't have time to stand here and discuss this with you, but Dr Young *will* lecture you about this, believe me! So when she suggests you come in to have your shots and

everything, I suggest you go along with whatever she suggests without arguing, if you know what's good for you."

She had that no-nonsense way about her, that 'don't even try to mess with me' look. Kit decided it wasn't worth the struggle, and submissively nodded.

"Is Kitty here? Show her in!" a voice boomed from the examining room. Dr Young appeared at the door. "Come on in, honey," she said kindly, smiling at Kit. "You've nothing to be afraid of." Suddenly she stopped, and did an apparent double-take. "Oh my! I've goofed, haven't I? I'm *so* sorry. It's just that from Harmon, we always get **girls** and with a name like 'Kitty' – well, Pam and I just made a natural mistake. I'm very sorry!"

"Oh, that's okay, I guess," Kit mumbled.

Dr. Young smiled nicely. "You will forgive us if we forget you aren't really a woman, honey? I'll try not to make that same mistake but you see, we have to work these silly forms – and they're almost exclusively for women. You *do* understand, don't you?"

Kit nodded resignedly.

Where her nurse was small and slender, Dr Young was large and imposing. She was not fat, but certainly voluptuous. She moved with easy grace over to Kit and grasping his hand led him firmly into the examining room.

"Now, I want you to remove all of your clothing, even your panties," she said firmly, indicating a chair where Kit was to place his clothes. "You may leave your bra on, if you wish."

"Um, I'm not wearing..."

"Not wearing a bra?" Dr Young clucked absent-mindedly. "I just don't know about you young people these days. I couldn't imagine going out of the house without a bra." She cupped her large breasts and stared at them thoughtfully. "These babies would give me all sorts of grief if I didn't treat them right." She looked over at Kit's flat chest. Then laughed. "Did it again, didn't I? Well, I guess you don't really need a bra, do you?"

Kit sighed and removed his clothing timidly, feeling exposed and vulnerable. No one would have ever described him as fit. 'Short', 'slightly over-weight', 'not much to look at' would about sum it up.

The doctor was looking around her, almost speaking by rote.

"Well, we can help you with that, you know. I know a fine surgeon in the city. The implants wouldn't even be that big." She looked at him then, and smiled ruefully. "Sorry. What was I thinking? Of course you wouldn't want breasts, would you? Must be age! Getting silly in my old age!"

She stopped, looking at him thoughtfully.

"Or perhaps you would? I mean, my breasts are very important to me! I can't imagine myself without them. I can't imagine how a person could feel good about herself without breasts. A woman's self-image is very much focused around her breasts. I would hate for you to go through life feeling bad about your body – it affects so many parts of you: relationships, your work, even how you get along with your friends. You know, jealousy and all that. OK, now lie back, honey. Pam, could you help her into the stirrups, please?"

Kit felt strong hands lock his feet into the straps and raise them, exposing his groin in a most humiliating fashion. The doctor paid no attention to his little member, focusing instead on the bit of skin just underneath and behind the scrotum.

“Hmm. Hymen intact. Good for you, girl. You’re still a virgin.”

She donned a pair of surgical gloves and lubricated three fingers. Kit felt her slip some cool lubricant down the entire cleft between his cheeks, and winced with pain as the first thick finger was inserted into his rosebud – she wasn’t any too gentle, either. She moved her hand this way and that, the finger probing here and there. Every time Kit involuntarily clenched the sphincter, Dr Young would smile and whisper, “Relax, honey... you’ll need to get used to this.”

*Get used to this?!?*

A fresh pain ripped into his bottom as she inserted the second finger. She worked them in and out, cooing at Kit to relax.

“Honey, don’t resist me... go with it. It’s very important that you learn to relax. The more you resist, the more pain you’ll have. Just let your pussy flow with me, here. That’s it, now you’re doing better.”

And then suddenly, as she massaged deep inside him, he felt a wetness, an oozing dribbling out of his flaccid penis. He tried to stop it, but on it came.

“There we go. I’ve got all the measurements and samples I need. You will need to see me in a week for another D and C.” She smiled down on him. “I understand you’re a nurse – I’m sure you know what a D and C is, don’t you?”

*Dilatation and curettage?*

“You know, dilation and collection,” she explained, chuckling slightly. Kit felt her fingers at his back passage once again and then a strange sense of urgency swept over him: she had inserted something. “Did you a little favor, sweetie – you’re wearing a tampon now. You need to leave it in for a while. It’s got some special medicine in it to make you all better.”

She gave him a couple of pamphlets: one showed a teenage girl spinning on adoring herself in the mirror. It bore the title: “Get it Off and Keep It Off – A Diet Any Girl can Do!”

“Be sure you follow that diet, and you’ll trim down in just a few short weeks, honey,” Dr Young said emphatically. “You will feel so much better about yourself. I can’t recommend it highly enough! OK, you can get dressed now, sweetie.”

Kit walked stiffly out of the doctor’s office – the tampon in his bottom felt very, very odd, indeed. *Leave it in for a while, she said. How long was a while?* He consulted the paper she’d given him: “A girl’s Guide To Her Period”.

*She’s a nutcase, he decided. I’m taking that thing out of my butt as soon as I can find a toilet.*

He checked with Denise on his cell phone and found that she’d like him back at the office that afternoon. The taxi ride back to the office seemed interminable. He waddled as quickly as he could up the stairs of the office hoping against hope no one would stop him to ask how it all went. He sped into the bathroom, dropped his pants, and fished frantic-

ally about for a string. Naïve as he was about females in general, nursing did teach him the basics about feminine hygiene – he knew that there just *had* to be a string.

Well, there wasn't. He sat down on the toilet in confusion. Nothing. The feeling of fullness in his bottom had almost disappeared by then, anyway. He miserably wondered what sort of tampon it might have been – it certainly was not a conventional one – and what it had been impregnated with. His mind wandered... and he found himself thinking about Miss Bradley and her beautiful smile, her delicious perfume. He thought he could still smell it. Just as he was about to get up off the toilet, he felt a wetness again, this time accompanied by a strange tingling in his nipples.

*Whoa, I'm getting turned on thinking about my boss, for Pete's sake!* he thought with a peculiar excitement. *What the heck is happening to me?*

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In the meantime, Michelle Bradley was confident she had resolved a major issue in hiring young Kit: the matter of sex discrimination. *Let Portly, Brownslaw and Totts, Attorneys at Law, try anything now*, she thought grimly. Harmon Ltd was safe – there *was* a male employee on the books, now. It delighted her that the solution to the problem also came with such beautiful fringe benefits, benefits she would never have dreamt of exploiting until she met Kit. The call from Mabel left them both gasping with laughter as Kit's behavior was explained to her. When she heard what Mabel had inserted into his bottom, she felt suddenly weak with an indescribably erotic narcosis.

She hadn't realized how much controlling a male gave her pleasure.

The males in her past had given her no pleasure at all: certainly not her father, who was an intolerable tyrant, nor her two brothers, who made her life miserable just for the fun of it when she was a teenager. In revenge, she had done everything to aggravate them, even having a flagrantly obvious lesbian affair while she was in high school. This infuriated their father, who summarily threw her out of the house, thundering something about "you will pay for this! No child of mine is going to be a queer. I'll disown you, first."

He ended up disowning his first-born as well – Michelle's elder brother ran off with a priest's son soon after they got out of the Navy, while the younger one was married and divorced in less time than Brittany Spears.

Michelle didn't have any luck dating any of the guys in the community college where she took some of the prerequisite courses for the career path she had chosen: clinical psychologist. They were uniformly more interested in her mammaries than her memories, bottom more than brain. In university, she dated a few women, but they all wanted a long-term relationship of a kind for which she simply wasn't interested.

She decided that she wanted, no, *needed* to **control** a relationship. Females were all very well – but a male submissive... what a blissful urge that suddenly generated. The concept wasn't completely new to her, but to the extent that Kit offered to her: she nearly creamed her panties just thinking about it.

The 'control' factor was more important than anything else. She was determined that no vestige of maleness was ever going to sully the sanctity of Harmon Ltd's feminine sanctuary: This *was* a woman-focused business: for women, by women. No male was strutting his stuff if she had anything to do about it.

It simply didn't fit into the philosophy at Harmon Ltd.

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When Kit finally emerged from the bathroom, Denise told him with a wry smile that Michelle wanted to see him in her office.

"How did your visit with Dr Young go?" she inquired innocently, fighting an urge to giggle at the glum look on his face.

Kit shook his head and trudged solemnly in the direction of Michelle's office. It seemed to Denise that his walk was a bit stilted: *a bit stiff, as if he had something stuck up his...* then she grinned suddenly. *Why, of course he had.*

"Dr Young wants me to come back two more times: next Tuesday, and the one after that," he replied uncomfortably, and when Michelle asked him the same question, gave the same response in the same glum tone of voice.

"Really!" Michelle patted the chair beside hers, indicating he sit down in the interview chair. He obeyed and noticed that he actually had to look *up* at her – he hadn't noticed it before.

Michelle observed with delight that Kit folded his hands in his lap primly, much in the same manner her secretaries did. *Hmm, he's learning the ways of a woman*, she mused. *Maybe Mabel's hormones were taking effect already. One could only hope.*

"Why does Dr Young want to see you again, honey?" she asked, watching him carefully as he blushed. *How cute he blushes!* she thought. *Just like a young girl!*

"Well," he stammered, "she thought I needed... er... a D and C."

That full feeling in his bottom had almost dissipated. He was convinced now that it had been a suppository and not a tampon Dr Young had inserted.

Michelle suppressed a laugh, pursing her lips tightly.

"Miscarriage?" she asked mildly.

Kit shook his head with a look of puzzlement and exasperation.

"I'm not sure why she was so adamant about me coming back," he said finally, "but she's got me on some sort of 'preventative' medication – she said something about cancer of the cervix or something like that." He sighed and looked up at Michelle. He saw with consternation her eyes mist over. Michelle furtively wiped away a tear and smiled at him bravely.

"I lost a dear aunt to cervical cancer," she said softly and turned away, leaving Kit to wrestle with his emotions. He wasn't sure what to say. Miss Bradley was so unpredictable:

one minute she was all efficiency and business and the next, an emotional, soft, fragile woman he longed to protect and make feel all better.

He had no inkling of the consummate acting abilities of his managing director.

Michelle recovered quickly – surprisingly so, to Kit.

“Aren’t you glad I had you go to the doctor’s, then?” She spoke with a voice of authority. “Dr Young is not just some quack, you know, but a fine specialist, an eminent gynecologist. You are very fortunate that she was willing to see you at all. She did it out of a personal favor to me. I know that it must be strange to you – and don't forget that she's used to dealing with girls – so you *will* be allow her the occasional slip-up and not make any fuss, won't you?”



“I am very grateful to her – and to you, Miss Bradley,” Kit said fervently.

“Really? Then show me,” she said simply. “Let's see what you will or won't do.” She smiled sunnily. “A tiny trial?”

“I'm sorry?”

“Show me how grateful you are. Rub my feet, please – they need soothing. *You* should wear heels for a day or two... my feet are *killing* me!”

He sat passively still, uncomfortably silent, unsure of what to do, how to carry out her request. *What, here? Now?* His eyes searched hers.

She swiveled slowly in her seat until she faced him, and slowly, stretching raising an elegant, stocking-clad leg much like a ballerina practicing at the barre placed it across his knees. She observed him staring as if stunned at her exquisite stockings. It wasn't, however, the stockings that had riveted him to inactivity – it

was the flash of luxurious panties she'd exposed to his dumbfounded gaze when she had raised her leg.

"What's the matter?"

"I.. uh... " His mouth was dry, and words failed him.

She knew what he had seen – he could not have failed to get a glorious view of her panties. It was time to play her 'control' card. Her smile dramatically disappeared, replaced by tight, grim lips.

"Let me guess. You *peeked* up my skirt and looked at my panties, didn't you?" Kit flushed bright crimson. "You just stole a little peek-a-boo up my skirt, just as bold as you please, and ogled my panties! How could you? How *dare* you? That's such a disgustingly... *masculine*... thing to do!" She said the word 'masculine' the way another might say 'vulture droppings'. "I don't appreciate that at all! Very disappointing, very, *very* disappointing!"

Kit was trembling with fear and mortification – he would have stood and run but for the fact that she had moved her leg closer to his crotch, effectively pinning him in place. As she slid her stockinged leg closer and closer to his upper thighs, her skirt rode up higher and higher, revealing delicate stocking tops and the pearly white flesh above them. Numb with anxiety and overwhelmed by the raw sensuality of this elegant female executive, Kit sat wordlessly watching her leg get closer and closer to his.

"Were you going to give me a foot rub today, or just admire my leg and my intimate apparel?" Michelle inquired. Her smile was back, her lips had relaxed and there was a twinkle in her eye.

This emotion switching was unnerving him. He swallowed hard.

Almost mechanically, Kit began rubbing the balls of her foot. The stocking material was incredibly fine, so fine in fact that although his hands were baby-soft, he was still fearful that he might snag the delicate material of her stocking with a poorly trimmed nail.

He massaged her foot thoroughly, and then shifted his attention to the other one. Not a word was spoken: she seemed in her own little world, and he had nothing to say. Finally, she slipped her legs languorously off his lap, affording him another glimpse of panties under the expensive skirt. The look on his face said volumes about what he had seen.

"Stole another look at my panties again, didn't you?" She slipped her shoes on, frowning at him. "Just *what* is your fascination with my panties, Mr. Inslow? I realize that you're a male, but I can't have that kind of behavior here at Harmon Ltd. You do understand, don't you? It is simply not seemly at all! Do you have a thing for women's underclothes Mr. Inslow? I understand that that's quite common in males."

"I'm sorry... I..."

"So, do you *want* to wear panties? Is *that* the fascination? *That* at least I can understand. Some men *do* like to wear panties. Do you?"

Kit's eyes widened.

"Oh, no Miss Bradley, of course nn..."

Michelle broke in again.



"Well, perhaps you *should* buy a pair and wear them. That might cure your obsessive need to sneak a peek up my skirt at *my* panties, wouldn't it? If you had a pair of your own to wear, then perhaps..." Kit was shaking his head vigorously. "No? You don't think that would help, to have a pair of your own? So, it's *my* panties that fascinate you, then?"

She strategically turned away from him, ostensibly to find something in her desk, but really so as not to see his even more vigorous head-shaking. His mouth open to speak, but he was paralyzed in a kind of unspeakable fear, unable to protest verbally or to explain himself.

She pretended to take his silence as assent.

