

# JUST FILLING IN

*By Audrey Taylor*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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## **JUST FILLING IN**

**By Audrey Taylor**

Don't ask me how I got into this, but Shirley desperately needed someone to fill in for Darlene Andrews, who'd just called in with a bad stomach virus at the last minute.

As we walked down the street I could hear the clicking of our heels on the pavement as I held my skirt tightly against the gusty winds. I was enjoying the fresh air, suddenly pleased with the decision we'd made to move here. It was Shirley's new position that had beckoned us. She was audit manager at one of the branch offices of Peabody, Sharpton and Associates, and we'd only settled in less than a month ago.

The decision had been an easy one, both of us welcoming the change of scenery and the nice promotion for Shirley, even while it offered me a new environment in which to find a position.

Being a part of an across the board staff reduction at Samuel, Edwards & Brown had only been an indication of my short period of time there and not my performance. They'd apologized profusely explaining how the loss of the Sehr's account had forced them to cut back if they were to survive. They hated reneging on their commitment but had little choice. If things changed they promised to contact me immediately, really pleased with my performance, still feeling I had excellent potential.

Did you ever try paying the rent with potential? It had been almost five weeks and the interviews I'd been on hadn't led to one offer.

Shirley's promotion was certainly timely.

Let me explain a few things. I'm Shelly Stevens, and Shirley and I have been married for almost nine months now. When we took our apartment in the Marlboro House we knew it would need both our salaries but felt reasonably optimistic at the time. We'd just graduated from Heartland University and had found accounting positions almost on the same day. While she had already received a promotion, I was back pounding the pavement again. Those are the old breaks of the game.

When she was offered the manager's spot in Fallsville, over 400 miles from the city way up in the northern tip of the state, we'd kind of figured it was fate. With my being out of work and the strain of meeting the rent it wasn't difficult to realize the opportunity was a God send. Her company handled the costs of breaking our lease and we'd packed pretty quickly, having accumulated very little, waiting until we settled into a house before buying new stuff.

## Chapter 2: Looking Back

We met in sophomore year in Governmental Accounting where we both felt an attraction for each other. Sitting next to each other we naturally chatted a lot, enjoying each other's sense of humor and how our minds worked so much in synch. We spent time together over homework and soon were going out on weekends just to relax and be together. By the following semester we were living together at her apartment and I'd moved all my stuff from the dorm.

Her roommate, Beverly Potter, was real cool about the whole thing, accepting me around the place without the slightest hassle. I don't believe Beverly had a shy bone in her body and wasn't about to let my presence interfere with her way of living. She was always hanging out in her underwear or a slinky nightgown when she was studying or in front of the TV. She had real nice curves and it's a good thing Shirley and I were so deeply attached, otherwise she might have caused a stir. As is, we both kind of ignored her, until one particular Sunday, which was to represent a major turning point in my life.

I was looking for my underwear, watching Shirley fold the laundry. "I threw out two pair that were in shreds. You really couldn't have found the leg opening."

She thought a moment, "Why don't you use a pair of mine until you can get some new ones."

"Great," I said watching her hold out a pair of white cotton panties simultaneously thinking about where I was getting the money for new briefs. I tried pulling them up and realized my twenty pound advantage wasn't going to allow this to work.

Shirley was laughing at my antics, "Here try one of Beverly's. She's more your size."

This time it was a pink nylon brief she held dangling and I started to have misgivings. "Don't you think we should ask her first? I can't see her being too pleased with someone borrowing her undies, especially without asking."

"Don't be silly honey, she's the last one who would mind. Here," she was waving them at me, "you'll catch a cold standing around naked like that."

I took them and stepped right into them, pulling them quickly into place. They fit better, feeling so slippery and light as they held me in. I immediately pulled on my warm—ups making a mental note to shop tomorrow after class, borrowing some money from the food reserve.

When Beverly accidentally caught me that evening, walking in on me in the bathroom, she was hysterical. Shirley explained about my lack of underwear and wouldn't you know it, Beverly found a dozen more she no longer wore and gave them to Shirley for me.

When we discussed it later, Shirley thought it wasn't any big deal as it would save us money and it was only between us 'girls' she jokingly smirked at me.

