

JUST ONE OF THE GIRLS

By Audrey Taylor



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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By Audrey Taylor

Butterflies were churning in my stomach as I entered the front door to be greeted by the receptionist. She asked me to wait. A girl from personnel would be coming to get me in a moment. My first day on the job had begun.

I thought back to my conversation with Mrs. Rogers, the personnel manager when she hired me. "Remember promptness and proper etiquette are most important." I sat stiffly in the chair waiting for the girl from personnel.

God, getting this spot had been so exhilarating. They hired so few people fresh out of school. Chester, Cummings & Kiss was the premier advertising agency in the garment industry. I'm certain that my 3.86 GPA and summa cum laude achievements were important; but, the clincher was probably my marketing proposal which we'd discussed extensively at my final interview. I felt high even as I coped with my nervousness.

A young lady broke my reverie, asking if I was Mr. Fletcher. I nodded and followed her inside going around several corners before reaching the personnel department which was familiar. It brought to mind the personnel manager's final words to me.

Mrs. Rogers had said, "Don't forget Mr. Fletcher," looking at me seriously, "you'll be making some initial sacrifices when you begin with us. Believe me, they are necessary and contribute to a company atmosphere in which all our people feel at ease and are able to put forth their most creative efforts. I'm sure you'll come to realize how well our policies work, and that you're aware of how successful the company has been. I hope you'll handle it without any objections, so we can put your creative talents right to work."

Now as I entered her office again I wondered what sacrifices were in store for me.

Mrs. Rogers stood up and came around her desk with a broad smile on her face. She shook my hand warmly leading me towards the door,

"Welcome aboard, Sandy. It's good to see you. Come, we'll walk over to employee uniforms and get you outfitted and then go upstairs and introduce you to your new supervisor."

We went down some long hallways and made several turns before stopping in front of what looked like a supply room.

"Hi Margaret. I want you to meet Mr. Sandy Fletcher. He's starting with us today in Felicia Baker's department upstairs and needs one of your standard uniform packages. Can you take care of him and call me when he's ready?"

"Sure, Mrs. Rogers. I'll be happy to handle him," she replied, smiling mischievously.

Mrs. Rogers looked at me,

“Here's where the sacrifices begin. Trust me, go along with it and you'll soon realize why it's a requirement. See you shortly,” she turned and walked away.

Margaret opened the door to bring me inside a room with rows of shelves loaded neatly with boxes and bags.

“Let me get my tape measure and I'll meet you in there,” she pointed to a small room off to the right. She certainly looked good walking away in her lovely floral A-line skirt and white silk blouse and I wondered what the standard uniform involved, since I hadn't seen two girls yet who were dressed alike.

My eyes were always being drawn to women and their appearance. I know it was a fascination of mine, automatically evaluating and judging the styles, colors and looks they presented. I was constantly on the lookout for advertising ideas that would induce a woman to buy, or at least try the product being offered.

I'd been so absorbed and surrounded by feminine products throughout my school years, it seemed only natural to join this exclusive agency that specialized in women's clothing and accessories. Without hesitation I'd turned down more lucrative offers from some pretty impressive agencies. This was the place to develop my particular interest and expertise.

Soon Margaret entered and asked me to remove my shirt and trousers assuring me she wasn't getting fresh. “Relax. I grew up with two younger brothers at home so you're not going to shock me.”

I hung my pants and shirt on the hook and stood still as she ran the tape around my hips, waist and chest.

“It isn't often that we get someone with a Twiggy like figure. You are just perfect to be a model,” she observed as she put the measurements on a printed form and handed me a pink robe while she went to get some things.

Twiggy like figure, a model, what could that mean? I wondered as I put my arms in the sleeves and tied it about my waist. It was chilly standing around in my underwear.

Soon she was back,

“Try these on and see how they fit. The panties go on first and then the girdle and I'll be right back.” She left me the two items which I looked at curiously. She had to be kidding.

“Margaret?” I called out.

“Are you ready?” she called back.

“No. You've got to be kidding. These things are for a lady and in case you hadn't noticed, I'm a man.” I smiled to myself waiting for her to realize her mistake.

