

A N G E L A J

***DEMOTED &
DEGRADED***

**“Trixie the Secretary” by Angela J.
A Tales of Transformation Story**



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TRIXIE, THE SECRETARY

FIRST MONTH

A creeping trail of yellow light crept across the carpet of the office, reminding me just how slow the morning was going. I checked my purse for a mint. At least sucking on it for a few minutes would be a slight relief to the monotony. My purse was empty except for a few cosmetics. The salespeople who occupied cubicles at the far end of the office all wandered about, aimlessly, looking bored and restless. Our office had ten small cubicles for the sales staff, but only three of them were being used. I had heard that in the past, there were more people working for the company but that was long before I started working here.

A tall partition separated us, me at the executive end, and the sales staff at the sales end. As they were just beginning their day, they were restless.

Right after the salesmen left the office to make their sales calls, the office phone rang. It was early Monday morning. I answered it as I always do: "Jones Enterprises, an authorized seller of Hill Office Equipment, Cindy speaking. How may I direct your call?" That was one part of my job as the secretary of Jones Enterprises. I got this job right after my father passed away. Without my father's income to support me, I had no choice but to drop out of college and look for work. I still remember as if it was yesterday, the day I came in for my interview. I was extremely nervous because I desperately needed the job and had no prior experience. My guidance counselor told me to "embellish" my resume a little but I just couldn't bring my self to lie. That's just not how my father had raised me. I was almost sure that I wouldn't get hired. But Mr. Thomas D. Jones, the President of Jones Enterprises, never looked at my resume. He just asked three questions. "Can you type?" "Does your coffee taste good?" "Are you single?" The last question gave me a little pause because I felt that it was a little too personal. But I answered affirmatively to all three questions, without complaint. To my surprise, I was hired on the spot.

Despite my short time at this job and lack of prior experience, I knew how to answer most phone calls. Potential new customers would call and I would provide them with the appropriate salesman's mobile phone number. New accounts were supposed to be assigned to a salesman based on a rotation system. But sometimes, Mr. Jones reassigned the new accounts to a different salesman at a later date. Most of the established customers already knew to call their salesman directly. Other times, someone would call asking for parts or repair service, I would just give them the number of the Hill Office Equipment certified service company in their area. Occasionally, we got calls from disgruntled customers; these calls were transferred to Mr. Jones or to his voice mail. Mr.

Jones would rarely take a call without some research into the problem. He would want to see the customer's file and talk to the salesperson assigned to the customer before returning the complaint call. A salesman would also often call to ask Mr. Jones to authorize a discount for a customer or one of the salesmen, – typically Jim, Mr. Jones' friend and one of the younger salesmen – called to complain about another salesman. Mr. Jones also instructed me to transfer these sorts of calls to his voice mail so that he could return them when it was more convenient for him. Despite this slacker attitude, once he got to it, he was able to resolve the problem in a decisive and authoritative manner. Surprisingly, even with Mr. Jones' young age, he was the boss and everyone knew it.

He was in his late twenties, and not much older than I was. Dark brown hair, fair skinned and even a little skinny. In my heels I was taller than he was. But he was still intimidating. He



could shut you up just by looking at you. I guess that's just how life is. Some people are born with leadership skills like Mr. Jones, and some people are not, like me.

Of course not all calls were business. On occasion, a family member or friend would also call. On this day, that's exactly what happened. "Cindy, it's me," said a terse voice when I picked up the call. I instantly recognized the voice as that of Mrs. Barbara Jones, Mr. Jones' wife. As I usually did many times before, I told her that Mr. Jones was on the other line and that I would let him know that she called. It was a white lie that Mr. Jones insisted I use with her so that he appeared busier than he really was – but this time before I could finish, she interrupted me.

Her words were: "I don't want to talk to him. I want to talk to *you*." She slowed herself down and said the next words to me very deliberately: "I know *everything*."

These words sent a chill down my spine. What she meant by that I wasn't sure. But I feared the worst. What if she somehow found out about me and Mr. Jones? I would be in a horrible mess. I didn't need this now. With my father passing away from a heart attack just last year, I had enough difficulty in my life.

"Meet me at the coffee shop at Main and Fifth in thirty minutes and don't tell my no good husband anything," she continued.

"But I can't..." was all I got to say.

"You can and you *will* meet me," she said, "just give him an excuse to leave the office," and then she hung up.

She was not requesting, she was demanding – that to me was obvious. But what should I do? Should I tell Mr. Jones? I just sat at my small secretarial desk, near the front of the door to the presidents' office, for several minutes not knowing what to do. I wished that my father was still alive. He was so strong and decisive. My mother and I had relied on him to guide us. Now, he was gone. I thought about calling my mother and asking her for advice. But as soon as that thought entered my mind, I quickly dismissed it. Getting her advice would require me to tell her what happened. She probably wouldn't understand and she definitely wouldn't be on my side.

As usual, during the day, only Mr. Jones and I were left here at the office. The salesmen would not be back from their sales calls until late afternoon. They came in briefly in the morning and then left for most of the day. Then they'd come back and fill out paper work in their respective cubicles. Each day ended with all of us in the large conference room, where the salesmen reported to Mr. Jones. The conference table had twelve seats but only four people sat on them. Mr. Jones always sat at the head of the conference table. The other seats were taken by the three member sales staff. Richard White sat to the immedi-

ate right of Mr. Jones and Jim Hunt and Sara Campbell sat to his left.

They would each take turns to report to Mr. Jones about their daily activity. Mr. Jones would either congratulate them for a good sale or would offer words expressing his disappointment. Then, right before closing time, Mr. Jones closed the meeting by offering the same old advice we had all heard a hundred times before. I usually stood in the corner near Mr. Jones and took notes when I wasn't busy bringing everyone coffee or other drinks.

But for today, the meeting was still several hours away.

Mr. Jones was in his large executive office either doing some paperwork – or more likely surfing the net for porn. That's how he passed most of his time. I guess there wasn't much for the President of Jones Enterprises to do. Other than the few phone calls, his only duty was to keep the company records, make regular reports to our mother company, Hills Office Equipment, do payroll, and keep other company documents in order.

I knew about the internet porn because I walked in on him a few times. I, of course, tried to pretend not to notice as he fumbled to close his internet browser and close his zipper. Each time, he yelled at me for not knocking and told me to leave his executive office immediately. I always apologized profusely for my error as I closed the door behind me. Actually, it really bothered me that he would engage in such disgusting and inappropriate activity in the office. But I didn't dare speak my mind. It just wasn't my place. My father would disapprove of Mr. Jones' behavior but would also frown upon me if I had objected. My father had always said that I should respect authority.

Of course, Mr. Jones would then lecture me on privacy the next time he saw me, and I had to listen and nod attentively. He was entitled to this because he was the President and CEO of Jones Enterprises, and I have to admit, I did respect him for that. Jones Enterprises acquired this company from another entity couple of years ago. I don't know the details, but according to Sara, that's when Mr. Jones took over. She told me because he was so young, people just assumed that his father was rich or something and was given this job to learn how to manage. Regardless of how Mr. Jones acquired this business, I could not afford to anger him. The economy was in a bad shape and I needed this job.

If it had ended with his internet browsing and masturbation, I guess I would not be in this predicament. But about three months ago, he started to target his attention on me. At first, he just stared at me for no apparent reason. Then he became bolder. I could feel his eyes on my chest when he stood before my desk to give me a task. He would also stare at my behind as I filed or copied. I wasn't used to getting this type of attention from men. I always dressed conservatively and stayed away from bad boys. So I didn't know what to do. I guess I should have stopped him there. But I just didn't know how to do it without angering him and risking his firing me or making this into a federal court case (literally).

So I just ignored his unwanted attentions. Then a few weeks after he started staring, he began “accidentally” touching me. He would brush up against me as he walked by and just say “sorry.” When I didn’t stop him, he started to make comments about my look and how much he wanted us to be “good friends.” I knew this was wrong, but I just didn’t know what to do. I called my mother once to ask her advice, but she pretty much just ignored what I said. She just told me to stop wearing outfits that would provoke men. I tried to explain to her that I wasn’t doing or wearing anything to provoke Mr. Jones, but she just didn’t seem to understand. I guess that she was in denial like I was.

It didn’t take long before he started to pressure me to have sex with him. No, he never threatened me directly. But he would comment about the bad economy and how hard it is to find a job and then put a hand on my side, or worse, my behind. He would tell me how much he liked me and then would tell me that some people he knew were having a hard time finding a job and it would be a shame if I had to go through that hardship. He even gave me a line about being “friendlier” so that I would not have to worry about the economy. The message was obvious.

Then about a week ago, it became even worse. He called me to his office and told me how he and his wife were not getting along and how lonely he was. He asked me to give him a hug to make him feel better. Like a dope, I obliged. I knew that this was a trick but I still could not say no to him. He continued to hold me tight, long after the hug should have ended. I tried to get free of his hold but just didn’t have the strength. “Cindy, I’ve always been attracted to you,” he said. He loosened his hold on me slightly. As I tried to get away, he kissed me on my lips. Before I knew what was going on, he kissed me again. I should have slapped his face and quit on the spot, but I didn’t. I guess I just didn’t have the nerve. Maybe, deep inside I was a little attracted to him. Physically he wasn’t the type of guy that I liked. He was handsome, but a little too skinny and short for my taste. But he was to me, because of his position, a powerful man, and that was attractive regardless of what he looked like.

His kisses intensified and I didn’t resist. I should have, but I didn’t. When he started to undress me, I finally spoke up. “This is not right,” I said, “you’re married.”

Then he looked into my eyes and asked, “do you like your job?” I didn’t respond. He continued to undress me and I offered no resistance. I should have – I really, really should have – but I didn’t. It was like I was in a trance. I just let him take the lead. Soon we were both naked and then were having sex. Then all of sudden it was over. One minute he was breathing on top of me as I lay on his big desk, and the next minute, he was done and was off me, and started to quickly get dressed. Without a word, I started to get dressed too. I felt deep shame. After all, he was a married man, and I had no intention of being the other woman. I guess he knew that too because when I started to cry after-

wards, he apologized and promised me that he would not pressure me again. I hoped that for both our sakes that he would keep his promise.

Since that time, it had been awkward in the office when we were alone. Each morning, after the sales staff left the office, I mostly sat at my desk doing clerical work and he stayed in his executive office doing what he does. We didn't talk about our encounter. I didn't tell him how worried I was that I might've gotten pregnant from the incident and how I relieved I was when I finally got my period. We only talked about work and only when we absolutely had to communicate. I had hoped that this was all in the past and that soon our relationship would normalize. But the phone call from Mrs. Jones brought it all back to the present.

If I sat at my desk any longer I would be late. I had to make up my mind about what I was going to do soon. If I only had family or friends to help guide me but I was all alone. I had to make a decision. I needed to find out what Mrs. Jones wanted before I would decide on whether to tell Mr. Jones. Having made up my mind, I walked to the door to the executive office and knocked on the door.

"Just a minute," I heard Mr. Jones' voice, and then a moment later, "come in."

"Mr. Jones," I said, "I... Have to leave the office for a few hours... I have to go take care of a personal matter."

"What is it?" he asked, "I need to know what it is before I can give you permission to leave in the middle of a workday."

"It's personal," I said, "I'm sorry but I can't tell you."

"How long?" he asked, looking rather annoyed.

"I'm not sure," I replied.

"I can't allow..." he began to answer.

"Please Mr. Jones," I pleaded with him and with the best serious look I could muster I said, "It's important."

Usually when Mr. Jones made a decision there was no way to change his mind. I habitually just followed his orders. But when he saw my persistency and heard the desperation in my voice, he must have realized how important this was to me.

"All right, but I'll take it out of your vacation time..." he finally said.

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," I said.

"Don't make it a habit," he said.

I quickly exited the executive office, grabbed my purse, and ran out to my car and drove to the designated coffeehouse. On the way there, I contemplated in my mind what I would say to Mrs. Jones if she confronted me with the extra

marital affair. But what I could say? “Sorry, but it wasn’t my fault.” How weak? Weak or not, that’s how I truly felt.

As I walked into the coffee shop, I suddenly realized a tiny problem. Because I was so busy worrying about what I was going to say to Mrs. Jones, it never occurred to me that I hadn’t ever met Mrs. Jones, and therefore had no idea what she looked like. Sure, I recognized her voice because she called the office often enough, but with knowledge of voice alone; I would have a difficult time picking out the correct woman from the four ladies, sitting by themselves at the coffee shop. I figured that the women sitting in various groups were not her. The topic of our conversation was mostly likely going to be too personal for company. How odd that Mr. Jones did not have a picture of Mrs. Jones in his office. Perhaps they really were having marital problems.

I looked around. I guessed that Mrs. Jones would be either the same age or younger than Mr. Jones. Presidents of companies often marry young beautiful women. One of the women sitting by themselves fit the description. Smartly but casually dressed, her hair long and glamorous, and sipping a small cup of tea as she grinned to herself. As I was about to approach, to ask her if she was Mrs. Jones, I heard, “Cindy, over here,” from a table near the back. I recognized the voice as the one on the phone, belonging to Mrs. Jones.

“How did she know what I looked like?” I thought to myself

“Sit,” she commanded pointing to a chair. Her apparent age and attire surprised me. The woman appeared to be in her mid to late forties, about twenty years older than Mr. Jones. A slight scowl on her face has already creased some wrinkles into the sides of her lips. She wore an expensive looking business suit and pants. I was expecting a young housewife in mid to early twenties. But here she was, appearing to be a mature, successful businesswoman commanding me to sit down. She sat across from the seat she pointed at, with a lonely large cup of coffee on the table and a briefcase next to her seat.

I sat.

She put the briefcase on her lap and opened it so the cover of the case blocked its contents from my view. She took out a plain blue colored file and handed it to me. In it were several pictures of Mr. Jones and me in compromising positions.

At first I did not know what to say... I sat there for what felt like an eternity. Not daring to look up from the file, in fear that my eyes would meet Mrs. Jones’ eyes. “I’m sorry...” is all I managed to say. It sounded even weaker than I first thought it would.

“Don’t be,” she said, “As I stated on the phone, I know everything.” She then handed to me a mini tape player with a headphone. “The tape is cued, just push play,” she ordered.

I put the headphones to my ear and pushed play as instructed. It only took a

few minutes of listening to the tape to figure out that it was recording of Mr. Jones' attempt to pressure me into sexual indiscretions.

I had heard enough and took the earphones off and turned the tape player off. "How?" I asked.

She smiled. "The technology today is amazing, a monitoring device can be hidden anywhere."

I just sat there staring at the pictures and the recording device, not knowing what to say.

"Cindy," she continued, "I know it wasn't your idea. So I am not mad at you. If it wasn't you, it would have been someone else. But since you played an essential role in his cheating... I want you to help me punish him."

"You want me to testify against Mr. Jones in the divorce," I asked.

"Divorce?" she said, smiling briefly, "Heavens no, child." She paused, her expression returning to a scowl then said, "I never got a prenuptial from him. That's the biggest mistake in my life." She took a sip of her drink. "I should have never allowed my emotions control me like that. He did a great job romancing me. Thomas never pressured me to have sex. He would be content to just hold me for hours while I complained about my work. He just listened and let me vent. Thomas just seemed to understand me. Did you know that he gave me little gifts everyday? Nothing expensive, but they were all romantic. He would give different flowers that he picked from a garden or would write me a poem or would record a song that reminded him of me."

I had to admit that sounded wonderful and couldn't help but feel a little jealous. Mr. Jones never did any of those things when he was seducing me.

"But it was all a lie," Mrs. Jones continued, "and like a simple silly girl, I fell for it. He was manipulating me the whole time. He was probably even laughing at me behind my back. No, I don't want a divorce. Who knows what he would allege against me to steal my assets. I worked too hard and sacrificed too much. Divorce is too unpredictable. That is a risk I don't want to take. No, not divorce, I want revenge – and I want you to help me get it."

"But how can I help?" I asked.

"You can start with this," she said as she put the briefcase on the table and turned it around to show me its contents. Inside was a clear plastic bag with a shiny disc inside it.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's a computer CD," she replied, "It's for him. Make sure he plays it on his computer. The program will do the rest. Go ahead take it out of its bag."

I did as told and asked, "how do I get him to play it and what will it do?"

"You're a smart girl. I'm sure you will figure out some trick to make him play

it. And as for what it will do, you'll find out soon enough." She replied. With that, she put the folder with the pictures, the tape recorder, and the now empty plastic bag back into her briefcase and closed it shut. "Do as instructed. Today, before you leave the office, you will make sure he starts to play the CD. And then next month, on the same date as today, you will meet me again at this coffee shop at 8:30 a.m., before going to work. You will bring that CD with you. You may go back to work now." She took hold of her coffee and started to drink it.

I just sat there staring at the disc in my hand. What should I do? "Please. I don't want get involved..." I started to say.

"You are *already* involved," she interrupted. "I told you to go back to the office," she commanded.

I put the CD in my purse and I walked out to my car and drove back to the office. I still had to decide what to do. What would my father want me to do? I wasn't too sure. As I entered the office, I still had not made up my mind. I put my purse behind my desk and took out the disc and looked at it, the light catching the silvery surface. What should I do? Mr. Jones was the president of this company and as an employee I owed him loyalty. I needed to keep my job, at the very least. But at the same time, what he did to me was wrong. With the CD in my hand, I walked towards the door to the executive office and entered. I guess I was going to make a spontaneous decision after I was inside. I was either going to tell Mr. Jones about my meeting with Mrs. Jones and give him the CD as evidence or I was going to somehow get him to play it.

He was sitting facing away from the door to his office, looking at his computer on his credenza, with his pants and underwear down. He was browsing pornography again. His executive chair thankfully blocked most of his nudity and what he was doing with his hand but it was obvious what was going on. I tried to back out of the office slowly and close the door. But Mr. Jones stopped me by saying, "Cindy, is that you?"

"Yes sir," was my meek reply.

Mr. Jones then turned his sit around to face me with nudity clearly visible. His desk did not do a good job blocking his penis or his moving left hand from my view. "Damn it Cindy," he said, "I told you to knock first." As he looked at me he continued to masturbate. I just stood there as if frozen not knowing what to do. I couldn't even look away. In what probably was a few seconds later, but what felt like much longer, he came into a tissue paper while looking at me. After wiping his penis clean, he threw the tissue paper into his waste basket. Then he pulled up his underwear and pants up and then turned back around to close the internet browser. "You almost gave me a heart attack." He turned to face me again. "I don't know what I would have done if it was someone else," he smiled and then said, "Luckily we rarely get visitors in our business. You understand, don't you? A man has needs. If I'm not going to get anything from

you in the future, then I have to take care of that need myself.”

When I didn't respond to his reasoning, He continued, “I tell you what. I won't count your little break today against your vacation time. After all you were only gone for a few minutes and we are friends”

“Thank you, Mr. Jones,” I said with gritted teeth. He really had some nerve. I kept my mouth shut and was about to walk out of his executive office, when he stopped me again.

“What's that in your hand?” he asked.

“It's nothing,” I said suddenly panicking and not knowing what to do.

“Did that DVD come in the mail in a plain paper envelope?” he asked, “I've been waiting for it. It's... It's some files for the office. Leave it and go back to your desk, and don't forget to knock next time.”

“Yes sir,” I said and left the CD on Mr. Jones' desk and walked out of his executive office. The decision had been made for me.

I sat back at my desk and got back to work, typing up letters and emails that were dictated previously by Mr. Jones and answering a few phone calls. My mind kept drifting as I wondered what the CD was and if Mr. Jones was actually playing it. Did the CD contain a message to Mr. Jones? Was it blackmail? I didn't really get a lot of work done as my curiosity started to eat me up. After about two hours, I just couldn't take it anymore and quietly went to the door to Mr. Jones' executive office and knocked. But he didn't answer. I knocked again, this time a little louder. But there was no response. I slowly opened the door to the executive office a bit to get a look. A part of me was afraid that Mr. Jones was already playing the CD and was afraid of the potential the contents of that disc and another part of me was afraid that he was masturbating again. Twice in one day? Not even Mr. Jones would masturbate that often. Would he?

Luckily, Mr. Jones was facing away from the door and into his computer. From my vantage point, he seemed to have fallen asleep. The screen on his computer looked like it was on a strange screen saver and very soft music was playing. “Strange,” I thought, and closed the door behind me.

I got back to my desk and tried to concentrate on my work. I couldn't help but continue to wonder what was happening to Mr. Jones, and I kept thinking about it until the sales staff came back that afternoon. That's when I noticed that both Mr. Jones and I had missed lunch.

After the sales people finished their paperwork, we all gathered in the conference room and they took their usual seats and I stood in my normal spot with a pen and notepad ready. At this point, I was expecting Mr. Jones to order me to get every one drinks – but he just sat there, looking confused.