I'd gotten used to it during the day, kind of enjoying the feel of the nylon, and since she didn't mind I figured I'd try them for the time being. I'd fill in with some regular briefs when I caught a sale or something.

Needless to say, that never occurred as I settled into a routine of wearing Beverly's hand—me—downs, even when she added some pretty frilly ones with lace and trim on the sides.

Shirley pouted at me one day how my undies were prettier than hers, and we both had a good laugh.

So began my entry into the world of femininity. Beverly must have thought I was her younger sister as she passed along to me anything she no longer wanted. In short order I had accumulated several nightgowns and a yellow fluffy robe which she thought was perfect for around the apartment. She said it was more relaxing having another girl around instead of a boyfriend.

I grew comfortable with the nightgowns wearing them whenever we were home. I was surprised that Shirley didn't raise more of a fuss.

She usually just laughed at Beverly's antics, accepting my new look with hardly any comment.

"It's no big deal." Shirley responded to a query of mine. "If it bothers you, you can wear your own things any time you like. Nobody's forcing you."

She was right. I just happened to like wearing them and found myself hanging around the apartment more and more, not really wanting to change into my men's clothes.

When Beverly made a comment I reluctantly went back to my regular routine, not realizing why I was so grumpy.

Soon I owned an array of pants, sweaters, blouses and you name it, I could find it somewhere in my drawers. I found myself mixing it in with my own stuff, trying to blend them in without causing any comments from my classmates. It was remarkable how well her things fit, although the pants did have extra room in the butt giving me a kind of baggy look. And of course the blouses looked a whole lot different on her (you know what I mean).

Shirley enjoyed my delving into the feminine apparel, accepting my interest without batting an eyelash.

Is it any wonder why I was so crazy about her?

A Halloween party became my first venture into full dress, with make—up and the hair and everything. The heels were difficult to handle, but I remember having a super time fooling most of the people who didn't know me. I called myself Cindy, and danced several dances with boys who never had any idea of my true identity.

Shirley and I laughed about this afterwards and of course had to feed Beverly every detail when we got home. She'd been so helpful in getting me prepared.

After that Beverly insisted I dress up occasionally and join them for a movie or some ice cream sodas. Shirley enjoyed having Cindy around once in a while, and I was delighted with my ability to fool everyone. I was never discovered, which may have had to do with my being only 5'4" with a slim build and all.

Anyway my interest in things feminine continued to develop and my ability to pass seemed to improve right up till graduation.

When Shirley and I parted from Beverly we all shared a heavy crying session. She gave me some final hand—me—downs, saying she'd miss Cindy as much as she missed Shirley.

At our wedding ceremony I'd worn a new pair of panties and a garter belt with nylons covering my freshly shaved legs. Beverly told me later at the party that she missed Cindy and hoped she wouldn't be forgotten.

Our honeymoon had been ecstasy, a week at a beautiful resort in St. Martin, glorious days side by side at the pool and romantic evenings locked together in glorious lovemaking, our nightgowns usually strewn by the side of the bed.

### **Chapter 3: Back To The Present . . .**

So you can see why Shirley considered me when Darlene canceled.

The job had a tight deadline requiring two accountants immediately for probably a week or two. Everyone in the office was already committed and couldn't break away as easily from their present assignments. This particular client, Elite Manufacturing Co., was a lingerie manufacturer and had to be handled with kid gloves. They'd had problems previously with a male auditor bothering some of the female employees and Peabody Sharpton had dictated that only women could perform the audits in the future. You can bet that auditor is no longer employed at Peabody Sharpton. Elite was just too important a client to risk any further mishaps.

Shirley would treat me as an outside consultant. Miss Cindy Baker is what we decided upon and I'd submit a bill each week for reimbursement. I could charge regular consulting rates which she'd research and give me later.

Meanwhile we entered the Elite building and the receptionist announced us to the Controller.

A moment later a secretary came out to greet us.

Following behind her I couldn't help noticing that everybody I passed was female. No wonder they had difficulty with a male auditor. It's a good thing I was wearing a tight panty girdle so any natural reactions would remain hidden. In the unisex environment the women seemed very relaxed and I spotted several exposed thighs and braless outfits among the staff. I'm not complaining. I was just happy for the girdle.

