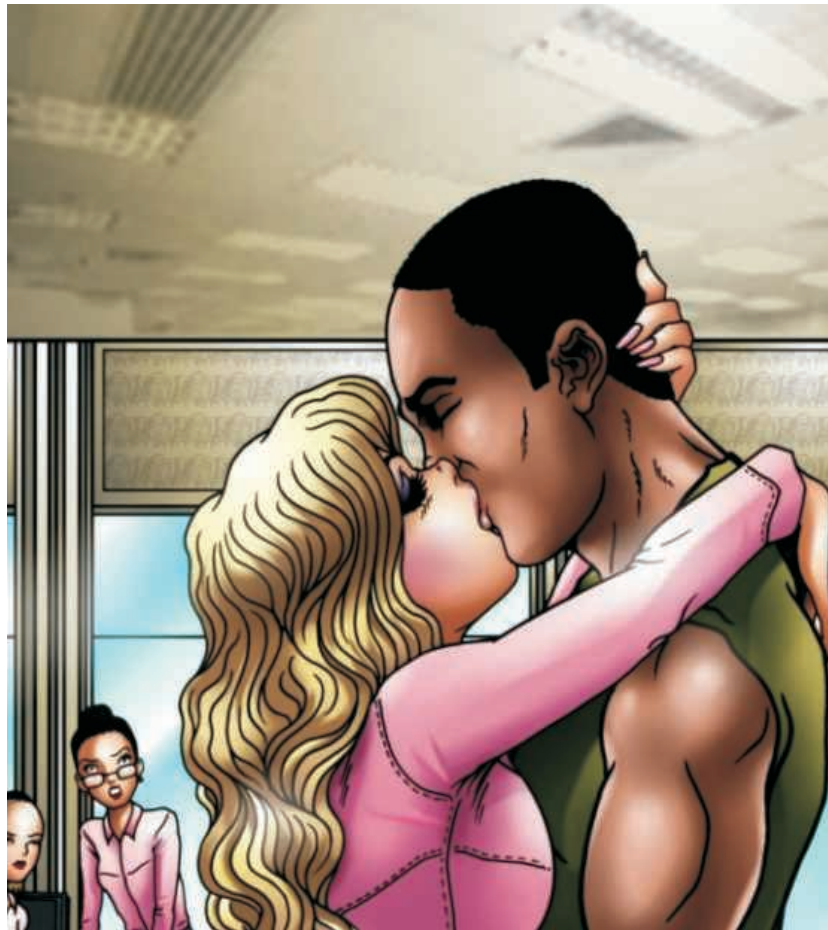




Reluctant Press presents:

Destined to Be
SAMANTHA 3

B. C.



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Destined to become Samantha

Part 3

by B C

Barry said, "Good, then it's settled. Do you have time to stop and get a coffee and talk for awhile? You know, kind of get to know a little more about each other to make it look more realistic."

"Sorry, I can't tonight, it's my night to cook dinner for the family, they are counting on me. By the time I get home, I'll just have enough time to get it ready before everyone gets home," Sammy told him.

"Where do your Mom and Dad work?" Barry asked.

"Well, Mom does part time volunteer work and Daddy is the manager of the insurance company where I work," she told him.

"Wait, you mean your father works in the same building as you and you have to ride the stinking bus to and from work? Why the heck can't you ride to and from work with your own father?" Barry asked.

"Well, Daddy's hours fluctuate a lot and ... Oh hell, that's not the real reason. I'm not going to go into detail, but, I'll just tell you this. My Mom and Dad were really disappointed in me lately, for things I didn't even do, and

felt that I needed a lesson. They wanted me to see what life is like from a different perspective, so to speak. I guess they thought I had it too easy and they wanted me to see first hand what it's like to stand on my own two feet and have to earn my own keep for a while.

"They thought I was spoiled and ungrateful for my lot in life and that I needed some serious changes to get my life turned around. It's not so bad. I have to admit I was scared to death when I first started down this road but I sure have a different view about life now and I'm starting to see things very differently," Sammy said. "Here's my stop, I have to get off. I'll see you tomorrow. Thanks for listening and being my friend, Barry," Sammy told him.

"Damn, woman, you've got some strict parents. It does sound like they really love you and only want what's best for you, though. You must really love them too, because most people your age don't let their parents make their decisions for them. I didn't even know that you still lived at home. I thought you were old enough to be out on your own," Barry said

"I have to go, Barry. I can't explain right now, there are other circumstances. It's really complicated. I'll see you tomorrow. Thanks again for your help. Bye," Samantha said. She got off of the bus and began to walk the several blocks to her home.