“Hey boss,” Jim said, “shouldn't we start the meeting? We got some issues to cover today.”

“Yeah,” stated Richard, “and how about some drinks?”

That seemed to snap Mr. Jones out of his funk. “Cindy, make yourself useful and get everyone drinks... you know what everyone likes.” I quickly exited the conference room and went to our little office kitchen to get drinks for everyone.

Even before I got back in the conference room, I could hear the yelling. “This is fucked up,” Jim yelled. “He tried to steal one of my customers again... even after you told him not to do it”

“Hey, I can’t help it if Stevenson calls me because you don’t return his calls.” Richard replied.

“Bullshit...” Jim spat, “you called him and were trying to convince him to...”

“Why you little punk,” Richard stood up from his chair. He was a large man, more than six feet tall. “You’re damn lucky we are in the presence of ladies, otherwise I would kick your tiny ass for questioning my honesty.” Even though his grey hair showed his age, it was obvious that he was still in good enough shape to easily carry out his threat.

“Enough!” Mr. Jones commanded. “Dick, I told you to stop trying to steal Jimmy’s account.”

Everyone in that room knew that it was only Jim’s account because Mr. Jones gave it to him but no one dared to say anything. According to the normal rotation the account belonged to Richard but Mr. Jones gave it to his friend Jim instead, once it was clear that this account was lucrative.

“You need to fire him,” Jim said looking at Mr. Jones instead of the threatening Richard. Mr. Jones and Jim were fraternity brothers in college and that’s how Jim got the job. Everyone knew it and hated Jim for it. They were tight friends and even kind of looked alike. Jim was about the same age and height as Mr. Jones, meaning they were both young and short. The biggest difference was that Jim had a beard. I am sure that Jim grew his beard to make himself look older but even with the beard it was obvious that Jim was still in early to mid twenties.

“I said *enough*,” Mr. Jones repeated and gave a look to Jim to show him that he meant it. “Half of the commission from this sale will go to Dick and the other half to Jimmy.”

“But I got Stevenson to upgrade and get ten new copiers,” Richard bragged, “Why should I share my commission with Jimmy?”

“It’s not your account,” Jim replied, “and don’t call me Jimmy, only my friends call me that.”

Both men were about to complain some more, when Mr. Jones added, “if either of you don’t agree, then you can give me a letter of resignation. And Dick, if you ever pull this shit again, you are going to face serious conse-

quences.”

“I got a new account today,” stated Sara. “I sold several copier/scanner combos. I didn’t even need to give them a discount.”

“That’s a good girl,” Mr. Jones smiled for the first time since we started the meeting. “See, that’s what I’m talking about...” He started his usual speech that I tuned out. I heard its variations many times before. How the company was a family. He wanted everyone to get along. He stated how disappointed he was with some of the staff’s actions but had hopes that everyone would do better. He then congratulated Sara for a great sale. The meeting was over and so was the work day. I went home and tried to forget what had happened.



During the next few weeks, things at the office were just the same old routine. Mr. Jones sat in his executive office most of the day doing whatever he does and the day would end in the conference room with Jim and Richard arguing. Jim would repeatedly demand that Richard be fired but everyone knew that Richard was too good of a salesman to be let go. Richard would make a threatening remark towards Jim and Mr. Jones would get involved to stop Richard. Sara and I would ignore these arguments and just stay clear of them as much as possible. Things were so normal, I almost forgot all about Mrs. Jones’ request for me to help with the revenge and her CD. Sure, I knew that Mr. Jones played the CD for about three hours each day, but it didn’t seem to do anything other than stop him from watching porn. This was a positive.

At one point, a DVD, obviously porn, in a plain envelope arrived and when I gave it to him, he just tossed it into the trash can. It amazed me. Maybe the CD was helping him with his addiction to porn. I was all for it. It was better for me if he spent his day playing the CD then viewing porn and playing with himself. I had convinced myself that I was doing a good thing. Father would be proud.

SECOND MONTH

Exactly one month after meeting Mrs. Jones at the coffee shop, I met her at the designated date and time again as instructed. I had thought about it for several days, if not weeks. I had myself almost convinced that the first meeting never took place. But I wound up going to meet her just as she had instructed. Just like last month when we first met, Mrs. Jones sat at the table near the back with a large cup coffee on the table and a briefcase next to her. As soon as she saw me, she nodded for me to sit across from her.

“You forgot to bring back the CD,” Mrs. Jones stated.

“I...” I was shocked that she knew that I forgot to bring the CD until I connected the fact that she probably had surveillance equipment installed in our office. I felt like an idiot for forgetting it.

“You can’t even do a simple task,” she said putting the briefcase on the table. She opened her briefcase and turned it around, revealing to me its contents. It had another clear plastic bag with another CD. “Take out the disc,” she ordered.

“I thought the last one was it... And we were just meeting to finalize everything.” I said.

“Just do as instructed,” Mrs. Jones said, impatiently.

“I was worried at first, but it was effective... The CD made him stop watching porn...” I continued while taking the new CD out of the bag.

“How *wonderful*,” Mrs. Jones sneered.

I looked at the CD, marked simply as ‘#2.’ “But I don’t understand,” I said, “I think the other CD cured him from his addiction to porn and his advancements towards me has stopped... why do we need another one?” I asked.

“You ask too many questions,” she replied, “Go to the office and retrieve the first disc and make sure he plays this one. On the same date, next month, at 8:30 am, meet me here again. This time make sure to bring back this CD and the first CD.”

“What will this one do?” I asked.

“You will find out soon enough,” was her reply. “You may go to work now.” She said and started to drink her coffee.

I just sat there looking at the new disc.

“That was not a request,” Mrs. Jones said.

I put the disc in my purse and walked out of the coffee shop and headed to work.

Throughout my drive to work, I thought about how to make Mr. Jones play

the second CD. Yes, I had already decided to make him play it. The first CD seemed to do him good. I had high hopes that the second CD would be the same. But as I arrived at the office, I still had no idea how exactly I was going to get Mr. Jones to play it.

After checking for messages, I took out the CD from my purse and just looked at it, as if looking at it somehow would give me an idea as to how to make Mr. Jones play it. That's when Mr. Jones walked into the office. He looked at the disc.

"Is that the second CD?" he asked.

Not knowing what else to say, I simply replied, "yes."

"Good, I was expecting it." He grabbed it from my hand and immediately took it to his office. After the sales people came into the office and checked in and went out on their sales calls, I sneaked into Mr. Jones' office to check on him. He was facing away from the door to the executive suite and was staring at his computer screen. The screen simply flashed shapes and colors and I could hear soft music. Just like last time. Was it hypnotic? I suppose it was. Suspecting that Mr. Jones was in some type of trance, I relaxed and started to look for the first CD. I was careful not to make any noise that would break his trance. After a quick search, I found it on his desk. I took it and quietly walked out of Mr. Jones' suite.



For the next couple weeks, everything was as it should be. The office ran smoothly, almost to the point of tedium. Each morning Mr. Jones would go into his office for several hours and not make a sound. Around lunch time, I would break his trance by buzzing the intercom, asking him what he wanted for lunch. He almost always ordered a steak sandwich from Charlie's Restaurant. Then, after lunch, I had to remind him to get his work done.

Usually, I wouldn't have to tell him that, but he seemed to be avoiding the basics of his job lately. He was always the procrastinating type, but these days it seemed that his procrastination was getting worse. I was starting to get a few complaint calls from clients that did not receive a call back from Mr. Jones even after leaving multiple messages. I had to remind him about the calls, sometimes multiple times before he returned them. The sales staff was also beginning to complain a little. They were not happy that they had to wait to get answer on a discount request.

One day, Jim called, demanding to speak to Mr. Jones right away. I told him that Mr. Jones was on the phone and that he would call back soon. After I hung up the phone with Jim, I went to Mr. Jones' office to deliver the message and got a huge shock. He was sitting in his chair with one of his bare feet on his

desk and he was painting his toenails blue.

“Damn it Cindy, how many times do I have to ask you to knock first!” he was fumbling to hide his feet and the nail polish. His face was red from embarrassment.

“I’m sorry,” I said, trying to catch my breath, and was about to leave.

“It’s alright,” he said before I could leave. He sat up straight and proud, to look in-command and nonchalant. “Well, this is a little embarrassing. You see, I’m trying to... Get along with my wife and she commented the other night that she was having trouble reaching her toes to properly paint them, and... Well, I lost a bet. Now, I have to paint her toes for her. I... was just practicing. It’s nothing unusual. Besides, it’s blue,” he said putting back his feet on his desk to show me. “It’s dark blue, not baby blue, it’s very masculine,” he said.

I didn’t know what to say. But I’m sure my expression showed that I was still in shock and didn’t believe his excuse.

“Cindy, you won’t tell anyone?” he asked with a pleading look.

“No sir, I won’t tell anyone and yes sir, it’s *very* masculine,” I said.

With visible relief on his face, he again started to paint his toes. “You know this is much harder than I thought, I may need a lot of practice,” he said. “And... um... I need to see how different colors look... That way I can give good recommendations to my wife. Cindy, can you go buy some nail polish on your lunch break? Just use our corporate card.”

“I’m not sure if that’s appropriate,” I said.

“Please Cindy, I’m trying to save my marriage,” he pleaded. I could hear the desperation in his voice. He had never used this tone of voice with me. He had never been anything but business-like and authoritative. I guess I had to give in.

“Sure Mr. Jones, what ever you ask,” I said. I was desperate to leave the room, and leave him to his peculiar little hobby, when he stopped me again.

“What do you want?” he asked, “why did you come into my office?”

“Oh,” I said, happy to be talking business again, “Jim called and he said he needed to talk to you right away.”

“Thanks for letting me know,” he said still giving all his attention to his toes.

During lunchtime that day, I bought him two nail polishes. Both were in what I thought were masculine colors of dark green and black. He seemed disappointed when he saw the dark shades I had selected. But he accepted them anyway, and began to remove the color on his toes in preparation of painting them with the new colors.

Apparently, Mr. Jones continued to paint his toenails over and over again and did not bother to call Jim back. Because when Jim came into office, he looked

furious. He yelled at me for forgetting to deliver his earlier message before he stormed into the conference room. I just sat at my desk and did not respond. Mr. Jones, Sara and I entered the conference room together and I was about to get drinks for everyone when Richard walked in and took his seat.

“*You son of a bitch!*” I heard Jim yell at Richard, “You stole another client.”

“What are you going to do about it?” Richard said standing up from his chair.

Jim looked for Mr. Jones to help him. This is usually when Mr. Jones got involved and yelled at both of Richard and Jim. But he just sat there, looking scared of Richard.

Richard, noticing that Mr. Jones was not going to interfere, grabbed Jim by his shirt and pulled him towards him over the conference table.

“Stop acting like little boys,” Sara finally interjected. “This is an office not the jungle. I swear that you are going to kill each other.” She turned to Mr. Jones. “Boss, aren’t you going to do something? I thought that your solution last time was fair. Split the commission.”

“Yeah,” Mr. Jones finally stated, “split the commission and stop fighting. You guys are really scaring the girls,” he said.

I guess Mr. Jones didn’t feel like giving his usual speech that day and just ended the meeting with, “if no one else has anything to add, well... I guess the meeting is over.”

He got up and quickly went back to his office.



The next day, after the sales staff left in the morning, Mr. Jones gave me a list of nail colors and asked me to buy those during my lunch break. The list included baby blue, yellows and various shades of pink and red. I didn’t question his request and just did as told.

From that day on, Mr. Jones would spend at least couple hours coloring his toe nails. He’d pick a color, admire it and then remove the polish and start all over again. I knew this because he would ask me to come into his executive office and ask my opinion on how well he did the job. This really bothered me because I knew that his fascination with his toes began after he started to play the CD. I figured the CD had to have something to do with it. I felt really guilty about it. That’s when I started to question if I should continue to help Mrs. Jones.

I also worried about our company. Mr. Jones continued to spend all his mornings alone playing his CD and with his new hobby he didn’t have much time to do any work. I really had to pressure him to even return calls. Unlike in the past, he didn’t even bother to look at the files before calling the client back.

Without any knowledge of what he was talking about, he was unsure and hesitant, and that caused the calls to usually go bad. Then the sales staff would complain to me. Like I was responsible for this mess? Maybe I was. Regardless, why would they assume I could do anything about it? I guess they were afraid to complain directly to the boss but they were obviously unhappy.

It wasn't long before Mr. Jones started to wear slippers around the office when the sales staff wasn't there to show off his toes to me. I'd just nod and continue on with my work. Right before the sales staff got back, he would wear his socks and dress shoes and no one but me would know that his toes were painted.

I knew that Mrs. Jones wanted revenge on the man, but until then, I didn't know what this revenge entailed. But now it was obvious, that it entailed ruining Mr. Jones. It was meant to humiliate him and also possibly cause him to lose his job. It was a matter of time before someone walked in at the wrong time and saw what he was doing. I really wished that my father was still alive. I could lean on him when times got tough. But without my support system, it was very difficult for me.

The only thing that allowed me to not go in full panic mode when Mr. Jones walked around in his slippers was the knowl-



edge that we rarely got visitors without an appointment. Our mail man and delivery guys came in each day around 10:00 in the morning. Mr. Jones knew to stay in his office during that time. But one day, a man showed up around 11:00 a.m. without an appointment. He was a tall young man that could easily be described as the “tall handsome type.” He wore an expensive looking suit.

Luckily Mr. Jones was still in his office. Nonetheless, it reminded me that we needed to be more careful. The man’s name was Peter Smith and he told me that he was there to apply for a salesman’s position. When I told him that he needed to make an appointment, he told me that he knew Mr. Jones well and that Mr. Jones would see him even without an appointment. I used the intercom system to let Mr. Jones know that Mr. Peter Smith was here to apply for a job. When Mr. Jones did not respond, I decided to go to his office. Mr. Jones was in trance, still playing the CD, so I had to wake him from his trance. Once I was able to get Mr. Jones’ attention and let him about Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones smiled oddly. “Good old Peter,” Mr. Jones said while continuing to smile. “By all means let him in.” I had to remind Mr. Jones to put on his socks and shoes and to put away the nail polish. After making sure that Mr. Jones did so, I left the executive office and headed towards my desk.

As soon as I returned to my desk, I told Mr. Smith that Mr. Jones would see him now. Mr. Smith quickly entered the executive office and closed the door behind him. About ten minutes later, Mr. Jones asked me to join them in the executive office. When I entered I was surprised to see Mr. Smith on his knees in front of Mr. Jones who was standing.

“Go ahead,” Mr. Jones stated to Mr. Smith.

“Please, I am begging you, Thomas” Mr. Smith said, “please give me a job.” I was obviously called into the executive office to witness this act. This must have been very humiliating for Mr. Smith and I felt terribly sorry for him. I knew that my father would not approve of such behavior.

“Fuck off,” Mr. Jones said and laughed.

Mr. Smith quickly got off from his knees and without saying anything, turned around and headed out of the executive office, passing me on his way out. I followed him out of the executive office. After making sure that the door to Mr. Jones’ office was closed, I said, “I am really sorry that he treated you that way.”

Mr. Smith turned around and looked at me in my eyes and smiled. He then paused before saying, “Don’t worry about it. Thomas has always been a jerk and I knew that this could be his response. I was just stupid and desperate enough to ask for a job.”

“I am still sorry,” I said, “He shouldn’t have treated you that way.”

“What’s your name?” Mr. Smith asked.

“Cindy,” I replied, “Cindy Webster.”

“I’m Peter,” he said, “Well, Cindy, I’m sorry that you have to deal with him every day. That must be very difficult.”

“It pays the bills,” I said.

“I wish you luck,” he said then left our office.

I thought that it would be the last time I would see Mr. Smith but I was wrong.

That month ended before I knew it. The evening before my next meeting with Ms. Jones, I waited until everyone else left the office and gathered that second CD. With both discs in my purse, I went home.

I fussed around, already nervous about tomorrow. I barely ate my dinner. I did find a little bit of solace in a bottle of wine, though. As I prepared to go to bed, I looked at both CDs, as I had laid them out on the kitchen table, and I began to cry. These CDs were destructive things that were designed to tear down a man. I had played a part in this destruction. Sure, I was pressured into playing this role, just like I was pressured into the tryst with Mr. Jones. But that didn’t relieve my guilty conscience. What could I say to Mr. Jones, after he was humiliated? “I am sorry, but it wasn’t my idea.” It sounded so lame. My father would definitely chastise me. But what could I do? Could I really stand up to Mrs. Jones and tell her that I can no longer help her. I felt so weak. I needed support. I called my mother again to ask for her help. But as usual she was no help. She just kept talking without really listening.

“Mother,” I said, “it’s me. I need your help.”

“Are you eating right?” she asked, “did you gain weight?”

“No,” I said, “my weight is fine.”

“Are you on a diet again,” she said, “I read in an article that crash diets don’t work.”

“I am not calling about that,” I said.

“Did you eat dinner?” she asked, “it’s already nine.”

“Yes, mother,” I lied, “I didn’t want to get lecture from her about eating three meals per day.”

“Is it about a man?” she asked, “Did you finally meet someone.”

“Well it’s about a man,” I said, “but not what you think.”

“Oh my God,” she said, “you are pregnant? I told you about men. You have to...”

“No, mother,” I said, “I’m not pregnant. I’m not even dating anyone.”

“Why not?” She asked. “How you are going to marry if you don’t date? You are not getting any younger. Men don’t like old women.”

“Mother,” I said, “I need your advice on something very important.”

“You remember Lance, Jane’s son,” she said, “Jane tells me that Lance is go-

ing to graduate soon and he is single. He is a good boy. I can set you up.”

“Mother,” I said.

“You could do much worse than Lance,” she continued, “I can set you up.”

“Mother,” I said, “I don’t want that now.”

“You have to lower your standards,” she said, “you are not the *prettiest* girl, you know.”

“It’s not that,” I said, “I just don’t feel like dating any men right now.”

“Oh my God,” she said, “are you telling me that you are lesbian? I always suspected but... Oh my God!”

“No! I am not a lesbian!” I said. “Mother, I got another call.” I lied again. I lied twice in one evening. I hated to lie to my mother but what could I do? “I’ll have to call you back.” I quickly hung up the phone. I should have known better then to ask my mother for help. I wished my father was still alive to help me. He would know what to do.

THIRD MONTH

That night, I couldn't sleep. I kept repeating, in my mind, Mrs. Jones saying the word "revenge." Now that I knew what the CDs were doing, I shouldn't help her. I couldn't help her. My father wouldn't want me to help her. I had never imagined this kind of power existed, and I was terrified I was playing a part in it. Mrs. Jones was obviously trying to humiliate Mr. Jones. It wasn't right. I didn't want Mr. Jones to be a target of scorn. Sure, Mr. Jones may have deserved it. But that didn't mean that I should be involved in it. After a restless night, I decided to tell Mrs. Jones that I won't help her anymore. That's what my father would tell me to do.

The next morning, I woke up late, which wasn't a surprise since I had such a hard time falling asleep. I got ready as quickly as I could and got in my car. It was already 8:45 am, which meant if I drove straight to the office, I would be about ten minutes late. I knew from previous rare occasions when I was late that Mr. Jones would yell at me. If the prospect of being yelled at for being late wasn't bad enough, I had another problem. I had to tell Mrs. Jones that I couldn't help her. I had to tell her face to face that I could not participate in her revenge. I knew that she wasn't the type of woman that would take no for an answer. So I practiced what I was going to say and promised to my self that I would stand by my decision. As I pulled into a parking spot at the designated coffee shop, my watch told me I was really running very late. I hoped that she was still there.

When I ran in, I saw her sitting at the same table as our prior meetings.

"You're late," she said.

"I..." I began, suddenly losing all of words that I practiced in my head over and over again. "I am not going to get involved," I started to say "It's not..."

"It's a little late for that now Don't you think? You're already involved," she said, interrupting me. My defiance seemed to only amuse her. She brought an envelope out of her case and showed me the pictures of me with Mr. Jones again. "If you don't do as I instruct you, these pictures will be all over the news. That's the only other way to protect my family's assets. My family will suffer great embarrassment but you will be known for the rest of your life as the bimbo secretary that had an affair with her boss. Good luck getting a legitimate job after that. Maybe, you could be a stripper. You would need to get a breast job, but otherwise you will be perfect for that job."

"Please," I begged.

She placed her briefcase on the table and opened it and turned it towards me. "Take the CD out of the bag," she said.

I did as told. I still wasn't sure what I was going to do. I needed to placate

her, though. I would just decide back at the office if I'd go through with it.