“Of course, Mr. Fletcher,” she continued to talk to me from the other room. “I hate to shock you, but while you're working at CCK you'll be expected to wear panties and a girdle every day. It's the standard uniform Mrs. Rogers was talking about. And that's not all. When you're on a clothing account you'll also be expected to wear a bra and since you're a man you'll need some inserts. Felicia's department is currently doing a

campaign for Exquisite Fashions so I have your new brassiere in my hand. Let me know when you're decent."

I was speechless. *Panties and girdle as the standard uniform and even a brassiere. She wasn't kidding. What do I do now? Mrs. Rogers had said sacrifice, but this just seemed crazy.*

"Well Sandy, ready yet?" Margaret's impatience was starting to show.

"Almost," I blurted out and hesitantly pulled down my shorts and stepped into the panties carefully pulling them into place. *Pink no less.* The nylon felt so strange as I grabbed the girdle and carefully stepped into the leg openings.

"What do you say Sandy, we haven't got all day."

There she was again, as I struggled to get the girdle past my hips getting my equipment out of the way so it wouldn't get crushed. *Wow, was it tight.*

"Just about there, Margaret," I answered breathlessly, the girdle squeezing in my waist and causing all kinds of breathing difficulties.

She poked her head around the doorway, saw I was decent and handed me two more packages, "Here's your brassiere and inserts. I suggest you wear them or suffer the consequences from your boss. I've heard she's a bitch when it comes to being in proper uniform. Why don't you finish changing before Mrs. Rogers calls wondering what the holdup is."

She left me alone again before I could muster any objections. I remembered Mrs. Rogers' advice about going along with it, that it would make sense eventually. This wasn't easy.

I took off my undershirt and started putting my arms in the brassiere straps when Margaret returned and lifted the straps up my arms before joining the clasps together behind me.

"Not bad," she was examining the fit. "Does it feel okay?" she inquired while she put an insert in each bra cup and adjusted it to lay naturally.

"Strange," was all I could answer, feeling odd in her presence, wearing only ladies underwear.

She ran her hand familiarly over my rear end 'checking the fit' she said, and was pleased as she told me to put on my shirt and pants and meet her in the other room. She gave me a bag for my underwear.

I joined her a few minutes later feeling unbelievably weird. I could feel the tug of the brassiere and the tightness of the girdle especially in my crotch. My clothes looked different too, with the two pointy bumps showing in my shirt.

She'd put an assortment of boxes and bags together in a large shopping bag and added my underwear bag to them.

"This gives you changes for the rest of the week. We don't expect you to wear the same underwear every day. Oh, I almost forgot. I threw in some nylons for you. You'll find they come in handy to keep your girdle from riding up. Do you want to try a pair now?" she inquired.

“No thanks. I'll try them later if I need them.” I looked in the mirror seeing the points in my shirt immediately. Realizing everyone else could see them too, an overwhelming sense of embarrassment enveloped me.

Margaret was on the phone to Mrs. Rogers announcing I was ready, while I stood there mesmerized by these developments.

“Certainly, he'll be right there,” Margaret said looking over at me after she hung up. “I'll show you how to get back to Mrs. Rogers office. She's seeing someone at the moment and asked that you wait outside her office until she's free. She said it should only take a few minutes.”

Two rights and a left seemed simple enough when I started, but I'd somehow made a wrong turn and was lost. I ended up in an area with several secretaries typing away.

Probably the typing pool, I thought, as they looked up and smiled as I passed. At the last desk I stopped and asked a pleasant looking blonde, Cynthia, by her desk nameplate, if she could direct me to personnel.

“Sure. You must be new here.” she hesitated.

“Yes, it's my first day. I'm Sandy Fletcher,” I smiled at her, “and I'll be working upstairs in Felicia Baker's area. Is this the typing pool?” I asked noting her total lack of interest in the bumps protruding from my shirt.

“No,” she smiled. “This happens to be the public relations department. We handle all the stockholder inquiries and all the requests for information from prospective investors.” She was enthusiastic, “I've been here two months already and I'm so pleased with my job.”

“I've glad to hear it.” I said feeling the pressure of having to find Mrs. Rogers office. “If you could direct me to personnel I'd really appreciate it.”

“Sure, Sandy. Just go down this corridor to the end,” she pointed that way, “make a right and then a quick left and you're there. Good luck with the new job,” her attention returned to the computer as I thanked her and went off down the corridor.