We got settled in the conference room after spending some time with the Controller, Judy Fields, getting a brief overview of how the business was going and reviewing the records currently available for our audit.

I sat down and read through the previous audit report to familiarize myself with the results from the last one.

“You know Shirley,” I looked across at her, “they had difficulty last time with the accounting records. It seems the accounting manager was having a hard time maintaining accurate records. I wonder if that's been corrected.”

“That's exactly what we're here to find out,” Shirley was speaking in a confidential manner. “We'll be giving a special report to the president about the condition of the financial area, identifying where the weaknesses are and offering recommendations for correcting them. It's confidential so everything related to the report we'll keep at home. Let's talk more over lunch. I want to get a needs list to Judy so we can get started.”

I continued reading until some of the financial reports started arriving, and Shirley divided up the work. I hadn't been pushing a pencil for almost two months and dug right into the reports. When lunch time arrived we locked up our trunk with the records, and went in search of a local eating spot.

A local diner maybe three blocks away is where we settled in nicely.

“Joe Fatino, my home office manager, thinks the accounting manager, Rita something or other, is an antique from the past and is the cause of most of the problems.” Shirley brought me up to date as we tried the soup of the day, New England Clam Chowder. “It seems she's never been fully trained for the new computer system and fights it rather than learning the new way.”

“Change can be so hard for people,” I found myself sympathizing with Rita.

“Judy's tried just about everything and can't seem to find a solution. Meanwhile she's faced with having to check almost all of Rita's work, and just hasn't got the time to do it properly. I think it's important we review that area very carefully. It could mean someone's job, and I want to be sure we get it right.”

“We'll get it right, hon,” I smiled, giving her hand a gentle squeeze.

She returned my look.

“Meanwhile Cindy, you're handling everything like a breeze. You look great in the outfit. I'm so glad you lost that weight so we can both wear my things. You're a real sweetheart for helping me out at the last minute like this.”

“Don't be silly Shirl, I was just sitting around gathering dust. This way I can help pay the bills a little, and anyway I like my feminine excursions, especially being surrounded by all these luscious females,” I smiled across at her.

“Don't get any ideas,” her face was menacing.

We dug into our salads and were soon hurrying back to the office.

That night as I was preparing for bed, Shirley offered me a nightgown, “You might as well stay in the role awhile, at least till the audit's complete. It'll help keep your head on straight, so you don't screw up who you're supposed to be.”

“I'd kind of taken a vacation from them after the honeymoon.”

“I really love you as my girlfriend too, you know,” she leaned over and kissed my cheek.

I wore the gown without a whimper, loving the slinky feeling it gave me, and fell into a deep sleep. My dreams about being a model at Elite, prancing around in my underwear in front of a dozen buyers, was very exciting and I woke momentarily locked against Shirley's back in full arousal. I tried arousing her, but she shrugged me off so

I turned over and returned to sleep, pictures of walking around in high heels still floating around in my mind.

## Chapter 4: Audit Results

It took almost two weeks, but we finally finished the report, getting it off to the client last Friday. Shirley thought it was good, after we spent almost an entire weekend completing it. So much for free time, but she was really under the gun to get it out.

We'd both been surprised by our results, and had examined it from many angles making sure it checked out all the way.

As it turned out, it wasn't Rita's fault after all. It seems Judy Fields, who'd been there only five months, had been having a lot of trouble controlling Rita and had started a campaign to undermine her so she could eventually justify her dismissal. A highly political individual, I would say.

We were surprised by the effort Judy put into this, wondering how she'd been able to get anything else done. In fact, if it weren't for Rita's work preparing most of the supporting schedules, the financials would have been in much worse condition. Well that was the president's headache now.

Meanwhile we had gotten the opportunity to purchase a whole bunch of lingerie at a company sale real cheap, and had decided to fill in my dwindling supply of panties. The first new ones of my very own. Shirley got a few for herself and found two panty girdles for me so I wouldn't have to steal hers. We also got some bras for me which came with built in pads, offering fullness for the underprivileged woman, which was certainly the category I fit into. Sharing Shirley's clothes for the past two weeks had caused frequent shortages and this would definitely alleviate any future problems.