"Now place the two prior discs in the bag and place the bag back in my briefcase." She ordered.

I complied with her order and she quickly closed the briefcase and put it next to her.

"Make sure he plays the third CD," she said. She paused to close the clasps on her case and then looked at me with a frown. "You may go now," she said, impatiently.

As I was already late, I quickly grabbed the CD, put it in my purse, got out of the coffee shop and drove to the office. Despite driving like a maniac, I was about twenty minutes late. When I entered the office, I heard Mr. Jones scream my name.

I quickly entered his office. "*You little bitch!*" he yelled, *How dare* you be late again, after I gave you that *warning?*" He looked right into my eyes, "you obviously don't like your job."

He was going to fire me. After all I had done for him, he was going to fire me just because I was a few minutes late. At that moment, I hated him. But was still afraid to stand up to him. I had to think quickly. Then it came to me. I knew what would distract him. "I had to stop by the store and get some new nail polish for you," I said, "I noticed that you were running out."

Mr. Jones looked confused, his eyes wandered for a moment and then they focused in on me again. He smiled and said, "I'm sorry for yelling at you Cindy. I'm under a lot of stress. Please forgive me."

"It's all right Mr. Jones," I said and was about to walk out.

"Where's the new polish?" he asked, pensively.

Luckily, I had an almost new nail polish in my purse and took it out and handed it to him.

"It's lovely," he said, taken with the shiny little bottle. He then glanced at my open purse. "What's that?" he asked, pointing to the new CD.

Not knowing what to say, I just handed the CD to him. "It's a sequel to the others."

"Thank you!" he said, very excited.

I left him alone with his new CD and the nail polish and went back to my desk and continued my work. Who am I kidding? I didn't get much work done that day. I was too busy feeling sorry for myself. I didn't want to hurt Mr. Jones. But at the same time I didn't want my affair to become public. Plus, he really was an arrogant jerk.

Hours of silence went by. He hadn't used the phone, he didn't buzz me. He didn't even come and ask what I thought of the new color on his toes. I started

to get really worried about Mr. Jones. Around lunch time I knocked on his office to check up on him.

“Come in,” he said. He was blowing on his finger nails while admiring the fresh coat of paint. That’s the first time I noticed how long his finger nails had gotten. They were definitely too long for a man.

“Um, Mr. Jones,” I said, “what would you like for lunch?”

“I’ve been drinking slim fit diet shakes. I think I’ll just have another,” he said.

That surprised me. He was so thin already. Why was he on a diet? Maybe it was the CDs. Yes; it definitely had to be the discs. I didn’t like this turn of events. I wanted to shake him out of it, but instead just played dumb. “Even on a liquid diet, you’re supposed to eat a meal during lunch,” I said.

“You are *so* smart,” he said, “but I don’t know what I want. What should I eat?” He blew on his nails again.

He used to be so decisive about what he wanted. “How about a steak sandwich from Charley’s Restaurant,” I said knowing that was his favorite.

“Salad,” he said, “I think I want a salad, and hold the dressing...”

“Are you sure,” I said, a little puzzled. He never ate a salad in my time with this company. I figured he was a strictly meat and potatoes kind of guy.

“I...” he said, “I’m not too sure.” He had a distinct look of confusion on his face, like one part of him was fighting another. “But I think I want a salad,” he said. He then thought about it again. “But if you think I should have a sandwich, maybe you’re right.”

“No,” I said, “If you want a salad, I will get you a salad,” I said, not wanting to get into a pointless back-and-forth. While I was going to do that errand, I figured I might as well remind him to get caught up on work. “You have several messages on your voice mail, and some of them are complaining that you’re not returning their calls.”

“Okay,” was his response, but he didn’t seem to care.

I left the executive office and called Charley’s and ordered two salads, one with ranch dressing and one dry. A few minutes later I told Mr. Jones that I was going to go pick up the salad. I told him, “don’t bother answering the phone and let the voice mail pick up.”

I took my time walking to the restaurant. I briefly thought about just not stopping and walking the hell out of this nightmare. Instead, I picked the salads up, and went back to work.

“Here’s your salad, Mr. Jones,” I said. He turned to face me. His eyes were wide open but seemed a little strange. His pupils were almost fully dilated.

“Thank you, it looks delicious,” he said, and then placed his salad on his credenza. Did the CDs change his eating habits too? This was becoming scary.

I sat at my desk and tried to organize some files but did not make much progress. I just couldn't get the image of Mr. Jones' strange behavior out of my mind. For the rest of the afternoon, I just took several messages, and apologized for Mr. Jones for not returning calls.

A few minutes before the sales staff was scheduled to be at the office, I decided to get Mr. Jones ready so that he didn't miss the meeting. I knocked on the door and Mr. Jones asked me to enter.

"You have to get ready for the meeting," I told him, "and you still have nail polish on your fingers and you're still wearing sandals, for God's sake! It shows the nail polish on your toes!"

He looked puzzled at first then replied, "You're right, Cindy. Please help me get ready."

I helped him remove the nail polish from his fingers and made sure he wore his socks and shoes to hide the polish on his toes. He thanked me again and we went to the meeting.

"Thomas!" Jim began as soon as we got into the conference room.

"Boss!" Richard, began.

"This joker stole another account," Jim bellowed, pointing at Richard. "If you don't fire him, he'll just continue to do this, and I won't have any more accounts left. As a friend, I am begging you to help me and put him straight... or I'm going to have to quit."

Richard got up from his chair again, "I'm getting tired of these accusations. Be a man! If you're going to accuse me of something," he said while reaching over the table. He grabbed Jim's shirt and pulled him towards him. "You talk to *me*," It looked like Richard was going to hit Jim.

Mr. Jones, surprisingly, looked frightened and just sat there while his friend was being physically threatened.

"Aren't you going to do something?" Sara asked, looking disgustedly at Mr. Jones.

She got up and came between the two men who were about to fight. "I'm getting a just little sick of this!" She then turned to speak to Jim. "It's obvious, Tom is not going to help you, so why don't you just quit."

That's the first time anyone called Mr. Jones "Tom." Before it was either "boss" or "Mr. Jones." Sure, Jim called him "Thomas" sometimes to get the point across that he and Mr. Jones are friends... But no one called him "Tom." I looked to see a reaction from Mr. Jones, but he sat there looking frightened.

"All right, then," Jim said with a look of regret on his face. "Get your hands off of me and I'm out of here."

Richard let him go and Jim turned to face Mr. Jones and said, in a disgusted

voice, “thanks for nothing, Tom.” Then he was gone. Mr. Jones went after him and I could hear him apologizing profusely to Jim as they walked away.

“I guess the meeting is over,” Richard said and walked out of the room.

When Mr. Jones did not come back, Sara and I also left the conference room. She left for the day and I waited a little longer in the office for Mr. Jones to come back. After a few minutes with no sign of anyone, I left the office and locked up for the night. I didn’t see Jim again for a while. The next time I saw him in the office it was under very different circumstances.

By the next day, Mr. Jones seemed to just ignore the fact that his good friend quit. So everyone else followed his lead. It was as if he had been edited right out of everyone’s lives.

I wasn’t sure if it was the loss of his friend or something in those evil little discs, but over the next few weeks, Mr. Jones just didn’t seem sure of himself. Richard or Sara would ask for a discount and he couldn’t make a decision. He would ask me what I would do if I were him. At first, I was reluctant to help him, figuring I didn’t want to get blamed for a bad decision. But when it became obvious that Mr. Jones could not make the decision, I started to advise him. I also found myself having to help him complete other aspects of his job. He told me what to do, between his nail-painting activities, but still asked my opinion.

One day, I heard a scream from Mr. Jones office. I quickly ran to his office and found him with what appeared to be a piece of paper with bits of hair attached to one side. His right leg was on his desk and a portion of his leg was devoid of hair.

“What are you doing?” I asked.



“My body hair itches,” was his reply, “I want it off.”

What he was doing, was a sort of homemade leg waxing. “Why don’t you shave?” I asked.

“It’ll just grow back,” he responded, as if it were the obvious answer.

“Mr. Jones, this going to far,” I said, “please stop this odd behavior.”

“I can’t,” he said. “I want to stop but I can’t. Cindy, I need your help.”

The look of desperation convinced me that he was telling the truth. He really believed that he couldn’t stop. I had to convince him to stop. So I decided to scare him with the possibility of exposure.

“I am not qualified to help you,” I said. “Let me call someone.”

“Everyone will know!” he objected.

It was working. He wouldn’t dare risk someone finding out.

I decided to add more pressure, and I so grabbed from my desk a business card from a beauty salon. I made sure Mr. Jones could see what it was. “It’s the only option.” I said.

“It’s too dangerous,” he said. That’s exactly what I wanted to hear.

“Then I am afraid you won’t be able to wax your legs,” I said feeling that I had a small victory. I turned to leave his executive office when Mr. Jones stopped me.

“Call the salon,” he said, “tell them I need to wax my legs for a swimming race.” He had called my bluff. “Tell them that I can’t come to the salon because someone may get the wrong idea. Tell them to send someone that’s going to be discreet. I will pay what ever they charge. Just put it on the corporate card.”

“Are you sure,” I said, “it sounds risky.” I hoped that he would change his mind.

“The office is empty during the day, except for me and you,” he said. “Besides, it’s either this, or I have to live with this hair. I can’t do that. We just have to be careful. Unless *you* want to help me, Cindy.”

Since there was no way in the world I was going to spend my time pulling hair off my boss myself, and knew that he wasn’t going to change his mind, I decided to call the salon.

Several minutes later, a lady came from the salon and I ushered her into Mr. Jones’ office. I went back to my desk as she worked on him.

For the next hour, each time a strip of wax was ripped off of his body, he screamed into a towel which I could hear outside the office door. I knew that she would not believe the lie about the swimming race. She definitely would know that it was a lie when she saw his toes painted all red. I just hoped that she was indeed discreet. By the time they were done two hours later, and the

beautician paid with the office Credit Card, Mr. Jones begged me to tell him what I thought of his new, smooth skin. He was still wearing a feminine robe that the beautician had brought with her. When I asked about it, he just told me that he bought it from her because it was comfortable. He raised the bottom of the robe to show off his hairless legs. His legs, especially, with his toes painted, looked like woman's legs. In fact, the only hair left on him was his eyebrows and the increasingly long-ish hair on his head. I asked him about his rather long hair he had let grow over the past several weeks, and he just ignored me.

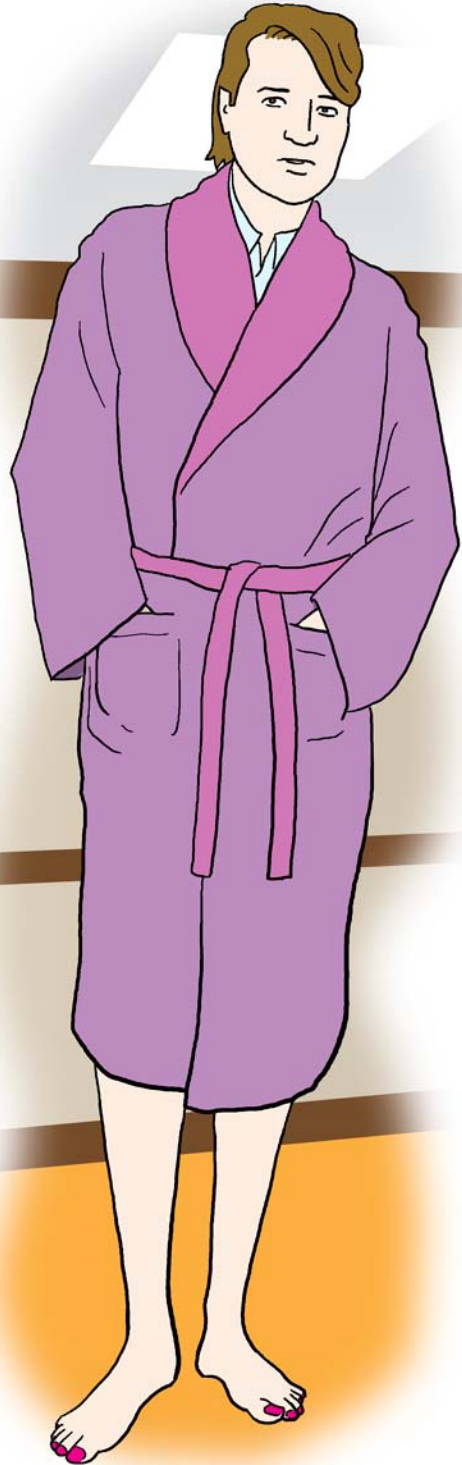


The very next day, I got a huge surprise. Mr. Smith called the office. Mr. Smith, the salesman who had been treated so badly. Correction – he called *me*. He wanted to have dinner with me.

“You were so nice apologizing for your boss,” Mr. Smith said, “you made the most embarrassing moment in my life a little more bearable. I was so filled with self pity that I didn’t even thank you. The least I can do is buy dinner.”

I needed some distraction from the things that were happening in the office. He seemed like a nice guy and knew that my father would approve. So I said “okay.”

He was waiting for me in the parking lot of our office building when I got off of work. He drove a black



Mercedes that looked very nice. As soon as he saw me come out of building, he quickly drove his car towards me, stopped the car, got out and opened the front passenger door for me. He was such a gentleman. I think I've only seen my father do something similar for my mother. He wore an expensive looking dark blue suit with a white dress shirt.

"You have a beautiful car," I said.

"It's all part of the image that a salesman must present," he said, "it's actually a little too showy for my taste."

"I hope you like Italian," he said, "I made reservations with Antonio's"

"That place is expensive," I said, "How can you afford it? I thought you didn't have a job."

"I just got a job," he said, "so we're celebrating."

On the way to the restaurant and inside the restaurant, he told me all about his new job. It was salesman position with a manufacturer and wholesaler of gloves used in various industries. It turns out he used to be a sales manager of another company that went bankrupt. He had no warning that his former company had financial problems and was taken off guard. When he checked with his friends for possible leads for a new job, he was surprised to find out that Mr. Jones was the president of a local office equipment company and that he had recently given a job to Jim. Mr. Smith, or Peter, told me that he, Mr. Jones and Jim and were all fraternity brothers back in college.

"Then I don't understand. Why was Mr. Jones so mean to you?" I asked, "he seems to be very fond of Jim."

"I was a senior and he and Jim were pledging with our fraternity," he said, "I was young and dumb and took the pledging thing a little too far. I made them do some crazy things. In hindsight, I realized that what I did was wrong. Later, I asked for their forgiveness but they never got over it. You see, it's actually my own doing. It's karma," he said smiling. "But it all worked out in the end. This new job is a much better fit for me. If I work hard, I have an opportunity to be a manager again soon. If I had been hired by Thomas, I would not have found this opportunity. Even if I had found it, I would have felt obligated to stay with your company."

"I am glad things worked out for you," I said.

"What about you?" he asked, "are things working out for you at your company?"

I seriously thought about telling him everything. He seemed so nice and helpful. He reminded me of my father. He was a lot better looking than my father but seemed to have the same type of personality. Unlike my father, I would describe Peter as dark and handsome. He seemed very confident and self assured. That reminded me of daddy. Maybe he, like my father, would be

able to help me. But I didn't know him that well and nice or not, a first date is not the proper place to tell secrets. "Everything is great," I lied. I didn't sound too convincing, even to myself. But Peter didn't press me on it.

Trying to change the subject, I asked, "Why were you surprised that Mr. Jones is a president of our company?"

He smiled. "I don't want to say anything bad about anyone. But since he's successful now, I guess there's no harm. Thomas used to be only into parties and girls. He almost flunked out several times. Don't get me wrong. He is very smart. It's just that he never applied himself. But I guess he has changed a lot since then. Becoming a president, even of a small company, is impressive at such a young age. He must've worked really hard to achieve such a success. I just hope that Jim also changed. I may've not shown it when we're in college, but I really liked them. That's part of the reason why I was so tough on them."

We had many more pleasant conversations that evening before he drove me back to my office building. As he stated good night to me, I hoped that he would end the date with a kiss. I closed my eyes as I turned my face towards him. But he didn't kiss me. He just opened his car door for me.

"I had a great time," I said.

"Me too," he said.

"Will you call me again?" I asked.

"Um," he said, "sure."

"Please call me," I said as I stepped out of his car. I again turned towards him and in anticipation of a kiss, closed my eyes. But he didn't kiss me. After a few awkward minutes, I entered my car. He waited until I started my car and was on my way before he reentered his car and left. I saw him drive away in my rear view mirror and really hoped that he would call me soon. I didn't know much about him but something told me that he would make a great boyfriend.

The next day, I thought that Peter would call me again and ask me for another date. But he didn't. I kept asking myself why he didn't kiss me that night. Did I dress too conservatively? Did I say something wrong? I hoped not. I desperately wanted Peter to call me. I would try harder to impress him if I ever got the chance. Every time office phone rang, I hoped that it was Peter. But it wasn't. As days became a week and I didn't get a call from Peter, I looked for and found his resume in Mr. Jones' office and thought about calling him. But I knew that my parents would disapprove. It wasn't ladylike to call a gentleman. So I decided to keep my mind off of Peter until he called. I kept his resume in my left top drawer, just in case I changed my mind.

After another day's work, I checked the calendar, and it was the evening before my next meeting with Mrs. Jones, I retrieved the third CD from Mr. Jones' office and put it in my purse. This was too much for me. My father would want me to stop playing a role in this evil scheme. I decided to tell Mrs. Jones that I

couldn't help her anymore. I chose to face the consequences. Even if everyone was going to know about my affair, I wasn't going to help Mrs. Jones anymore.

FOURTH MONTH

The next morning, I went to the coffee shop early and waited for Mrs. Jones. At 8:30 am sharp she entered with her briefcase.

Before she could say anything, I said, "I want out. I am not doing this anymore and please don't show me those pictures. I am truly sorry for what I did but I can't do this anymore. I won't help you, even if it means that you will let everyone know about the affair."

"You don't mind being labeled a bimbo secretary?" she asked calmly.

I minded. In fact, those very words offended me. But I decided against changing my mind. "I don't care," I lied.

"Have it your way," Mrs. Jones stated, "I hope you enjoy your time in prison," and got up and headed for the door to the coffee shop.

"Adultery is not a crime," I responded.

"Yes, but forcefully hypnotizing my poor husband is a crime," she said not even turning around to face me.

"What are you *talking* about?" I asked. "*You* asked me to do it."

"Do you have proof?" she asked, "your fingerprints are all over the first two CDs. I have video surveillance tapes of you handing him the CDs. I can see the headlines, jilted bimbo secretary goes to prison for hypnotizing her boss."

Oh my God, I thought. I touched those CDs – and I never saw her touch them at all. That's why she always used those plastic bags. "Wait," I said.

She turned around. She opened her briefcase and pointed at the plastic bag in it. I knew what she wanted and took the fourth CD out of the bag and placed the third CD inside the bag. She closed her briefcase. "From now on, you will receive the CDs in the mail each month. You will sign for them and make my husband play them. If you don't, the prior discs and the surveillance tapes will go to the police. Each time you receive a new CD, you will place the old one in the trash can in the office. I have surveillance cameras all over the office so if you try anything, I *will* know." She closed her case as soon as I had taken the disc. "You will also receive another package soon. Sign for it and give the contents to my husband."

"Wait," I begged, but Mrs. Jones just left the coffee shop. Not knowing what else to do I slipped the disc into my purse and I went to the office.

When I arrived, Mr. Jones was waiting for me in panic. "I can't find the disc," he said, "have you seen it?"

"No," I lied. He ran back to his office and didn't even close the door. I could see him frantically going through every drawer and cabinet in his office looking for the CD in a panic. After a few fruitless minutes, he slumped into his seat,

defeated. He then started to cry.

Seeing this grown man cry and sob was excruciating. Nothing I said seemed to calm him, and I was running out of ideas. I had no idea how to stop my boss from bawling like a little child. Not knowing what else to do, I got the fourth CD from my purse.

“Mr. Jones, I found it!” I said and he ran quickly to me, took it without so much as saying a word, went back to his office, and closed the door. He remained in his office the rest of the day. What had I done? I was practically committing a crime. If Mrs. Jones wanted me sent away, she could do so at any time. If the authorities somehow found out by themselves, I’d be locked up. The situation was hopeless. I was so worried about being charged criminally, I didn’t even bother to get lunch.

When Richard and Sara entered the conference room for our meeting, Mr. Jones continued to stay in his office. He would not respond to the intercom system.

Finally, when I went to go get him, I saw that he was sitting in front of his computer, in that now-familiar trance. I was careful not to look at the screen on his computer and called his name. “Mr. Jones, everyone is waiting.” That got him out of the stupor. I had to repeat that everyone was waiting.