"Well alright, I *see* it now, I get the picture," she said finally, turning back to him. "*It is* my panties, then, that are the attraction. I suppose I should help you with this, since it's *my* panties you're infatuated with. After all, we help women here who have far worse problems than that. A panty fetish is really not that big a deal, I guess."

His only response was a sort of strangled gurgle.

"Now, correct me if I'm wrong, but if I understand you correctly, only *my* undies will do. I guess I'll just have to bring a pair of mine in for you to wear."

She reflected for a moment, eyeing him contemplatively.

"Will a fresh pair do?"

He could barely hear her, so loud was the roaring in his ears. *She is suggesting that I wear her panties! Her **panties**!* He dumbly sat shaking his head, eyes on the floor, absolutely devastated.

"No, not fresh... worn, then?"

He had stopped shaking his head – he could not believe he had heard correctly.

"Worn?" he croaked weakly.

"Well, alright, if you insist, *worn* it is, then. I'll wear a one of my prettiest pair of panties, and after I've had them on all day... I'll give them to you to wear. We *will* get you over this strange fascination for my panties, you mark my words. I'm sure you'll feel a lot better about me when you've had them on for a while. I'm happy to do anything to help you get over your strange obsession with my underwear. It *is* just my panties, isn't it?" She winked at him and smiled understandingly. "It's OK, honey... I intend to be tolerant of your cute little quirks as long as you are obedient and don't disappoint me any more. Frankly, I find the idea of you indulging yourself in a woman's everyday life may pay dividends!"

She playfully pinched his cheek as he stared unseeingly at her throat. His mouth opened but nothing came out.

"Cat got your tongue? Hang on... that's a bit like your name, isn't it? 'Kit', isn't it? Here, Kitty, Kitty..." she giggled. "Is that what it's short for? Kitty?"

Kit stared at her. Had she gone mad?

"Uh, no... it was a name my grandmother..."

"Kitty... cute name. Almost like Pussy. I like that one too, despite what those common males have done to it! Cat... Cath... why, I think I've got it! Was your grandmother's name 'Kathryn'?"

*How did she know?* His wide eyes confirmed her deduction.

"So, if you'd been born a girl," she continued confidently, "which clearly both your mother and certainly your grandmother would have preferred, you would most definitely have been named after her. In a round-about sort of way, this might explain your obsession with my panties, to some degree."

"My obsess...?"

"Come, come, don't try to deny you peeked up my skirt. I caught you at it not once but twice. Obviously, you're obsessed. The only logical solution to overcoming an obsession is immersing you in the object of your fascination – in this case, my panties. I predict in two weeks you will have no interest in my lingerie at all, even if I were to rub your *face* in it!"

He blushed anew, and she felt a warmth, a soft wetness. *Oh, what a delicious thought*, she mused. *Him on the floor, my skirts all around him, my pantied, dripping pussy settling on his face... him lovely and obedient... giving me such pleasure...his tongue... my clit... his lips... my cunt...*

"We'll see you tomorrow morning, Kit." Michelle's perfunctory manner belied the sexual pandemonium churning within her loins and her bosom. She nodded at the door coolly, dismissively. His head a turmoil of emotions, Kit let himself out.

He told Denise of Michelle's instructions.

There were quite a few things she wanted to tell him about his job description, but she finally realized it would really be a waste of time. He was pretty much a basket case the rest of the day. Denise did make a lame attempt to explain what was expected of him starting the next day, but he could only absorb about half of what she said, and she finally sent him home in exasperation, telling him to come back tomorrow a half an hour earlier as they had a lot of ground to cover. That he had another day's work at Harmon Ltd. overjoyed him and made him forget some of the humiliations he'd undergone.

### **Part Three – Lady's Trousers**

The next day Kit showed up bright and early. Denise showed him where he was to work – a cramped, smudgy cubicle wedged between two larger, cleaner ones occupied by a couple of Michelle's more productive staff. She showed him how to log on to the network and then spelled out the projects in order of urgency.

He was able to pay closer attention that morning, and even quickly completed some of the easier tasks. His former supervisor, in the exit interview had told him that was one of his strong points: he had good time management skills. He studied the bigger tasks – accessing data across a network, generating pivot tables and reports, all stuff he loved to do. He was deep into it when Denise reappeared at his cubicle, a cup of coffee in her hand.

"You know, we do have a dress code," she said frostily, eyeing his plain black slacks and white shirt critically. "I can't imagine that Miss Bradley will be very impressed with you wearing the same thing every day, especially not something as unappealing as that!"

"As soon as I get my first check, I'll get some new pants."

"Oh, we can't wait as long as that," Denise said off-handedly. "Tell you what: I'll let you have a pair of mine! Oh, don't look so shocked. They're nice pants, not too femmy, fairly unisex, really. I'm only a bit taller than you are." She saw his quizzical look – *why would she keep a pair of pants at work?* he was wondering – and guessing his thoughts, explained. "I always keep an extra pair around just in case of an... accident." She cocked an eyebrow at him meaningfully, as if expecting him to understand what she meant by 'accident'.

"Oh, I see."

"Yes, as you must know, a period can be very unpredictable and..."

Kit's eye grew wide. He had been thinking 'coffee spill'.

"Um, I really don't think your pants would fit me."

"What makes you so sure?" Denise sized him up. "I'm sure they would look better than those ugly things you're wearing now. Miss Bradley is very big on her staff dressing professionally. You do want to impress Miss Bradley, don't you?"

"But aren't they... um..."

"What?"

Kit grimaced.

"...women's pants?" he finished diffidently.

"Yes, of course they are! So? What did you *think* I would wear?"

Why was Denise being so obtuse?

"But I can't wear women's clothes..."

"Why not, Kitty?" Michelle's voice boomed at them from behind him. Kit spun around just in time to have a pair of very expensive, warm panties thrust into his hands.

"I hope you enjoy them," Michelle said earnestly. "I just took these off – in the car, just now – they're still warm, aren't they? Smell them... they smell like me. If you sniff them very deeply right in the crotch, you can smell my pussy. I'm sorry, but I did get a bit damp down there this morning on the way to work, thinking about this and that – guess I might have gotten a bit carried away..."

She mused for a second, then turned her attention once again to Kit.

"Well, go ahead and put them on, Kitty, so we can finally get a little work done around here. I can't have you sneaking peeks up my skirt all day. And if I heard you arguing with Denise... just don't. Not until you've been in here a while, anyway."

The roaring in Kit's ears was deafening as he slowly walked over to the restroom, the delicate panties burning in his hands, their soft, womanly musky odor enveloping him, al-

most making it seem as if the smell was coming from him. Denise was staring at his receding back open-mouthed and finally turned to Michelle.

"He *wants* to wear panties?" she asked in a loud voice – *the whole office is going to hear this*, she decided. "*Your* panties? And you're okay with that?" The silence in the room was deafening – the normal sounds of typing and phone conversations had suddenly ceased. It was clear everyone in the room was listening now. "And to think that he kicked up such a fuss when I suggested a nicer pair of slacks – *my* slacks! – a lot nicer than those hideous old-man pants he's wearing now!"

They theatrically exchanged a look.

"Kitty, hold on a second," Michelle called out commandingly and chagrined, Kit stopped in his tracks, Michelle's delicate intimate garment draped over his hand. He could hear a few giggles around him and some whispering.

"You go in there now," Denise said firmly as she added her black trousers to the panties he held in his trembling hand, "and put on these nice panties like Miss Bradley asked you to, and then you put on these lovely slacks of mine. They're my favorite pair, but I'm *happy* to share them with you. Just show me a little more gratitude for my generosity – that's all I ask!"

She cocked her head at him as if seeing him for the first time.

"You know, I just realized how nicely you could fit in here with us women, Kitty."

He heard a secretary in the nearby cubicle suppress a chortle as he fled to the restroom with his chief's precious lingerie and Denise's fashionable trousers.

As the damp crotch of Michelle's panties settled snugly over his privates, he couldn't help but wonder what she must have been thinking about to get so turned on.

It was with no small shock that he sensed Denise approach from behind. He was even more staggered when she grasped the stretchy nylon panties by the waist and pulled them up firmly, the cotton crotch squeezed tightly into his, effectively erasing any sign of maleness. "Relax! We don't worry too much about which restrooms are for who!" she laughed. "If the Gents is filled, we just use the Ladies!"

Her comment went right over his head. He was nervously examining the trousers. Her remark about her trousers being unisex was blatantly false – they were almost excessively feminine. She was, however quite adamant.

"You pull on those nice pants, and you do it now, if you know what's good for you!" she said firmly. After a few moments of hesitation, he reluctantly did as he was told.

"No-no-no, you've got them on wrong," giggled Denise, tugging at the concealed zipper. "This goes to the rear. See the tag? That's a clue – tags always go to the rear. Don't you know anything about wearing pants? You wouldn't be more used to skirts, would you?"

He turned them around, his face bright red, and stepped into them. Zipping himself up was a challenge: he couldn't even get the zipper a third of the way up at first.

"Kit, they sit much higher than that," Denise said patiently. "You need to pull them all the way up... no, higher... even higher. There. Yes, that's where a woman wears her pants!"

The waistline was above his navel – the crotch of the trousers was driven tightly against his smashed penis, almost painfully so. He laboriously pulled up the zipper right to the top, whereupon Denise deftly fastened the top button, locking him in.

He was imprisoned by her pants.

The material had a bit of give, but not at the waistline. Lunch was out of the question – there was no way he was going to put so much as a salad in his stomach wearing these pants. They clung to his bottom, outlining the panties clearly. Even the cotton crotch was visible when he bent over. *Why do women put themselves through this?* he wondered miserably.

They felt quite strange, and not a little uncomfortable. There were no pockets – indeed, there was nothing down the front of the pants to spoil the sleek, feminine lines: not a wrinkle, not a fold – nothing! His undersized appendage harnessed and crushed beneath him gave the pubis a smooth, curving inwards, perfectly feminine contour. He stared uneasily at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. Not a shred of evidence was there of any maleness. The pants had effectively erased it all and had bestowed on him instant femininity.

He was filled with conflicting emotions. *I can't go out like this! They'll all laugh at me! Denise is right, though, they do look rather good... what am I saying? What is happening to my head? What are they doing to me?*

"Are you going to stand there all day admiring yourself or are you going to do a little work for us today?" Denise was grinning at him, her eyes twinkling with amusement. *He really does look pretty good in my pants – nice ass,* she mused enviously. *Gonna have to do something about that. He can have **my** backside anytime.*

And so, dressed in Denise's elegant trousers and Miss Bradley's moist panties, he emerged humiliated and subdued from the restroom. Denise led him by the secretarial pool, where the girls politely complimented him over his new look – they had been given strict instruction from Miss Bradley. As soon as Denise went back to her cubicle, though, he heard whispering and giggling. A glance at them confirmed that he was the object of their ridicule.

*It was going to be hard to concentrate on work,* he decided ruefully. He stared at the screen unseeingly, his mind in the crotch of Michelle's panties, where every slight shift, every tiny movement caused disturbingly exquisite ripples of pleasure – slippery, wet, sticky delightful sensations.

He could still hear whispering, but this finally subsided. Just when he thought they were finally going back to work, Alice, a tall, Irish woman in the next cubicle popped her head around the corner and grinned at him.

"So, what does it feel like, being one of the girls?" she said teasingly between pursed lips. Kit said nothing. *How much longer was this torment going to continue?*

"You know, those pants really do suit you, Kitty... a lot more than what you came to work in. I used to wonder why there was a dress code," she continued musingly as she wheeled her chair closer to him, "but I can understand it better now. I don't know how to tell you this, but you looked frightful earlier, and yesterday. The whole place thought so, too – I talked to the other girls and they pretty much all agreed your pants and shirt had to

go. Now, *those* trousers are a *lot* better, trust me. You look more *professional*, you know? And with Miss Bradley, that's a very big thing. 'Look good, feel good, be good' – that's her motto. I'd lose a few pounds, too, if I were you," she added, looking directly at his waist, her emerald eyes sparkling.

"What do you mean? I'm not fat!" Kit protested.

"I didn't say you were," Alice said mysteriously and disappeared back into her cubicle.

Kit pondered her strange statement for a bit, then decided it was time to do a little work. He had just opened the Excel programming window when Michelle Bradley appeared at his cubicle.

"In my office, on the double," she said sharply.

He followed her, the feminine pant legs wafting about his legs. The snug-fitted trousers clung to his bottom, accentuating what little he had, making it feel bigger and rounder, almost girlish, although the sides of the trousers were definitely loose at the hip, designed as they were for a woman's wider posterior. The waist was uncomfortably snug, particularly when he sat.

Michelle mercifully said nothing about panties or trousers.

"I just wanted you to be aware of what an important service we provide here," she said quietly, staring at him significantly. "You are very fortunate to be involved in this project. Play your cards right, and I will see to it that you will become part of the team."

He nodded in agreement.

"Oh, I am very grateful, Miss Bradley," he said fervently. "I will not let you down, or give you any reason to regret your decision."

"Excellent. I know that Denise has briefed you on some of *her* key projects – now, I will show you one of *mine*. I've got a list of names – they're clients from years gone by. I need those names and the information associated with those names in a database."

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Kit was grateful to finally have a project, a task, indeed, *anything* to divert attention from the topics of attire and appearance. The rest of the day went very quickly until almost five o'clock, when she reappeared at his cubicle.

"How are you coming with those names?"

"Well, I've created a database," he said quietly, not wanting to seem too boastful. "The data is currently in a printed document, in no particular order, so it's going to need to be manually input..."

"Excellent! Good work. Now, I've got a shopping list for you here." His face fell as he looked at the list. "I'd like to see you buy at least four pairs of slacks at Marie's – I have an account there."

"I'm not sure how soon I can pay for this," Kit began. "You see, I'm a little behind on my rent..."

"I pride myself on noticing things, and I've noticed a few things about you already, some significant changes. Girlish things may seem a bit uncomfortable to you at this point in time – but I've already seen a big difference, even today. Those pants of Denise's really make an enormous difference. I think they're helping you be classier, more professional. When I see an improvement I act on it. Didn't you hear me tell you I have an account at Marie's? You just get yourself down there and let Marie make the selections for you. She knows what I'd like to see you in, so you just go with whatever she suggests. You might want to pick up a few pairs of panties while you're down there..."

"Panties!"

Michelle scowled at him.

"Don't interrupt, or I will be forced to take stern measures with you!" She glowered at him for a moment. "Don't think I won't or I can't, because I can and I *will*!" Then she looked suddenly apologetic. "I'm sorry, Kitty, but I do have this *terrible* need to get my own way. Please forgive me."

He shuddered, realizing there was nothing to stop her from carrying out her threat. She continued.