After Samantha had prepared dinner, served and cleaned up the kitchen with her sister Katie's help, she changed into shorts and a simple pullover top, slipped on a pair of sandals and went into the family room. As she and Katie took turns doing each other's finger and toe-nails, Mom said. "Oh, Samantha honey, this came in the mail for you today," and she handed her a big envelope.

Sammy opened it to find a new driver's license complete with a very good picture of herself on it. She had no idea how this was done, as she didn't apply for it or remember having her picture taken but the likeness in the picture was uncanny. Even stranger, in the same envelope there was also a new social security card. The license was clearly marked 'Female' and both items were made out to Samantha Jean Kent.

"Tom, how are things going at the office so far? Is Samantha doing well? Is she picking things up and fitting in well with the others in the office. Neither

of you has said much about since she started Is our little girl becoming a good worker and a good secretary?" Mom asked.

"She sure seems to be a hit with everyone there. Alice tells me that she has picked up everything very quickly and she is doing a exceptional job for someone so young and inexperienced. I'd have to say that maybe this was really her destiny after all. The only negative thing is Alice says she's so pretty and such a hot item that half the guys in the building are unable to stay away from her desk; they are all trying to get her to go out with them. It's even become a little distracting. Who would have ever dreamed our son would become such a beautiful young woman that she would drive grown men to total distraction?" Dad said shaking his head.

"My my my, our little flower is really starting to bloom. Samantha Jean, my goodness! And you wanted us to believe that you were very sure that you had no interest in being a young woman. Here you've got all those poor men falling all over themselves chasing after you. Either you are sending out the wrong signals, honey, or you are just so naturally feminine that you can't help yourself from attracting these men and making them want you," Mom said.

The next morning Sammy followed her morning ritual. It took less and less effort to make herself beautiful with each passing day. She couldn't get over how creamy smooth her face and skin was becoming. By now she was an expert at applying just the right colors and shades to highlight her best features. (which were her big dreamy eyes and her wonderful full pouty lips).

It was almost unnerving to see how her breasts had grown in such a short period of time. It became even more apparent to her after putting on her new bra with uplifting cups, followed by a light pink cashmere sweater with rounded collar and long sleeves. The sweater hugged her upper torso and made her breasts look even bigger than they actually were. She then pulled up a short gray skirt and zipped and fastened it in the back. Next she slipped her small nyloned feet into a pair of 3-inch black pumps with an ankle strap, then inserted the hanging pearl earrings into her lower piercings and put on a single strand of pearls around her neck, before finishing with a dab here and there of her favorite perfume.

Downstairs, Mom said, "Oh My goodness! I just can't get over it, Samantha. Honey, you look more beautiful every day. If I wasn't witnessing this transition with my own eyes, there is no way I would believe that you were born my son. You simply light up a room when you enter. You're becoming a very lovely young lady. Your disposition and attitude are better than ever before," Mom told her and gave her a very loving hug.

Sammy blushed and turned bright red. "Mother, please! You're embarrassing me," she said but in her heart she loved the praise. She knew that with each passing day, the hormones and testosterone blockers were changing her mentally and physically. Her mind as well as her body were becoming more and more feminine. Sammy couldn't get over the change in the texture of her skin, the feel of soft lingerie and silk against it.

Despite her inner conflict, she was starting to really like her looks, especially with her face all made up in soft colors and shades. She liked her thin and highly arched brows, which made her eyes look bigger. The dark eyeliner on her top and bottom lids made her greenish eyes sparkle. And these lips! She couldn't figure out what had made them become so full and kissable but she now loved the waxy, smooth feel of the lipstick she applied often throughout the day; she loved the smell and taste of that lipstick too.

Sammy took her morning pills, washed them down with orange juice and kissed her Mom goodbye before leaving to walk to the bus stop to start another day in her new and changing life.

Sure enough, Barry was waiting for her on the bus. He had saved her a seat. He rose to allow her to sit down. "You look absolutely amazing, Samantha. I can see why those guys are so taken with you, honey. You're what men have dreams about. You're beautiful in such a natural way," Barry said, taking her hand as she slipped into the seat. Samantha went beet red with embarrassment. She was still unused to receiving compliments like that.

Barry was wearing a nice suit with a white shirt and tie. "I've never seen you in a suit before. You look really dashing and business-like," Sammy told him.

“Thank you. I’m just trying to look my best because I’m taking my girlfriend out to lunch today. She is very beautiful and I wouldn’t want to do anything to embarrass her.” Barry smiled and stood as she sat. Then he slid in beside her on the seat.