Seeing Mrs. Rogers outside her office looking for me was both a relief and a bit of self annoyance for wasting so much time.

“Ah, there you are,” she spotted me. “Looks like you took the round about route,” she was poking fun, “but you made it. I see you're in uniform. Please make sure you wear it every day.”

I wished I could find a hole to swallow me up.

“Come, let's go find Felicia's office so you can get started.” She led the way to the elevators.

“Mrs. Baker runs one of several client product groups which handle direct customer accounts. They plan the marketing strategies and media campaigns for the new brands as well as the established ones. Her staff is highly motivated. She happens to be one of our more creative account managers. You're fortunate to be joining her staff as your initial assignment. You'll learn a lot if you pay attention and put in the effort.”

We got off the elevator on 24 and went down several corridors, (*I'd have to get a floor plan*) before arriving at a corner area with artists and designers working diligently at their drawing boards.

At the corner office Mrs. Rogers knocked and waited.

"Come in," we heard a voice call out. Entering her office we saw she was on the telephone and stood there while she finished.

"Make sure it's ready by Thursday or else you can kiss this account good-bye."

As Mrs. Baker was talking I remembered I hadn't spoken to Mrs. Rogers about the unusual underwear I was being asked to wear. She hadn't stopped talking all the way here, giving me no opportunity to broach the subject.

Felicia (Mrs. Baker) was ending her conversation, "And it better be to our strict specifications. No short cuts. Call me Wednesday and set up a time for Thursday with my secretary. Good-by," she hung up and turned towards us even as she buzzed her intercom.

She held up a finger to us while she instructed Ms. Synder to expect a call from Pat Treadway for an appointment on Thursday, telling her to make it early in the morning, "just to get his lazy ass out of bed."

She turned to us and Mrs. Rogers started, "Mrs. Baker, I'd like you to meet your new administrator, Mr. Sandy Fletcher."

She held out her hand, "Hi Mr. Fletcher. I'm sure happy you're here. This position has been open much too long and I'm sure you'll have loads of fun trying to catch up on the backlog. Thanks Vivian for delivering her."

"My pleasure, Felicia," she smiled closing the door behind her leaving us alone.

Had I heard correctly; reference to me as a 'her'.

"So, you're in uniform, I see," taking in my appearance, "and I expect you will make every effort to improve your image as you get more comfortable with your position."

What was this?

"I'm proud of all my girls. They each give their best to maximize the team's results. Come on, I'll introduce you to the rest of my group." She came over and put an arm around my shoulder. "Try not to slouch so much," she advised as we walked through the doorway.

I straightened up not realizing how prominent my two pointed mounds became. Meanwhile the girdle was feeling even tighter as it scrunched my testicles and flattened my penis in it's iron grip. I'd have to get to a bathroom soon and try to loosen it somehow. It was super uncomfortable.

"This is our administrative assistant, Irene Synder," she stopped by a desk right outside her office. A blonde looked up from her work. "Meet Sandy Fletcher who's going to be working for Carol as her assistant account manager."

We shook hands and she frowned noticing the roughness of my hand. I always had trouble keeping my hands smooth, working so much with crayons, paste and cutting knives on the art projects I loved to do.

"It's nice to meet you," she said obligingly, not really seeming to care.

"Same here," I answered smiling at her, unsure why she wasn't more receptive. I followed Felicia to a mini office.

"April Spencer, meet Sandy Fletcher who'll be working as Carol's assistant."

She smiled up at me and nodded, "Welcome aboard mate, it's a pleasure to meet you."

I nodded, "Likewise, I'm sure," feeling a little more acceptance.

"April's our copywriter who comes up with many innovative ideas for our ad campaigns." Felicia smiled at her, "She's a real jewel to have around."

I sensed a hidden meaning to her words, as we moved to another larger office and went right in.

"Cindy and Estelle are our two artists who do much of the layouts and storyboards for the campaigns. They're both a pleasure to work with even if Estelle has some difficulty meeting deadlines. Girls," they both looked up from their art boards, "say hello to Sandy Fletcher. She'll be working with Carol."

There she goes again referring to me as a woman.

Both artists came over to shake my hand and welcome me. They were both charming and quite attractive especially Cindy whose warm touch made me tingle.