"The reason I suggest you let Marie pick out a few nice pairs of undies for you is in case I can't provide you with a pair of *my* panties, you will need to have a few, just as a back-up. For the most part, however, I think you might as well get used to the fact that you will be wearing mine for a while..." Kit's heart sank at this "...oh, for at least a month or two, I think."

She paused, and cocked her head at him. *This is going to be fun. Maybe even more fun than I thought.*

"It seems to have worked today, at least, wouldn't you say? I'd say my idea to overcome your little problem seems to be working."

His quizzical face evoked a chuckle. *Time for a little head game.*

"Well, you haven't tried to have a peek up my skirt at my panties all day, have you? Well, *have* you?"

He shook his head – there was nothing to be gained in protesting or arguing the point. His eyes widened as she slowly started to lift her skirt. *Ahhh, the poor dear – look at him, he's drowning!*

"You must have been wondering *all day* what color panties I was wearing, what they look like, what they smell like, what they feel like... *haven't* you? Oh, look at that blush – you *were* wondering!"

He stood transfixed, staring at her legs. The stocking tops came into view, and then the delicate, white skin of her shapely thighs. Finally, the soft aquamarine nylon of her panties shone in the soft afternoon sun shining through the window.

It was as if the sun was shining in his eyes – all he could see were her panties. He couldn't think, he couldn't move. An eternity passed... a rushing in his ears, a gushing in her panties. She saw his submission, his vulnerability in his eyes. *Ooo, I just love making him powerless, it makes me so wet...*

"You are powerless to resist even just the *sight* of my panties, aren't you? You would do just about anything for a *glimpse*, wouldn't you?"

Her voice came faintly through the sound of blood rushing in his head. He put his hands desperately over his eyes and she dropped her skirt, triumphant.

She had vanquished him: a mere glimpse of her intimate apparel instantly hypnotized him. She realized it wouldn't be long before even the mere *thought* of her panties would completely incapacitate him. She felt a deeper, warmer gush of wetness between her legs, and her smile broadened. *He is going to wear my scent, my essence. He is going to absorb my cream, be like me, wear my juicy, wet panties!*

Her eyes glazed with lust, she reached under her skirt and pulled down her panties right in front of him. She commanded him to drop his trousers and put her panties on quickly, while they were still warm, slippery and sticky with her feminine gushing.

A warm maidenly scent emanated from his crotch — her lubricious panties were giving off the most delicious of female fragrance, drenched as they were with her slithery bodily fluids oozing all over his nether regions. He could only barely make out her tone — not her actual words as she picked up the telephone.

"Hi, Marie? Michelle here... listen, I'm sending a new employee 'round, Kit by name. Yes, Kit. K-I-T. Like Kitty. Or pussy..." She giggled. "Oh, stop it, you know what that does to me... oh, you are just terrible!" She giggled again. "Look, Marie, I've told Kitty to follow your instruction to the letter and that your decision is final — there is to be no discussion." There was another pause. "Oh, she'll behave — you know me well enough to know that! You just tell her what you want her to do, and she'll do it, or she'll have to answer to me. We're talking spankings, here," she said partly to Kit as she eyed him meaningfully. "He's vowed not to misbehave."

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"May I help you?" the pretty saleslady asked as she approached the clearly nervous Kit.

"Yes, er, I'm Kit," he said, clearing his throat. "My boss, Miss Bradley from Harmon Ltd, sent me here to buy a pair of pants."

"I'll take care of her, Sally," said a voice from the changing rooms and Sally moved away to dress the mannequin. She couldn't help curiously looking over at Kit as she pulled the stretchy top over the stiff plastic body, and even held it up so he could see it better — with a smirk — as if to get his opinion, but obviously taunting him. Kit didn't know where to look.

Marie emerged presently with a bagful of tops still in their wrappers.

"Just got in all this new stock, just at closing time," she said wearily, and smiled congenially at him. "So, you're Kitty. Sorry, I meant Kit." She snorted a tiny laugh and shook her head. "I've been dressing Harmon girls for the past five years, but I don't think I've ever had someone who looked so much like a boy before. You are definitely different from the other girls. We're definitely going to have to do something about that, honey."



She set the tops on the counter and looked steadily at Kit.

"Alright, young lady, Michelle has told me you need appropriate attire. Oh, sorry," she giggled complacently. "Habit, you know? Anyway, you *have* come to the right place. You will leave here looking smart and professional, and your clothes will fit perfectly. Now, I need you to stand perfectly still!"

She whipped out a tape measure and quickly took three measurements, tut-tutting to herself.

"You *really* need to go on a diet, honey," she said seriously, prodding him in the stomach. "You are simply too thick in through here. It's most unattractive, and very difficult to disguise. So, promise me – starting tomorrow – you go on a diet. Now, I've got these lovely pants here..." she pulled a pair of stretch-cotton black pants out from under a pile of dresses, and held them up to him "...which just might do in a pinch. They sit lower on the hip, and should be more comfortable until your waistline is where it should be. The really nice pants you'll just have to wait to try on until *after* we get you in shape. Now, quickly, go try them on!"

The cotton pants she had handed zipped up the side, had no pockets and clung to his bottom so snugly that one could clearly panty-lines.

"Is wearing panties your choice or is Michelle in one of her moods?" Marie asked merrily when he emerged from the dressing room. She was enjoying Kit's discomfiture immensely. "Come on, now, honey, you can tell Marie. I won't tell anyone else. Um, well, maybe Denise, I guess. Those are her pants, aren't they? I thought I recognized them! Are you wearing Denise's panties as well, or are they Michelle's? Or perhaps even yours?"

Kit shook his head disconsolately.

"They're Miss Bradley's," he murmured timidly.

"MISS Bradley? ... well, doesn't she have you trained well? In that case, you can call me '*Miss* Marie', and called Sally '*Miss* Sally'. I like the sound of that: *Miss* Marie!"

"Now, I think you should have a look at panties, over there in our lingerie section. Didn't I hear Michelle say something to you about picking up a few pairs while you're here? You know what your mother told you about always having a clean pair of panties... just in case you end up in the hospital."

Kit shuddered. She may not know his mother – but the quote was dead on.

"I really don't know the first thing about... er..."

"Panties? Go ahead, say it, honey. Say 'panties'! That's what Michelle wants you to wear, and you don't want to piss her off, do you? So get used to the word. Now, what is it Michelle wants you to wear from now on?"

"Panties." He sighed miserably.

"What about these?" Marie said, holding a frothy fistful of delicate intimate wear almost in his face. She was enjoying his humiliation so noticeably that even Sally began to feel a bit sorry for Kit.

"I don't know what to chose," Kit said in a strained voice, thoroughly embarrassed. Sally came over and put her arm around his shoulders.

"Let me help you, sweetie," she said kindly, leading him over to the display. "I think we should stick with something simple, don't you? How about a nice pastel-colored set, in stretch nylon. Not too much lace, except around the legs, a bit, and a pretty little bow right at the waist. Now, aren't they yummy? And we don't want anything that'll show through pants, do we?"

Kit stared at them and at Sally and smiled weakly.

"Do you have any... er... panties in anything else than nylon?"

"Why, did you want to try on a pair of satin undies? Or silk?"

"No-no, I was thinking cotton..."

"Oh, we have some lovely hipster panties by Cotton-On – they're just scrumptious to wear. I just hate wearing anything but cotton when it's hot, or when I'm having my period, don't you?" He blushed, and she giggled. "Oops, sorry. I keep forgetting. Anyway, here you go, and yep, we have them in your size. The only thing is, you can't wear them with Denise's pants. They leave a terrible panty line!"

"Well, so do nylon panties," Marie snorted, and held up several packages of pantyhose. "I'm afraid only pantyhose will do."

She suddenly took him by the hand and led him to the back of the store to the changing rooms and pushed him inside, thrusting a pair of polyester and cotton blend dress pants and a package of the pantyhose into his hand.

"We need to close soon, so quickly try these on – I'm pretty sure they're your size." *For now*, she said under her breath as she pulled the curtain closed behind the startled Kit.

He emerged a few minutes later wearing the pantyhose and the pants, his crumpled white shirt contrasting sharply.

"Oh, that shirt won't do... it simply won't do at all!" Marie shook her head disapprovingly, tugging viciously at the shirt until it was off, minus a few buttons.

"I believe we can toss this poor thing," she said, disdainfully depositing the remains of the shirt in the trashcan. "It has outlived its usefulness."

She produced a white, tailored short-sleeved shirt in stretch cotton and buttoned him quickly into it.

"Much nicer," agreed Sally, bag in hand. She was ready to leave for the day. "Now, that looks a lot better... much more professional! You will fit in very nicely now in Miss Bradley's office!"

"Absolutely!" said Marie emphatically. "Well, let's ring this all up for you. You *will* need to wear pantyhose with those pants, I'm afraid. You don't really have much choice in the matter."

Her fingers flew nimbly over the cash register keys, while Sally placed Denise's pants along with a couple of suspiciously feminine white shirts, a pair of stretch polyester/cotton blend dress pants with a concealed back zipper, a couple more of the white shirts with short sleeves in stretch cotton that he was wearing and several packages of pantyhose into the large shopping bag emblazoned with Marie's name and logo.

"There you are... much more appropriate attire for work, now, doll," Marie said approvingly.

"A good start, anyway," added Sally pointedly.

"Ah yes, you will need to be back at some point," agreed Marie. "You can't always be wearing the same thing every day. That would be gauche, and besides, too much wear and tear on one set of pants. If we'd had more time today, we would have gotten you outfitted properly, but perhaps it's best you not invest too heavily right now, anyway, until we've seen some results from your diet."

Kit left the store a few minutes later wearing the cotton pants and the tailored, short-sleeved shirt. It was with great embarrassment he got on the bus in his new finery, briefly eliciting a strange look from the bus driver, but no one else paid him any attention.

## **Part Four – Herbs and Spices**

The next morning, he went to work wearing the new back-zipped pants and the white shirt Marie and Sally had dressed him in the day before. He boarded the bus with great nervousness that morning. Karyn, a very nice lady who sat next to him and chatted with him every day greeted him with a smile, but also with raised eyebrows as she took in his outfit. He grimaced wryly, and sat down next to her. Boldly, she caressed the fabric of his pant-leg. Startled, he realized after a moment that women have fewer inhibitions when it comes to touching each other, or admiring each other's clothing. She was responding to his attire instinctively as if he was female.

"Nice material," she observed. "You must let me know where you shop! I'd love to get a pair of trousers like these myself someday."

"It's part of the dress code where I work," he mumbled hurriedly, hoping to change the subject, but she asked with an air of surprise:

"Dress code? Where do you work, in a lady's fashion boutique?"

"Um, no," he muttered, his head down. He really didn't want the whole bus to hear this conversation. The woman in the next seat, in particular, seemed far too interested in the reason why he was wearing lady's pants. "Actually, it's at a woman's employment agency. It pays really well, but I guess there are a few weird things I have to put up with. For instance, my boss insists that everyone in her office look professional – and this is how she defines 'professional'. I wanted to get myself something at Mervyns or Ross Dress-for-Less, but she didn't want me to wait until I got my first paycheck, so she made me buy these pants at her favorite clothing boutique."

"But honey, those are *women's* pants," Karyn exclaimed with a look of concern – or amusement, he wasn't quite certain. "Doesn't it bother you that you're going to work wearing women's pants?"

The woman in the next seat turned and stared directly at the pants, and then at him. She didn't appear to be particularly approving.

Kit shifted uncomfortably, feeling terribly conspicuous.

"Look, doll, they don't even fit you right. You just don't have the right body shape to fill them out properly..." she indicated the superfluous material at the hips. "...and they look a really tight on you 'round the waist. Aren't they uncomfortable?"

Kit felt uncomfortable in more ways than in just how the pants fit. He cast his eyes to the floor, thoroughly chagrined, and nodded.

But Karyn wasn't finished.

"And is that a *blouse*? Why, it *is*! It's a blouse! That is a woman's blouse you're wearing! See the darts here at the sides? Don't you realize you're wearing a blouse? Didn't you notice that it buttons the other way from a man's shirt?" she asked incredulously. It was then that she finally seemed to notice Kit's confusion.

"Well, I guess I did notice that it buttoned a bit differently, but I don't really think it's a blouse," Kit said miserably. He could help but wonder if she was right. *I am really wearing a blouse? And is she ever going to finish torturing me?*

"I'm sorry, sweetie, but *that's* a blouse. Definitely. I should know, I'm a real woman, and I wear blouses. That is a woman's blouse you have on, there. I hate to say it," she continued cheerily in a voice that could be heard all over the bus, "but you don't really do it justice. Perhaps if you took female hormones," she suggested gently, her voice a bit softer, but still loud enough for the woman in the next seat to hear, "you might fill out more... you know... in the right places. That would make that *blouse* and those *ladies slacks* fit a lot better. Maybe you should get measured and wear a proper body shaper. That might help!"

The woman sniffed in disgust, and Kit cringed as he smiled weakly at Karyn. What was there to say?

Her smile was sympathetically reassuring as she told him:

"They really are nice pants! Even though they're women's pants, I still think they make you look a lot better than you did yesterday. They really do!"

~\*~

Alice wholeheartedly approved of his attire – indeed, she was quite effusive in her admiration and unusually pleasant to him that morning, as were Denise and Joy, an Asian counselor. Joy was almost never in the office – she spent a lot of time at conferences.

He noticed, for some reason on that morning, for the first time, that everyone in the office was much taller than he was, except for Denise, who was only an inch taller. Even Joy was at least two and a half inches taller, which particularly annoyed him. It didn't seem fair, somehow. The only girl that was his height – the Goth receptionist from the first day – had found a job at a Harley Davidson dealership two days after he'd started, and was no longer with Harmon Ltd.

"Perhaps if you wore heels like I do," suggested Denise when he confided his frustration about his diminutive stature. She giggled at his look of dismay.

"What? You don't like that suggestion? They would definitely make your bottom perkier, and they do wonders for legs – especially if you're wearing a skirt!"

"Ha-ha, very funny!"

"Oh, I guess you have a problem with wearing a skirt, too? Well, I suppose I should let you *keep* my pants, you poor thing!" She paused and stared at him expectantly. He realized she was fishing for a bit of gratitude. Well, it was the least he could do.

"Uh, thank you, Denise," he said softly.

"For what?" she asked innocently.

He gulped. *She's going to milk this, isn't she?*

"For being so nice and giving me your favorite pants."

"Oh, so you like them, then? Even though they're *women's* pants?"

"Yes, they feel really nice on," he lied, "very comfortable. I think I look a lot better in them than what I was wearing before." It was all according to the Harmon catechism.