“Tell them that we are going to skip the meeting today,” he said and went back to staring at the screen.

When I told Richard and Sara that there would be no meeting today, they got pissed.

It was just an opportunity to gripe. They expressed their unhappiness with the lack of quick response for discount authorization. They complained to me that Mr. Jones’ laziness was costing them clients. They complained about problem customer calling them directly because Mr. Jones wouldn’t reply to their calls. They just kept complaining.

“What the fuck does he do all day?” asked Richard. “If he wasn’t the boss, I’d kick his ass.” He pounded the table and then left in a huff.

After Richard left the office, Sara turned to me. “What’s going on with Tom?” she asked.

“What do you mean?” I replied.

“Well, I know he has always been a procrastinator but it seems to be getting worse,” she said, “and he can’t make any decisions lately.”

“I didn’t notice anything unusual,” I said.

“You know what else,” Sara said, “I could have sworn that he had some nail polish on one of his finger nails the other day. And did you see the length of those nails? Even my nails aren’t that long,” she held up her hand to show me. “And what’s up with his hair? He looks like a hippie.”

"I'm not sure what you're talking about," I said.

"Come on, just between us girls, you can tell me," Sara pressed on. "You spend all day with him, and I know *something* is going on."

I started to panic. I had tried to keep Mr. Jones' unusual habits a secret. What if Sara figured out that Mr. Jones was being hypnotized? I started to imagine prison. "I need to go home," I said and just walked out the office in a hurry.

As I was driving home I phoned Mr. Jones and told him about what Sara had said about his nails and hair. He said he would be more careful with his nails and promised to do something about his hair too. That was a relief. It was the first time he seemed to acknowledge that what he was doing was a liability, both for him and for me.

The next morning when I arrived at work, I saw that Mr. Jones' office light was still on. I knocked on his door and got no response. Figuring that he forgot to turn his lights off, I entered his office, only to find him still seated in front of his computer staring at the screen. He was dressed the same as the night before. The only difference between the previous day and that day was that Mr. Jones was now wearing his hair in a ponytail. Apparently, he didn't bother to go home.

"Mr. Jones," I stated loudly, "were you here all night?"

"What?" he said coming out of his trance. "Cindy, I forgot to go home."

"Oh for God's sake," I groaned, "how can you forget to go home? Your wife must be worried sick about you."

He looked at me with sad eyes. "My wife noticed my painted nails and we are temporarily separated. I've been staying at a motel. Please don't tell anyone."

"Of course I won't tell," I replied

"Cindy, you are the greatest! Can you do me *big* favor? Get me something to wear with the corporate account. After staying here all night, these clothes stink. You know my size. Oh and uh..." he paused, "no briefs. Buy some nice, plain panties."

"What?" I asked, shocked.

"What?" he replied, almost as if he was just as shocked at his request as I was. He seemed to want to correct what he said, but he paused again, and seemed to fight off what objections he had. "They're not for me... My wife asked me to get them."

It was a miserable excuse. He just told me that he and his wife separated. But I didn't want to confront him. "I'll get them during my lunch break," I answered.

"No, I need the panties *now*," he responded.

I wasn't going to ask why. I just wanted to get it done and move on. "What about the calls? I have to be here to answer them."

"Don't worry," he said, "I'll answer them."

"Okay," I said, "how about breakfast? You didn't even eat lunch yesterday and probably skipped dinner too. Should I pick up some breakfast for you?" I asked. It would probably give me some more time out of the office, which is just what I wanted.

"Um," he said, "pick me up some slim fit shakes. I ran out and I'm getting a little fat."

I wanted to respond 'no you are not, you're practically wasting away.' But instead I just said, "Okay" and left to pick up the requested items for him.

A few hours later, I got back from shopping and saw that the sales staff already left the office after checking in the morning. I entered Mr. Jones' office, just as the phone rang, and overheard his answer "Jones Enterprises, an authorized seller of Hill Office Equipment, Tommy speaking, how may I direct your call? I am afraid Mr. Jones is occupied now, would you like to leave a message?" With that he pushed the button transferring the call to his voice mail and then looked up to see me standing at his door. "That was a little embarrassing," he said, "I can't have the customers thinking that I answer my own calls. We will have to come up with a better solution while you are shopping for me in the future."

"The future?" I asked.

"Did you get them?" he asked, ignoring my question.

"Yes they're in here," I replied, "I got you a nice suit and some plain panties."

He quickly grabbed the bag and went into the men's restroom. A few minutes later, he emerged still wearing the same clothing that he had on before. He was still holding the suit that I bought for him in its original hanger and packaging. I was a bit confused, but then it hit me. He just changed underwear. He was now wearing the plain panties that I bought for him.

"Much better," he said. "it's much more comfortable... but next time get some more stylish ones." He then paused, looking at me with pleading eyes. "This is our little secret, okay?"

"Sure, Mr. Jones," I replied. Like I was going to tell anyone under any circumstances.

"Cindy, you are the best," he said. "You are like my big sister I never had."

"Mr. Jones," I wanted to tell him that the CDs were making him do strange things. I wanted to tell him that it was all his wife's idea and that he should stop playing the discs. But I was afraid that he would get mad at me, things would blow up, and I'd wind up in prison, so all I said was, "Are you ok?"

“Never been better,” he said with a smile.

“Mr. Jones,” I said, and then paused. I wanted to ask him if he knew that he was wearing women’s panties and whether he was aware that he had been painting his toe and finger nails and ask him about the body hair, but instead said, “I think you need a hair cut. The ponytail is not really your style. Should I make an appointment for you at your barber shop?” I had remembered what Sara said about his hair.

“Don’t bother,” he replied, “I think I am going to grow it a bit. I’ve never been into the hippie movement, but I can now see that they had a great way to express themselves when it came to hair. Besides no one comes to visit us anyways, what harm will it do? I’ll be a little rebel,” he said and giggled. “Lot’s of tough guys wear ponytails.”

I wanted to say no they don’t but just said “okay,” and then pointed to the bag with slim fit shakes. “Your breakfast is in the bag.”

“Thanks,” he replied as he took out one of the cans and drank its contents. “That was really filling,” he said, “now I have to get back to work.”

Later that morning, a package arrived addressed to me. I never got any mail at the office addressed to me. I suspected that Mrs. Jones had something to do with it. She had said I would get a package at some point. I looked at the ‘from’ address and it was from a pharmaceutical company. I didn’t want to sign for it, but knew that Mrs. Jones was watching. With fear of prison in my mind, I signed for it and then delivered it to Mr. Jones.

He immediately opened the package and took out a bottle. He opened it and swallowed two pills without even drinking water with it.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Oh, just vitamins,” he said, “nothing to worry about.”

Despite what he said, I doubted that they were vitamins and was really worried. Was Mrs. Jones trying to poison him with those pills? She could have had him take anything, with him practically under her control like he was. I, like an idiot, signed for them and delivered them to Mr. Jones. Just to make myself feel better, I planned to take a closer look at the pills that night when I had a chance.

Time passed slowly that day. I didn’t get any work done. I was dreading seeing Sara again, and trying to explain things. I left so abruptly the night before that I was sure that she would be very suspicious. I was sure she’d ask more questions about Mr. Jones. I was also worried about the pills.

Luckily when Sara did come into the office, she did not make an attempt to question me any further. It was like we never had that conversation. I certainly wasn’t going to bring it up.

Sara and Richard gathered in the conference room and were waiting for Mr.

Jones to join us. I had already fetched their drinks. After waiting five minutes, Richard spoke up. "Cindy, go get the boss."

I went to the executive office and knocked on the door. "Who is it?" Mr. Jones asked.

"It's me," I said, "everyone is waiting for you in the conference room."

"Come in Cindy," he replied.

I walked in and saw him seated on his chair, with a worried look on his face.

"We are all waiting for you, Mr. Jones," I repeated.

That's when he showed me his hands. Each of his nails was painted bright red. "I can't go to the meeting. I ran out of nail polish remover."

"Not the nails, again, Mr. Jones?" I said. "Don't you know that this gets us in trouble every time?" I didn't want to cancel another meeting. I was afraid that Sara would ask me more questions if I canceled this meeting. Richard and Sara were more than anxious to talk to Mr. Jones.

"I'll go and get my nail polish remover," I said as I sighed. I went to my desk and retrieved it from my desk and helped him remove the polish. I quickly swabbed his nails clean and we went to the meeting.

Once we were there, it was clear that our tardiness had amplified the tension in the room. Richard complained very loudly that he was losing clients because Mr. Jones was not responding to his requests for discounts. Mr. Jones just stared at him. If you looked closely, you could see tears in his eyes. I was afraid that he would begin to cry.

"Isn't it obvious that Tom is having some personal difficulties," Sara said to Richard. "We should be more understanding." She then addressed Mr. Jones. "Tom, we really need a quicker response. Can you do that for us?"

Mr. Jones hesitated then said, "I'm sorry. I really am. I will do my best to get back to you faster next time."

That seemed to satisfy the sales staff and they both walked out of conference room without even waiting to be dismissed by Mr. Jones.

After everyone else left for the day, I made sure to remind Mr. Jones to leave the office for the night. Yes, I actually had to tell him that. He said 'okay' and walked out of the office, carrying the bag of panties.

A few minutes later, I went back to Mr. Jones' office and found the bottle of the pills that I signed for earlier that day. I searched for the name of the pills on-line but got nowhere. Then I searched the name of the pharmaceutical company that was on the bottle and was relieved to find that it seemed legitimate. I still didn't know what the pills were, but at least knew that they probably weren't poison, since they came from a real drug company. I carefully put the bottle back in Mr. Jones's office and left for the day.

Unfortunately, the next day, Mr. Jones did not keep his promise about returning calls. Both Sara and Richard called inquiring about discounts and Mr. Jones just ignored the calls. I begged him to return the calls but he spent all morning playing the CD and then in the afternoon he demanded that I get the lady from the salon to come in and do another hair removal treatment. There wasn't much to remove, but he complained that it really bothered him.

Not wanting a revolt from the sales staff, I begged Mr. Jones to make a decision on the discounts. The calls were piling up. He just looked at me and said, "You decide and just tell them that I told you what to say."

"I can't do that, Mr. Jones," I said, "I'm just a secretary."

He looked at me funny and said, "You are *so* lucky," and then added, "It's so tough to make all these hard decisions."

He got out a file from his desk drawer. In the file, there were the wholesale prices and costs of the various items of office equipment sold by our company. "This is top secret," he said.

"Then, why did you show me?" I asked.

"Because I need you to make the decisions about discounts," he replied, "I am way too busy with... More important matters. Just make sure that we make at least 10% profit before authorizing a discount. Tell the salespeople that it was my decision and you are just delivering the message."

"I am not sure if that's appropriate, Mr. Jones," I said.

"Please, Cindy, you are the only one I trust," he said.

I didn't want to do Mr. Jones' job. But I felt obligated to help him. After all, I was partially to blame for his inability to make decisions. "Okay, Mr. Jones," I said, "I'll try my best."

He seemed ecstatic and hugged me. "Thank you, Cindy," He said.

At first, it was awkward making the calls on the discount requests. But after doing it for a week or so, it came as second nature. The trick was to say 'no' to the first request. Then the salespeople always called back with a more reasonable discount request. I never had problems with keeping the company's profit of each sale above the 10% minimum mark.

That had solved the problem with the salespeople. But I was still getting a lot of complaints from customers stating that Mr. Jones never returns his calls. That was just as important as these discounts. That's how the business retained customers. I also noticed that he was not taking care of his paper work. I decided to confront him.

"Please put down the nail polish, and listen," I said, "you have to return the customer's calls or we are going to start losing customers."

"I just don't know what to tell them," he said. "And they complain so much."

They're so scary." Then, he looked at me like he just had an idea. "Why don't you return their calls, Cindy?"

"I'm just a secretary," I replied, "what am I supposed to say, 'this is Cindy the secretary returning your complaint call'?"

He thought about it for a few minutes. "Why don't you say that, this is Ms. Webster, the office manager returning your complaint calls?"

"I'm not a manager," I said.

"You are when you are returning complaint calls, Ms. Webster," Mr. Jones said winking at me.

I wasn't prepared for this. "But I don't know what to say... Besides, I have to type up the weekly sales sheets for Sara and Richard," I replied.

"I tell you what," Mr. Jones said smiling, "I can type up the reports. I've been practicing my typing lately. That beats having to talk to the customers. I get so frightened when they start yelling. Would that work, Ms. Webster?"

I was reluctant to take over another part of Mr. Jones' job. But he seemed either unwilling or unable to perform. The complaints from customers were becoming constant and getting worse. Something had to be done. That's why I began to return the complaint calls.

At first, I had no idea what to say, and fumbled my way through the calls. I must have sounded like a basket case.

But as the weeks passed, I started to become more comfortable with this duty. I continued to answer the phone as Cindy and then returned the call as 'Ms. Webster,' using a slightly different voice, something stern and commanding. It worked. No one seemed to question my authority.

Mr. Jones, true to his word, took over my typing duties. This seemed to have stopped his compl-



sion to remove and repaint his nails. He still painted his nails and removed the paint before each meeting with the sales staff but he only did so once per day. In the mornings, he played the CD and in the afternoon he typed up the reports as he listened.

Of course, it took him the better part of each afternoon to type up a few hundred words. He was clumsy because he was protecting his painted nails, which were getting longer by the week.

The office meetings became more relaxed. Jim was no longer there to fight with Richard and the staff was now getting their requests for discounts responded to in record time. The meetings were also very short. The sales staff gave their reports and that was pretty much it. Mr. Jones stopped giving his usual speech and would just end the meeting with a simple, "Thank you."

Also, both Jim and Sara treated the new casual, deferring, Mr. Jones less like a boss and more like a co-worker. They continued to call him "Tom." Since Mr. Jones never corrected them and he didn't seem to mind, that just became his new "every-day" name. It was about a month later that I started calling him "Tom" too. Everything just fell into a new routine.

FIFTH MONTH

Exactly one month after my last meeting with Mrs. Jones, I received another disc. I signed for it and delivered it to Mr. Jones. He took it, as eagerly as a kid opening a Christmas present, and then gave me the old CD. As instructed, I discarded the old CD in a trash can in the office. A few days later, another package from a pharmaceutical company arrived, and I signed for it and delivered it to Mr. Jones.

Why did I do the above, without question? Well, I didn't want to go to prison. And the only way to avoid prison was to follow Mrs. Jones orders. I knew that my father would not approve but I wasn't him. I wasn't strong as him. There's no way I would survive in prison. I just hoped that my father would understand why I complied.

Over the last few weeks, I got used going in and out of Mr. Jones' office without knocking, because the files were in his room and I needed them to answer the complaint calls. I knew what he did all day and Mr. Jones didn't seem to mind that I didn't knock. So I just got in the habit.

As I entered his office one such morning, expecting to find Mr. Jones in a trance, I was surprised when he spoke to me. "These panties are all wrong," he stated. Not even worried what I may say, he unbuckled his belt and lowered his pants and showed me his panties. He had been wearing them all the time, I guess. "The ones you bought just don't fit right."

"Of course they don't fit," I replied, "they are women's panties and you're a ma..."

"You *have* to get new ones now," he said, "and y'know... Something a little more stylish."

"What?" I asked.

"You know," he replied, "*pretty* ones." He went to his computer and showed me what he was talking about. The screen displayed lacy panties in various colors and styles. Some were thongs, some were cheeky style and others were bikini styles. Some of them had little trimmings, ribbons and flowers on them. All were very feminine and sexy.

"You can use the corporate card to buy them," he said.

"Mr. Jones, that would be highly inappropriate," I said. "I won't do it."

He looked incredibly saddened by my response, giving me puppy-dog eyes. "If you won't help me, who will?" He asked.

"I'm sorry," was all I said, and retrieved the file I was looking for and went back to my desk to return a call from a complaining customer.

A few minutes later, Mr. Jones came out of his office and without saying a

word walked out. I tried to ask him where he was going and when he was coming back, but he just ignored me. It was obvious that he was mad at me for refusing to help him.

It was almost lunch time when he came back carrying a small bag from Sue's Secret, a local lingerie shop. Without even saying anything, he walked straight to the men's room. He came out a few minutes later. Although I had no visual confirmation, it was obvious to me that he was wearing his new purchase.

"Did you buy panties," I asked, "by yourself?"

He began to tear up. "That was the most horrible experience in my life," he wailed. Mr. Jones was just becoming so emotional lately. "Because you refused to help me, I had to buy them on my own. Everyone was laughing at me. I was so embarrassed that I only purchased one panty."

I didn't know what to say. I felt terrible. I was confused and exasperated, but I couldn't help but feel bad. This was a grown man, breaking down in front of me.

"Please, Ms. Webster," he said still crying, "I'm begging you... You have to help me. I need the panties."

I should have stood my ground but his crying affected me. Before I knew what I was doing, I promised to do his shopping for him.

He didn't wait long to put me to work. The next day, Mr. Jones asked me to go purchase more panties for him. He even wanted some matching bras. Not wanting to repeat what happened the day before, I obliged. During lunch time, I purchased several types, trying to do my best to purchase panties and bras that were sexy because I knew that's what Mr. Jones wanted, and I didn't want to make a second trip. Since I didn't have enough money, I had to put the purchase in the corporate credit card. As soon as I returned, I handed over the shopping bag and he was off to the bathroom like a shot. He returned with a content look on his face, and went back to his office to play the CD.



Later that week, I got a call from a person with Hill Office Equipment's corporate office asking for Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones was in no condition to answer a call from the corporate office, as he'd probably just burst into tears at the thought of doing his job. I advised him that Mr. Jones was not available and whether it would be okay to transfer the call to voice mail. The person from Hill Office Equipment angrily told me that he already left several messages and that Mr. Jones failed to call him back. He told me to tell Mr. Jones that he had failed to file the expense reports for the last two months and if Mr. Jones doesn't file them within one week, that Hill Office Equipment would revoke our license to sell their products. As soon as I got off the phone I went to Mr.



Jones to ask him to prepare the reports.

“Please Mr. Jones, you have to prepare the reports,” I begged.

He looked at me, biting his lower lip. “Help me to complete them.”

“Sure Mr. Jones,” I said, “I will be happy to type them up once you calculated the numbers.”

“No,” he said, “I need your help preparing the reports.”

That’s the first time ever that Mr. Jones asked me to actually help him prepare the reports. Sure, in the past, I typed up the reports after he finished them but he was actually asking me to help complete the reports. Knowing that it was a desperate situation, I agreed. We sat in the conference room together and worked on the reports. He basically told me what to do and I just followed his instructions, calculating various numbers and writing them next to the appropriate fields. It was hard work but I started to get the hang of it. We must have worked on those expense reports for a few days, but we finally finished. That’s when Mr. Jones informed me that he was really behind in his other paper work and asked me to finish them too. I told him that I still needed to type up the expense reports, but he insisted on typing it himself. He bragged that he

was a very fast typist.

True to his word, he finished typing the reports in one day. He had been practicing and was much faster, even while he protected his nails. I submitted them to the corporate office quickly after that. Considering the fact that he spent the morning playing the CD and only had the afternoon to type, that was very impressive.

After that experience, I started to do all the paper work. At first, I didn't know what I was doing and had to ask Mr. Jones many questions, but over the next few weeks I was able to complete everything that needed to be done. Mr. Jones' fast typing also helped meet all the deadlines.

During this period, Mr. Jones began to call me by my last name, "Ms. Webster," when no one else was around. I told him not to do it but he just ignored me stating that I was doing all the management work and so should be addressed as a manager. He also insisted that I call him "Tom." At first I was really uncomfortable with the idea but he kept insisting that he wanted to be called "Tom." Because everyone else was already calling to him "Tom," I just got used to it over time.

The daily meetings seemed to be going smoothly. Tom just nodded his head barely contributing to the meeting while Richard and Sara gave their sales information for the day.

Everything was going well enough, until one day. The lady from the salon was helping Tom remove his body hair one afternoon in his office. I walked in to get some files, and looked at the poor man. He really didn't have much body hair left but she was dutifully removing the little hair there was. He was only wearing panties, a tiny black panty in bikini style cut high on the sides with little ribbons on each side. The panties had lace trimmings on the bottom and the top.

His nails were painted pink. He would scream into a towel each time the lady removed a strip from his body but his screams could still be heard.

We got a huge shock when the door to Tom's office opened without warning. Sara was standing there. She was not due to come in for several hours.

"I knew it," Sara stated with a huge smile, "you're a fairy."

Tom just started to cry.

"Please Sara," I pleaded, "don't tell anyone."

"Why should I keep quiet about this?" she asked, "what's in it for me?"

"Anything," Tom said still sobbing, "anything you want; please you can't tell anyone."