Barry gave her the picture they had talked about yesterday and asked her questions all the way to work about her and her family. He told her things he’d made up about himself. Then he got off the bus with her and walked her up to her building. Just as they got there, he was about to turn and go when two of the girls in her office and one of the adjusters passed by. Tami Cook looked at her, smiled, said “Good morning, Samantha” and winked at her.

Sammy blushed and said, “Good morning, Tami!” Before she saw it coming, Barry took her in his arms, kissed her on the mouth and held it for what seemed like an hour. It took her breath away.

Barry said, “Bye! Have a great day, baby. I’ll pick you up for lunch at 11:45.” He said this loud enough for all of them to hear this, then he winked at Sammy, gave her that big grin and walked away, leaving Sammy standing there speechless. She almost dropped her purse. Tami, smiling, held the door open for her.

“Wow, Samantha, who’s the hunk? Boy, we sure had you figured all wrong. Everyone thought you were the boss’ stuck-up daughter. Man, were we wrong! Does your Daddy know about your gorgeous hunk of a man there?” Tami asked.

“No, not really, and we are just friends!” Sammy told her.

“Yah, right. I’d sure like to have ‘friends’ like that! Does he have a brother?” With that, they entered the building.

Sammy went to her desk and put the picture on the desk and her purse in the drawer. She hurried off to get the coffee and rolls out before everyone got to their desks. By the time she got everything ready and began to make her rounds with the morning refreshments, she noticed people looking at her and smiling. Some giving her the thumbs up, meaning that word of Sammy’s Guy had already made its way through the corporate grapevine.

As Sammy walked around to each desk she couldn't believe the looks and stares that she was getting. One of the adjusters said, "All you had to do was tell us that you had a boyfriend, Samantha!"

Sammy turned bright red and went back to her desk. She couldn't get that kiss out of her head. Just then, Alice was standing at her desk. "See, I *told* you this would do the trick. Wow, is this him?" Alice said, picking up the picture of Barry. "What a handsome stud! You *sure* you're just friends? Word around the office is he really knows how to kiss a girl and make her weak in the knees!" Alice said.

Before Sammy could think to reply, Alice added "Love life aside, honey, let's get to work. We have got a business to run here. Fix your lipstick when you get a minute." With that, she handed Sammy a stack of files and two letters to type.

The morning flew by and none of the usual guys bothered hitting on

Sammy that morning. Suddenly, Sammy looked up to see Barry standing at her desk. "Hey beautiful," Barry said, handing her a bunch of red roses. "Ready to go?" he asked.

Samantha turned as red as the flowers as she grabbed her purse out of the desk drawer. She turned to tell Alice that she was going to lunch. Then, as she turned again to step out from behind her desk, Barry had moved to hold her chair and they were nose-to-nose. Barry reached out his arms, drew her to him and kissed her passionately on the lips for the second time that morning. Sammy once again was stunned and speechless. She thought she'd die of embarrassment when she looked over Barry's shoulder. As the two of them were in an all-out lip lock, she saw her father staring out of his office doorway at them. Suddenly, frozen and unable to even think, she felt something warm and wet tracing her full red lips.

Thomas Kent shook his head turned and sat back down. Sammy finally got hold of her senses, which had seemingly abandoned her. She pulled away, grabbed Barry's hand and quickly walked down the hall and into the open elevator.

As the door closed, they were alone. She turned to him and was about to ask him what the hell he thought he was doing when Barry took her in his arms and brought his lips to hers before she could speak. He kissed her softly at first, then a little harder. His tongue was active again, first tracing her lips and then pushing its way in to seek her tongue. Sammy tried to pull away but Barry held her firmly and continued kissing her passionately.

"You smell *fine*, girl, and your lips taste so good, Yes, Barry is gonna like being your boyfriend. How'd I do, baby? You think they bought it?" he asked as he kept right on kissing her soft red lips.

Somewhere in her anger and confusion, Sammy got lost in Barry's attack on her lips. She found to her own shock and surprise that she'd put both of her arms around his neck. She was standing on her toes, returning his kiss with passion of her own. Just at that moment, the doors opened and several guys and a woman on that floor were treated to the sight of the two apparent lovers in a passionate kiss and embrace, going at it hot and heavy.

They both bolted straight up and stood blushing with hands at their side as they the others got on the elevator. "Maybe you two should get a room. This ain't no brothel, honey!" Jim Saylow said, turning to his buddies, thinking he'd said something funny.

