

SPAY

Ladylike

NEUTER
YOUR
PETS

And other stories...



BECAUSE
PEOPLE
SUCK

AND ALL
ASSHOLES
& IDIOTS



Dulci Daily



An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Ladylike

and Other Stories

by Dulci Daily

Ladylike

“Come and see me right now,” said the office e-mail message that popped up on my computer screen. I grimaced. The message came from my boss, known throughout the Pacificum State Office of Child Support Enforcement (CSE for short) as “Ms. Fuck.” Some employees, who were too polite to say the entire bad word, called her “Ms. F.” I wasn’t among them.

My boss’s real name was Katrina Zizz-Broncklin, but almost everyone called her by the “F” name behind her back, because of her extreme fondness for the “F word.” The CSE office policy manual said profanity was prohibited in the office. I guess Ms. Fuck hadn’t read the manual, or didn’t care what it said. Hardly a sentence came out of her mouth that didn’t contain the “F word” or some other profanity.

At least she hadn't said "right *fucking* now" in the e-mail. I guessed that might be a sign of commendable self-restraint. Maybe, I imagined, she would also show some of that when we met in person.

I quickly found out she wouldn't. "You're skating on thin ice, Zigsby," Ms. Fuck said to me. "*Mighty* damn thin fucking ice!"

I tried to remain inscrutable, giving no hint of how sickening I thought she was, but it was too hard to do when I looked at her. Her short black hair, her icy blue-gray eyes, her almost perpetual frown or sneer, her expensive-looking but ugly and almost invariably black clothes, had burned themselves deep into my memory. Together they screamed "Fuck!! Shit!! God damn it!!" at me whenever I saw her or thought of her.

I tried looking at the wall beyond her and her massive desk, but it didn't help—to say the least. On one side of her was a poster showing a couple of cats, with big letters screaming, "CATS—because people suck." On the other side was another poster. In equally big letters, it said, "SPAY AND NEUTER YOUR PETS." Below that, in smaller but still highly readable letters, it went on: "And all assholes and idiots."

I tried a soft answer, though I had little hope that it would turn away her wrath: "I'm just trying to do my job."

"Like fuck you are!" she retorted. "You're just trying to do more of the same old shit that got us into this fucking situation, that made this agency necessary in the first place! You're just trying to be part of the fucking *problem*, not part of the *solution*! Well, I don't need that! It's time for you to shape up or ship out, *now*! Am I making myself clear?"

I successfully restrained myself from saying, “You sure as fuck are.” Instead I simply said, “Yes, you are.”

“Good,” she said. “Now show me you *understand* what I’m making myself clear about. I want an arrearage-remission agreement from that big-time Minnesota deadbeat you’re working on, Zingerman, by the end of next week. If it doesn’t happen, you’re out of here. Do whatever it takes to get it done. Do you understand?”

You loathsome cunt! You’re insane! Who do you think you are, God? I didn’t say the words, of course. I wasn’t sure if I believed in God or not, but I was sure I would *not* believe in him if he was anything like Ms. Fuck. Instead of saying the words I couldn’t keep from thinking, I blandly said, “Yes, I understand.”

“Good. Now get back to work.” It was good that there wasn’t a trap door for her to drop me through when she was done with me, because I figured she would have used it if it had existed. Since it didn’t, I used the regular door, coolly turning my back and walking away from her, not even suggesting that I might be seething with outrage.

“Ms. F is reaching the boiling point,” I told my friend and co-worker, Rosie Boronczech, when I stopped by her cubicle in the interstate enforcement section before returning to my own. I didn’t say “Ms. Fuck” out of consideration for Rosie, who was one of the polite ones. “I’m going to need a new job.”

“Cam, don’t give up,” Rosie tried to encourage me. “Our kids need us.” Probably not many women would have thought of kids we had never seen, in other states, as “our kids”—but Rosie did.

“Yeah, they need us to get back some money that their deadbeat NCPs have been shorting them on for years,” I said. (An “NCP” is a non-custodial parent, in case you didn’t know.) “But Ms. F wants us to do the exact opposite.”

This was true. Ms. Fuck had revealed herself as a fanatic for arrearage-remission agreements, allowing deadbeat parents to avoid paying their back child support in exchange for so-called “voluntary sterilization.” This, in her view, was the way to solve the problem of irresponsible fuckheads not supporting their children: let them remain irresponsible fuckheads, by all means, but stop producing children to support. Depriving existing children of what their parents owed them was supposedly a small price to pay, and she wasn’t the one who had to pay it.

“Yes, she does,” Rosie acknowledged, “and it’s wrong—but we need to stand up for what’s right.”