"You better believe it," Sara stated, "I get anything I want; isn't that right Tommy?" said Sara with a smile.

“Yes, anything,” Tom said.

“I’m glad we have an understanding,” Sara stated and then took out her phone and took several pictures. “These pictures are just a little insurance, just in case I don’t get everything that I want.” She walked out of the office after that.

Tom quickly got dressed. We both were worried as to what Sara might do. Things had gotten worse. I even wondered if my father would be able to help me now. I wished that Peter had called me. Although I wasn’t sure, I thought that Peter was strong enough to help me. For some strange reason, I convinced myself that Peter could help me somehow. I looked at his resume and saw his phone number. I started to dial that number many times only to just hang up before completing the dial. My father would not approve of me calling a man even in such dire situation. “A lady should know her place,” my father used to say.

Tom and I could not think of anything that we could do to protect the secret other than giving into Sara’s demands, what ever they were.

With worry in our minds, Tom and I attended that evening’s meeting. Sara was smiling. After I got everyone their drinks, Sara cleared her throat dramatically before she spoke. “Tommy, should I tell Dick about your plan regarding the sales zones?”

That was the first time anyone called Tom, “Tommy.” Even his old friend Jim called him “Thomas”. And although we were now used to calling him Tom, “Tommy” sounded more demeaning. It was obvious that Tom didn’t know what she was talking about when it came to “zones,” but he just nodded in agreement and made no comment regarding his new nickname.

Sara gave each of us a copy of a map. It had Jones Enterprises’ sales area divided into two zones.

“What the fuck is this?” Richard asked.

“This zone is my area,” said Sara, “and this zone here is your area, Dick.” She turned to Tom. “Isn’t that right, Tommy?” He gave the slightest of nods. “Each sales person can only sell the equipment in their own area.”

“No fucking way,” Richard stated, “most of my best customers are in that area,” he stated pointing to the zone designated as Sara’s area.

“Well too bad!” Sara said, “Tommy here is the one that came up with the plan and I for one agree with it.”

Richard stood up. “No fucking way!” he fowled. “I am not going to give up my best customers to you, bitch!”

“Tommy will expect your resignation letter,” Sara said, “isn’t that right?”

Tom just sat there not saying anything.

“Well, answer the bitch, *Tommy*,” Richard said looking down at Tom in an intimidating fashion.

Tom hesitated for a moment, afraid to speak, but eventually said, “I am sorry Richard, that’s my decision.”

“Fuck this shit!” Richard screamed and stormed out of the office.

“What am I going to do?” Tom said crying, “he is our best salesman... I can’t lose him.”

“That’s your problem,” said Sara. “Remember, your secret will not be a secret unless you give me what I want.” She walked out of the office with a smile on her face.

Tom continued to cry and I sat there consoling him. He really had lost every ounce of nerve he once had.

“Peter,” Tom said suddenly, “I need Peter Smith to come to work for us. Do we still have his resume?”

Tom frantically searched for his resume. I pretended to search too. I pretended because I knew exactly where it was. It was inside the top left drawer of my desk where I placed it. After making sure that Tom was not looking, I quickly retrieved it and pretended that I found it on his desk. Tom immediately called him and begged him to come work for our office. Although I couldn’t hear Peter’s response, it was obvious from the way Tom kept begging that the answer was no. After several minutes of begging, Tom asked him to come by the office and then hung up.

“He’s coming,” Tom said relieved, “when he gets here we have to convince him to take the job.”

“I thought you didn’t want to hire him?” I said.

“That was then.” He replied, “We only have one salesperson left. There’s no way its going work. I will lose everything. I already lost my wife and if I lose this company I will have nothing left.”

“Then why were you so mean to him?” I asked pretending that I didn’t know the answer.

“He was the president of my fraternity when I was a freshman and he gave me a hard time,” Tom replied, “I will tell him that it was just a big joke, sort of an initiation. Kind of like what he did to me. I think he will understand. I hope he will understand. Oh God, I need him.”

“Maybe if you are nice to him,” I said.

“I hope so,” Tom said smiling a little, “I’ll do anything to get him.”

Tom and I waited for more than twenty minutes for Peter when he finally arrived. The anticipation was killing me. I really wanted to see him, but not under these circumstances. With Tom being so desperate to hire him, I

wouldn't have a chance to be alone with Peter. I wasn't sure if I had the nerve to ask him why he didn't call me or ask him out. I really wasn't sure what I would do if I was alone with Peter but still wanted to be alone with him. As time passed slowly my heart began to pound faster and faster.

Immediately upon Peter's entrance to our office Tom quickly moved towards him and got on his knees, "Please take the job," Tom said, "Peter, I need you!"

"Please get up," Peter said, "I don't want you to beg." Peter actually had to pull up Tom off from his knees.

"You are taking the job, right?" Tom asked.

"I am sorry Thomas," he said, "as stated during our call, I wish I can help you but I recently accepted another position with another company. It would not be right to take another position so soon. I just completed my training with that company last week. I don't want to betray their trust in me."

"But what about my company?" Tom said, "what about me?"

"I *am* sorry," Peter said. "I truly am sorry," he said "but I can't help. I will ask around to see if anyone else wants a job. I'll e-mail you if I find someone."

"Please," Tom said and then got on his knees again, "I am begging you for your help."

Peter looked sad and nodded his head and said, "I will do my best," and then turned to leave.

I wanted to talk to Peter so badly. I wanted to ask him why he didn't call me. I wanted to ask him for his help too. He smiled at me as he passed me. The smile was warm. I wondered if it had any meaning. Perhaps he was just too shy. I should have stopped him, but I didn't.

Tom was so distraught that he couldn't stop crying. Despite the fact that it was late, I stayed with him for over an hour. Finally, when I announced that I was going to go home, he looked at me sadly as if I was abandoning him. Not knowing what to do, I offered to give him a ride to his home.

His home turned out to be a very small apartment near our office building. He obviously wanted me to come in and be with him while he cried some more. But this was too much for me. Seeing Peter again was making me too emotional too. So I just excused myself and told him that I would pick him up in the morning to go to work. That night I had a hard time sleeping. I kept dreaming about Peter and how he would help me.

When Tom and I arrived at work the next morning we were all surprised when Richard reported to work next day as if nothing went on the previous night. Even after seeing Richard in the morning, Tom and I were still worried about the evening meeting. But the meeting went smoothly that night and the following week. Other than the fact that both Richard and Sara now called Tom, "Tommy," nothing else seemed to have changed.

SIXTH MONTH

I received another CD. As before, I signed for it and delivered it to Tom.

After Tom played the CD in the morning, he asked me to go the mall for him again.

“You already have *plenty* of panties,” I said.

“It’s not that,” he said and then showed me the suit that I had bought for him about two months ago. It was still in its original hanger and packaging. “I need you to return it. I saw the receipt and it has a 60 days return policy and tomorrow is the 60th day.”

“Fine,” I said, and took possession of the suit. It really was too much. He wanted me to run his errands and run the office at the same time.

“I want you to buy another suit,” he said, “I don’t like that one.”

From prior experience, I knew where this was leading and did not like it.

“If you need a new suit maybe you should go yourself,” I said.

“I can’t buy the suit that I want without embarrassment,” he said and then showed me what he wanted. It was black women’s pants suit. It featured a jacket with one decorative large button, and diving neckline. It hit at the hip. The pants did not have any zippers or pockets and it flared out at the bottom.

“I don’t know if you should be wearing something like that,” I replied, “it’s obviously a woman’s suit.”

“Please, you promised to help me,” Tom said.

“You can’t wear it at the office,” I told him.

“But it’s an office suit, Ms. Webster!” He whined.

I realized there was little I could do to stop him if he really did want to wear it. I wanted a compromise. “If you promise to wear it only when there’s no one else in the office...” I said.

“Yes,” Tom said, “I promise. I know that we have to keep this a secret,” he said, and then took out some tissues from his bra. “You see before each meeting, I take out the tissues and take the bra off.”

“Good,” I said, dryly.

During lunch time, as requested, I went to the mall and purchased a woman’s suit as similar as possible to the one Tom picked out. It took me a couple of hours to pick one that wasn’t overly feminine, but that he would still like.

After I got back, he quickly changed into the woman’s suit and began to admire himself by staring at a mirror. “You were right,” he said touching his hair in a ponytail, “I need a haircut. This ponytail doesn’t look good on me.”

"That's great," I said, "I will make an appointment with your barber shop."

"No," he said, "I don't like that place. It's too crowded. I'll find somewhere else to get it done."

"Okay Tom," I responded, "I need to get back to the paperwork."

"And I need to get back to my typing, Ms. Webster," Tom said.

We both worked on our duties. I walked into his office a few times to grab this and that, and noted that Tom looked perfectly happy in his little outfit. He had a broad smile on his face and hummed along to his music. An hour before the sales staff was scheduled to come, I told Tom to change out of his suit and he agreed to do so. I went back to my work of completing reports.

Richard came in first and after finishing some paperwork, went to the conference room. A few minutes later Sara came in and headed straight to Tom's office. Without knocking, she barged in. "We have to have a meeting," she said very loudly. "*Now!*"

Tom followed Sara out of his office and headed to the conference room. Immediately, I panicked because he hadn't changed out of the women's suit. I went to the conference room as quickly as possible. My intention was to whisper in Tom's ear that he needed to change. But before I could do so, Sara started to scream.

"How *dare* you, Dick?" she pointed at Richard. "You not only contacted clients in my zone but stole one of my best customers. Did you think I wasn't going to find out?"

Richard took his time to look her in the eye. "So, what are you going to do about it, bitch?" Richard stated with a smile.

"Fire him!" Sara yelled, looking straight at Tom. "Right this *instant!*"

"Tommy wouldn't dare fire me," Richard said, still smiling.

Tom looked really worried. "Um... . um, maybe we could come up with a better solution."

"Fire him," Sara stated, "or I will tell him your secret."

"What secret?" Richard stated.

"Please, Sara... um... . Ms. Anderson," Tom pleaded, "you can't!"

"I said fire him!" Sara said again.

"What you going to do, Tommy?" Richard stated, standing up and looking down upon Tom, "are you going to fire me, do you have the balls?"

Tom cowered and said, "I am sorry Ms. Anderson, but I can't fire him."

"Good," Richard stated smiling again and sitting back down, "you did good Tommy."

"Don't you mean *Tammy?*" Sara stated.

“What are you talking about?” Richard stated.

“Are you freaking blind?” Sara asked, “just look at her.” She grabbed Tom’s right hand and raised it into the air. “Look at her nails. They are long and shaped into an oval shape. It looks like she had a manicure done.”

“What the fuck?” Richard stated, obviously noticing for the first time.

“Look at her hair,” Sara continued and then pulled Tom up from his chair and made him stand, “She’s even wearing a woman’s suit.”

Richard began to laugh out loud. “I noticed the hair, but didn’t think much of it. Is that really a girl’s suit? That’s the funniest shit I’ve ever seen.”

I recoiled at what was coming. I wanted to get the hell out of that room. I knew what Richard was capable of, and this situation was a balloon ready to pop.

Sara reached inside the top of Tom’s suit with her other hand and pulled on the bra to make a portion of it more visible. “You didn’t notice this?”

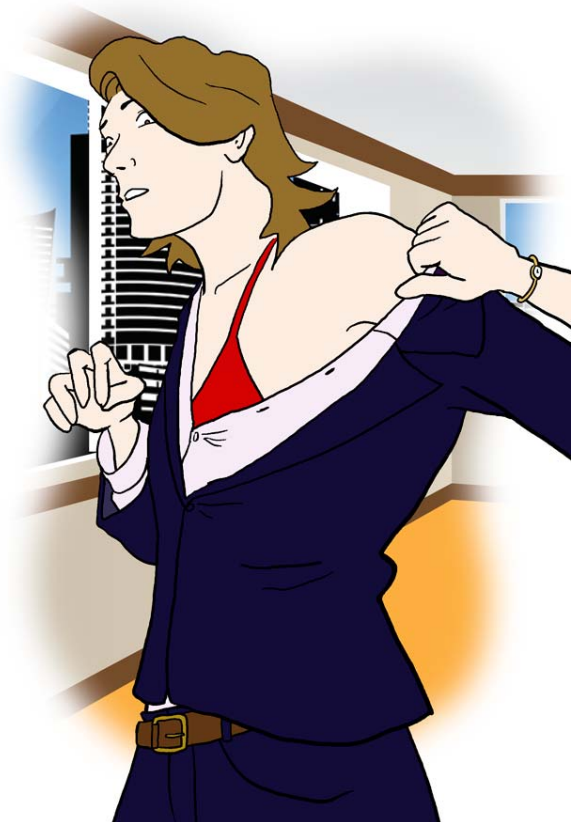
“You’re right,” Richard stated, “I’m fucking blind.”

With the damage done, Sara let go of Tom’s hand and bra and said, “Well Tammy, you little fairy, I hope you enjoy the rest of your meeting with Dick. I quit, and don’t bother walking me out,” she said and left the office. I never saw her again.

Tom started to sob without even bothering to sit back down. Richard slowly turned his attention away from Sara’s departure and turned towards Tom, with his eyes squinted in concentration. I honestly feared for my life, and for Tom, too.

I backed my way to the door, ready to grab the handle and run.

Then, Richard got up from his seat and hugged Tom. “Hey don’t worry. Everything will be okay,”



He said, softly.

“I’m so ashamed...” Tom stated.

“Hey if you want to be a chick,” Richard stated, “I’m all for it.”

I headed for the nearest chair and clumsily sat myself in it. I was in shock.

“And what am I going to do with just one salesperson?” Tom asked.

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about it.” Tom said. “Dick will take care of everything.”

Richard looked at me, “Cindy, Tammy and I need some privacy. Go type up my sales reports?”

“Y... Yes sir,” I said and then walked out of the conference room and closed the door behind me.

I sat at my desk pretending to do work but could not get anything done because I was so worried about what was going on in the conference room. After about an hour later, both Tom and Richard came out of the room with smiles.

“Thank you, Dick,” Tom said as Richard walked out of the office.

“He is such a nice guy,” Tom said to me, and then said goodbye to me and left the office for the night. Soon afterwards, I too, left the office.



The next morning, Tom called the office, “Ms. Webster, is it okay if I come in a few hours late? I have an important appointment.”

“Tom, you’re the boss,” I said, “You don’t need my permission.”

“Thanks,” Tom said and hung up.

Tom didn’t come into the office until late afternoon. My jaw dropped when I first saw him that day. He had a new hairstyle. It was still shoulder length, only slightly shorter than before, with bangs parted in the middle and sleek, while the ends were crimped and tousled into semi curls. The hair was layered and volume was added to the top for a feminine look. His eyebrows were also plucked into thin arches. He was even wearing a different, more feminine, womens’ pant’s suit.

“What did you do?” I asked, “You’re not going to be able to hide the changes!”

“Dick said I don’t have to hide my feminine side anymore,” Tom responded.

“You went to a beauty parlor and shopping,” I said, “I thought you were too embarrassed to go shopping for women’s clothes.”

“I still feel shame,” Tom said blushing, “but what Dick told me yesterday gave me a little courage to go out and get what I want.” Then he hesitated,

“Can I ask you a big favor?”

Tom asked.

I was afraid that he was going to ask me to help him feminize himself even more.

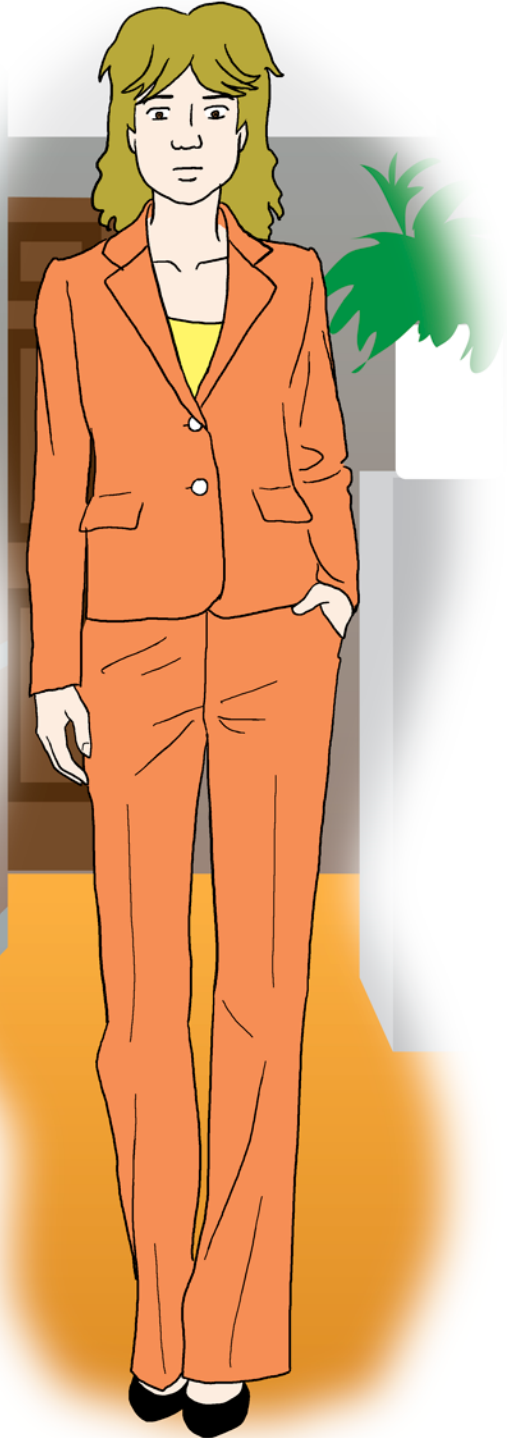
“I know typing is kind of my job now,” Tom said, “but I was wondering if you could type Dick’s sales report... I didn’t listen to my CD today and I need to...”

“No problem,” I said, “and I don’t mind typing the reports.”

Tom jumped up and down and screamed with glee. “Thank you. Thank you. You are the best.” He said and then went to his room, presumably to listen to his disc.

I was happy to let myself concentrate on the typing and not think about this wildly bizarre situation. If I did, I’m sure I would have cracked.

That night and thereafter, Richard ran the meetings – if you can call them meetings. With no other sales staff, Richard just asked for drinks and told Tom and me what he wanted the office staff to do while he was out on sales calls. He never asked for a discount authorization over the phone anymore, he just made Tom sign the authorization during the meeting. Tom also told us to forward all complaint calls to him and that he would start to take care of them.





Later that week, I received another bottle of pills, which I signed for and delivered to Tom. During that week, Tom wore a new feminine pants suit to work every single day and spent the mornings listening to the disc and the afternoon typing, filing and copying documents. I worked on the various reports.

As I prepared another expense report, I began to worry about all the unusual purchases on the credit account. I knew that Tom was the president of Jones Enterprises, but still having bunch of expenses for women's clothing was not a good thing. I also noticed several very recent credit card charges showing Ultimate Electrolysis on the account.

When I expressed worry about these expenses, and showed the charges to Tom, he just shrugged and signed the expense reports as if they didn't have anything unusual on them. "I need new clothing and the electrolysis is great. I don't have any more body hair and my facial hair is almost gone. He showed me his hairless legs by removing his pants and pantyhose. I just a need some follow up treatments to make it permanent."

"When did you start to wear pantyhose?" I asked.

He had a confused expression on his face and the paused and said, "I'm not sure when, but aren't they great?"

Over the next few weeks, I noticed Tom wearing feminine jewelry, like bracelets, rings, and a necklace and a feminine watch. Sure enough these purchases started to appear on the expense account too. Not knowing what else to do, I just wrote them up in the expense account reports and he typed them up and signed them.

It was now clearer than ever to me what Mrs. Jones, that twisted woman, was up to. She was going to turn her husband into a sissy. I was now convinced that she probably planned to expose him publicly, and force him into giving up any control he had over her and the business.

What had I done? If only I had some help or guidance. As weeks passed since I last saw Peter, my hopes of his rescue started to fade. I wondered if Peter ever contacted Tom as he promised to do, without me knowing. I casually asked Tom and he responded by simply saying "no." That really depressed me. Peter had promised to help find some sales staff. I figured if he kept that promise, maybe, just maybe he would be willing to help me with my problems. Also, I had hoped that Peter would visit us and then perhaps we could renew our relationship. It's almost been a month since our last meeting, and nothing. Not even a 'how are you?' Apparently, my faith in Peter was undeserved. My father would never have abandoned a friend in need and never would have broken his promise. I decided to stop thinking about Peter.

SEVENTH MONTH

Another CD arrived, telling me another month had passed, and as usual I signed for it and delivered it to Tom. He just handed me the old one and expressed his appreciation. A few days later, I received another bottle of pills and gave that to him, as well.