I didn't complain.

Would you believe my consulting rate is double what Shirley earns. Of course I have to pay my own taxes out of it, but we're still pretty happy with that and Shirley says she'll keep her eyes open for other jobs. I had to open a bank account in Cindy's name to handle the check, but that went real smoothly and now I have my own checks with purple violets all over them.

Darlene returned, so I'm again searching the want ads every morning. I dress in some of Shirley's stuff when I'm home, but have reverted to my male things whenever I leave the house or go out on an interview.

At least the outerwear.

I went to the movies the other day and got hit on by some guy, would you believe, and he told me I looked just like a girl he once knew. I checked in the men's room mirror and saw I had signs of eye shadow and lipstick I hadn't really removed properly. And the bra outline was pretty transparent under my loose shirt. I had to be more careful I told myself as I quickly washed away the feminine traces. He left me alone after that and I was greatly relieved.

Shirley thinks I should try getting a bookkeeping or accounting spot in private industry until a break opens up in public. I'm willing to try anything, so I re—did my re—



sume gearing it to private industry, got copies run off and mailed a whole bunch to the weekend ads.

Meanwhile the president of Elite requested a meeting with the two of us wanting to review the report and answer some questions she has. She's looking at her options and wants to discuss them with us.

A dinner meeting was set up at a swank restaurant away from the office, forcing me to borrow one of Shirley's favorites, a light blue sheath which looks real smart on me. She wore a yellow A line, certainly not shabby, and once again I'm just a girlfriend of my wife's as the two of us, enter the restaurant. We joined Mrs. Steeple at a quiet table in a separate alcove, obviously to keep our conversation private.

"Good evening ladies," we'd met briefly at the office, as we seated ourselves. I couldn't contain the slight thrill I felt being referred to as one of the ladies.

Shirley handled most of the conversation as we had planned.

I only came in to confirm a few things that I had specifically discovered on my own. When the drinks arrived, I took a brief trip to the ladies room for some relief.

We had really come down hard on Judy and Mrs. Steeple was exploring making a change as soon as possible. She was very upset that Judy had been wasting so much time while she was constantly made to wait for vital information required for decision making, and then, to boot, was handed inaccurate reports. "There's no room for that kind of behavior in my company," her strong statement was still ringing in my ears.

I felt bad realizing our report would result in someone losing her job, but told myself it couldn't be helped. If she had concentrated on the job and not become absorbed in office politics it could have been a different story. I touched up my lipstick and smiled trying to cheer myself up so I could enjoy the good looking woman my image reflected. This whole thing was not really fun.

I noticed they stopped their conversation momentarily as I seated myself, looking over at me and smiling before reaching for menus.

"Let's see what the specials are for tonight," Mrs. Steeple suggested.

The meal was excellent and after a few glasses of wine I was feeling pretty good, enjoying the attention of a gentleman at the next table that who taking surreptitious looks in my direction. The conversation had centered mostly on the problems of the current Washington administration as we shared our sophisticated solutions, straightening out the national economy, the ozone depletion problem and handgun control by the time dessert arrived.

Mrs. Steeple had a very sharp wit and had the two of us in tears a few times with some of her customer complaint stories. Hearing of the seams breaking, as we pictured the size 48 girdle trying to contain this woman, knowing the seam strength was close to 500 pounds and realizing she was probably a 58. Some women's denial reached astronomical levels.

Over coffee Mrs. Steeple thanked us for our time and advice, shaking my hand thoughtfully as she bid us good night on the sidewalk outside.

*What was that all about?*

As we drove home Shirley confided to me that Mrs. Steeple had asked about my background, whether she thought I was capable of handling the position and what my availability and interest might be.

“Wow,” I exclaimed. “She was actually interested in me?”

“Why not darling?” Shirley inquired, turning to watch me drive. I was still getting used to handling the pedals in heels. “You're a very capable accountant and I told her you'd probably make a super controller. I also said I wasn't aware of your availability or interest but that I'd talk to you and let her know. She seemed quite interested.”