Denise grinned. The poor dear was even being submissive to *her*. This was much more fun than she could have imagined. *Maybe if Michelle tired of him she might have a bit of fun with the poor dear.*

"You know, I could let you have a few of my blouses as well – they're really pretty and just so very soft, and hardly worn at all. You would love them! It's just that I get tired of my clothes so quickly, you know? Yet I hate to throw them out. I mean, I've got some really cute tops that would look simply *darling* on you, even though you haven't got much in the way of boobs..." *At least, not yet,* she finished her thought silently with a smug smile.

Kit declined as graciously as he could, but Denise wasn't satisfied.

"I'll tell you what: I'll just bring them in, and then you could try them on and see if you really wouldn't like to try any of them on. Some of them are just so scrumptious! I think when you see how lovely they are, you might change your mind. I just know they would fit you perfectly!"

"That would be nice," Kit croaked. *Maybe she'll forget.* "Thank you, Denise."

~\*~

He didn't see Michelle all day until very late in the evening when she called him into her office.

"I just wanted you to know that I'm impressed with your work so far. I also am happy to see that you are starting to improve your appearance," she said, beaming proudly at him. "I've had a word to Alice and have decided to give you a little help with your weight problem. Joy has been able to source some very interesting diet herbs and supplements that I think you should be taking."

She pressed some packets of capsules into his hands.

"Oh, and here are the instructions. These are really expensive, so be very careful that you follow the instructions carefully – we don't want to be wasting them."

"Do you really think I need to lose..."

The words froze in his mouth as she reached over and tucked her hand under the waistline of the slinky trousers. She stole the moment to finger the lace waistband of panties – *yes, he's wearing my panties. How obedient of him!*

"Way too tight," she asserted, his lips pursed determinedly. "You need to lose that gut. Those pants look awful on you right now, what with that hideous gut bulging all around the waist. A few weeks on those capsules and you won't recognize yourself."

"Shouldn't I just get me some..."

"Estrogen pills?" she rejoined preemptively, as if reading his mind. "No, I really think that's a bit extreme."

Kit shook his head – that wasn't at all what he was about to suggest – he was thinking more along the lines of 'men's trousers'. She stared at him for a moment, and shrugged.

"Well, I *can* understand that you might feel that taking estrogen isn't *really* too radical a step to take to get that truly professional appearance. You have to be careful with hormones, though, doll. I know you would do anything for your pants to fit properly, and for the most part, I agree with you, so if you absolutely *insist* on taking female hormones, I could make another appointment for you to see Dr Young. I'm sure she could see her way clear to putting you on estrogen treatment." She paused, letting her words sink in. "However, let's give these a chance to work first, all right, before we start going the route of hormones and all that. Now, slip off your pants and my panties. I need Joy to take some measurements before we start your herbal treatment."

She motioned for him to hurry it up as she spoke into the intercom.

"Joy, would you come in here, please?"

Then to Kit: "Come on, we haven't got all day!"

Numbly, Kit unzipped the pants and let them fall. The shirt did absolutely nothing to hide the panties. He was thoroughly humiliated when Joy joined them a few moments later, a big smile on her lips.

Michelle spoke firmly "Now, out of my panties, quick as a bunny!"

He stood naked except for the shirt, blushing furiously. Joy took his small member matter-of-factly in hand as if it were an AA battery – which it was about the size of – and measured it with a caliper. Once the measurements of his diminutive appendage were recorded, Michelle handed a new pair of warm panties – Michelle had slipped into the restroom and had changed panties and freshened up, getting back just in time to give him her used panties. As he slipped them on, he could smell her... he smelled more and more like her every day. He swallowed hard as he felt his member enveloped in slippery wet softness. Hypnotized by the slippery sensation caused by the syrupy, oily coating of her secretions on his small penis, he absently watched Joy leave the office, her perfect ass wiggling seductively in her stretch cotton skirt.

"Now, listen here," Michelle said sternly, spinning his attention back to her, "I thought I had *told* you *not* to be ogling the girls!" Her ferocity took his breath away. "It's bad enough that you're lusting after *my* panties, but I won't have you inflicting your sordid attention on anyone else. Remember, it's my panties you are to focus on, and my panties only. Do you understand me? *My panties!*"

The words 'my panties' echoed like a mantra in his head as he stared at her open-mouthed. He realized at that moment that he had indeed become obsessed with her panties. His obsession was building with every day she compelled him to wear them. In the few days that he'd been at Harmon Ltd, her and Mabel's cleverly administered emasculating indoctrination was leaving him less and less able to realize what was happening, more and more susceptible to suggestion, to becoming her plaything.

His eyes misted over, and his lower lip quivered as he looked pleadingly at her. She realized that there was little he could or would do anymore to resist her.

The power she felt was indescribable – it was narcotic, sensual beyond description, irresistibly addictive. She longed to immerse him, saturate him, drown him in her femininity, the source of her strength and her supremacy.

~\*~

Kit was very happy. His computer skills were quite apparent, and more and more sophisticated work was entrusted to him. He vowed that he would never let Michelle Bradley down, and put his heart and soul into giving her only his very best efforts.

She was not miserly with praise – far from it. It had always been her policy that one can get better performance from staff that feel validated and who think they are contributing something important to the organization. There was very little absenteeism at Harmon Ltd. She lavished praise on him, to which he responded by exceeding even her highest expectations. Every word that came from her mouth, every instruction was carried out to the letter, faithfully, without question.

True to form, therefore, Kit took his herbal supplements faithfully. As frustrating as it was to see no changes in his waistline the first few days, he continued pluckily on. The rewards would come, but not in a manner he expected.

## **Part Five – Starting to Fit In**

It was two weeks later, on a foggy Tuesday morning that Kit rose to the sound of a telephone ringing.

"We need you to come in early, Kit!" It was Denise. Her voice was quite loud in his ear: she sounded agitated.

"Why, what's..."

"No time to explain. I'll be there to pick you up in 10 minutes."

The line went dead. Ten minutes? He had very little time to take a shower, run a brush through his hair and throw on his clothes. Still, he did make the effort to brush his teeth

and make sure his shirt and the trousers he had chosen to wear – the ones that were originally Denise's – were freshly ironed before he put them on. As he looked at himself in the mirror, he noted with satisfaction that the diet Dr Young had put him on was paying off. The buttons at the back on top of the concealed zipper were no longer a struggle to do up, and waistband of the pants, while still snug, was at least no longer uncomfortably so. Even the shirt was starting to fit a bit better. He was just putting the finishing touches on his hair, wondering idly why Marie had insisted on shirts that were so tight, when Denise came breezing in – she didn't even bother to knock.

"Hi, doll," she said gaily, "say, you look great! Shirt and slacks ironed, hair all in place – you look picture perfect. All you need is a touch of lipstick..." which she quickly applied before he had a chance to object "... there, *beautiful*. Nice working colors, perfect for the office, but not so bland you couldn't wear them for after work drinks at TGI Friday's." There was a sudden, strong smell of very expensive perfume: she had dabbed a bit on her wrists, which she then rubbed on his neck and *his* wrists. "Excellent. Now you even *smell* professional. Brace yourself: you're going to be on television!"

Kit's heart beat faster, his breathing came faster and his eyes were wide as he gasped, "What? Why? What did I do?"

"All the right things, apparently," she grinned at him as she held the passenger door for him. He started to climb in, but she stopped him.

"Those are my very best trousers that you are wearing. I think I have the right to give you some instructions on how to treat a fine garment properly."

She grasped his arms and turned him so his back was to the passenger seat.

"Now, you keep your knees together and sit down carefully... *carefully*! That's it. Now, twist your tush around in the seat, then swing your legs into the car. You've got it – that was elegant! See, now you know how to get into a car wearing expensive clothing. That technique is very versatile and girls have had to learn how to use it for a long time. Looks nicer too!" she continued as she got into the car – he noticed she didn't bother using the approach she'd just shown him. "You would be able to get into a car wearing even the skimpiest of skirts, or the most elegant of gowns and never compromise yourself."

She grinned at the grimace on his face. Kit wasn't sure if she was serious or not, but when they got to the office, she said firmly,

"Wait, don't get out of the car just yet."

She climbed swiftly out and stepping quickly around the car opened his door for him, which embarrassed him a bit. Wasn't *he* supposed to be opening the door for *her*?

"Now, be sure to get out of the car the way I just showed you – just do it in the opposite order."

He swung his legs out as he swiveled in the seat. Just as he was about to rise, he saw Alice in the next car – she was taking it all in with a big smirk on her face. Denise offered him her hand. Without thinking, he took it and she helped him up.

"Lovely," said Alice as she approached them, her eyes twinkling with mirth. "That was just *so* precious. You are really becoming more like us every day, Kitty."



Kit couldn't think of an appropriate comeback, so he said nothing as they walked into the office.

"Thanks for coming in early, my lovelies," Michelle greeted them. "I realize most of you haven't even had your first cup of coffee, but this is a special event. As you might know, Channel 11 has been doing news stories on cutting-edge businesses, or businesses that contribute a key service to the community. Well, our name came up – this segment is going to be about us! Isn't that exciting?"

There was a buzz of excitement among the other secretaries – everyone had been asked to come in early, but no reason had been given, so they were all as surprised as Kit was.

Michelle noticed he wasn't saying anything – he seemed frozen with fear.

"What's the matter, doll? Stage fright?" She winked at Denise, then stared appreciatively at his lips. "Hmm, lipstick! How sweet. The color's not bad, but it's not quite your shade, sweetie. May I suggest something a bit more you: just a shade darker, with a little more ochre in it." She quickly produced a lipstick from her purse and applied it to the back of her hand, which she then held up to his lips.

"Ooo, I agree!" Denise enthused. "Much more her shade. May I?"

Taking the lipstick from Michelle, she slowly smoothed it on, coating his lips thoroughly. She spent a fair bit of time creaming his lips to completely cover the color she had applied earlier. Finally, she stepped back and examined his lips critically. For some reason he found it impossible to prevent her from doing anything she wanted to him. The cosmetic tasted strange to him – but rather nice.

"Yep, you're ready for the big-time now, baby," she proclaimed.

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Michelle was the centerpiece of the interview. The reporter did ask other members of the staff – even Kit – questions. Michelle let the other staff members answer their own questions, but would answer any questions directed at Kit.

At the end of the taping, Kit was asked a question that Michelle decided to let him answer.

"How do you like working here with all these women, Kit?" The reporter held the mike to Kit's mouth. There was an uncomfortable pause. Michelle gazed unblinkingly at Kit with raised eyebrows.

Finally, he cleared his throat and said meekly,

"I think I'm the luckiest person in the world to have the privilege of working here!"

The room erupted in applause and the reporter swung around to face the camera.

"There you have it – twenty-three women and one extremely lucky guy, all dedicated to helping women in the San Francisco Bay area find the employment and career opportunities they deserve but may never have found, were it not for Harmon Ltd. Aaaaand cut!"

~\*~

"Here's to Kit," Denise lifted her glass of Merlot – she and Michelle were having a celebratory dinner at Houlihan's in Sausalito. Michelle nodded and lifted her glass as well.

"I have a confession to make," she murmured. Denise cocked her eyebrow at her as she took a sip of the rich Beringer wine. "I feel quite guilty about this... I'm not sure where to start."

"What are you talking about?"

"I think I'm taking advantage of Kit... emotionally."

Denise leaned forward and putting her chin in her hand studied her mentor.

"Whatever do you mean: 'taking advantage'? I don't see you taking advantage of anyone... least of all Kit!"

"Well, Denise, I've done a bit of soul-searching... I'm finding I derive far too much pleasure from humiliating the poor darling. At first, I figured it was necessary, in order to keep him in line... you know, to keep him from bringing any of those disgusting masculine traits into the office, but the more things have gone along, the more I find myself getting... ooo, petal, I just get so..." She stopped, blushing quite noticeably even in the subdued light.

"Do you now?" It was Denise's turn to be embarrassed. How could she tell her boss that she was getting similar feelings from making Kit wear her pants, putting lipstick on him – savoring his uneasiness, reveling in his confusion. Just the thought of the look on his sweet face after she had coated his lips with luscious color made her feel all gooey inside. She remembered even thinking at the time: *maybe a little more, a little thicker, a little redder?*

They sipped their wine in silence, and then spoke simultaneously:

"What if we..."

They giggled and Michelle nodded at Denise.

"You go first."

"No, you."

"I insist."

Denise sighed. "Well, I was just thinking that if we both were to... well, maybe work together on Kit, perhaps we could kinda keep an eye on each other, keep the other from going too far, or doing something regrettable. Does that make sense?"

"I was actually thinking along the same lines, Denise," Michelle said wonderingly. "That's pretty amazing, really, when you think about it. We're very similar, you and I."

"Almost like an old married couple," Denise rejoined, and then blushed. She wondered if Michelle had any idea how much she was attracted to her.

Michelle nodded.

"I have often wondered just how alike we are... if the feelings I get making Kit wear my panties... the yummy sensations that gives me... oh, I just can't describe it. Do you have any idea what I'm talking about? Do I sound a little strange?"

Denise impulsively reached her hand across the table and touched Michelle's. An electric moment passed between them.

"Believe me, honey, I completely understand," she said softly but passionately, her eyes sparkling. "I... ooo... mmm..." She faltered.

Michelle cocked her head.

"What is it, doll?"

"My pussy is so wet just thinking about you putting him in *your* panties, I think I might have drenched *mine*!" Denise breathed this all out in a rush, and then quickly clapped her hand over her mouth, staring in wide-eyed shock at her boss.

Michelle smiled broadly and sighed happily.

"Ooo, honey, that is the nicest thing I've heard today!" Her eyes filled with a softness, a tenderness Denise had never seen before. "We have something really special that we share! This is just so wonderful! I'll tell you a little secret: my undies are so incredibly *wet* right now – and *you* did that to me!"

At the car, Michelle snaked her arm around Denise's slender waist and holding her close kissed her on the lips. Denise melted – her dream had come true.

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In the days that followed, Michelle and Denise worked as one, never missing an opportunity to inflict some aspect of womanhood on him, forcibly, demandingly, and overwhelmingly, counting on his reaction to provide not only entertainment value but an exhilarating sense of arousal. Indeed, it was the latter stimulus that fueled an increasing craving. The need to complete his humiliating feminization became obsessively stronger with each passing day. Yet, he was not to notice that his changes were towards becoming a woman – he had to believe that he was just trimming down, toning up, becoming fit.

So the words they said to him indicated not a single hint of what they knew was really going on: that he was being fast-tracked to a life of femininity.