I hesitated but neither made any comment or seemed to notice my unusual appearance. I guess a uniform is a uniform and everyone had similar protrubances, so mine weren't very significant. So far I hadn't noticed another man. *Was I unique?*

Felicia led me next door.

This office had a small alcove off to the right, partitioned off from the larger space where another lovely woman was sitting reading a report.

"Carol, look who I've got for you. It's your long lost assistant account manager, Sandy Fletcher."

"Welcome," Carol bounced up and walked over to shake my hand appreciatively, "you're a sight for sore eyes. It seems like the spot has been empty for years and not just two months."

"I'm glad to be here," I smiled and felt her eyes examine me thoughtfully.

"Felicia, is she ready for training right now?"

"Not yet darling. Give me a half hour with her and then she's all yours." She checked her watch, waved goodbye and we returned to her office.

As we sat down again in Felicia's office I asked, "Why do you continually refer to me as 'she' and 'her'? I am a man you know."

"Oh it's too much bother to remember who the occasional man is who works here. We simply refer to everybody as she and her. Especially with everyone wearing the company uniform. You'll notice that the personnel bulletins are directed to the female gender. When we're so completely surrounded by feminine products and constantly

dealing with the feminine perspective in our marketing campaigns, it's just a whole lot easier to consider everyone a female.”

“It's certainly different for me,” I confessed. “This underwear, is it really necessary to wear every day? I can tell you this girdle is starting to cause me some real discomfort. In fact if you don't mind I'd like to use the bathroom. Can you point the way?”

“If you're not wearing nylons I would suggest you try them. They will certainly keep your panty girdle from riding up, if that's what's bothering you.”

I'd heard that before. I reached in, found some stockings and followed her directions to, of course, the ladies room. There were no men's rooms, so I had better get used to the ladies room unless I could hold it in all day. I tentatively opened the door and spotting no other occupants quickly scooted into one of the stalls locking the door behind me.

Pulling down the girdle and panties as quickly as I could I just managed to sit down in time. The extra pressure being applied by the girdle was affecting my bladder. As I sat there I adjusted the bra straps and pulled it down. I had no idea how to stop it from riding up. Stockings wouldn't work.

Soon I was pulling off my socks and ran the nylons carefully up each leg attaching them to the garters. Again I arranged my equipment sliding my testicles into their pockets where they fit so naturally while pushing my penis between my legs before releasing the girdle and feeling it keep me snugly in place. I pulled my pants up and couldn't see the nylons at all, but they sure felt slinky on my legs.

As I walked back to Felicia's office I could feel the pull on the garters.

She was right, they definitely held the girdle in place eliminating any more crunching.

Could you believe it, I was actually thankful for wearing nylons. This place was making me crazy.

Felicia gave me an overall review of the department and how the team handled each client's requirements. She went over each person's individual responsibilities and then she complimented me on being such a good listener and telling me I was ready for Carol.

I grabbed my bag and headed to Carol's office. I was happy about the compliment and continued to feel more comfortable in the panty girdle now that it wasn't riding me.

Carol showed me to the desk in the partitioned area and asked me to familiarize myself with the computer system by working my way through the self teaching course which she brought up on the screen. Hopefully by Wednesday I'd be ready to get involved with the monitoring system of the department which would be one of my initial job responsibilities.

I was there almost thirty minutes before the system started to make sense while I got distracted several times by the two mounds so prominently displayed in my shirt. The girdle wasn't bothering me as much although I felt it holding me in tightly and I could feel the tug of the garters on my nyloned legs.

My thoughts strayed to apartment hunting. The room I was now renting by the week was much too costly. I'd start looking this evening after work.

I felt Carol looking over my shoulder to see how far I'd gotten and she asked if I was hungry and wanted to join her for lunch. "We have a terrific lunchroom downstairs on 20 which most of the girls prefer to fighting the noontime crush in the outside world. Come on, I'll show you."

We stopped by the ladies rooms and once again I used the facilities even as women were all around me. I got the girdle back in place and checked myself before rejoining Carol who was combing her hair.

"You could really use some make up darling. You're so pale," her rosy lips smiled through the mirror at me.