“How are we supposed to do that?” I demanded to know. “She told me to get an arrearage-remission agreement from Zingerman in Minnesota by the end of next week, or else. If I don’t, I’m out of here, and she just replaces me with someone who will bow down to her.”

“Well, maybe you *will* need a new job *then*,” Rosie said, “but maybe you won’t. I’ve been thinking: Ron would never have tried to force anyone to do something like that. I wonder if Ron might have some suggestions about what to do.” Ron Regis was our former boss, far superior to Ms. Fuck; he now had a high-up position in the office of the Attorney General of Pacificum.

“Hmm,” I said. “Yeah, I guess he might. It couldn’t hurt to ask him, if he had any time to answer.” I thought about it. “I could send him an e-mail from my personal address—not my work address, of

course. But, even if he had any idea what to do, I don't see how he could keep me from being fired at the end of next week if I don't come through with an agreement from Zingerman—which I won't."

"Well, maybe I've got an idea about that too," Rosie said. "It's a bit bold—but I don't think it's too bold for *you*, if you're up to it."

That was just like Rosie. Incredibly, she admired me as a bold, manly guy—despite my long hair and my fondness for wearing women's clothes off the job, which she knew about. She didn't know about my fondness for gay sex, and I wasn't going to tell her about it.

Rosie had actually convinced me single-handed that I was bisexual, not gay, because she was so attractive to me. I knew she liked me an awful lot, and I didn't want to let her down if I didn't have to. I had a sickening feeling that I *would* have to, sooner or later, but I didn't want to think about it.

"Nothing is too bold for me," I said with a smile, playing along. "OK, what is it?"

"Well, I was thinking," Rosie said, "you look really cute in women's clothes, but you've never worn them to work. If you did start wearing them to work, then you'd be in a protected class, and you could claim Ms. F was discriminating against you if she fired you—so maybe she'd be reluctant to fire you."

I laughed. "I bet she wouldn't be all *that* reluctant," I said, but the idea was quickly taking hold of me. At this point, what did I have to lose? And there would be more great reasons to start wearing women's clothes to work too—reasons too great to pass up.

"I guess if I wore women's clothes, and acted *totally ladylike*," I said, "it would be a good way to criticize Ms. F for *not* being ladylike. It would be like, 'Hey, Ms. F, look here: even a *man in women's clothes* can be

more ladylike than *you!* Oh, I don't say *bad words*, Ms. F, and I don't want to *hear* them either, because they're not *ladylike!*"

Rosie laughed out loud, but quickly put her hand over her mouth. "Cam, you've got to!" she told me, softly but urgently. "I mean *Candi*, you've got to!" she said, using my girly name that I had disclosed to her. "I can hardly wait to see this!"

"Ron, a problem has come up in the CSE office," I wrote in a personal e-mail to Ron Regis at my earliest opportunity. "I think you might be able to help. Can I possibly talk to you about it sometime soon after work? If so, please call me." I gave him my cell phone number.

Ron was a pretty diligent guy. He called me that very afternoon, shortly after quitting time. I had just walked out to get my bicycle, and I was about to ride down to my apartment on the Capitoline Hill, when he called.

"Hi, Cam, this is Ron Regis," he said. "I got your e-mail. What's going on?"

I looked around to try to make sure no one was listening. I decided to get on my bike and ride, holding the phone with one hand and a handlebar with the other. It was illegal to do something like that in a car nowadays, but not on a bike, although it was probably more unsafe on a bike than in a car.

"Hang on just a second," I said. "I'm riding my bike away from work." I started to ride away, figuring I would stop when I got a little ways away from the Capitol and the state office building behind it where I worked.

“OK, I can understand that you might not want to talk about a problem too close to where it’s happening,” Ron said. “Well, aside from the problem, how’s everything else in your life?”

“Oh, not too bad,” I said. “Pretty good in some ways, actually.” I was thinking of Rosie. She and I had been going on friendly dates for quite some time now—nothing romantic, although I could see she hoped they would become so. I could easily imagine myself falling in love with her—but, every time I started to imagine it, I stopped myself because I was afraid I would cheat on her with guys if we ever got married.

“Great, like what?” Ron asked.

“Well, I’ve been going out with Rosie Boronczek,” I said.

“Hey, you’re a lucky guy,” Ron said. “Rosie’s really top-notch.”

“Um, yeah, she sure is,” I agreed. Her *face* wasn’t exactly top-notch, what with her big nose and thin lips, although her big brown eyes were beautiful—and so was her figure. I figured, though, that Ron was talking more about who she was inside than what she looked like. In that way, I had to agree, she was the greatest.