It was now common for me to forward all complaint calls to Richard and for Tom to do all the typing, copying, and filing in the office. I still prepared all the reports. It also became normal for Richard to run our meetings. Tom kept up with his wardrobe, adding something new periodically. I wasn't really shocked when he came to the office one morning, to see his ears pierced and wearing small dangling earrings in both ears.

One evening, Tom, as usual was seated at the head of the conference table, when Richard came into the office. He took a look at Tom and said, "You're sitting in my seat."

I wanted to say something to the effect that Tom always sat there but before I could say something, Tom quickly jumped up off his seat as if it was on fire. "Oh, I'm sorry, Dick. I didn't know that it was your seat. I won't let it happen again." He quickly sat where Jim used to sit.

Tom sat at the head of the conference table, and then said, "I don't like you girls calling me Dick or Richard. It's just not professional. Call me Mr. White from now on."

I thought that was strange order, considering Richard was not the boss. I was about to say something, when Tom quickly spoke. "Yes sir, Mr. White," He said "Get me a beer," Richard said to me.

That was totally inappropriate drink to request and I again was about to speak up, but Tom beat me to it. "I am sorry Mr. White, but we don't have any beer."

"Then get me a coke," Richard said.

"Do you want anything, Tom?" I asked.

"No, she doesn't need anything," Richard stated, "go and fetch my drink."

"Okay," I said, "and went into the kitchen and grabbed Richard a coke and a glass of ice and returned to hear Richard complementing Tom.

"I really like your new earrings," Richard stated, "They look pretty on you."

"Thank you," Tom said smiling broadly.

Richard took his coke and drank it quickly. "But I think you would look a lot better with some makeup. Maybe some lipstick?"

"You think so?" Tom asked.

“Yeah,” Richard said. “Wear some makeup tomorrow. Now get back to work,” he said to both of us.

We both left conference room and went to our respective desks. A few minutes later, Richard left for the day and afterwards Tom and I left for the day.

The next morning, Tom came to the office wearing lipstick. It was a light color, barely visible, but definitely there. He was really beginning to look like a pretty girl. Just as I was asking about the lipstick, Richard and two men came into the office.

“These are the girls I was telling you about,” Richard stated. “That’s Cindy and that’s Tammy. Girls say hello to our new salesmen, John and Mark.”

Tom just ran into his office in a panic and closed the door behind him. I just looked on not knowing what to say.

“What’s wrong with her?” Mark asked.

“Probably that time of the month,” Richard said, and all three men laughed. Richard and the salesmen went into the conference room and talked for a few minutes before leaving the office.

After the men were gone, I went to Tom’s office to check on him. He was already playing his CD and off in his own little world, so I didn’t bother him.

At around lunchtime, I went to check on Tom again but he was still in a trance. So I quietly left the office to get a bite to eat. After I finished eating, I was about to go to my car to head back the office when I saw Jim. Or at least the person kind of looked like Jim. He didn’t have a beard anymore and had longer hair, and dropped a lot of weight, but I could have sworn it was Jim.

I said hello, but he must not have heard me because he just kept going. I wanted to ask his help regarding his friend Tom. I know they parted in bad terms but thought that if Jim knew what was going on that he might offer to help. I knew that it was risky to talk to Jim but my guilty conscience was getting the better of me. So I followed Jim in the hopes that we could talk. But the faster I walked to catch up to Jim, the faster he seemed to walk. After few minutes of calling out his name and chasing him by foot, I decided to give up and come back to my car. I figured it probably wasn’t Jim after all. By the time I headed back to the office, I was probably about ten minutes late.

When I entered I got another big shock. Tom was sitting at my desk and he answered the phone in a feminine voice, “Jones Enterprises, an authorized seller of Hill Office Equipment, Tammy speaking, how may I direct your call? I am afraid Mr. White is not here now, would you like me to forward your message to him?” The thing that shocked me was his voice. He sounded like a woman.

My mouth was wide open in astonishment.

After he got done with forwarding the call he looked at me and said in his

normal voice, "Because you're late, I had to sit here and take over your duties and answer the phone," he wined.

"Sorry," I said, "I won't let it happen again. But you could have just let the voice mail pick up or you could have taken the call from your office."

He looked confused. "Just don't be late again," he said in his normal voice, and got up from my desk and started walk towards his office.

"Your voice?" I asked.

He paused. "Oh that," he said in a woman's voice, "I've been practicing for just such occasion. Do you like it?"

"You sound like a woman," I said.

"Duh?" he said in a feminine voice, "a receptionist should sound like a woman."

"But you're not a receptionist," I said.

He turned around, as if he was trying to come to an answer in his mind. "I know," he said in his male voice, but then continued in his feminine voice "but I was pretending, silly."

He went back to his office. I hoped that he wouldn't use his feminine voice anymore. It was kind of creepy.

Richard came back to the office a few minutes before normal and ordered both me and Tom to join him in the conference room.

Richard sat at the head of the conference table and Tom sat, without a word, where Jim used to sit. Richard didn't waste any time and began. "I hired two new salesmen. You met them earlier today. They'll be here in a few minutes."

"But," Tom said in normal male voice, "what about my secret?"

"Just act like a girl," Richard replied "and they won't know the difference."

Tom was visibly anxious. "But..."

Richard reached over and patted Tom on the head. "Stop worrying your pretty little head over this stuff. I told you that I would take care of everything, and you agreed."

"But," Tom said.

"I don't want to hear any more from you," Richard said, sternly. "Just listen. Twenty Five Percent of their commission will go to me and I will manage them to make sure that they do their jobs. You don't have to worry about anything."

"Yes... Yes sir," Tom replied.

"Good girl," Richard said then paused, "I thought I told you to wear make up. Are you such a bimbo that you can't follow a simple instruction?"

"I..." Tom said.

“He’s wearing lipstick,” I said coming to his defense.

Richard looked at Tom more carefully. “Yes, I see that now. But it’s too light and where’s the rest of it? If you are going to keep your secret, you need to wear more makeup. You need to look like a girl. Do you understand?”

“Yes sir,” replied Tom.

“I think heels will make you look sexy,” Richard said. “And don’t forget to call me Mr. White from now on,” Mr. White said, “that goes for both of you girls.”

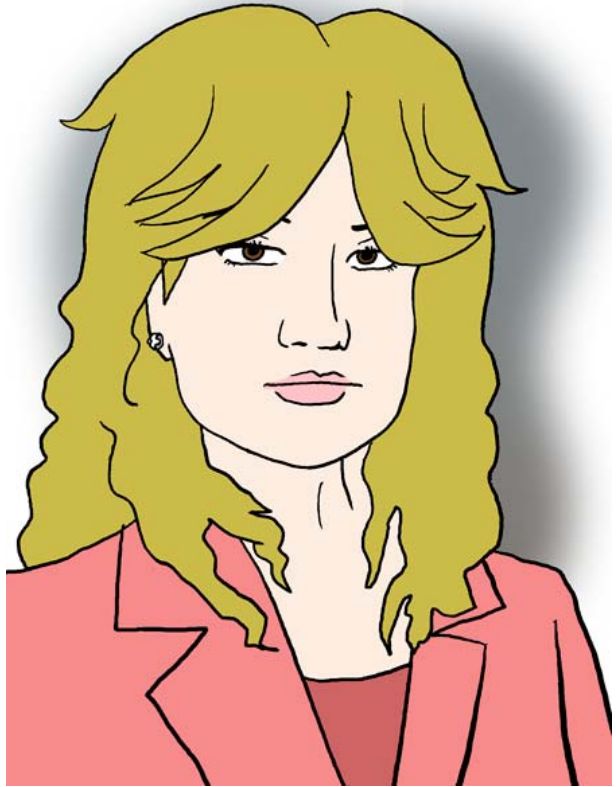
A few minutes later, the new salesmen came to the office. Mr. White reintroduced them to us. Mark was a young man, probably in his early twenties and John was a little older. They both wore a suit and tie and looked very professional.

Mr. White ran the meeting and Tom just sat there not saying anything. I got everyone drinks and took notes.

Beginning the very next day, Tom began to wear more noticeable makeup and wore heels. He also continued to regularly purchase new clothing and accessories. A few days later, he began to carry a variety of purses to carry his stuff.

Over the next few weeks, Mr. White added even more new sales staff. They were all men and relatively young. During the meetings, I found out that they were also very competitive, trying to out-do each other. Mr. White continued to run the meetings as if he owned the place, and Tom just sat there doing nothing. Each time someone new was added, Tom had to move down a seat to make room for the new person.

With all those new men in the office, Tom made sure to use his feminine voice whenever they were around, to keep up appearances. It wasn’t long before Tom began to use his feminine voice by habit from time to time, even



when the salesmen were out. By the end of that month, he stopped using his male voice altogether.

While the sales staff was away, Tom spent his mornings listening to the CD and then the afternoon typing and taking care of other secretarial duties. I, too, was now doing more administrative duties just to keep up with the work. The additional sales staff meant more typing, more copying and more filing. Unfortunately, the reports and other paper work were beginning to pile up. With deadlines approaching, I began to worry that we would never get them completed.

I think by this time, I had just shut out the situation with Tom, and decided just to focus on my job. I had no ability to cope with that situation anymore.



EIGHTH MONTH

Another month came, with another package with a CD followed by another package of a bottle of pills. I delivered both to Tom.

A couple weeks later, something new came. Two deliverymen brought in a small desk. "Where do you want this desk, ma'am?" one of them asked me.

"I don't know," I said, "who ordered it?"

The deliveryman that I was talking to looked at the invoice and said, "Mr. Richard White. Where do you want the desk?" he asked again.

"Let me call Mr. White and find out," I said and called him.

Mr. White told me to just have them move my desk to the right and place the other desk next to mine on the left. "Did we hire another secretary?" I asked, hoping that was the case. We were so busy, and a new secretary would help me get back to doing the crucial paperwork.

But instead of answering me, he responded, "I'm too busy for this," and said, "Just tell them what I told you." He hung up the phone.

I gave the instructions to the deliverymen and they placed the desks accordingly.

After the deliverymen left, Tom came out and asked, "Whose desk is that?"

"I don't know," was my only reply.

It wasn't until that evening, during our meeting, we found out the answer.

"Cindy get everyone drinks," Mr. White ordered, "Tammy you help her."

Tom's facial expression showed that he was shocked by this request, and put off, but still didn't say anything.

I said, "It's alright I can manage by myself."

But Mr. White insisted, "I told you to help her, Tammy."

"But... we're in a meeting..." Tom said.

"I don't really need..." I was about to say that I didn't need the help again, but before I could finish, Mr. White interrupted me.

"We men are having a meeting and I need you *girls* to get the drinks." I thought that Mr. White emphasized the word "Girls" to embarrass Tom.

"She should be part of the meeting too, after all she is not a secretary," I said.

"Oh don't worry Ms. Webster," Tom said, "I don't mind helping. I am sure the men have important matters to discuss and don't need us girls in here for their meeting to continue."

He quickly got up and we both walked to the kitchen.

After we got back and delivered all the drinks to seven men, including Mr. White, Tom was about to take his seat again when Mr. White stopped him. “Tammy, why don’t you remain standing? We may need refills.”

“I can get the refills,” I stated.

“I want you to keep notes,” Mr. White said. “So Tammy, be a good girl...” he slapped Tom’s behind and continued, “and make sure everyone’s drink is filled.”

Tom looked shocked and everyone waited in silence to hear what he would say. That type of behavior was not allowed. Not here, not anywhere. It was considered sexual harassment.

“Yes sir, Mr. White,” Tom said standing next to me.

“Cindy, make sure you take good notes regarding the next agenda,” Mr. White said. “I’ve noticed that Tammy inexplicably is listed as the president of this company. The company records also list her as a man named Thomas Jones.”

The men, except for Mr. White, started to laugh.

“This is no joking matter,” Mr. White said. “The records are obviously wrong, isn’t that right Tammy?”

Tom started to sweat probably in fear that his secret was about to be revealed. “It’s... definitely wrong.”

“Good, I am glad you agree,” Mr. White stated, “I’ve prepared some paperwork to fix these errors. I want you to sign it right now.”

I was able to look at the title of one of the documents. It was a resignation letter from the position of President and an appointment of a new president, namely Richard White.

Tom took a pen, without even reading any of the documents, quickly signed them while everyone witnessed him.

Mr. White continued, “There, now. It’s all cleared up. Tammy, you’re now formally a secretary.”

Tom looked like he was about to complain.

Mr. White got up from his seat and looked down on Tom. “Do you have any comment?”

Tom just moved his head from side to side indicating “no.”

“I want you to say it so that everyone can hear,” Mr. White stated, “Do you have any complaints about being a secretary?”

“I don’t have any complaints, Mr. White,” Tom said, “I am happy to be a secretary.”

“Good,” Mr. White stated, “then you won’t also mind a reduction in salary to

fit your new position. Let's say \$8.00 per hour."

"But," Tom said.

Mr. White walked over to Tom standing right in front of him. "But what?" he asked.

Tom didn't respond.

"I don't have all day," Mr. White stated. "*But* what?"

"Nothing," Tom said, "that's fair, Mr. White."

"Good," Mr. White stated, "did you get all of that Cindy?"

I wanted to scream "*no, this isn't right.*" That's what my father would have done. Maybe that's what Peter would have done too. But Tom wasn't doing anything and I didn't have the nerve to fight Mr. White all by myself. "Yes sir," I answered.

"Cindy you can leave for the day. Just hand over your notes to Tammy." Mr. White stated. "Now Tammy, refill everyone's drinks. After you are done, be a good little secretary and type up today's meeting minutes and sign it as the secretary, and deliver it to my office before you leave for the day."

"Your office?" Tom said, "Don't you mean your cubicle?"

"No, I mean my *office*," Mr. White stated, "you will move all your things out of the executive office. After all, a secretary doesn't need an executive office. It will be my office from now on."

"But where am I supposed to sit?" Tom asked.

"The new secretary's desk." Mr. White responded, "Now go refill everyone's drinks. We men have important matters to discuss in private."

Both Tom and I left the conference room. Tom had a tray of glasses to refill.

"This isn't right!" I said, feeling sorry for Tom. "Don't let him do this to you."

"What can I do?" he asked meekly, "the company needs the sales staff and Mr. White was able to find them."

"I know," I said, "if only Peter had found some people."

"He may have," Tom said, "he sent me several e-mails but I deleted them without even reading them."

"What?" I yelled. I was in shock. How could he delete the e-mails from one person in this World that may have been able to help? "Why did you that?" I asked.

Tom looked at me with fear and almost dropped the tray of glasses. "I am sorry Ms. Webster. I really am. It's just that Mr. White told me that he would take care of everything and I didn't want to anger him by getting help from some one else."

"But you told me last month that Peter did not contact you," I said angrily.

“I knew that you were waiting to hear from him and I... I was afraid to tell you the truth. I am sorry... Truly, I am sorry.” Tom gently placed the tray of glasses on his new secretarial desk and got on his knees. “Please forgive me.”

After seeing the pathetic creature on his knees, I was no longer mad. I just felt a deep sadness for him. “It’s okay,” I said.

“Thank you,” Tom said and then got up and went to the kitchen.

I left the office. As soon as I got home, I started to cry. I felt awful. I played a part in destroying a man’s life. I needed to help Tom, but how could I? I thought briefly about calling my mother again. But I decided against it because I knew deep down that she wouldn’t help me. I thought about calling Peter but didn’t dare to do so because I really didn’t know him. My upbringing prevented me from calling a man that I barely knew, no matter how desperate my situation. I had no other friends or family to rely on. I had no one else to help me.

I tossed and turned all night wondering how I could help Tom keep his job. Then it hit me. Mrs. Jones could help. She was the one that caused all this with her CDs. She could reverse it and then Tom could fight for his job back. She wouldn’t want her husband to lose his job and control of the company. Humiliation may have been a part of her plan, but to jeopardize the whole business? She’d lose everything if Mr. White stole it. I tried to remember her phone number. I saw it numerous times in the caller ID when she used to call the office. I tried different numbers and finally was able to reach her.

“How dare you call me?” Mrs. Jones barked. “Don’t call...”

She was about to hang up. “Please don’t hang up,” I said quickly. “Just let me say what I need to say and I promise not to call you ever again.”

“Get on with it,” she said.

“Those CDs are making your husband lose his job,” I said. “Richard White took advantage of your husband’s condition and he is stealing his position. Your husband was demoted to a secretary.”

“Is that all?” she asked.

“It means that he will lose most of his salary,” I said, “it’s not too late to reverse this.”

“Why in the world would I want to reverse this?” she asked.

“But Mrs. Jones,” I said, “If your husband loses his job, it will mean that you will also suffer financially.”

She started to laugh. “First of all don’t you dare call me Mrs. Jones. I won’t have anyone use that name anymore. My name is Barbara Hills.”

“Oh my,” I thought to myself. Barbara Hills was the name of the CEO of the Hills Office Equipment Company, the largest office equipment company in the state. That meant that she was the CEO of the parent company.

“I let that no good cheating bastard be the president of your sales office and he made a mess of it. I tolerated him costing my company profits for way too long. It was time for a change. Richard will do a much better job. I’ll make more money.”

“So you don’t care that Mr. White is stealing your husband’s job and demoted him into a secretary?” I asked.

“Why would I mind?” she said, “I authorized it. Do you really think a secretary could make those changes by just signing some meeting minutes? Nothing gets done in your sales office without my authorization.”

“But he is your husband,” I said, “how can you let this happen to him?”

“He is not going to be my husband for long,” she said, “The state does not allow two women to be married. As soon as his programming is complete, I will



get an annulment and won't have to share anything with that bitch."

"I... you..." I didn't know what else to say.

"If you are finished," she said, "you better keep your promise and never call me again – if you know what's good for you." She hung up the phone.

It was obvious that I wasn't going to get any assistance from her.

I barely slept that night and woke up late. I had to drive very fast to get to the office, still 30 minutes late.

I guess it wasn't a shock to see Tom sitting at his secretarial desk answering the phone as 'Tammy.' I sat at my desk and began to work on my duties. As soon as I took over the duties of answering the phones, Tom began to listen to the CD while sitting at his desk. It was very distracting seeing him in a trance next to me all morning.

The trance was interrupted when Mr. White came in later that morning. He ordered Tom and me to move everything out of his office. Most of the items were boxed up and only few feminine items and his computer and few office supplies were moved to Tom's new desk. The filing cabinets were also moved out. Our space suddenly became very crowded. Later that day, a new computer was brought in for Mr. White. Unlike prior days, Mr. White did not go out to do sales calls. He stayed in and started to do the management paperwork and returned various complaint calls. In the afternoon, Tom and I shared the duties of answering the phones and other administrative duties.

From that day forward, Mr. White went on less and less sales calls and eventually stayed in the office all day. In the evenings, Mr. White continued to run the meetings. I took notes, and Tom brought everyone drinks and refilled them as necessary. Mr. White also hired additional salesmen, all of whom were paying him a cut of their sales commission. By the end of the month, our company had ten salesmen.

Tom played his CD in the morning and in the afternoon we performed our secretarial duties. At first we were worried that Mr. White may notice this morning ritual and inquire about it. But he didn't seem to notice or didn't care. Things were again falling into a routine.

I don't know if Mr. White noticed anything changing about Tom, but I certainly did. I sat next to him every day, after all, and there were subtle changes I could see every day.

First, he was losing weight. He had always been thin, but his waist, arms and his face were getting thinner all the time. He was also getting better at wearing makeup. At first, he was very clearly wearing heavy, dark colors. As the weeks went on, he eventually got enough practice to highlight his eyes and hide his masculine features. He wore perfume on most days and carried an arsenal of hair care products and makeup in his purse.

There were even more subtle signs. For instance, he gestured with his hands as he talked, and goodness, did he like to talk. He had become hooked on a few reality shows and was always gabbing away on them – and talking about the personal lives of those shows' celebrities.

He didn't laugh at all anymore. But he sure could giggle. It was kind of annoying, actually, he was giggling at just about everything. He giggled when he thought anything was the slightest bit funny. It was an irritating habit – personally, I didn't find a lot things funny these days. He also got in the habit of constantly chewing gum which also annoying.

NINTH MONTH

As usual, I received two packages and signed for them and gave them to Tom.

The evening meetings seemed to get progressively worse for Tom. Mr. White kept ordering him to do demeaning things in front of everyone. For example, one night he dropped his pen.

“Tammy, get that pen for me,” Mr. White ordered.

Tammy bent down to pick up the pen. Mr. White took this opportunity to slap his behind.

“Eeek!” Tammy screamed.

Everyone laughed.