My mind was racing. Remaining as a woman full—time, handling controllership responsibilities, supervising all those people, leaving the public sector, working exclusively with women, floated around in my consciousness getting all jumbled together. I had to pull over to the side as I was too excited to concentrate on the road. I asked Shirley to drive so I could deal exclusively with the zillion possibilities going on inside my head.

When we were back on the road I said, “It would mean my assuming a woman's role for a while. How does that strike you?”

“I'm perfectly comfortable with it, as long as you're okay. I mean you really have to be okay deep down inside yourself otherwise you'll be unhappy inside of a month and the whole thing will backfire. I'd hate to disappoint Mrs. Steeple. I think you should chew on it over the weekend and then we can talk about it more.”

She was so sensible.

“Thanks sweetheart,” I leaned over kissing her cheek, feeling a deep affection for my wonderful mate.

So many things to think about. Clothes, mannerisms, disposition, perspective, being a husband, all things that would change drastically if I took the position. Just working two weeks had already had some interesting effects, like accidentally entering the ladies room when I went for an interview the day before yesterday, getting some strange looks from the secretary who yelled at me as I meekly apologized. My walk is already different. I take smaller strides and I'm having a hard time correcting it.

If I do this I'll probably move way over the line and have a tough time returning to my male self. I wonder if Shirley really understands that?

We sat around in our nightgowns, they're really so much more comfortable than my p.j.s, having tea as we caught up on the late evening news. Shirley has been feeling more chipper since we've gotten home, probably with relief that I might not be unemployed too much longer. It's becoming a strain on her, being the only breadwinner.

“Honey,” I intrude on a commercial, my thoughts popping to the surface, “is it really okay with you that I'd be working as a woman, full—time? Don't you have any reservations? Won't you miss the dapper guy you married? You know once I'm dressing every day for the job it'll be hard switching back to the Shelly role. Did I tell you the other day some woman gave me a weird look when I went out for the newspaper and I didn't find out why until I got home. I still had lipstick on and my hair up. It's hard to remember.”

“Well honey,” she clicked off the TV, “I’m comfortable with either side of you. It’s funny, but I seem to relate to you the same way, regardless of your appearance. I feel you’re a very close friend and I love the soft sensitive and loving person that you are. I do think it’s fortunate that you handle the transformation with such ease, for the opportunity seems a real good one. Assuming a controller’s position with the limited experience you have will be a real challenge. But I think with your talent and desire you’ll do a great job. And you’ve got to consider that another opportunity like this one may not come along so fast. I wonder how much choice you really have?”

“Me too. It’s not like anyone’s breaking my door down. This economy is sure reeking havoc with the job market. I just want to be sure you’re comfortable with my being in the female role so much.”

“That should be the least of your concerns. I’d be more interested in how we’re going to ensure you pass inspection on a day in and day out basis. Maybe we should think about your taking some kind of female hormones to soften your image. Why don’t you take a birth control pill with me every morning and we’ll see if that doesn’t add somewhat to your femininity.”

“Don’t you think that’s a bit drastic, honey? I haven’t even gotten the job officially and it may effect some of my male functions too, you know.”

“I think the job’s yours for the asking. We’ll have to work out some references and such, just let me handle that. As far as your male functions are concerned we’ll just have to keep a close watch on it,” she was staring at my crotch, “to be sure he maintains his posture.”

Her hand started playing with me through the nightgown,

“You wouldn’t be a bad boy, would you?” I was melting beneath her touch, reaching over at the same time to caress her lovely breast.

We were soon writhing around in bed lost in our intense passions for each other.

## **Chapter 5: New Position**

I accepted the offer on the spot, not like I hadn’t done enough thinking already. Vivian Steeple, she insisted I call her Vivian when we were alone, was impressed with my attitude, capabilities and personality, thought we would get along well and had offered me the position starting as soon as I could get there.

It was a Thursday afternoon, so we agreed on Monday morning as my start date and I drove home in sort of a cloud. I was wearing one of Shirley’s gray business suits over a white blouse, the skirt came to my knees as was expected of a conservative accountant. Funny, conservative had always meant to my ankles before.