After three weeks Kit imagined that he was finally starting to lose a significant amount of weight. When he slipped into Denise's trousers, he could easily do up the buttons: the waistband encircled him just under the ribcage quite gracefully with not a hint of tension. It had happened very slowly, imperceptibly – he had faithfully done his limbering exercises, been very consistent about taking those herbal supplements and had carefully followed the strict weight-loss diet Dr Young had put him on. Perseverance will pay off, and so now the pants did fit much better in the waist.

What he didn't notice - although anyone at work who was even slightly interested in his progress *did* - was that the pants were fitting more snugly in the seat. It would have

depressed him to realize that he really wasn't *losing* the weight so much as *shifting* it away from his middle down to his bottom and thighs.

It was with absorbing interest that the girls would sneak peeks at his ever rounder, broader tush as he ran to get Michelle a cup of coffee, observing with some amazement how his cute bottom actually was getting a bit of a wiggle. His thighs were slowly filling out the upper part of the pant legs and his rear become more and more prominent, plumper, rounder. It seemed astounding that he didn't seem to be aware that his backside was becoming more womanly.

Kit's metamorphosis was the subject of quite a few staff lounge discussions. There was even some speculation whether or not there was something hormonally wrong with Kit, or whether he was being reprogrammed to be more feminine by the boss. The consensus of the group was, at the end of the day, that Denise and Michelle must be responsible for the changes, since they had made him wear Michelle's panties and Denise's trousers shortly after his arrival.

"You remember that day, don't you?" Alice recalled with a smile how mortified Kit had been, parading towards the bathroom with Michelle's panties and Denise's dress pants in his hands.

"It's kinda sad, really," said Joy. "I mean, he's not much of a man to start with, and then they heap all this girly stuff on him. How is his masculinity supposed to survive that?"

"What masculinity?"

Joy stared at Alice for a moment, and finally nodded – she had a point. "It still seems to me like they're ganging up on him."

Alice rose from her chair, and threw the rest of her coffee into the sink.

"Listen," she said scornfully, "if he didn't like it, he would have left. I mean, what would keep him here? And just look at him! He enjoys the job – and he's always fawning over Michelle or Denise!"

"Well, I think he's a poor excuse for a man!" the blonde receptionist said to no one in particular. "Let's his boss dress him in lady's pants – how silly! He *is* a man, after all. He shouldn't..."

"Is he really, though, Heather?" Alice rejoined thoughtfully, cocking her eyebrow at her. "Would you have ever dated him, before he became girlish?"

"Heavens, no!" declared Heather, shaking her head firmly. She was dating a young plastic surgeon who ran 5 miles every morning and worked out every chance he got. He was good-looking in a rugged sort of way. Heather thought him dreamy. Now, that was a *man*!

"You're not being fair to Kit, really." Denise entered the staff lounge suddenly – she had heard a little of the conversation standing outside the door, and decided to stop this before it got vicious. "This is all he's got, this job. He doesn't date, I never hear him talking about family or loved ones – all he's got is that apartment and his computer. Most of you would agree that he's not much to look at, and I heard he bombed in his other career: nursing. We're all he's got. Do you think," she said steadily, looking at Heather and Alice,

“that we could give him a little support? Maybe say something nice about his appearance once in a while? Make him feel better about himself?”

There was silence. The girls, including even Heather, couldn't help but admit that Denise was right. Helping Kit was part and parcel of why they had joined Harmon Ltd in the first place: because they wanted to help women feel better about themselves and be successful. So what if he was a man? Did that obviate a need to look nice?

“Even though Kit isn't a woman,” Denise went on slowly, “he is definitely very feminine, much more so than he himself realizes. The kind of femininity that makes Kit so special will also keep him from ever succeeding in a man's world as a man. Whether he *knows* it or not, or *likes* it or not, he's going to be much better off as a woman working with women. Only then can I see any hope for him.”

“So is that what you're doing, then?” asked Joy with a slight frown. “Turning Kit into a woman?”

“We are helping Kit become whatever he will be happiest being,” Denise replied. “If that is going to entail him becoming female, then so be it!”

## **Part Six – The Power of Denial**

It is amazing just how strong denial is.

Kit perceived none of his body shape changes as feminizing. As he continued to look at himself in the mirror at home, he truly felt that he did look a lot better on an on-going basis, that those pills were doing a great job whittling his waist down. It amazed him how well the trousers now fit in the waist. He felt trim and fit and slender. He observed with no little pride that the waistband was loose. He also noticed that his skin was much softer than ever before, and that his hair had taken on a new sheen, which he had no problem with at all. He was never very hairy to begin with, but even what spare body hair he had seemed to disappear, to be replaced by a fine peach fuzz.

For some reason, though, he appeared to have almost a block about what was happening to the rest of his body, particularly his hips and thighs. He was so elated at how easily the buttons above the zipper did up, particularly on Denise's back-zip trousers, he never bothered to look at the back of the pants in the mirror to see his considerably fleshier, heavier, rounder, plumper bottom now beautifully filled them out. What had been excess material in the hip was now stretched taut – pants designed for a woman's curvy figure fit him as they would fit any curvaceous woman: perfectly smoothly.

He did feel something different whenever he walked briskly - couldn't quite put his finger on what it was, though. There was this wiggle, this jiggle, this wobbling, all firmly restrained in the stretchy material of the elegant trousers. Sitting was more comfortable, as there was more padding, more softness. Somehow, he was becoming more and more interested in how other women looked – but it didn't seem sexual so much as comparative, now, although he didn't realize this for quite a while.

These observations occurred well under the level of conscious thought. The changes came on so very gradually that they left only very nebulous impressions, with not enough

impact to cause any awareness of the physical changes, certainly not enough to cause any concern.

Denial. Very powerful, indeed. It can keep the diabetic individual from realizing his limbs were rotting away, an alcoholic from acknowledging the neuropathies occurring in his limbs and the abused individual from admitting she was in a dysfunctional relationship. It kept Kit from seeing what was quite plain to everyone else: his body was becoming increasingly feminine.

Not even when he sat to pee did the diminishing size of his member - now only half the length of the cap off a ballpoint pen - cause him any great concern. He rationalized that it would grow to normal size when called upon to perform. Even when it shrank to barely over ½ inch, which for most men would have been cause for a serious crisis, Kit lost no sleep over it. A strange and pervasive serenity obliterated all anxiety, all concerns about body part sizes. The tissue on what was formerly the shaft loosely folded itself over the tip in a sort of hood - for all intents and purposes his penis had become a fat, stubby clitoris. It did absolutely nothing to spoil the smooth, feminine contours of the stylish trousers, a point that he finally couldn't help but acknowledge, and when he did it actually brought him a sort of weird pleasure.

~\*~

Kit blended in better and better with the rest of the girls in the office, physically, with each passing day. A casual observer might have thought, after he had been there a couple of months, that only women worked at Harmon Ltd.

Michelle left for a conference on spousal abuse shortly after Kit had started on the herbal regimen, leaving Joy to mind the shop. The conference was the first of a series that ended up taking her out of the office for almost six and a half weeks.

Kit was grateful to be out from under Miss Bradley's constant scrutiny, although he did miss the teasing, the flashes of succulent panties, the wetness of Michelle's cream on his shrinking member, even the intimidation. Well, perhaps *especially* the intimidation. He actually found the visits to Mabel's more and more stimulating – and her inserts that she demanded he use actually excited him now and then, causing strange drippings from his 'clittie', so much so that had to wear a maxi pad on those days.

Even though Michelle was not there to demand that he wear her panties, he obediently wore the nylon panties from Marie's. Michelle had made no demands while she was gone what he was to wear under the pants, just that he was to always wear only those pants, but he felt he'd better not call attention to himself by wearing inappropriate underwear, since they did show under his clothing, as Marie had so clearly pointed out. He assumed someone would doubtlessly report any improper attire. Besides, he discovered that the panties actually fit better and felt better than the boxers did.

~\*~

It was on a rainy Thursday afternoon that Michelle returned. She quickly found Denise at her desk, who filled her in on what had transpired in the office in her absence. They breezed through the secretarial pool chattering away about chemical imbalances when Michelle espied Kit and crooked her finger at him. Apprehensively, and yet with a peculiar sense of enchantment he followed them happily into her office.

"So, angel, have you been good? Got all my reports done? Implemented that macro you were working on to extract the Hunter data? Not been staring up any skirts in my absence?" She tapped her fingers impatiently. "Well, speak up!"

He gulped.

"I've finished the reports. All of them, even those you emailed me about when you were at the conference. The macro is done - I'm just debugging it now."

He fell silent as she stared at him expectantly. The intercom buzzed and seconds later, Alice strode into the room. She glanced at Kit, sniffed dramatically and placed a four-page document on Michelle's desk.

Michelle picked it up and glanced over it, and then glared at him.

"Well, in summary, Kit, this document tells me that you've let me down. It's been signed by several of the girls in the secretarial pool. Would you like for me to call in your accusers?"

She knew he wouldn't - couldn't - call her bluff. The document was, in fact, the brief from her lawyer summarizing a counter-suit in the class-action matter.

"But I didn't ..." he whined. She cut him off.

"According to this," she said grimly, filing the document in her cabinet, and then turn viciously on him. "You've been ogling their backsides, trying to pick up on the secretaries, making lewd references to their breasts... shall I go on? Is it true?"

Kit showed a modicum of uncharacteristic courage.

"No, it isn't," he said flatly. "None of that is true. I haven't hardly talked to them, much less do any of that st..."

I don't believe for a minute," Michelle said sternly, "that my girls would fabricate a story like this." His eyes welled up in tears at the injustice. "Tell me, Kit, whatever do I need to do to protect my girls? How do we curb that vicious male urge you are afflicted with? Do we really need to seriously consider doing more than herbs? Is estrogen the only answer for you?"

She strode menacingly up to him, her face only inches from his.

"I will not permit you any more contact with my girls until you can be feminine enough to no longer be a threat to them. I can understand you have a sex drive - we all do! Even I have a sex drive, but I'm a woman and know how to restrain myself. Until you can behave in a womanly fashion I will insist that you refrain from any contact with the other girls."

She straightened, and leaned against her desk. The imposing effect of her magnificent body towering over him reinforced her words to maximum effect.

"It is crucial to realize how important it is to understand what it is to be a woman. I have a hell of a sex drive, but I put it to good use. None of my girls are ever hurt by it. I believe you need to learn a woman's ways, understand and accept for yourself that the feminine way of life is superior, is better for not only you but for everyone around you – in this case, the people you work with!" She looked suddenly thoughtful. "You know, I thought that your obsession was panties, but it isn't, is it? You're wearing panties now, aren't you?"

He nodded, blushing. She felt a warm, wet rush between her legs and a sudden wetness.

"Well, I'm delighted to hear that, but a bit disappointed too, since wearing panties hasn't really made any difference, has it? You're still obsessed with... something. It can't be blouses or pants, but it must be *something*!"

She stopped and strode over to the window. The rain had stopped and the sun shone brilliantly through, transforming her golden tresses into something almost incandescent.

"I learned something quite interesting at the conference, and it wasn't in one of the sessions." She stared out the window. "Mabel Young and I had dinner one evening, and she told me about some new research being done on violent youth. They discovered there was a single thread that was common to the entire group, one very singular trait." She spun suddenly around and face him, her eyes sharp and piercing. "It is a very strange phenomenon called 'vagina jealousy'. Some call it 'pussy envy'. Personally, I like 'pussy envy' better – it's more descriptive. Male descriptions are sometimes better."

She stepped back to her desk and stood before Kit once again.

"And that's what your problem is, Kit. That's it! You don't have a pussy, a cunt, a vagina..."

He swallowed with great difficulty, staring at her blankly. Despite the fact that he'd been falsely accused, something must have made those girls say those things about him. *What if what she is saying is true, and I am actually...*

"...and so you're obsessed with it. Freud was wrong, you know. He and his silly penis envy thing. Who would want one of those ugly things, anyway? Patently ridiculous notion." She snorted slightly, and leaned back on her desktop, gazing steadily down on Kit.

"What are we to do, here, Kit? How do we overcome this problem? How, do we teach you a woman's way? The only way is for to come completely under my guidance and control, more than ever before. You should be wearing my panties instead of your own. They need to have been worn by me, been near *my* pussy before they cover your little clit. Let's take care of that right now, shall we?"

Kit was shaking, he was so overcome with emotion.

"What do you want me to..."

"I want you to change into my panties – the panties that are on my body, that are probably no longer fresh, but full of rich, warm, womanly scents and secretions, all for you to enjoy and make your own," she said soothingly. "My panties are a bit, um... moistened,



I'm afraid. You won't mind terribly, will you, angel? Just me getting excited about you – being more like me. That does so turn me on, for some reason. The more I think about it," she said softly, caressing his cheek gently, "it's been quite thoughtless of me to leave you without any of my worn panties to wear!"

Reaching up under her skirt she began to pull them down and then stopped. A strange light shone in her eyes. Kit knew that look.

"Kitty, get on your knees before me. Do it now!"

Wordlessly, Kit complied. Michelle spread her legs like an empire builder and slowly lifted her skirt in front of Kit's anxious face. The silken stocking tops, her silky white thighs and finally her damp panties came into view.

"Tell me, sweet thing," she said softly, suddenly coy and enticing, "what do my panties cover, Kitty? Kitty-kitty... what's another name for 'Kitty', come on, you know, my p..." Her eyes were at half-mast, heavily lidded with a rich lust to torment him.

Kit felt quite faint. He knelt as one struck by lightning. When he didn't answer, she pressed harder.

"Come on, doll, you're a nurse. Tell me, what do my panties cover?"

"Your vagi..."

"My pussy! That's what you meant to say, didn't you, Kitty? Come on, say it. 'Pussy'. Say 'pussy' for me. Here, pussy pussy puss!"

"Ppp... pussy," he squeaked. He hated his voice breaking like that.

"Good girl!" She moved her pelvis closer to his face. "Admit it, honey: you're envious. You wish you had a pussy, don't you? Even your voice is telling me that. Go ahead, you can be honest with me. Believe me, you wouldn't be the first person to feel that way."

Kit trembled. *Is this how I feel, deep inside? Does she know something about me that I don't? Would I like to be a girl?*

"You may not be able to admit it, even to yourself, that you are envious of my pussy, but you will, one day. Only then will you realize why this organization exists, for women, by women. The only way you will survive in this organization is to embrace your femininity - it is the only real strength you can tap into, Kitty, the only strength available to you."

She stood very close, her panties inches from his sweated-beaded face. He felt as weak as a kitten, overpowered by her perfume, her personal scent, her formidable presence. She tenderly grasped his head in her hands.