“Well, good luck with her,” Ron said. “OK, now are you far enough away from the office to talk about the problem?”

I looked back. “Yeah, I think so,” I said, stopping my bike. “Uh, the problem is with your successor as the CSE director, Ms. Zizz-Broncklin.” Of course I didn’t call her “Ms. Fuck” when talking to Ron!

“What’s going on,” I said, “is that she’s demanding that I’ve got to get an NCP from Minnesota, with a lot of arrearage, to sign an arrearage-remission agree-

ment. The idea is that he gets out of paying the arrearage if he agrees to so-called voluntary sterilization.”

“*What?!*” Ron cried. “Is that her idea of *child support enforcement*—to *fail* to enforce support orders in order to push her sterilization agenda?”

“Evidently so,” I said.

“And what happens if you don’t get the deal done?”

“I’m pretty sure I get fired. She said I’ve got to get the deal done by the end of next week, ‘or else.’”

“God damn it,” Ron said. I could see he was pissed. Unlike Ms. Fuck, Ron hardly ever used profanity.

“So what you’re saying,” Ron said after a pause, “is that Ms. Zizz-Broncklin is imposing a duty upon you to do something that not only has nothing to do with actual child support enforcement, but is *directly contrary* to enforcement of an existing child support order. Is that right?”

“Um, yeah, that’s right.” Ron really knew how to get to the point.

“Well, I think the AG is going to be interested in this,” Ron said. “As you probably know, in the State of Pacificum the Attorney General is responsible for prosecution of public employees for official misconduct and similar offenses. Keep this quiet for now, but it looks like what you’ve got going on is a case of ghost employment, a Class 5 felony.

“A public official who imposes a duty upon an employee that’s unconnected to the work of the public official’s agency, or who doesn’t assign any duties to an employee, commits ghost employment. More typical cases would be like an official who makes employees do things to get him or her re-elected, or who hires a screw product to screw and not to do actual

work—but your case also sounds like it fits the definition. I’m pretty sure we’ll be in touch with you soon about this.”

“How soon?” I asked. “Soon enough to keep me from getting fired?”

“Not quite,” Ron said. “You see, the evidence that she imposed a bogus *duty* upon you will be that she fires you for failing to do the bogus duty. I expect you’ll be asked to wear a hidden recording device, so you can catch her in the act of firing you for not doing the bogus duty. You need to keep this quiet for now, so she doesn’t suspect she’s being recorded while incriminating herself. If the evidence is strong enough, she’ll be arrested soon afterward, and I expect her temporary successor will reinstate you.”

“Well, all right,” I said. “Um, I guess you mean I shouldn’t tell Rosie or anybody about this until—um—until it happens.”

“I’m sure Rosie is trustworthy,” Ron said, “but yes, that’s right, you shouldn’t tell her or anyone about this until it does happen.”

“Well, I sure hope it works,” I said, and I meant it with all my heart.

No erections! I told myself sternly as I gazed upon my feminine appearance in the mirror next morning. *Real women don’t get excited merely because they’re wearing women’s clothes in public.* It was totally true, totally logical, but I was starting to get an erection anyway at the very thought of appearing in women’s clothes at work.

This is serious, I tried to tell myself. *I’m doing this for a totally serious purpose: to be in a protected class, to protect myself from being fired.* But I had to admit

to myself that it wasn't true, now that Ron had said I *had* to be fired to get Ms. Fuck charged with ghost employment—and I sure wasn't going to pass *that* up! What if Ms. Fuck wanted to fire me for not doing my bogus duty, but she was afraid to do it because I was in a protected class? Was I actually going to *ruin everything* by wearing women's clothes to work?

If I thought there was any chance of *that*, I'd revert to wearing men's clothes at once—but at least, I guessed, I could see if I thought there *was* any chance of that. I could wear the women's clothes today, at least. Rosie would be pleased, and I would be pleased because Rosie was pleased.

That was my real, deepest reason for wearing the women's clothes, I had to admit: I wanted to please Rosie. I wanted to see her big smile, and her unconcealed admiration; I wanted to see her obviously ready to fall in love with me at the least suggestion that I might be ready to reciprocate. I was even wishing I might fall in love with *her*—if only I could be sure I wouldn't cheat on her with guys!

I looked with satisfaction at my reflection in the mirror. I was wearing the same clothes I had worn the first time Rosie ever saw me in women's clothes, when we happened to meet in the evening near Capitoline Avenue: a white good-girl headband; a white peasant-style blouse with short puffy sleeves and a fairly low neckline, with a cute little décolleté bra beneath; a full knee-length flowered skirt covering my Patti's Puffies panties; white crew socks and matching sneakers. And Rosie sure hadn't been repelled to see me in women's clothes; far from it. She had come right out and said, "Hey, Cam, is that really *you*? You look pretty cute in those clothes!"