Judy would be working alongside me temporarily, for a week or two, until I had a chance to get a handle on all the pending projects and job responsibilities. She had been given a reasonable severance package and would have ample time to find a new position, so there shouldn’t be too much animosity towards me.

Supervising a staff of fifteen frightened me to no end. I had never told even one person what to do.

Shirley, a 'natural' supervisor had offered to help until I got comfortable with it. "There's really nothing to it," she'd told me last night. "You need a good follow up system, and always remember to have it done, not do it yourself and you'll get the hang of it in no time. Reviewing reports and watching the bottom line, that's the key to success. I bet you'll master it in no time."

I hoped she was right. I started taking her birth control pills on Monday and nothing's happened so far. I think it's silly, but Shirl says it's to early to tell.

She got me my own prescription as Cindy Baker (God only knows how she managed it) and brought home a three month supply on Saturday.

We take them together every morning.

We're planning to go shopping on Saturday to get me a new wardrobe, now that it's become my primary attire.

Wouldn't you know it, Beverly called on Sunday and Shirley couldn't wait to tell her about my new job and the rebirth of Cindy full—time.

I could hear her screams over the phone and when I finally said hello she had barely calmed down, "Cindy, I knew your feminine side couldn't be held down."

*What'd she mean that?*

"Just let yourself live it and enjoy it. Maybe I'll see you guys at Christmas, depends if I can find money for a bus ticket."

"We'd love to have you Bev." I really missed her.

She hung up moments later blowing me a kiss which I returned gleefully.

"It'll be nice having her here for the holidays," Shirley was talking more to herself as I nodded wondering at how both of them accepted my feminine side without any hesitation. It felt kind of weird.

Shirley was delighted with the offer, "\$35K to start and your own secretary, a true executive. It'll sure be nice having another paycheck coming in. And really great having a husband, a sister and a best friend all wrapped up in one.

"By the way, I made you an appointment at the beauty parlor tomorrow at 11:00, for the works. Aren't you glad I didn't let you cut your hair last month?"

"I guess so," I answered running my hands through my long locks. "My consulting check is sure coming in handy."

We went out for dinner to celebrate like two intimate friends enjoying an evening out together.

Later when we made love, Shirley took the aggressor role pinning me down as she literally attacked my whole body with her loving lips. She adored my smoothness, demanding I depilate regularly since she loved exploring all my arousal spots with her mouth.

We'd spend literally hours licking and tonguing each other, delighting in the many climaxes we achieved. Occasionally our crotches would blend together culminating in

wild volcanic eruptions. All the stoppers were out tonight and I'm surprised the neighbors didn't complain from the loud groans and screams we frequently emitted.

We were totally devoted, mind and body, to each other.

## Chapter 6: Learning the Ropes

The first few days were rough, getting everything sorted out while maintaining control of three supervisors and their staffs. I was still adjusting to my new dangling earrings. They were either hitting my neck or getting tangled in my hair. Shirley insisted I needed them, necessitating of course, the piercing of both ears. "It's an important step to legitimacy," she had flatly stated, leaving no room for argument.

Surprisingly, Judy was quite cooperative, explaining everything thoroughly while offering helpful hints about the staff I was inheriting. She walked me around introducing me to the sales and operations people, not once blaming me for her departure.

I carefully processed all the information, finding myself at my desk well into the evening hours trying to absorb everything while preparing final reports for executive management. Luckily my consulting work had familiarized me with the internal systems and I'd already begun to correct some deficiencies I had previously noted. People were generally very obliging and I soon realized that the shipping and warehousing departments were the only place where men could be found at Elite. All production lines and quality control were operated exclusively by women and the full planning, administration and sales areas were the same.

I knew I'd better get more deeply into character if I wanted to remain undetected.

When the first weekend finally came, I was more than happy to sleep in, alongside my lovely mate, not opening my eyes until well after 10:00. She was still a zombie when I slipped out of bed, put on my slippers to avoid the cold floor and tiptoed to the bathroom. I gazed at my reflection in the mirror, seeing my blonde curls flopping all over while I smiled at the feminine image. My eyebrows had been plucked to a fine arching line and the gold studs shone from my earlobes. My still rosy lips showed some smudging. I hadn't cleaned off my make-up too well last night. I barely had the strength to eat the light dinner Shirley had left warming for me.