So from then on, Mr. White kept encouraging others to follow his lead and pinch or slap Tammy’s behind. So on most occasions, when Tammy went to deliver a drink or refill a drink, the men would play with his behind by either pinching or spanking him. Some men even allowed their hands to linger for a few minutes caressing his behind.

At other times, Mr. White would ask Tammy questions and belittle him.

“So, Tammy how much discount should I authorize on this sale?” Mr. White asked.

“I don’t know sir,” Tom answered, “I’m really not qualified to answer that question. I’m just a secretary.”

“Give it your best shot,” Mr. White said.

“20%,” Tom said.

Mr. White laughed and soon the other men joined in. “We are so lucky that a bimbo like you is not running this business,” Mr. White said. “To think, that you were once listed as the president of this company. That’s a joke. Now run along and get your sexy butt into the kitchen and grab some drinks for the men, we’re thirsty.”

One day, while Tom was making copies for the sales staff, a man that I didn’t recognize came to the office, wearing a very expensive-looking suit. He introduced himself as George Hamilton, a financial auditor with Hills Office Equipment Company. I tried to show him to Mr. White’s office, but he stopped me.

“I need to talk to a Cynthia Webster,” he said.

“That’s me,” I said, “I’m Cindy Webster. Why do you need to talk me?”

“There’s been some suspicious spending using the corporate account,” he said, “are these your signatures?”

He had a stack of photocopied receipts that I had signed for. My heart skipped a beat. "Yes," I said. This man was here to inquire about all the feminine stuff I bought for Tom.

He showed me several prior expense reports. "Did you prepare these?"

I saw Tom's signature and said, "It's signed by Tom." I didn't want to sell him out, but still I was in a panic.

"Yes, but it says here that the reports were prepared by a Cindy Webster," he replied.

"Oh, uh," I said. "Tom must have typed that?"

"Are you denying that you prepared these reports?" he asked.

At that moment Tom walked into our area.

Seeing Tom, I no longer wanted to blame him. He had gone through enough. Besides, how could I explain it in a rational way that he would understand? "I prepared the reports," I admitted.

"Then explain these expenses," he said. He pointed to several purchases of feminine items. Panties, bras, shoes, makeup, clothes, salons treatments and of course, lots of nail polish.

"I am not sure how to explain these," I said.

"What about these," he said and pointed at "the purchases from a pharmaceutical company and a professional hypnotist."

"But I didn't make those purchases," I replied.

"I ask again, are these your signatures?" he said showing me copies of the delivery receipts.

"Yes, but..." I said.

"Those purchases were made using a company credit card and investigation shows that you signed for those items," he said. "We've also noticed that the corporate account was used to rent a small apartment. Do you know anything about the apartment?"

He was obviously referring to Tom's apartment, I was about to faint. At that moment I saw prison in my future. "I have no comment," I said, "I want a lawyer."

"This is not a criminal investigation," he said. "Not yet."

"I will have to report my findings to Ms. Hill," he continued, "and a lack of cooperation from you will not look good."

"Ms. Hill?" I asked.

"Yes, she is the one that ordered this investigation and will decide whether to press charges against you," he said. "We are asking for a full cooperation from you."

“So if I cooperate with everything she wants, she may not press charges?” I asked.

His serious facial expression faded and smiled for the first time. “Yes, that’s probably true. Full *cooperation* is what she wants,” he said.

I finally understood what this was about. Ms. Hill already knew about all these purchases. Hell, she made some of them. She didn’t need an investigation. She was threatening me. This threat was probably prompted by my prior phone call. Afraid of what she may do, I said, “Tell her that I will cooperate fully from now on and will not question her again.”

“Good, I will include that statement in my report to her,” he said, and then looked at Tom. “Good day, *ladies!*” he said emphasizing the word “ladies” to make a point. With that he left.

“What was that about?” Tom asked me. “What did my wife want?”

It was strange hearing the word’s “my wife” come out of someone that sounded and looked so feminine. “Oh, nothing important,” I lied.

I guessed that Tom knew that I was lying but he didn’t ask me any more questions and continued to do his office work. Later, I told him that he should stop purchasing items using his corporate card. He just smiled and said, “It was getting embarrassing to sign my old name, anyway.”



Later that week, I was attending to my work, putting some numbers into a spreadsheet when I heard a scream coming from the men’s restroom. Tom ran out of it crying, followed by a very angry looking Mr. White.

He caught up to Tom and grabbed his arm, turning him around to face him. “How dare you use the men’s room?” Mr. White said. “You were even standing in the urinal... Disgusting!”

“I’m sorry,” Tom said, “I really am sorry,” he repeated.

“Get into your bimbo head, you are *not* a man,” Mr. White said, “I better never see you in the Men’s room again and you better sit when taking care of business!”

“Yes sir,” Tom replied.

Mr. White let go of Tom. He turned to me, “I am holding you responsible for this error, Cindy. If she ever uses the Men’s room again, I am firing you. I am going to have a security camera installed in the far left stall in the girl’s room. That stall is for Tammy. I am going to check and make sure that she sits like a proper lady to do her business from now on.”

“*Tammy!*” he yelled and Tom ran to him.

“Yes sir?” Tom replied.

“You move like a fucking man,” Mr. White stated, “from now on I want you move like a girl! Do you understand? If you don’t, then the whole office will know that you are sissy. Do you want that?”

“No sir, Mr. White, I will try my best to move like a girl,” Tom said.

“Don’t try to,” he said to Tom, “just act like a girl.” He then turned my way. “Cindy, I want you to help her,” Mr. White said to me and then went back to his office.

From that day forward, Tom always used the ladies’ room. Over the next few weeks, Tom also practiced walking, sitting and gesturing like a girl. I helped him at first but he was a natural and he quickly adapted. After just a week, it was clear he didn’t need any more help.

“Isn’t that uncomfortable,” I asked seeing him sitting for a long time with his legs crossed.

“No, not really,” he replied.

“But doesn’t sitting like that kind of squash your boy parts?” I asked.

“I really didn’t think about that...” he said, “but you know I think my boy parts have been getting smaller ever since I started to wear panties so it doesn’t bother me to sit like this.”

“I don’t think that’s possible,” I said, “but if it’s not uncomfortable, I guess continue sitting like that. Mr. White will be happy to see you sitting like a lady.”

“Okay,” Tom said with a smile, “I think that’s great advice. You’re so smart, Ms. Webster.”

Towards the end of the month, Mr. White called Tom to go into his office for some dictation. After about five minutes, Tom walked back to his desk and typed a memo. He gave me a copy and kept one himself. It was titled “New Dress Code.” It said that all men must wear a suit and a tie and that all girls were required to either wear a dress or a skirt and appropriate top.

He looked at me and said, “I am not sure how I am supposed to dress.”

“You’re a man,” I said, not really believing that statement anymore.

“Shhh!” Tom said, looking around. “You’re gonna get me in trouble! I mean, technically, you’re right, but... Y’know, no one treats me like that anymore. So I’m not sure. I’m too afraid to ask him.”

I knew what Mr. White wanted, but did not want to say it. “How do you want to dress?” I asked instead.

“I guess I’m a man, and as a man, I should wear a suit and tie,” he said, sounding a little hesitant. “But I’m not too sure if that’s what Mr. White wants.”

“I think he wants you to wear skirts and dresses,” I said. “But legally, he can’t

force you or me to do so,” I continued. I wanted to give him some backbone and stand up for himself, for once. “I am going to ignore this dress code. I like wearing pants. Skirts are uncomfortable.” I said.

“But you wear skirts from time to time,” Tom said.

“Yes, but not anymore,” I said, “not after receiving such a sexist instruction. It will be my protest against this new dress code. Are you with me?”

“Okay,” he said, “skirts and dresses are inappropriate for me anyway, and I can’t really afford to buy any more new clothes.”

It looked like I finally won a battle against his feminization. But the next morning what seemed like a victory was shattered.

Tom came into the office, wearing a purple silk button-back long skirt and a blouse.

“Tom,” I said, “I thought we had a deal.”

“What?” He replied. He looked down at his skirt. “Oh, I guess I’m not as courageous as you are.” He shrugged as if the skirt were just the least important thing in the world and walked off. “I am going to see if Mr. White wants any-



thing.” It was obvious that he was going into the executive office to get feedback from Mr. White concerning his new skirt. He came out a few minutes later with all smiles.

I had to break him of this. “How did you afford the skirt?” I asked. “You’re barely making above minimum wage and you can’t use the corporate card anymore.”

“I got savings,” he said. “Not a lot, but I got some left.”

Even having lost Tom in my protest, I continued to wear pants. Tom continued to wear long skirts. Fortunately, Mr. White didn’t say anything about my dress habit. A week later, Tom typed up another memo after being in Mr. White’s office and then gave me the memo. The memo read that from now on the skirts had to be short. They had to be at least six inches from the knees.

It was no surprise, then, when I got to work the next day and Tom came into the office wearing a red miniskirt and matching top. Surprisingly, he had the legs for it. From that day forward, Tom only wore tiny miniskirts to work. I continued to wear pants and told him that I wasn’t getting in trouble. But he would not listen to me. Over the next few weeks, he started to wear more provocative clothing, all at the insistence of Mr. White. He wore crop tops which showed his belly button and a good portion of his now flat stomach with a tiny little skirt that barely covered his panties. He was showing a lot of skin.

TENTH MONTH

It was getting to the point where I could tell when the month changed by the deliveries I got in the office mail. Two more packages came in the characteristically plain wrappers. I was hesitant to sign for them, but I knew that full cooperation was required. I signed for them and gave them to Tom. I was starting to get over the weird, gut-wrenching feeling I got each morning as Tom sat at his desk and played his CD. Now, it was just a normal occurrence each day.

I thought I was over being shocked, too, until one day when Tom was late. Mr. White was furious. He had me text Tom all morning to find out where he was. But he didn't respond. Two hours late, Tom walked in.

"Where have you been Tom?" I asked, "Mr. White has been looking for you all morning!"

"Really?" he said, "but he gave me permission last week."

"Tom," I said, "you better go tell him before he starts looking for you again."

"I guess. But please don't call me Tom," he said, and then showed me a document. I was shocked to find that it was an order changing his name. "My name is going to be Tamara Daniela Jones."

I couldn't believe it. He was legally changing his name. "Why?" I asked.

"It was just too embarrassing showing my driver's license to write a check. I ordered a new driver's license and a new check book with my new name. Aren't you excited?"

Excited wasn't the word. I was distraught. Up to now, I still had slight hope that Tom's feminization was a temporary situation. But with this legal feminization of his name, it seemed so official and so final. My hope seemed a foolish hope. It was just one more step that I didn't want him to take. Somehow I felt that it was my fault. But before I could express my thoughts, Mr. White's voice came from his office.

"Tammy, get your ass in here! *Now!*" He bellowed.

Tammy quickly went to Mr. White's office. Immediately, I could hear a lot of pathetic apologies by Tammy – and a lot of yelling by Mr. White.

Then, all of the sudden, it was quiet.

After minutes, I started to get worried. Perhaps, Mr. White hit him. I was about to check in on Tammy and Mr. White when Tammy came out of the executive office and hurriedly headed straight to the ladies' room. I followed him, curious to see what was going on.

Tammy went into the restroom and I was right behind him. Tammy had his head lowered near the sink and was continuously rinsing his mouth.

"What happened in there?" I asked.

He must have suddenly realized that I was there and quickly turned to face me. "Oh nothing happened... Nothing at all." His face was blushing red.

"Are you sure?" I asked, "Did he hurt you?"

"No," Tom said, "nothing like that. I just had to remind him that he gave me permission to come in late and convinced him to let me keep my job, that's all."

"What was this running to the bathroom all about?" I asked.

"I just had a bad taste in my mouth that's all," Tom responded.

"Tammy! Cindy!" we heard Mr. White's voice. "Get back to work now!"

We both hurriedly went to our desk. Tammy got out several pieces of gum and started to chew. I was used to his chewing gum. But this time, it was a little unusual in that he was chewing four sticks at the same time. I decided to not let Tammy bother me and started to concentrate on my work. After finishing some of our usual tasks, Tammy again began to play his CDs, which made sure I couldn't ask him any questions. I was still curious about what had happened in Mr. White's office, but when I found out later that week, I wished that I had never known.

From that day forward, Tammy always went to Mr. White's office first thing in the morning. He made some coffee and delivered a cup to Mr. White just like the way he likes it. Tammy would spend about 30 minutes in the office before coming out and chew on a new piece of gum. After checking and redoing his makeup, he began to play his CD. I didn't know what Tammy did in Mr. White's office for 30 minutes. I was definitely curious. But Tammy told me that he didn't want to talk about it. So I didn't ask.



A few weeks later, right after lunch, I went into the ladies' room to find Tammy, without his top and bra, staring at his chest using the bathroom mirror. What shocked me was that he had boobs. They were on the small side, but there was no doubting that they were boobs.

"What...?" I said, "I mean how...?" Then it suddenly dawned on me. "It's the pills," I said, "Cross dressing was bad enough but this was an actual physical change. "You've got to stop taking them!"

"But why?" Tammy replied.

"Can't you see?" I asked, "the pills are causing you to grow boobs and probably... Changing you in some... *Other* ways too."

"What kind of pills could do that?"

"Hormones, Tammy!" I said. "Hormones that are designed to kill off the man you once were!"

He looked at me, with tears in his eyes. “But... You gave them to me, Cindy.” He said.

That statement was like putting a spike through my heart. I felt so guilty. “Tammy, listen, if you don’t want to keep taking the pills just throw them away.”

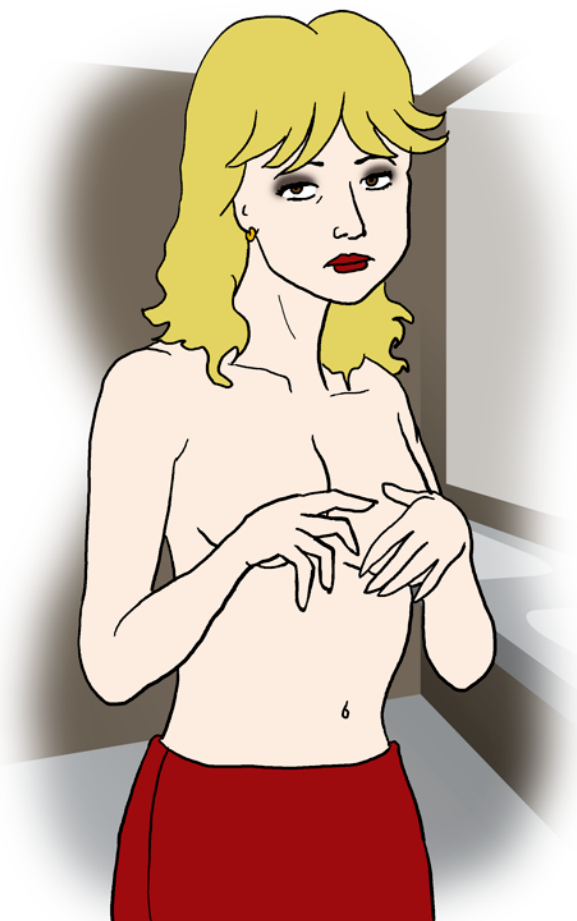
“Okay, sure,” he said, “Whatever you say.”

I told myself that I had tried my best to convince him not to take the pills and that if he chose to take the pills then there was nothing I more could do. I was trying to absolve myself of any responsibility. It didn’t work. My father would’ve been ashamed of me. I was ashamed of myself. Perhaps Peter could sense my shame and that’s why he never called me.

It was near the end of that month when I found out what happened each morning when Tammy went into Mr. White’s office to deliver him a cup of coffee. On this day, as usual, Tammy went into to Mr. White’s office with a fresh cup of coffee first thing in the morning. A few minutes later, Mr. White called me and ordered me to come to his office. When I entered, I saw a very disturbing image. I saw Tammy performing oral sex on Mr. White. Right there, in front of me.

Mr. White was seated in his chair with his pants and underwear down. His chair was placed back away from his desk so that I could get a full view. Tammy was on his knees and I could see the left side of his face. His eyes were closed and I could see a clear bulge protruding from inside his left cheek.

I tried to immediately walk out of the executive office and close the door behind me. But Mr. White stopped me. “Don’t leave,” he said. When he spoke, Tammy opened his eyes. With Mr. White’s penis still inside his mouth, his eyes met mine. He tried to take the penis out from his mouth and get up. But Mr. White’s firm hands kept him where he was.



“I wanted you to see this,” Mr. White said to me, “I know that you saw her spit out my gift to her, that first day... That made me very mad. Since then, she’s been very good about swallowing my daily gifts. Isn’t that right, Tammy?”

Tammy just moaned.

I felt sick.

“That’s ok,” Mr. White said, “It must be hard to talk with your mouth full.”

Looking back, I probably should have figured this out earlier. I guess I was just still hoping for the best. “You can fire me if you want,” I told Mr. White, “but I am not going to watch this anymore.” With that I left his office and closed the door. I sat at my desk, unsuccessfully trying to get rid of that disturbing image from inside my head. I was shaking and could barely keep myself from collapsing in a nervous wreck. As I sat there feeling helpless, I just started to cry.

Several minutes later, Tammy came out of the executive office with his head down. “I’m sorry,” he said. “I know it’s wrong. He makes me do it and I need this job.”

“It’s not your fault,” I said. “It’s his fault.” Despite verbally blaming Mr. White, in my mind I kept telling myself that this was all *my* fault. I avoided making eye contact with Tammy the rest of the day. Later during our daily meeting, I excused myself, lying that I had a dentist appointment and left the office early.

That evening after work, I continued to see that image of Tammy on his knees sucking on Mr. White’s penis inside my head. I couldn’t stop crying. I felt like I had lost all control. I didn’t know what was going on in that office anymore. Then idea came to head. Surely, Ms. Hill will agree that things have gone far enough. She got her revenge already. Whatever she could have possibly wanted she had to have accomplished by now. She’d have to admit that that forcing Tammy to engage in oral sex with another man was just too much.

I checked my cell phone for the number and called her. Unfortunately, I was told by a machine that the number “was disconnected or was no longer in service.” Ms. Hill must have changed her phone number after our last discussion.

I didn’t sleep at all that night.

ELEVENTH MONTH

The next morning, I reluctantly showed up at the office. I was exhausted from not being able to sleep the night before and I still was not ready to make eye contact with either Tammy or Mr. White. As I was going through the motions of the morning office activities, Tammy came into the office and said good morning and then proceeded to make coffee, as if nothing happened the day before. Tammy took a cup of coffee and entered Mr. White's office without a moment's hesitation. I couldn't see what was going on in there, thank God, but I knew that Tammy was on his knees again and sucking Mr. White's penis.

When Tammy came out of the executive office and just sat his desk as if nothing unusual happened, I almost lost it. She just chewed on a new gum, I guess to get the taste of his penis out. I kept reminding myself that it was not his fault. Tammy started to play his CD and I just kept busy.

Later that day, another package arrived with a brand new disc. I almost threw it away in the trash can. But as if on cue, Tammy got out of her trance and excitedly stated, "is that the new one? Oh, give it to me, please!" I should have said no, but just gave it him. He quickly threw away the old disc and started to play the new one.



A week later, the package with the pills came into the office. I signed for them and gave them to Tammy, because I didn't want to get in trouble with Ms. Hills. By just delivering them to Tammy, I had help up my end of the bargain. When he refused to take them, I could just say it wasn't my fault. After all, now that he knew what these pills did, he'd surely never even think of using them.

In less than thirty seconds, I saw him take two pills and swallow them with a glass of water. He would continue to take these pills despite the fact that they were giving him boobs. Amazing.

It was hard for me to continue working for this company. Mr. White and the men did not sexually harass me, though they didn't seem to respect me. But they harassed Tammy at every opportunity and I had to witness it. Even though Tammy was not really a woman, I still felt an odd, crazy sort of sisterhood bond with him. So I wanted to come to his defense. But the problem was that Tammy did not cooperate. When I told him to show some resolve and say something to those men, Tammy just meekly responded, "...but I can't. I can't lose this job. It's my life."

It was like talking to a bimbo.

The way Tammy was dressing was also making it hard to protect him. He looked like a total slut with his tiny mini skirts and skimpy tops. He even wore too much makeup. Other than his small boobs, I thought he was beginning to look more like a prostitute than a secretary.

Unbelievably, things got worse. Towards the end of the month, I noticed that Tammy started to walk funny. During our daily meetings, one evening, one of the salesman commented that Tammy was “bow legged.” I knew what he was suggesting, but it was a ridiculous thought when it came to Tammy.

Mr. White just grinned at that comment and winked at the guy who said it. “Yeah, I tapped that ass.” He made a motion for Tammy to come closer to him. With a dumb smile on his face, Tammy obeyed him. Mr. White’s hand disappeared into Tammy’s skirt. The men hollered, hooted, laughed and congratulated Mr. White.