"I think you must be frightened of me, a bit," she said far above him, almost imperiously. "As a matter of fact, you're probably frightened of women in general. Isn't that true?"

He wasn't sure. He'd never been aware of it before, but since she said it, it must be true. She would know, she could tell. She was always right about him.

"That's because you're inferior – and inwardly know it! The sooner you can accept the fact that you must always obey me, that you will always be beneath me, in every way, the sooner you will find happiness." She pulled his face an inch closer to her pantied pubis.

"This is what it's all about, Kitty," Michelle said triumphantly above him. "That's all you really want. A pussy. A pussy like mine. You already realize you can't have mine. I would never part with it, ever. You wouldn't either if you had one."

She stopped. Her womanly scent was strong, as strong as her excitement. She looked down at his kneeling form. The herbs and supplements had been much more effective than she could have hoped. She patted his head tenderly. The trousers were quite nicely filled out now, with not the slightest excess material at the hips. In fact, the stretchy material was taut over his saucily round bottom, revealing a panty line under the soft material of the trousers.

"What a nice ass you have now, doll. And you've been faithfully taking the herbs I've given you, haven't you? Your waist looks like a normal waist should. And your ass looks... so pretty, so sexy! You've done very well, indeed!"

She didn't put the word 'female' between 'normal' and 'waist', but she didn't need to. Kit knew that's what she meant.

She continued. "I've decided that in order to focus you completely on my pussy, and mine alone, you will wear my panties ever day from here on out, and only after I've worn them first. You will be surrounded by me, by my smell, by the sweet cream dripping out of my pussy. I will make you so drunk on me, so intoxicated by my body that you would never dream of even thinking about another pussy, ever... except perhaps of having one of your very own, someday."

He nodded numbly, mesmerized by her smell and the sight of her musk-dampened panties so close to his face. She gazed down on him, her eyes suddenly tender.

"Makes you envious, doesn't it? Look at how nice, how delicate, how superbly discrete my profile is under those panties. How perfect, how secretive, how subtle, how sweet. And yet, so powerful, so captivating of men's minds and imagination. As that wag said, you spend nine months trying to get out, and the rest of your lives trying to get back in. You can see why I'm so attached to it - it is a supreme source of power."

She moved imperceptibly forward, bit by tiny bit until his nose touched the soft, damp material. He felt engulfed by feminine musk and perfume and her overwhelming closeness. Her hand slipped around the back of his neck. His imprisonment was total.

"Kiss it. Kiss it very gently."

She felt his warm breath on her pubis and sighed contentedly as another warm gush rushed through her womanhood to further soak the already sticky crotch.

The kiss was delicacy itself, childlike and whisper-soft, almost as soft as his breath. She felt a blissful soft tension mounting slowly deep within, a pleasure she hadn't known in ever so long. She longed to mash his plump lips against the fiery core of her being - her yearning clit pulsating under its hood - but she held back, although it cost her an extreme effort to do so.

*Control, control, it's all about control, she thought desperately. If I'm going to control him, I have to control myself first!*

She pulled reluctantly away.

"You are learning respect for womanhood," she said solemnly, trembling slightly with ardor. "I am glad to see that."

Sighing, she sat down on the chaise facing him. She stared at him for a moment, and then spreading her legs to put her pantied pussy in full view crooked her finger at him.

"Come closer, doll," she said softly, mysteriously. "Discover your destiny! Come discover my pussy."

Slipping her hands under her skirt, she slowly undid the clasps on the garters, and tantalizingly slipped off her stockings. The garter belt came off next.

She leaned back on the chaise and pulling her skirt up high enough to reveal her white lace panties and musingly studied Kit's face. Abashed, he tried to look up at her face as she reclined, boldly exposed, before him, but her smile - her knowing smile - made him unable to look at her face. He stared at his feet, trying not to look at her exposed undies, although it took everything he had to avoid looking. Her gaze penetrated his soul.

"Look at them, doll. Look at my panties. My Panties... they rule you. Look at them, admire them, lust after them, wish them on you, dream that they would look on you are they do me. You know you will look like me, you must look like me. This is your destiny," she said enigmatically, resting her hand on her thigh and spreading her legs a bit more. "This is the center of your universe: my pussy. You will lose all perspective, all notion of time, all sense of self when I lift my skirt to expose my panties to you."

His devotion to her was complete, his addiction to her sensuality absolute. He was powerless - inexorably



his gaze was drawn to the lacy white 'V' under her skirt. Michelle's smile broadened slightly.

"That's a girl," she said softly. "You want it, don't you, honey? You want a pussy like mine, don't you, sweets? Well, I want you to have one someday... ooo, I've been having naughty thoughts today... I seem to have moistened them a wee bit, but you won't mind, will you? Now, turn around and face the window."

She slipped out of her secretion-drenched panties and thrust them into his trembling hands.

"Here, put them on now, right now, while they are still warm from my body."

He got up quickly and stumbled over behind the desk. Slipping off the trousers and his panties he slid the delicate garment up his legs, nestling his tiny member beneath him, submerged in her slippery gooeyness.

It seemed even smaller to her than ever before, more the size of a rosebud than anything else. He hadn't noticed, but his testicles had weeks ago receded into his body and the empty sac had taken on the appearance of labia. Close inspection would have revealed this, but he was not one to perform close inspections on his private parts.

He slipped his trousers quickly up and zipped them up. Michelle nodded her approval.

"My panties really do it for you, doll," she said meaningfully, staring directly at the feminine profile of his groin. "Not the slightest sign that anything is amiss, there. Well, actually, you do look a bit like a miss, there." She winked at him. "You can be very proud of how you look, doll - very professional! Well, from the waist down, anyway. Maybe one of those days we'll take care of the upper part too?"

## **Part Seven — Enlightenment**

It was Karyn, the lady on the bus, who ultimately called his attention to the physical changes happening to him.

"I'm glad to see," she said one sun-shiny morning, "that you took my advice. About the hormones," she clarified, as his face registered puzzlement.

"What hormones? What do you mean?"

Her eyes were fixed on his thighs.

"Well, you've now got what I would call a child-bearing figure, darlin'. No question about it. Those hips..."

"I *have* lost a lot of weight," he said with a bit of asperity. "I mean, look at my waist. These pants are even a bit loose, here. See?"

"Honey, you have a lovely waist... and you have hips and thighs and a butt to go along with that waist. You've got a perfect figure, sweetie, for a girl! Don't you see? It all looks right, now. So, I'm *askin'*, when did you start on the hormone therapy?"

Kit shook his head.

"I didn't. I just took some herbs and stuff."

"Herbs don't produce this kind of effect, doll. At least, none that I have ever seen, and I've worked in the Castro for many years, and seen a lot of guys transition."

Kit gaped at her.

"Transition? What are you talking about? I'm not... transitioning."

"Well, from where I'm sitting it looks like you are," she retorted, and smiled gently at him. "Look, if you want to think you look like a guy, that's fine with me. Just don't think that anyone else thinks you look masculine - not anymore." She stared meaningfully at the feminine 'V' between his legs. He looked down and realized what she meant.

"Jeez, I guess I really don't look very masculine anymore. Doggone these pants, anyhow."

"Honey, I hate to break it to you, but it's not the pants, it's you. I mean, just *look* at that girlish ass. Woohoo!"

Kit blushed at the giggles erupting around them. He suddenly *knew*, even without looking, that what she said was true.

"Well, maybe I'd better start exercising, then," he said lamely.

*Right. Like exercise will change anything*, Karyn thought skeptically. She just smiled at him knowingly and gave him a little hug.

"Doll, you look just *fine*," she said soothingly, running her fingers through his hair, stopping at the rubber band holding the ponytail in place. "You know, you shouldn't use rubber bands to keep your hair in place. They're really *bad* for your hair. Maybe a hair tie, or a ribbon. Even a scrunchie would be better."

A 17 year-old girl who was getting off the bus said as she passed:

"She's right, you know," she said and giggled. "Or even bobby pins or hair clips." She was laughing as she exited the bus.

Kit sat and blushed and grimaced. Karyn patted his arm and winked.

~\*~

It's one thing to decide to exercise, and quite another to actually find the time and motivation to stay with it. A shoe manufacturer once said: "Just do it." Would that it were that easy.

Kit had the best of intentions, but the day-to-day needs of Harmon Ltd took priority, and so exercise was neglected, but the reports were done, faithfully. His bottom stayed nicely rounded, kept its little jiggle, and even developed a bit of a sway when he walked.

The girls noticed it. They watched him with great fascination, some giggling, some shaking their heads, but all were impressed by just how feminine he had become. From behind, with his narrow waist and luscious bottom in back-zipped lady's trousers, Kit *was* a woman. Not a soul would have thought otherwise.

Denise loved it.

The girls felt compelled to test him, test his masculinity, to see if there was any to speak of, to confirm in their minds this was really a woman, as much a woman as they were.

They would try to engage him in a discussion on sports. He failed. He had never paid all that much attention to that classically male activity. The Internet and programming and creating music was how he spent his free time. They knew more about sports than he did.

Cars? He failed again. He didn't drive or own a car, so had no reason or motivation to be mechanically inclined.

Women? He failed spectacularly. Not that *he* wasn't attracted to *them* – it was more the case of *them* not being attracted to *him*. He was a social wreck around attractive women, blushing and tongue-tied if any woman showed the slightest interest in him. The girls tried to set him up with dates and he'd sit there, smiling bravely as he watched yet another encounter turn into a miserable experience. It was as if he gave off a powerful scent that told every woman – *I'm not really a guy!*

Sex? There wasn't much point to broaching the subject with him, so miserably did he bomb with women, but they tried. It was then that Michelle mercifully intervened, and so Kit's virginity remained an unconfirmed assumption. The notion 'who would want him?' made the subject a moot one.

The girls finally decided that Mr. Inslow was essentially a loser as a male, but nice to be around now that he had feminine attributes. They tolerated him more and more, and finally accepted him, and even protected him.

~\*~

"His boobs are too small, don't you think?"

Heather sipped her coffee and watched Kit bend over his desk to turn on the printer, his womanly backside stretching the trouser material so tautly that she was able to distinctly make out the outline of Miss Bradley's panties.

"I wouldn't be too concerned about that. He's doing fine with what he has, don't *you* think?"

Joy thoughtfully stirred a spoonful of sugar into her coffee and glanced over at Heather. She seemed to be less critical of Kit these days, a lot less disapproving. One could even imagine *supportive*.

"Well, I'm not saying he should get a boob job or anything like that, but maybe he should be wearing... um... like a supportive bra, with perhaps something that would show him off properly, like with a bit of cleavage. A frilly, organza blouse would be a good start."

Joy nodded reflectively.

"You might have a point." She smiled and cocked her eyebrows at Heather. "Do you want to suggest it to him?"

Heather reddened.

"Oh, I couldn't. I mean, what would he think? I should think he'd be terribly embarrassed."

"Or, he might be grateful," Joy countered nonchalantly. "You'll never know until you try. I think he looks up to you, you being so girly-girl and all. He's so trying to be that, don't you think?"

"He certainly seems to be, and I think it won't be long before he's there. Do you really think he looks up to me?" Heather swelled visibly with pride, her eyes shining. *Wow, someone looks up to me!*

"OK, I'll do it!" she exclaimed suddenly. "I'll, um, invite him to have lunch with me in my cubicle, and have a nice girl-to-girl chat with him." She suddenly realized what she'd said and slumped a bit, frowning slightly. "Did I just say that?"

Joy smirked slightly as Heather shrugged and sauntered over to Kit's cubicle. *Nothing wrong with Heather*, thought Joy. *I knew she'd come around.*

Kit smiled shyly at Heather as she suggested lunch together. He couldn't believe he'd heard right. Lunch with *Heather*? Was she serious? He hurriedly stammered an acceptance, and she took off, content that she was doing the right thing, leaving behind her a very confused Kit. Lunch with *Heather*? *Wow, really?*

Heather embodied everything he found magical about women. She was pert and pretty, carelessly elegant, always perfectly coiffed and expensively dressed. On the mantelpiece of his heart sat a feminine figure, and she bore Heather's face, her body, her looks, her charm. As impossible as even the notion of dating her was, given that she was already happily involved in a relationship and that she made no secret of her preference for men that were manly, his fantasies often involved her since he started at Harmon Ltd.

It was precisely for this reason that their tryst was doomed to failure.

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To say that the luncheon went off like a great meeting of the minds would have been trifling with the truth.

Not surprisingly, Kit was very intimidated by the sheer femininity of young Heather. For her part, Heather was unaccustomed to doing all the talking, and ran out of steam, eventually, and so there were longish periods of uncomfortable silence.

The chitchat period was over. Heather decided it was time she screw up her courage to broach the topic central to the purpose for the luncheon.

"Um, Kit?" she said cautiously, after a very long silent stretch. Her nerve was dying at the roots, but she pressed pluckily forward.

"Yeah?" He held his breath, amazed and grateful that she was still talking to him.

"I'm not exactly sure how to say this, but with the pants and all, well, what I'm trying to say is: because of how you look, and so that you would look as good as you *could* look..." She sighed. *Jeez, this is hard!* "OK, just to balance everything out, have you ever, um, considered, like maybe, um, wearing, like a bra?"

There, she'd said it. She sat staring wide-eyed at his long eyelashes.

Stunned, he stared at her lips. Her luscious, succulent, kissable, devastatingly beautiful... *what did she just say?* "Mmwhahht?"

"You know. A bra! To support your breasts." She looked pleadingly at him. *Just agree, or something. Or at least, understand!*

"A bra?" He rose from his chair stepped lightly to the door: it was glass, and one could make out one's reflection in it. He looked intently at his form and then saw hers next to his. While anyone could see that there was a striking similarity in their over-all shapes, it still didn't quite make it into his consciousness.

"You mean, like what women wear over their breasts?" he asked dubiously. Obviously Heather was sincere in her suggesting he wear a bra, but he simply was not able to reconcile the idea of wearing a bra with what little masculine self-image that remained. "Do you really think I should? I mean, a bra! That's such a woman thing. I would have to have breasts, wouldn't I?"

"But Kit, just look at yourself. Whether you like it or not, you do have breasts!"

Kit glanced down at his shirt front. It did stick out a bit more than he remembered. *I guess I must be getting a bit chubby, for me to stick out like that.* His chest was certainly not Adonis-like. No pectorals bristling, no washboard abdomen, no muscle-bound *anything*.

But a bra?

"But I can't wear a bra, Heather, I just can't!" he murmured timidly. He didn't want to challenge her, but couldn't help being a bit perturbed by the idea.