In the shower while I soaped my chest I noticed a slight bulge at each breast, some excess flesh in each area and I could feel how enlarged my nipples had gotten. I realized the pills were having an effect. I wondered how extensive the changes would be, as I idly thumbed my nipples enjoying their growing sensitivity.

While we sat over breakfast, Shirley glanced up from the morning papers looking at me, "Do we really have to go to Judy's party tonight? It makes no sense, our being at her 'going away' party, since we were so instrumental in that occurring.

"She was quite insistent," I answered, "and she's really been a gem this past week. I didn't have the heart to say no when she asked. Shouldn't be a big deal. We'll make our appearance and then you'll just develop a headache and we'll make it an early evening. Okay, sweetheart?"

“I still don't feel comfortable about the whole thing. Why don't you go by yourself? I don't mind staying home alone and relaxing.”

“Because she really wanted to see the two of us and I'd rather not go gallivanting around town on my own. I'm not that proficient at the new me yet and I'd really like having my beautiful wife around just in case. Come on. It won't kill you and we just may have a couple of laughs and meet some interesting people.”

She grumbled but I could hear she was caving in, so I went back to my paper, letting her get more comfortable with the decision.

Later as we prepared to go, she ended up borrowing my new green jumper while I wore a new dressy blouse with a short skirt that hugged my derriere quite snugly.

She drove and soon we were on the outskirts of town before we finally pulled into a driveway lined with cars leading up to a large old fashioned mansion set well back from the road. Judy lived here?

We were a little late and the party seemed in full swing as we left our coats in the vestibule and walked slowly into a huge ballroom. There had to be at least fifty people standing around and another thirty on the dance floor. I was immediately struck with the complete absence of men in the entire room.

Suddenly Judy was greeting us all smiles, “Hi guys. I'm really happy you could make it. Let's get you some drinks so you can catch up with the rest of the gang.” She grabbed Shirley's arm pulling her over to a bar along the wall as I trailed behind. Judy seemed somewhat inebriated, almost pushing Shirley as I watched my wife go with the flow trying to avoid a scene right at the outset, although I could tell she was steaming inside.

She got the two of us drinks not even asking what we preferred and then left just as suddenly to rush across the room to dance with a lady I'd never seen before.

“She's feeling no pain,” Shirley whispered to me and lifted her glass to mine, “here's to a brief evening. I've already seen enough of our hostess,” she took a sip as did I. It tasted like a martini, quite dry and somewhat bitter, but I didn't worry about it as we walked over to the far corner to watch the goings on around us.

Funny but I hadn't spotted one person from the office and I had assumed this was her going away party. Had she actually said that to me? I couldn't really remember. Shirley seemed a bit woozy and I told her to take it easy on the drink as we hadn't had anything to eat yet. We found a couple of seats and it's a good thing, for Shirley was almost dead on her feet and just moments later actually passed out on my shoulder.

Just then Judy happened by and came quickly to my rescue

, “What's the problem with Shirley? She's certainly a cheap drunk, isn't she,” she was smirking as the hairs went up the back of my neck, her humor was so cutting. She got a few of the stronger ladies to assist Shirley upstairs and into a bedroom to sleep it off.

I'd taken her shoes off and covered her with the bed covers before following Judy back downstairs to the party.

“I don't understand it. She usually drinks me under the table. She must be under the weather. When she gets up I'll take her home right away.” I looked at Judy, “I'm really sorry this happened. I hope it won't spoil anything.”

“Don't be silly. She just wasn't feeling up to it, that's all.” She was back to being soothing. “Mark my words, after she's slept it off she'll be looking for a good time.” She seemed totally unconcerned. “Come, let me introduce you to some very special friends of mine.” She walked me to a far corner where I met Marilyn and Frankie, who seemed friendly enough. She left me with them after putting another drink in my hand. Quite unexpectantly Marilyn asked me to dance. “I really like this song,” so I took a deep gulp before putting my glass down and followed her to the dance floor. She was pretty, a little wispy which added a hint of enchantment as we gyrated opposite each other to the pulsating beat of the live band. This was some party.