“I’ve been getting some sweet lip service from this bitch for a while,” he said. “She’s a natural and she’s getting better. Just this week, she learned a few tricks with that tongue of hers.”

The boys got even louder and more raucous. These men didn’t have any respect at all for women. Or, for Tammy – whatever he was.

“I could see he was blushing beet red as he let Mr. White grope him. It must have been humiliating for him.

“Tammy, Tammy, Tammy...” Mr. White paused. “You know, Tammy sounds too proper.” He turned to his salesmen and tried to look contemplative. “I think she should be called Tricia from now on. Check that, I think *Trixie* is more appropriate.” He said, while his hand was still caressing Tammy’s ass from inside his skirt. “What do you guys think?” He asked the boys. They just laughed.

“What do you say, do you like the name Trixie?” Mr. White asked Tammy.

“I... I don’t” Tammy said, slithering back and forth as his butt was being molested.

Please stand up to him and stop this, I was thinking to myself. *For once, say no.*

“I like ‘Trixie,’ and you look and act like a Trixie” Mr. White said, “so I think you should want to be called ‘Trixie.’”

“Oh,” Tammy said, thinking about the proposition with a worried expression. Then he parted his red lips in a dazzling, joyous smile. “Then I love being Trixie!” Tammy said.

“Good. That’s your name from now on,” Mr. White said. “Anyways, Trixie has been sucking my cock for a while and let me tell you she’s the best. Isn’t that right, sweet lips?”

“Yes sir,” Tammy said, “I’m the best cock sucker.”

“But lately I’ve been fucking her in the ass,” Mr. White said. “That ass just won’t quit, let me tell you. And now I’m bored with her mouth so I’ve decided to share her oral skills with you guys.”

The men seemed very happy with the news.

“But not all of you,” Mr. White said. “Each week the person with the best sales will get put her mouth to good use for the following week. It will be an incentive for you guys to get better sales.”

“But...” Tammy said, “I can’t...”

Mr. White must have pinched Tammy’s behind really hard because she screamed, “Eeek!”

“With a name like Trixie, you’re just expected to turn some tricks,” he said.

“Yes sir,” Tammy responded, agreeing with his explanation.

“Remember guys, her ass is all mine for now,” Mr. White said, “but her mouth is available to the best salesmen. May the best man win!”

Tammy came in late the following morning. I had hoped that he would have decided to run away and never come back. But that wasn’t the case. He walked in with a smile.

“What you smiling about?” I asked.

“I got a big surprise for Mr. White,” Tammy said.

“What is it?” I asked.

“I cancelled the name change.” He said .

I mentally jumped for joy. Finally, he was showing some backbone. Finally.



He then showed me another court document changing his name. His name was now changed to Trixie Does Tricks.

“Oh for...” I said, “why in *hell* did you do that?”

“It will make Mr. White happy,” Trixie said, “and I need this job.” She then walked into the kitchen, made coffee and then carried a fresh cup with the court order into Mr. White’s office. Trixie didn’t come back out for an hour.



Over the next several weeks, I almost quit about a hundred times. But how could I? The economy was in terrible shape. I could still be tossed in jail. My situation was hopeless.

On the last day of the month, at our meeting, Mr. White made an announcement. “Trixie is going to be out of the office for about a month to get a much needed medical procedure.” He said this while fondling Trixie’s breasts. This will make Trixie a truly invaluable member of our staff.” Every man seemed to be in agreement. At least the fist pumps and high-fives seemed to indicate they approved.

“While Trixie is gone,” Mr. White continued, “we’ll get a temp to take over her duties. Everyone wish Trixie good luck.” With that he grabbed Trixie by the back of the neck and kissed him deeply right in front of everyone. Then with Mr. White’s encouragement, each man took his turn wishing Trixie the best and groping him as they did so.

TWELFTH MONTH

I was glad that Trixie would not be in the office at least for a while. Just as a woman, it was becoming impossible for me to work with him. Plus, I didn't have that giggling, gum chewing bimbo to remind me every day of what I had done. Plus I didn't have to put up with that constant harassment Trixie was subject to. I hoped that we would get a sensible woman who would not tolerate such horrible acts. That morning Mr. White introduced me to Jenny, the new temp. She wore a nice blouse and slacks. Her shoulder length blond hair was



set in a nice perm. She sat at Trixie's desk and did her work without being told what to do.

We talked about where she was from, how she had lived in the city for a while and was just starting over. I warned her about Mr. White and the salesmen, but she just smirked and said "I can handle it." I liked her.

I was glad to have a normal person around. Maybe it would make this job tolerable. That was until I received another package with yet another CD. I was going to throw it into the trash since Trixie was not in the office, when Jenny saw what I was doing and stopped me.

"That's for me," she said.

I smiled, "you must be mistaken," I said, "that's for the secretary that you are filling for. And since she's not here..."

"I know that's for me," she said and took the package from my hands. Jenny opened it and put the CD into her computer and started to play. She went into a trance.

I must have screamed, because Mr. White ran out of his office, "What's going on?"

I pointed at Jenny. "She's playing the disc we just..."

"Oh that," Mr. White said smiling, "that's nothing to worry about."

"You know about the CD?" I asked.

"Of course," he said, "I'm not an idiot."

"But that's Trixie's CD," I said, "and she's playing it."

"No, that's *Jenny's* CD," Mr. White said. "Those CDs are specially designed for each person in mind."

"But why does Jenny play the CD?" I asked.

Mr. White started to laugh again. "Don't you recognize... *Him?*"

"What?" I said and looked closely at her. A crazy thought popped into my head as I examined her. "Jim?"

Mr. White laughed some more. "Yes, now get back to work. And no more screaming! And don't interrupt the programming."

I just stared at Jenny. He looked so different. He looked like a girl. I had so many questions... I was tempted to stop the disc and try to rescue her, I mean, him. But I knew that my actions were under surveillance. It must have still been Mrs. Hill's work, and I couldn't take any risks. Then I realized something. I knew that the surveillance was ordered by Ms. Hill, and surely she was watching, but if Mr. White knew what was going on, it meant that they were somehow working together. It was a conspiracy. So I just sat there, kept my seat, and pretended to do work until it was lunch time.

When Jenny got out of his trance, I quickly grabbed his hands and said, “let’s go to lunch together,” and dragged him out of the office.

In my car, I turned to him and said, “what happened Jim?”

His eyes grew wide in shock and his expression quickly turned to embarrassment. He turned away from me and closed his eyes.

“Please, Jim. I need to know what happened.”

He started to cry. “After I left here, I couldn’t find another sales job. Everyone turned me down. It was like I was blacklisted. After about a month, I became desperate and looked for anything. I’d take any job I could get. I only got one offer. It was as a secretary with Hills Office Equipment Company.”

“Oh my God!” I said.

“Yeah,” he said, “on my first day at work, they made me listen to this CD... And it started to make me do... Weird things.”

“Why didn’t you quit or at least stop playing the CD?” I asked.

“It’s not that easy,” he said, “I think the CD is designed to make listener become addicted to it. Even after I knew what it was doing to me, I couldn’t ignore it. I had to play it. I was in pain if I didn’t. Then, once I started again, I couldn’t stop myself from playing it.”

“I began to feminize myself little by little,” he said, “at first I tried to hide it from others. But it didn’t take long for others to start recognizing things. It was so embarrassing but I couldn’t stop.”

“I know. I saw that happen to Trixie,” I said.

“Who’s Trixie?” he asked.

“Trixie used to be Mr. Thomas D. Jones.” I said, “But I don’t think he’s anything like Mr. Jones anymore.”

“Thomas? They did this to *Thomas*?” He asked. “I though maybe they just fired him. They told me everyone was gone, except for Richard.”

“I guess they must have forgotten about me,” I said.

“Is Trixie a secretary just like me?” Jenny asked.

“Yeah,” I said. “He’s now just a different person. He lets the men take advantage of him and he doesn’t fight back. Sometime, I think he likes it.” I turned away from Jim and sighed. “In fact, that’s the person you are filling in for.”

“Oh,” Jim said. “Then you know about the CDs and the bottles of pills.”

“Yes,” I said, “I know all about them. We have to stop them.”

“We can’t,” Jim said, “it’s too late. I’m addicted to the CD.”

“But people can fight addictions,” I said, “let’s not go back to the office. We will find another job. We can try to get professional help.”

“What about Trixie?” Jim asked.

“It’s probably too late for Trixie.” I said. “But not for you.”

“So Trixie is in more advanced stage than me?” Jim asked, “then you know what I will become.” He got a curious, interested look on his face. “Tell me what I will be like.”

“If we don’t stop this,” I said, “you will be a total, stereotypical, brainless office bimbo slut.”

“I see,” he said, closing his eyes as if imagining his future. He looked afraid.

“So are we going to run away?” I said.

“I... I can’t,” Jenny said, “Not today. I can’t do it now. I need to build up my courage.”

“I understand. It must be a shock.” I patted her on the knee. “Just tell me when you want to do it. I want to help.”

“Thank you,” he replied, holding my hand. “I always liked you, Cindy.”

Being next to Trixie for so long made it prepared me to be around Jenny. Towards the end of the month, Jenny too, began to wear short skirts and giggling when the salesmen pinched her little butt and groped her. After that, it wasn’t long before he was delivering morning coffee to Mr. White and staying for several minutes. It was obvious that Jenny was taking over Trixie’s office duties, including the degrading ones.

I asked him what he was doing. I told him that he was falling into the same trap Trixie had.

“I know,” Jenny replied. “I know, but I can’t help it.”

“You don’t want to stop, do you?” I asked.

Jenny didn’t answer. She just went back to her CD and headphones.



On the last day of the month, Trixie came back. The first thing I noticed was the big breasts that threatened to break every button on her top. I looked closer, and I could see that she had some work done on her face. Her nose was smaller and her chin and jaw were remodeled to a more feminine shape. Who knows what other procedures she had done to her?

Trixie went straight into Mr. White’s executive office and stayed there for about an hour. After she came out, Mr. White ordered me to come into his office.

He fired me on the spot.

“Jenny is a better secretary than you so I decided to keep her,” Mr. White

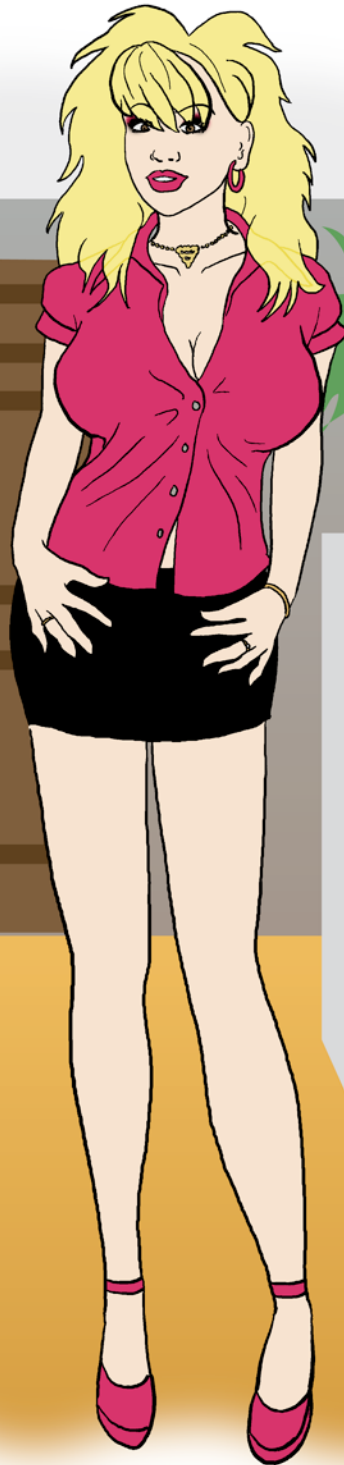
said. "Please clean out your desk immediately and leave the office now."

I turned to leave the office and headed for the door, But Mr. White stopped me.

"Hold it!" Mr. White barked. "Ah, the hell with it. This is against my wishes, but Ms. Hill insists on it. And she basically gets what she wants or else. I even had to let these sissies suck my cock but that wasn't enough for her. She wanted me to fuck them and I did. I guess it's better than *being* a sissy."

I turned back toward him. "She was blackmailing you, too?"

"None of your damn business. Here, take this." He handed me an envelope. "That was supposed to be my part of the commission. It's twenty five percent of all sales commission. But I've been informed that I don't get to decide what's mine. I am



supposed to be happy that Jimmy was turned into that monstrosity. It was supposed to be some kind of gift to me. But I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy." That's when I realized that Mr. White was not in actual control. It was all Mrs. Hill's doing. He was just following orders like me.

Inside it was a document entitled release and indemnity and confidentiality agreement and a check for \$134,042.05. "Sign the document and the money is yours," Mr. White said. "It's severance pay."

"What's the document?" I asked.

"It just basically says that you won't sue the company and that you will keep everything that happened here a secret." He replied.

The devil was offering me a deal. I should have thrown that envelope in the trash can and walked out. But I didn't. I knew that I would have a hard time finding another job. I didn't have much savings and I didn't want to end up like Jenny. I didn't want to be desperate and willing to take any job. Ms. Hill's words, "You could be a stripper," came flashing back to me. I really feared that she could turn me into a stripper or even worse. I quickly signed the document and gave it Mr. White and walked out of the executive office with the severance pay check.

As I entered the reception area, I saw that the two girls were talking. I guessed that they now knew who each other really were. I felt really guilty about taking that money. I began to cry and I went to them.

I gripped the check in my fist. "I was just fired," I said. "I'm sorry about my role in your feminization." I continued.

Both girls hugged me and said in unison, "it's okay... It's not your fault."

"You probably don't know this," I said, "but I played a part in it; especially your feminization, Trixie."

"Yeah, I know," Trixie said, "I may sound and act like a bimbo but I am not an *actual* idiot. It's hard to explain, but I knew everything that was happening to me. I just couldn't stop it. I also figured that my ex-wife was controlling you like she controls everyone. I don't blame you for anything. Besides, I'm a girl now, and there's nothing I can do about it."

I looked at Trixie very carefully and my view went to her private area. Although I couldn't really tell because she was wearing a skirt, I guessed the worst. "You mean?"

"Yeah," Trixie said, "That was part of the procedure too. I guess I don't mind being a girl anymore but I just wish I didn't have to be such a slutty bimbo one."

"Me too," said Jenny said, "I hate being a slut."

"Then fight it," I said. "Say no to the men. They will eventually listen. You can be good girls."

“We’ll try,” the girls answered in unison.

I hugged them again and then left the office for good.

“I love your blouse,” I heard Jenny say to Trixie, as I walked away.

“Oh, thanks.” Trixie replied. “But those shoes of your are amazing,”

That was about a year ago.

ONE YEAR LATER

My mother and I were eating dinner at Antonio's, celebrating her 60th birthday. Of course, any dinner with my mother meant an endless stream of accusations and questions. "Why can't you find a nice man?" She said. "You can't hold a job long enough to get someone interested." "I didn't raise you to be an old maid." "Your baby factory isn't going to keep working forever!" "Tick tick tick..."

She was all I had now. I had a new job working at a small department store, but I didn't earn enough to stay in my apartment. I had moved back in with mother. "Are you having a nice time?" I asked her. It was my treat. I had been saving money for this dinner, in hopes I might just get a smile out of her.

"The meatballs are cold and hard." She replied. "I should send this back," she turned around and waved an arm in the air. "Waiter!" She shrieked.

As she squabbled about her food with the staff, I decided it would be a good time to visit the ladies' room. As I made my way through the tables, I saw him.

Peter. He was here. My heart skipped and I felt flush. He was seated by himself, just unfolding his napkin into his lap. He hadn't seen me yet, and I was hesitant to approach him. 'A proper woman doesn't make advancements,' I could hear in my mind. It was my Father. He would never approve. 'What are you waiting for?' my Mother would say. She would have pushed me into his arms, if she was by my side. I decided to follow her advice. I worked up my courage and headed towards him.

"Peter?" I said, trying to make my voice sound confident and casual. He looked my way for a moment.

"Yes?" He replied, without recognition.

I welled up the energy to press on. I casually flipped my hair to the side to look alluring and self-assured. "It's me, Cindy Webster from..."

"Petey!" I heard a woman's squeal from behind me. Immediately I lost Peter's attention, as he stood and smiled at the woman.

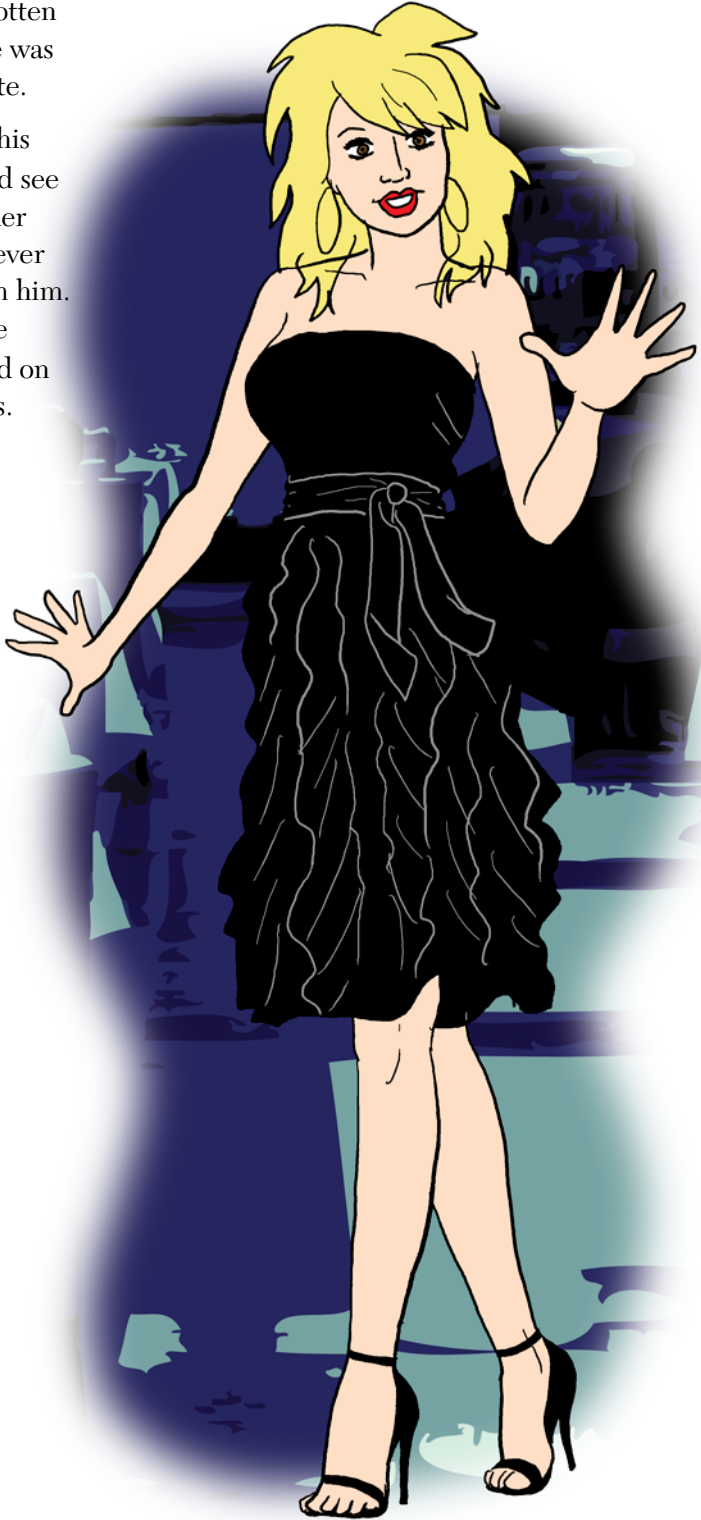
"Trixie!" he said, kissing her on the cheek. "I thought you would never make it!"

"Oh baby, I got lost." Yes, it was her. She was dressed in a stylish black strapless mini-dress, appropriate for a dinner date but her five inch heels, heavy makeup, and huge hoop earrings were more appropriate for the curbside. Pe-

ter had already forgotten all about me, and he was focused in on his date.

As Peter lavished his praise on her, I could see in his eyes the wonder and the lust I had never managed to get from him. I faded back into the crowd and continued on my way to the toilets.

The End



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"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

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"How Not to be a Sissy" by Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

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"Barbie-in-a-Box" by Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

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"Hey, Cutie!" by James J. Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGstories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGstories.com: "Quality Health Care" Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by black-shirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

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"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet.

Stories of the Supernatural

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"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

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"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

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Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only



Reading is Fun de Mental!