Vividly I remembered the meeting—and I remembered how Rosie had looked, too. I was pretty sure Rosie was still a virgin, but she was looking awfully sexy for a virgin: she wore very short shorts that

showed off her plump but lovely legs, and under her tank top she wore a flimsy bra that let me see her big nipples getting hard in my presence. She was incredibly attractive to me, I remembered—but I had to remember, too, what had occasioned our chance meeting.

I had been walking down to Capitoline Avenue to mail a letter to Wally Climpton. Wally had unwittingly helped me to expose and extradite his big-time deadbeat buddy, Bruce Breekie a/k/a Bruce Signum—and he had given me most delectable blow jobs, after which I gave him one too. Wally was now back in his home state of Kentucky and married to a woman—but, if he wasn't, I was pretty sure I would want to give him more blow jobs, and to receive more from him too. If I were married to Rosie, that would never do.

I tried to put Wally out of my mind. I wasn't going to see him today. I was going to see Rosie. For Rosie's sake, I was going to wish I had never had any interest in sex with guys—but I knew that was very far from the truth.

“Ooh, Cam—I mean Candi, you're so cute!” Rosie exclaimed when she saw me. I glanced down at her breasts. She usually didn't wear flimsy bras to work, but today she was wearing one—as her nipples were already starting to inform me. I was quickly getting an erection at the thought that Rosie wanted me to see her nipples getting hard at the sight of me in women's clothes—and surely she did!

“Hey, thanks,” I said. “So are you—but of course that goes without saying.”

Rosie laughed and gave me a terrifically big, thankful smile. She actually *was* pretty cute, I

thought, when she smiled like that. “Oh, but it doesn’t *have* to go without saying!” she said. “I really appreciate that!”

I glanced down again. Her nipples really appreciated it too. They were hard, sticking out with almost no restraint from her bra. She had to know about it; she had to want me to see.

“OK, well, uh, duty calls,” I said. “No fair letting cuteness distract us from work—but it shouldn’t distract us from *lunch*, if you’d like to go out.”

“I’d love it!” Rosie said. She was terrific—when I was with her, I forgot all about sex with guys. It was only when I *wasn’t* with her that I remembered it—again and yet again.

We started to work, but it wasn’t long before the word that Cam Zigsby was wearing women’s clothes to work traveled to Ms. Fuck’s office. “Come and see me right now,” an e-mail from her again commanded me.

“Well, isn’t that a fucking *coincidence*,” Ms. Fuck said after looking me over. “I tell you you’ve had it if you don’t get the deal with Zingerman, and the *very next fucking day* you start to give me *shit* about how I’ll be *discriminating* against you if I fire you! Don’t tell me that’s not what this is about, because I know it is—and I know it won’t work, too. I know how to deal with that fucking shit. If you don’t get the deal with Zingerman, you’re out on your ass, and you will *not* be able to claim fucking *discrimination!* Do I make myself understood?”

“Yes, you do,” I said. I wondered if I should say more. My heart was pounding in trepidation, and yet I said it: “And please don’t use all that profanity. I don’t appreciate it. I’m a lady, you see, and profanity isn’t ladylike.”

Ms. Fuck was speechless, for a moment, in horror and hatred. “*Fuck you!*” she then shouted. “How *dare* you lecture me on being *ladylike!* I ought to throw you out on your ass *right now!* The only reason I’m not doing it is because I need to see you doing everything you can to get that fucking agreement from Zingerman!”

You need to see me bowing down to you and acting like you’re God! I silently translated. *Well, I won’t!*

“Get out,” she demanded, “and get that God-damn agreement, or else!” I gladly complied with the first command, and remained silent about the second.

“I told Ms. F it wasn’t ladylike to use profanity, and I asked her not to use it,” I said to Rosie while we ate lunch at The Decencies, our favorite restaurant.

“Wow!” Rosie exclaimed in admiration. “Cam, or Candi, you’re my hero—or heroine, or both! Was she peeved? Not that I need to ask!”

“Extremely peeved,” I said, with commendable understatement. “She told me she ought to—uh—fire me right now, except she needed me to get the agreement with Zingerman.”

“And then she’ll fire you if you *don’t* get it, which you won’t,” Rosie said with a sigh. “Say, did you talk to Ron? Did he have any suggestions about what to do?”

“Yeah, he had a really good one,” I said. “Unfortunately, he said I need to keep totally quiet about it until we see if it works. I asked him if that meant I couldn’t tell you or anyone about it, and he said he was sure you were trustworthy, but still I shouldn’t even tell *you* about it—not yet.”