"How would you like a size 11 black foot up your ass, Mr. Big Mouth? You got a problem with us?" Barry said, standing up straight and looking down at the man a head shorter than himself. "If you've got a brain in that empty head of yours, apologize to the lady!" Barry said, hitting the red button on the elevator's panel, causing it to suddenly stop in-between floors.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. Please accept my apology. Really, I'm sorry. I meant no harm, Sir," Jim said, backing away from Barry as far as the wall would allow.

"Not to me. Apologize to the lady," Barry said. "Her name is Miss Kent, Samantha Kent. You might have heard of her father. He's your boss, Thomas Kent," Barry added, causing Sammy to be even more embarrassed. She really didn't want everyone in the building to know this information.

"I am *really* sorry, Miss Kent, please forgive my big mouth. Won't you please accept my apology?" Jim said nervously.

“Yes, I accept your apology, Mr. Saylow. Please accept mine as I never meant to put on a public display. Please everyone, could we all just leave this incident here and pretend that it never happened? I’d appreciate it if you didn’t share this embarrassing incident with others in the building.” She replied. “Barry, can we please go now or I’ll be late getting back from lunch,” she said softly, just wanting to get out of there.

“OK honey but I didn’t hear any of you reply to Miss Kent’s request to keep this to yourselves. I’ll remember every one of you. If I hear about this going around the grapevine, you’ll deal with me over it,” Barry

said, staring each of them in turn dead in the eyes. “Alright honey, we’ll go but first give Barry a kiss!” he said.

Sammy blushed again and turned even redder than she already was. “Barry please, not in front of everyone!” she pleaded.

“What, now you’re embarrassed to be seen with me?” he asked.

“That’s not it at all. You know I’m not comfortable with being intimate in public or being a public display,” Sammy said.

“Well, we are not moving until you give me a good kiss and I don’t mean some kiss-your-little-brother-on-the-cheek kiss either. So get over here girl and show me how you really feel about our relationship or we’ll spend our whole lunch right here, all of us,” he warned her.

Blushing and not knowing what to do, Samantha just wanted out of there and away from all these other people. She was mad as hell at Barry but she could see that he wasn’t about to change his mind. Reluctantly, she put her arms around his neck and slowly pressed her freshly painted red lips to his. She held the kiss. Suddenly, she felt his wet tongue tracing her lips. Without thinking, she parted her lips slightly and felt him enter her mouth. His tongue began to dance with her own. Sammy was no longer aware of anyone else around them. Sensual feelings coursed through her body, sending hot flashes from her chest to her groin from the kiss and being held in these strong arms. Sammy’s knees were getting weaker by the second.

No one said a word. As Barry continued to hold her and kiss her, he reached out and pushed the button, jerking the elevator into motion, sending

it heading down once more to the lobby. As they stopped and the doors opened, Barry broke the kiss. He laughed out loud as Jim Saylow ran out the door and out of the building without looking back.

Barry took Samantha's hand and walked out of the building and down the sidewalk towards the restaurant. When she was sure that they were alone, she said, "What the hell do you think you were doing. What was that all about? I thought you were my friend. That little trick was more

embarrassing than being hit on in the office by those jerks who work there. My Dad saw you kissing me right there in front of God and everyone. I have no idea what he will say to me," she said. "I didn't appreciate being embarrassed like that. I have to work with all those people," Sammy said, obviously very upset.

"Wait a minute, wasn't that the whole idea? Wasn't our plan to let people see you were in a relationship so they would back off and leave you alone? Well honey, I'd say we accomplished our goal. Also, don't go playing Little Miss Priss with me, girl. I've kissed a lot of girls in my life and I felt you in my arms back there. You aren't going to tell me that you didn't like that kiss. You can't fake that kind of passion. You were on fire, your whole body and soul was in that kiss, honey." Barry said, smiling, as he took her arm and guided her into the restaurant.

Sammy didn't feel much like eating now but Barry ordered her a salad, a cup of soup and a Diet Coke, then made her take a few bites. After a while, her anger and embarrassment eased up and she ate her lunch. After they finished, Barry walked Sammy back to her office. He walked her to her desk. She said goodbye and turned to walk around the desk, hoping he'd just leave without another scene. Barry gently took hold of her arm and turned her to face him, then bent down to meet her lips with his again.

She didn't fight it this time. She found her arms around his neck once again and her tongue in his mouth seeking his tongue, as if her body had a mind of its own. Barry let her go, then backed up, smiled and said, "See you on the bus after work, honey girl."