She thought for a moment.

"Listen, a well-fitted bra would keep you from bouncing around so, and it would make that blouse look better on you, too." She was tap-dancing around what she really wanted to say – that a bra would make Kit realize that he was becoming womanly, more like what he was *supposed* to be – but she simply couldn't quite bring herself to say it, to say what she felt was the real truth. Kit already looked better as a woman than as a man. The bra would make him realize that fact, and help 'him' become a 'her', so then she could help 'her' look 'her' best.

"Blouse? This isn't a blouse, is it?"

"Of course it's a blouse, you ninny. We all wear blouses, here, or haven't you noticed? Why would Miss Bradley make an exception in your case? You're wearing a blouse, a woman's blouse, and you're filling it out like a well-endowed woman would," Heather said, warming to her subject. There was no stopping her now. "About the only thing not *right* about it is that you look like a *slut* without a bra. You know how Miss Bradley is so obsessed with us all looking all professional and everything. I'm sorry to say it, but your boobs swinging about under your blouse just doesn't look very professional, Kitty."

"I'm wearing a blouse."

Heather sighed again.

"Look, Kitty, you want to look your best, don't you? Well, you've done wonders with..." She paused, staring at his full hips and rounded bottom for a moment and then



settled her gaze on his narrow waist. His waist was slender, and it was because of exercise and careful attention to diet, not hormones. No amount of herbs or hormones or anything of that sort would have caused him to slim down around the middle. "...your waist! You look perfect from the waist down: slender, trim, elegant. It's all a matter of being balanced, looking, oh, I don't know, just looking *right*, you know? You just don't look quite right up top without a bra under your blouse. Jeez, you could be showing off your attributes as well as any of us do. Don't you want to look as classy as the rest of us girls do?"

Kit pondered her point. *Attributes? Perhaps I'm a bit heavy in the chest area, but she isn't implying I actually have breasts, is she? I mean, breasts!*

The glance he gave at his developing cleavage did not escape Heather. Her eyes twinkled and her lips pursed slightly into a wry smile.

"Can't believe you actually have boobies, can you, honey? Well, you do, and you might as well accept it! Now, a properly fitting bra under that pretty white blouse would do just wonders for your appearance," she declared, eyeing him steadily. She was a bit surprised at herself. Heather was a girly-girl, unselfconsciously feminine, and with traditional values. If she had been told the day before that she would be recommending a proper-fitting bra to a *man*, she would have given a characteristic snort and disbelieving short shake of the head, with a "you're just weird!", and yet now she was doing exactly that.

Kit didn't realize it, but he had entered that nebulous gender-space, somewhere between man and woman where he was neither one nor the other. Heather did not see a man. Instead, she saw an individual who was more female than anything else.

It was going to take more than suggestions or fashion recommendations to persuade Kit to don a bra, however.

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He was working on a particularly complex pivot table one afternoon – nearly three weeks after his little luncheon with Heather – when Michelle called him into her office. As he stepped through the door, he nearly ran into Heather. She seemed nervous and left without even a glance at him. Michelle sat at her desk, staring at a document on her desk, deep in thought. He stood for a good minute before venturing,

"You desire to see me?"

She looked up.

"Yes." Her words were clipped and abrupt. He instinctively cringed, fearing he'd unwittingly done something wrong and had incurred her wrath. She, however, did not attack. She continued to study the document, her brow furrowed. Kit stood waiting for what seemed an interminable time. She finally fixed her gaze upon him.

"I just received this from one of our clients," she said darkly, cocking her head slightly at him. "Apparently, she is not impressed with our sense of what is appropriate professional attire." She stared at him coldly in silence for a moment. "I can see that you know who she might be referring to," she continued finally, and leaned back in her chair, her

eyes sweeping over his costume quite deliberately. He trembled slightly, but said nothing. *I have done something wrong!*

Michelle Bradley suddenly smiled – her smile alarmed him even more. There was no warmth at all in her perfect, exposed teeth. He felt like cornered prey.

"It's so simple," Michelle said softly, staring at him steadily. "It's just a little thing. Hardly nothing, really. Nothing I wouldn't expect of the rest of the staff." Her smile broadened. "You know me well enough by now to realize that I expect all my staff to be professional in appearance and behavior at all times. Obvious, this includes you." Her eyes fell to his chest. There was no question that his chest had fully developed very big, soft breasts. Womanly, full, soft, heavy breasts. They swayed when he moved, the nipples became hard and thick at the slightest provocation, so that they were clearly visible under the thin shirt he'd chosen to wear that day. *How could he not notice his boobs?* she wondered idly as she stared very deliberately at them. It seemed forever before he realized what she was staring at and hunched his shoulders self-consciously, in the manner schoolgirls do when they develop too rapidly, in an effort to hide the feminine protuberances.

"Silly Kit," Michelle said softly, shaking her head slowly and sighing. "Just look at that shirt, for example. That's not one of the blouses I had you buy, is it? It's one of your old, tatty-looking old shirts. What a horror! You seem to be hanging on to this strange notion that sloppy, ill-fitting dress is somehow appropriate, somehow proper. What could possibly make you think that way?"

Kit shook his head. *What's wrong with my shirt?*

"I don't know, Miss Bradley," he said hesitantly, "I took special care to iron it tod..."

"Honey, you could iron that sorry-looking shirt thirty-five times a day, and it wouldn't look any better." Michelle shook her head wearily. "Remember when Denise gave you her pants to wear? Everyone was so impressed with how you looked in them, right? Well, today I'm going to do you a favor, like the one Denise did for you. I'm going to give you my blouse to wear – yes, this one! I want you to take off that hideous shirt and very carefully, very gently put my blouse on!"

With a sigh of resignation, Kit started to unbutton his shirt, but Michelle stopped him.

"I think we should make this event a matter of public record," she said grandly. "We're going to step outside and have the rest of the staff enjoy this moment with us, shall we?"

Kit was mortified, but he knew better than to refuse. He reluctantly followed Miss Bradley, who had picked up her purse on the way out of the office. They picked their way through the cubicles until they reached the reception area near the front door.

"Ladies, we have an announcement to make," Michelle said loudly. The staff came out of their cubicles and crowded around Michelle and Kit exchanging amused and curious looks. There was no question rumors had been flying – something pretty unusual was about to take place. They weren't going to miss a single golden minute of it, either!

"Kit has decided to conform to our standards of dress completely, haven't you, Kit?" He nodded miserably, unable to look up. If he had, he would have seen Michelle produce something very lacy, very unmistakably feminine from her purse. Quite imperiously she commanded, "Alright Kit, remove your shirt."

He slipped it off, blushing colorfully as his breasts sprang into view. There was a gasp – he had chosen the shirt deliberately to hide what – even to him now – were very female breasts. The large, dark areola and taut, thick nipples graced soft, full, bouncing bosoms. The slight sag made them credibly maidenly, genuine, luscious. With downcast eyes, he hunched his shoulders slightly, but there was no hiding them. The unambiguous effect was that he had been gloriously, deliciously female all his life.

“Well, we really can't have you bouncing around the place like a slut, can we?” There were a few suppressed giggles but they quickly stopped. Michelle stepped close to him. She could feel his warmth – he could smell her excitement. Her arms went around his torso.

“Bend over a little, honey. I'm going to show you the proper way a woman puts on her bra.”

He flushed again as he felt the lace cups against the soft skin of his breasts. She fondled him slightly, ostensibly to settle his breasts in the cups, but it was obvious she was trying to evoke a response. She was not disappointed. His nipples were instantly erect, pushing thickly into the gossamer fabric of the bra, pushing the material proudly out and up as he straightened and she fastened the garment behind him.

“Spectacular!” Denise breathed appreciatively, staring with ill-concealed desire at Kit's breasts.

“What a bitch!” growled Alice, not a little jealously.

“See, I knew she'd look great in a nice bra,” Heather exclaimed proudly. “I told her, and told her, but she just wouldn't listen.”

“Wow, she really is a girl now,” Joy said wonderingly, her eyes glued to the generous mounds on Kit's chest, made all the more unquestionably feminine by the exquisite foundation garment he had been strapped into by his employer.

Michelle began to unbutton her blouse.

“This is an important moment in a young lady's life,” she said as she wriggled out of the blouse, “one that I'm sure you will remember for the rest of yours,” she added significantly and handed the blouse to him. “Now, be a good girl and put it on for me. Be gentle with it – it's one of my better blouses!”

Kit gingerly slipped his arms into the delicate sleeves and clumsily worked at the tiny pearl buttons. It seemed to him an eternity had passed before he'd finally managed to button himself into the ultra-feminine piece of clothing.

“Ladies, I'd like to present Kathryn!” Michelle announced happily, placing her arm around Kit – now Kathryn – possessively. Kathryn shrank into her embrace. “Kathryn is one of us, now, really and truly. She'll never be Kit again, will you, honey?”

She gazed down indulgently at Kathryn, who shook *her* head obediently.

It had finally happened. Kathryn was a 'she'!

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"I knew there was somethin' about ya," Grady drawled as she inspected Kathryn's attire with a slight smirk. "I thought it was that you was artistic, but that's not it at all, is it? You're a girl." She nodded understandingly. "Yep, you've been a girl all along. Well, I never!" She looked ruefully down on her fish-stained clothes and chuckled. "I wonder if that makes me a boy?"

"Somehow, even with the clothes..." Kathryn started.

Grady shook her head firmly.

"Not on your life! I'm proud to be a woman! I would hate to be anything but a woman."

"But I thought I was a man," Kathryn interjected plaintively.

Grady replied,

"Well, now that you're all pretty and have big bosoms and a plump, soft ass, what do you think you are? A man?"

"I guess not," Kathryn admitted dejectedly, finally coming to grips with this incontrovertible fact. "I guess I should just face it. I was never..."

"No, you weren't, honey," Grady agreed softly, eyeing her young friend with concern. "You were never much of a man, but you are a luscious doll of a woman, Kathryn. You turn heads, looking the way you do."

A frightened look came into Kathryn's eyes.

"I could never be attracted to a man," she whispered, her eyes wide with horror. She shuddered, staring at her friend, her lips pressed tightly together as she realized that it might be expected that she start looking at males in a different light.

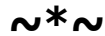
Grady was quick to reassure her.

"Gee, honey, haven't you ever heard of lesbians?" she quipped with a twinkle in her eye. "There are a lot of women out there who feel the same way you do about men – you would definitely turn some of their heads, believe me. I even find you somewhat attractive, even though I'm not really into girly-girls."

Kathryn's eyes widened. She had never suspected that Grady preferred girls.

"You?"

"Oh, don't look so shocked!" Grady retorted. "You must have guessed. No? Oh, well, I guess now is as good a time to tell you as any other. However, I do need to tell you that I could never think of you as anything but a friend. Sorry," she added tenderly at Kathryn's disconsolate expression. "I'm just not into girly-girls. And you, sweet cheeks, are definitely a girly-girl!"



A week later, at just about closing time, Denise came over to Kathryn's desk.

"Michelle wants to see us about something," she said mysteriously, grasping Kathryn by the hand and pulling her along through the cubicles. "Come on, honey, we don't want to keep the boss lady waiting!"

"Wait up," Kathryn complained faintly, tottering as fast as she was able on her new heels. "I can't walk very fast in these shoes yet."

There was a snort and a giggle from Joy's desk.

"Better get used to it, honey," she called out from behind her computer. "You'll quickly learn what it means to suffer for beauty!"

They entered Michelle's office, Kathryn somewhat breathless, her hair in a delightful state of disarray. Michelle looked up from her work and smiled at them.

"I'm taking you out to dinner, the both of you," she announced, beaming. "I've found this great Italian restaurant in Sausalito that I've been dying to try. No time to go home – we'll just shop for something to wear on the way. Does that suit you?"

Denise grinned.

"Sure," she said brightly. "My party-girl collection needs updating anyway. And I'm almost certain that Kathryn wouldn't even have such a thing as a little black dress." She turned to Kathryn with a sly smile. "Do you?"

Kathryn shook her head. *Why would I have a little black dress?*

She realized this meant shopping – shopping as a girl shops. Her heart sank, as the bit of maleness struggling for existence in the neo-female's psyche suffered yet another severe blow. It seemed increasingly futile to resist the inevitable, to cling to the ghost of masculinity, yet an odd sense of respectability required just that. Certainly she was accepting more and more aspects of her emerging femininity, but instinctively felt threatened by the unrelenting efforts of Michelle and Denise to make her acceptable by making her more like them.

"I really think that would be a very good idea!" Michelle said firmly.

Somehow, her suggestion seemed appropriate now. This was particularly true as – despite herself – she was starting to think of herself as Kathryn. It was clear that they took special delight in making her acutely aware of her shortcomings in the finer aspects of femininity, and how important it was to them and, indeed, *her* to desire it, strive after it, know it, live it, be it.

## **Part Eight – The End of the Beginning**

So, they went shopping.

Kathryn blew her small budget on a nice flounced, silky gauze skirt that shimmered and blew in the breeze – and clingy, stretchy top. She barely had enough left over for stockings, garter belt and panties, and so couldn't afford a bra. Michelle reassured her that

she was due for a bit of a raise, and that next month she'd be able to find some new bras of her own – until then,

“you'll just have to wear my bras, dear heart. Just think how much that means to you: your breasts cradled in my exquisite lingerie – you really are a very lucky girl. I don't know if you realize it, honey, but your boobs are pretty much as big as mine now. Isn't that just yummy? Doesn't make you feel special, like you and I share something exceptional?”

Kathryn tried unsuccessfully to hide her dismay, and Michelle grinned mischievously. Poor girl, still struggling with her new body, wasn't she?

Denise usually loved shopping but for some reason couldn't wait to get to the restaurant.

“My sweet little petal, we've got plenty of time to get across the bridge,” Michelle said reassuringly. “You worry too much.”

Kathryn stared at her, her curiosity about Michelle addressing Denise with such an obvious term of endearment written plainly on her face. Denise and Michelle pretended not to notice, but were smiling inwardly. Denise even winked covertly at Michelle, who flicked her eyebrows in response.

“As long as we're across before the evening traffic starts.” She picked through another rack, surreptitiously watching Kathryn inspect a particularly feminine jacket. *She seems to be zeroing in on the femmier clothing*, Denise observed with satisfaction. *Excellent!*

“If we leave in fifteen minutes, we should be just fine.” Michelle moved in closely behind Kathryn. “Nice choice. I think that's your color too, darling. Why don't you try it on?”

Kathryn blushed slightly, but did as she was bade. The tailored jacket was a perfect fit, setting off her slender waist and complementing her pale complexion. Kathryn was surprised to feel an odd sense of disappointment as she replaced the coat on its hanger.