"No thanks. Pale suits me fine," I could feel the tension grip me and I told her I'd wait outside for her. *Nice joke.*

Soon she was grabbing my arm and we took the elevator down to 20. I felt so self-conscious as we crowded closely together in the elevator and I could feel the other women pressing into me with hardly a concern. There wasn't another man in sight. This was unnerving. *Was I the only man in the company?* Mrs. Rogers had never said anything about that. *Were they in other departments?*

Suddenly the doors opened and we literally joined the crowd as just about everyone got off. Carol was talking to several women. They all smiled at me when she told them it was my first day and a chorus of 'good luck' hit me as they went off in another direction. I forced a grin and followed Carol into a large dining room where we grabbed some trays and got on line for lunch. There was a standard charge which was deducted from your paycheck each week.

The food was delicious and I enjoyed listening to the conversation of the three women at my table. Besides Carol there was Susan and Ellen, both from accounting, who were talking mostly about the sale on at Maxim's, a department store around the corner.

Nobody was paying any attention to me and I started feeling more relaxed as my bumps seemed to blend in so naturally. I was slowly getting comfortable with them, if you can believe it. I still had no inkling of why I had to wear a brassiere, with inserts no less.

I noticed again on our way back that the girdle wasn't riding up anymore and I was starting to get used to the constant pressure. *Maybe I could manage this.*

The afternoon went by quickly. I became deeply engrossed with learning the program and it's capabilities for my future use. When Carol nudged my shoulder telling me she was leaving, I was shocked that it was already 5 o'clock. I cleared my desk and followed her to the elevators. I mentioned casually that I was looking for a new apartment and she suggested I check the employee bulletin board in the dining room. Many of the girls used that for various reasons.

It seemed like a good idea, so I stopped off on twenty to check it out. There were several people seeking roommates and I quickly took down the numbers to call them

later. Initially I thought I'd be better off with a roommate until I learned more about the city. It would also cost a lot less.

I took the bus cross-town and then walked a few blocks to my place bringing my shopping bag full of goodies home with me. I had almost forgotten what I was wearing. I did close my jacket which kept the brassiere from being seen. The nylons peeked out below my pants legs when I crossed them so I sat very straight. I brought some Chinese food back to my room.

I said hello to Mrs. Reilly who was watching TV. in the living room, and closed my door tightly. I hung up my suit and removed the feminine underwear, throwing them in the corner. I left the shopping bag near the dresser and sat down to eat.

It felt good being able to breathe again without a pinched feeling. I could see the marks from the bra straps as I put a robe on. Mrs. Reilly wasn't too generous with the heat. After I ate I went across the hall for a shower. I figured I'd go see a movie later when I finished my calls to prospective roommates.

I washed my hair thoroughly trying to get the city soot out of it. Living here would sure take some getting used to.

I still had no idea why I had all the feminine underwear and debated with myself whether to cheat a little tomorrow by leaving off the girdle. Let's not rock the boat too soon I cautioned myself.

I was feeling good as I left the room and passed Mrs. Reilly on my way out.

"Oh, Mr. Fletcher. I noticed that your room could use some straightening out. Would you like me to tidy it up a bit for you? Won't be any trouble." She looked at me as I quickly thought 'why not', completely forgetting about the new additions to my wardrobe. Cleaning up wasn't one of my strong suits.

"Sure. I'd appreciate that. I'm going to the movies, so I probably won't see you later when I get home. Good night."

"Good night. Enjoy yourself."

Mrs. Reilly's been so nice since I took the room two weeks ago, arriving here from my small Midwest home town. I was thankful for the recommendation from the personnel department. This big city was such a muddle for me, being accustomed to a town of less than 3000 people. My being away at college near Chicago had shown me what a big city could offer. I was determined to get comfortable in my new surroundings.

In the theater I suddenly remembered the female underwear and hoped Mrs. Reilly didn't pay too much attention when she straightened out.

'*Shit, now she'll think I'm some kind of weirdo,*' I thought. Well I won't be there too much longer. I had some success reaching a Ms. Kelso about sharing her apartment but she'd hesitated about taking in a man as a roommate, not that I really blamed her. It had been a silly idea in the first place. We did arrange to meet in the lunchroom tomorrow by the water fountain so we could meet in person and see if there was any further interest. She'd sounded vaguely familiar.