I was feeling the drinks too, and the surrounding bodies were enveloping me in the rhythm. I loved to dance. A while later I noticed Judy going upstairs with an older woman, but paid it no mind as Frankie was guiding me around the floor holding me snugly while I laughed at something funny she had said. I'd have to check on Shirley soon, but Frankie's closeness was becoming a distraction. I was having trouble staying focused on any ideas, definitely beginning to feel woozy myself.

Frankie's full breasts were squashing into me as a hand pressed my head to her shoulder. I tried resisting and she just twirled me around several times. The spinning made me thankful for her firm support, otherwise I might have fallen. My head couldn't resist her shoulder any longer and I rested against it while she led me into another room. It seemed even darker as my eyes were closing trying to handle the swirling motion going on inside. She moved so slowly and I started to feel like we were on a cloud as she backed me towards a couch and helped me lie down right before I fell over. I had only a moment to wonder what was happening before I passed out.

## Chapter 7: Sweet Revenge

When I came to, I was lying in a bed wearing only my panties. I could see my clothes on the chair by the wall, but when I tried to move, my head started spinning like crazy again, so I remained absolutely still waiting for it to subside. I tried remembering what happened but had only vague recollections of the party and Marilyn and Frankie. I remembered Frankie's breasts crushing into me and I couldn't remember where Shirley was. What had happened to her? My anxiety was building, making it so difficult to remain still.

Someone was in the room, “Are you up yet, darling?” It sounded like Judy but I couldn't turn my head to verify. “You drank a little too much, whatever your name is, (she knows) and you simply passed out. You're now in a bedroom upstairs recovering from your programming session.”

*What's she talking about?*

“We took the liberty of removing your clothes and lo and behold, look what we discovered. You can't imagine the shock it caused Frankie and me, discovering that our

cute little adorable new controller, Cindy, was actually a man. What a nifty secret, don't you think?"

"It's no concern of yours," I had to speak with my cheek pressed against the pillow keeping my head immobile. "It would be nice if you kept it to yourself. No real harm, just trying to fit into the picture at Elite." This was getting sticky.

"No harm done? Are you kidding, deceiving all those people into thinking you're a sweet young lady executive when in fact you're just a lying male pig. But we'll be fixing that soon enough. In the meantime, while you'll be allowed to continue at Elite, I'll need a special a favor in return. Seems only fair?"

I couldn't see her sarcastic smile.

"What is it?" my impatience escaped, the strain of remaining still starting to get to me.

"We want you to encourage your wife Shirley to become a full fledged member of our club, 'TF' which happens to stand for Totally Female."

She was moving something around to the side of the bed, a TV monitor, and I could see she had changed into a skin tight leotard with apparently nothing underneath.

She looked fascinating, "While you've been recovering from the effects of the hallucinatory drug you took earlier, she's been getting prepared for her initiation rites. All new member's must participate in their coming out ceremony. Sort of like smashing through the wall of societal mores."

"She's seems compliant enough, and I thought while you're just lying here resting, you might like to watch our unique initiation rites. I know she won't mind, her attention will be elsewhere on a lot more interesting things. She shouldn't have any trouble whizzing through the entrance exam, I would guess."

My head was spinning again as the TV came on and I could see several naked ladies lying side by side on a water bed.

"Maybe someday if you're really lucky," Judy was still talking, "you'll be asked to become a member too, but that's probably a long way off. You've really got a few major adjustments to make before you'd even be considered. So just lie back darling, relax and enjoy the show."

As she turned to leave she added off—handily, "Don't bother trying to get up, you may do serious damage to yourself. Believe me, your condition is deeply implanted and only I can relieve it."

I heard the door close as I watched the TV screen intently.

So that's why I couldn't move. Had they done something to Shirley too? I spotted her immediately between the two women who had started licking her everywhere, while she tried avoiding them without success. She moved almost in slow motion and was starting to show the strain as she sucked reluctantly on the nipple being forced into her mouth, even as a tongue started roaming around her pussy lips. The lady who's tit she was sucking had Shirly's arms pinned above her head. She was already beginning to writhe from the stimulation.