“What are you doing?”

Kathryn was nonplussed by the question.

“Why, putting it back...”

“Aren't you going to buy it?”

“I can't afford it right now,” she said with more than a trace of wistfulness and regret in her voice.

“How about I advance you the money.” Kathryn was shaking her head vigorously. “Listen! That jacket is normally \$450. It's less than half price right now. I insist that you get it now – this sale ends on Saturday.”

“But I can't borrow money from you, Miss Brad...”

“Who said anything about borrowing?” Kathryn saw her give Denise a very broad wink before she continued. “Consider this an advance payment for services rendered. Yes, services – I'll leave it up to your imagination to figure out just what sort of service you will be rendering tonight, my little pet.”

Kathryn felt a vague foreboding begin to make itself apparent.

“Services...”

“Yes, services. Oh, I wouldn't worry any about it, darling – I'm completely confident that you will be quite able to perform these services with no difficulty at all. Well, I really think,” she said quickly, changing the subject to avoid further cross-examination, “we should be going. Now, take the jacket, darling. You might need it tonight!”

The sky was becoming cloudier, and a cool, stiff breeze blew in across the Golden Gate Bridge as they zipped along in Michelle's Mercedes convertible. Kathryn was grateful for the warm embrace of the stylish jacket. As they reached Sausalito, a lovely, mysterious fog was spilling over the headlands on to the village. After a bit of searching, they found a place to park the car in the residential area above the town.

“Come along, now, Kathryn. Do try to keep up!” The women strode purposefully down the hill, with Kathryn staggering awkwardly behind them. It's one thing walking in heels in an office – it's quite another trying to keep one's balance on a steep hill. The deteriorating sidewalk was more gravel than concrete, and the thin soles of Kathryn's pumps transmitted every sharp edge, every tiny pebble, almost as much as if she were barefoot.

It was agonizing.

Once they were on level ground, the sidewalk was in a bit better condition and so walking was easier, but the wind seemed intent on exposing Kathryn's new panties – the gusts blew up the diaphanous material of her skirt at unexpected moments, affording the passerby more than a glimpse of stocking-top, garter belt and expensive undies. By the time they'd reached the restaurant, Michelle and Denise were wiping tears from their eyes, they had been laughing so much, while Kathryn's mortification grew and grew until she was sure she was going to die from embarrassment. They climbed the stairs to the restaurant slowly. Michelle and Denise were chattering away at Kathryn, who was still recovering from her humiliating stroll through breezy Sausalito. When they reached the top, Kathryn received a total shock: the entire Harmon Ltd staff was there!

“Surprise!” they shouted, and then there was laughter and excited chatter, and they hustled Michelle, Denise and Kathryn out to the corner of the restaurant near the outdoor area that overlooked the bay. In times gone by, that's where Kit – now Kathryn – used to go have a beer and nachos with a friend and look out on the water and watch the boats and dream about having a sailboat and sailing around the world.

Those dreams seemed so far way tonight.

The wine and cocktails arrived and glasses clinked and the wine flowed and the conversation grew louder and more animated, and by the time the main courses had arrived, the entire group of elegantly clad women was as boisterous as a teenage soccer team. The stories got raunchier and funnier and the girls were laughing so hard and having such a great time that none noticed that the other patrons had all left, until their waitress came over and with a wink mysteriously drew a curtain. The stories and laughter continued unabated.

Shortly after the curtain had been drawn, Michelle crooked her finger at Kathryn, who had been sitting in the corner, smiling shyly at the other girls.

"I'd like to call to everyone's attention that we are celebrating a success story tonight," Miss Bradley announced as Kathryn dutifully came to her side. "When this little one started with us, she was a makeover waiting to happen, wasn't she?" There were murmurs of assent. "And now look at her! She's a treasure! Elegant, well groomed, confident – a perfect little lady!" She smiled up at Kathryn. "Wouldn't you agree, sweetie?" Kathryn cast her eyes downward and then, realizing it was expected, blushing quickly nodded.

"I think she owes you a lot for helping her find herself, for making her who she is now," Joy said, glancing significantly at Denise, who got up and stood next to Kathryn.

"I agree! I think you owe Miss Bradley a *special favor*," said Denise solemnly. Joy stepped to Kathryn's other side – the three moved around to face Michelle, who was grinning broadly. The look on her face was plain as day.

"*Servives to be rendered*. Remember?" Denise whispered in Kathryn's ear.

"Yes, it's time to show Michelle your undying gratitude by doing her a *special favor*," said Joy equally soberly. Kathryn glanced nervously at Joy and then Denise as the inebriated revelers began a soft chant: "*Special Favor, Special Favor, Special Favor...*" a chant that grew slightly louder as the trio approached Michelle, and louder still as she pulled back her chair, turning it around to face them, and still a bit louder as she slowly raised her skirt, exposing stocking tops and the pearly white flesh of her upper thighs.

At a signal from Joy, the group rose as one woman and surrounding Michelle lifted her out of the chair and gently placed her on the table with her bottom right at the edge of the table facing the trio. Kathryn felt the girls pull her top off, and unzip her skirt, letting it fall at her feet. The stockings and panties were next, until nude except for her shoes she felt the pressure of their hands on her shoulders – they were forcing her into a bent-over position before Michelle. She could smell Michelle's arousal, mingled with a slightly different and even stronger fragrance: the perfumes of the other women, mixed with the musky nectar of their growing ardor – it was the heady, intoxicating smell of female sexual arousal. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed one of the girls was stroking the inner thigh of another, another girl was pulling her skirt up as well and idly fingering herself, still another was rubbing herself vigorously through her skirt as another girl fondled her breasts through her open blouse, and yet another was kissing the new receptionist – her hands were all over the girl's breasts. The young receptionist was new to all this, and not a little shocked, but there was nothing she could do, and so she let herself be seduced by the determined female libertine.

Soft, stockinged thighs finally blocked out everything else as her face was forced ever closer to Michelle's panty-clad pudendum. Michelle had removed her shirt, and her generous breasts jiggled slightly in the gossamer bra as she spread her thighs slowly, further and further apart. Michelle slid forward slightly, advancing even closer to Kathryn's awestruck little girl's face with her voracious sex.

Kathryn stared at the moistened panties, hypnotized like a young, virginal maiden would be at the sight of the vampire's fangs. Michelle's fingers snaked through Kathryn's hair as she drew her unresisting prey closer and closer. The chanting was louder than ever before, but it was mixed with whispering and soft moaning now, and even the wet, smacking sound of deeply passionate kisses.



Kathryn felt her lips touch the slippery fabric – slippery nylon made infinitely more so – saturated with Michelle's perfumed ambrosia.

“Kiss it – softly, like you adore me, like you desire my body, worship my pussy. Worship my cunt with your lips – softly, softly – softly.”

The sibilants mingled with the sound of Kathryn's lips kissing the slick material, over and over, slightly sucking in the fragrant moisture into her mouth – the sound of gentle suckling harmoniously rippled and flowed as Kathryn caressed Michelle's swollen labia through the thin nylon. With increasing intensity, the older woman feel a mounting hunger to immerse young Kathryn in her raging maw, to fuck her sweet face, abuse her without mercy.

Denise felt her pussy lips suddenly grow wet at the sight of Michelle's rutting pelvic thrusts against young Kathryn's innocent face. She involuntarily moved her knees together as she sensed her sex moisten and intumescence – her mistress's scent was heady and strong: it made her head spin and her pussy quiver. It was everything she could do to keep from touching it, rubbing it, even the thought of masturbating herself in front of other women made her mad with desire.

“Kiss it harder, open your mouth, stick out that soft tongue – lick me, lick my wet pussy – ahhhhh, that's the girl. Do me with that lovely tongue, you little bitch!”

Kathryn might have been shocked at the crude words, but gave no sign as she more and more ardently lapped at her mistress's lubricious labia through the thin nylon of the panties. She felt Michelle move the crotch of the panties to one side, exposing thick, slick, quivering lips to Kathryn's fevered nursing. Her tongue moved faster, brushing the smooth skin with little flicks, and finally, boldly easing the puffy tissue aside to plunge into the wet softness of her vagina.

“Ahhh! that's it – fuck my pussy with that sweet tongue, girly-girl! Oooh yes, that's it, in and out and – ooo – can you feel me getting hotter for you, bitch? Lap it, lap it up, drink my cum, you little cunt!”

Grasping the back of her head firmly, she mashed Kathryn's lips into her wetness, rubbing herself with Kathryn's mouth as Kathryn frantically licked and thrust her tongue in and out in an exuberant effort to bring her beloved Mistress to climax.

Denise had moved to one side – her passion was mounting and mounting inexorably, until finally she could restrain herself no longer. The sight of Kathryn's head over Michelle's wet pussy was too much and she slipped her bejeweled fingers under her skirt and over the panties, stroking her moistened clitoris as she watched Kathryn pleasure her mistress.

Her eyes narrowed as she watched, flicking and rubbing herself with a raging urgency, and finally swung around to look at Kathryn's face. It was shiny with pussy cream – the goo was everywhere, in her nose, on her cheeks, and even caking her eyelashes, which were squeezed tightly shut as Kathryn concentrated fiercely on Michelle's shuddering and moaning and thrusting. Then suddenly, they flew open wide in shock.

Kathryn was being violated! From behind!

So intent had she been on Michelle's pleasure that she didn't even notice some of the girls were giggling – Heather was approaching her from behind, nude as the day she was born except for a thick, veined strap-on dildo. She dipped the dildo in the butter that purposely hadn't been cleared away with the rest of the remains of the dinner, and then gently placed the cool, thick tip at Kathryn's tightly clenched rosebud.

“Easy, baby,” she murmured, “you'll get used to it, just relax – relax, open up for me, baby, open wide – your hubby's here, I promise to be gentle...” a buttered finger pushed its way in “...real gentle...” she moved it in and out and tears sprang into Kathryn's eyes as the stretching pain was exquisite, then followed with a second finger “relax, be a good girl, and get a good fucking – you know you want it, you know you *need* it, don't you, baby? you *need* this!”

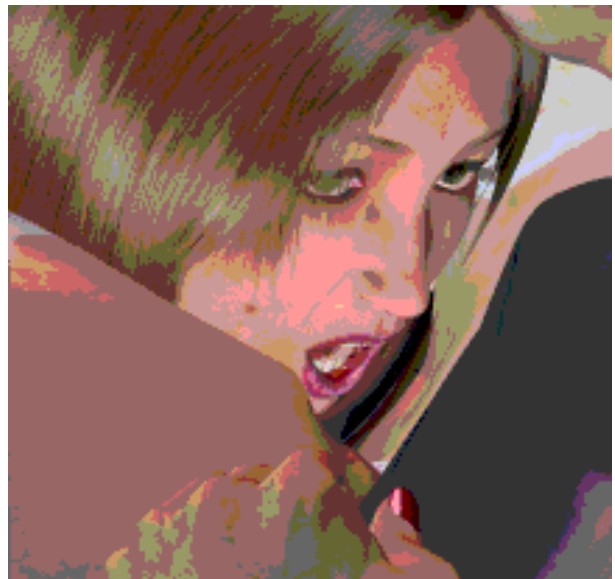
The fingers slipped out, and the head of the dildo moved in almost as quickly. Denise heard a muffled scream, but Michelle grasped her head even firmer and thrashed about violently, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting her pussy into Kathryn's tear-streaked face. The thrusting motion transmitted through Kathryn to Heather.

The pain slowly subsided, and pleasure began to take its place. Kathryn found herself – almost *despite* herself – slowly moving her full-fleshed buttocks rhythmically towards Heather, faster and faster as Heather thrust her pelvis forcefully against the creamy-soft skin of her derriere. It wasn't long before she was wantonly raising her ass invitingly to Heather's lusty assaults, filling herself even more with the stiff, rubbery tool invading her tender flesh.

The sexual pleasure was becoming very addictive, all-enveloping. Kathryn felt herself dissolve in the heat of her mounting ecstasy. Heather's hard-driving thrusts became ever more energetic and the strokes longer and deeper.

“Ahhhhh! That's it – ooo – unh, unh, unh, unh-unh-unh-unh...” Her moans had dissolved into animal grunts with each increasingly rapid thrust that Heather hammered into Kathryn's now sluttish, yielding, wiggling, seductively shaking bottom.

Denise massaged her clitoris frenetically – she'd abandoned all pretence of decorum, and joined eagerly in the bacchanalia, gazing with rapture at Michelle's generous breasts jiggling in their delicate lace harness as Heather's vicious penetrations transmitted shock waves of pleasure through Kathryn into Michelle's writhing body. She drew closer, hypnotized by the undulating skin visible over the straining cups, imagining herself already suckling them, drawing the taut nipple into her eager mouth. Michelle's plump mammaries wobbled agitatedly in the flimsy bra, inviting caresses, with rigid, fat nipples begging to be fondled and sucked. Denise pulled a fleshy, soft breast from its delicate confines with trembling fingers and tentatively licked the



turgid nub, then drew the tender nipple into her mouth, her lips massaging the areola as her tongue flicked madly of the flailing teat.

Michelle arched suddenly, and shuddered. Her climax was so near, but she wanted to stretch it out – she wanted it to last forever – but she could hold it in no longer and screamed as she spent wildly, copiously, drenching Kathryn's face with pungently fragrant pussy-cream.

The sight of Kathryn's face buried in her boss's wet, delicious pussy and Denise making rapturous love to Michelle's breast enflamed Heather's passion to fever pitch, and she pounded into Kathryn's quivering, soft derriere mercilessly, her hips slamming into Kathryn's pearly buttocks in a frenzied dance as the thick rubbery shaft relentlessly, repeatedly penetrated the sensitive anal passage. She came violently, drowned in her sea of ecstasy as wave after wave of the most intense pleasure she'd ever known swept over her.



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The girls of Harmon Ltd pleased themselves into the night at the restaurant, and then later, in Michelle's comfortable apartment overlooking the Bay. Some orgasmed, some more than once, some lay in a corner by themselves, some tightly embracing each other, some sitting watching Michelle undulating deliriously as Kathryn's tongue furrowed and Kathryn's mouth filled with cream and Denise made ardent love to her breasts and then, to the rosebud of her bottom.

Kathryn's carnal abuse, her total ravishment – a depraved yet thrilling initiation into womanhood – was, to the staff as arousing, provocative a performance they'd ever seen, and it changed them forever. Harmon Ltd would never be the same. Heather said it best:

“You'll be happy to know that you are no longer a temp. You're in for the long haul: you're our full-time slut now, baby-girl!”

The End (of the Beginning)