“Well, all right, I guess,” Rosie said. “I’m glad he thinks I’m trustworthy, anyway.”

“So do I,” I assured her. I needed to say more, much more. I was afraid, afraid I’d say too much and be unable to turn back, and yet my heart demanded that I go ahead and say it: “In fact—Rosie, I really—I think you’re the greatest.”

A flash of delight leaped out of her eyes, which then began to blink—I guessed because she was trying to keep herself from crying for joy, although she wasn’t quite succeeding. “Um—I’m speechless, as you can see,” she said with a laugh. “Well, I think *you’re* pretty great too, Cam, or Candi—or Cam *and* Candi.”

“I bet I’m righter about you than you are about me,” I said. “I’ve got some pretty severe defects in greatness in some ways.” *Like I often go crazy about sex with guys*, I thought but did not say.

“Well, I don’t know what they are,” Rosie said, “but even if I did, I’m pretty sure they wouldn’t keep me from—uh—from loving you.”

She loves me! I love her! Why don’t we get married? The thoughts broke forth and demanded to be heard—but, even as they did, I knew perfectly well why we didn’t get married. I had had sex with random men at Club Swank Wank, and loved it, less than a week ago. Sex with random boys and men—and occasionally not-so-random ones, like Wally—had been my life since high school. It had me in its grip, and it wasn’t going to let go—at least not without a fight to the death.

“I sure hope they wouldn’t,” I said, “but they still bother me a lot.”

“Would it help to talk about them?” Rosie asked.



Oh, sure! Sex with guys! Cheating if we were married! Let's talk! my mind cried out in bitter irony. I wasn't going to do it. It would seem like a vicious insult to Rosie. I might never be going to marry her, but at least I could keep from insulting her.

"Uh—not just now," I said—putting her off, as if I was going to talk about that shit some other time, which I was pretty damn sure I never would. "Please be patient with me."

"Oh, I will!" Rosie cried, her eyes shining with love for me. "Believe me, I will!"

Next morning gave me even more cause for concern about cheating. Ms. Fuck summoned me to her office bright and early, and introduced me to a tall, slender, beautiful black woman, or woman-like creature. I, too, was a woman-like creature, wearing women's clothes again: a soft pink sweater that delicately clung to my small breasts, and a full knee-length skirt with a bright flower print.

"Zigsby, This is Dawn Longfriggs," Ms. Fuck told me. "Teach her your job."

I looked at the woman-like creature. She was smiling and looking at me with what seemed to be appreciation of my looks. I had to show appreciation of hers too, for she was a knockout. She had very dark skin, bright intelligent-looking eyes behind dark-rimmed glasses, and a wide mouth with full lips and white teeth; a big halo of dark curly hair around her long, thin face; very small but fine-looking breasts beneath a high-necked white blouse; hips that seemed too narrow for a female's hips, but no bulge in her short red skirt giving her away as a shemale, if she was one; and slender but shapely legs atop red high heels.

I knew perfectly well why Ms. Fuck wanted me to teach this person my job. I showed no surprise and made no protest in her presence. “All right,” I said. “Dawn, I’m pleased to meet you. Let’s go.”

I did know perfectly well, but Dawn didn’t. “It sounds like I’m going to be your replacement,” she said when we had entered my cubicle. Her voice was pretty passable, but my sharp ears discerned a hint of maleness. “Um, I didn’t catch your first name.”

“That’s because Ms.—Ms. F didn’t say it,” I said. “I’m Candi Zigsby—original name Cameron Zigsby.”

“Ooh, Candi! I love that name!” Dawn said softly, looking at me as if she also loved my looks. Even more softly, she asked: “Candi, would you happen to be a shemale—like me?”

A strong thrill struck me at her words. This lovely, totally ladylike being was a shemale, sure enough—and I was like her! I was starting to get an erection already. I wondered if she was too, although I feared it would be very poor form to glance at her skirt.

“Well, yes, I would, now that you mention it,” I acknowledged.

“Ooh, that’s so exciting!” Dawn exclaimed. “I’m so glad I’ve met you!” She looked as if she wanted to kiss me, right there in the cubicle, but she didn’t do it.

“Uh, I’m really glad I’ve met *you*, too,” I told her most sincerely. Sure enough, I was hardly thinking of Rosie now.

“Well, I guess you should let me know what’s going on here,” Dawn said, striving to be more business-like. “Um, if I’m going to be your replacement, have you got another job lined up?”

“No,” I said. “Ms. F is going to fire me for failing—or refusing—to get an arrearage-remission agreement.”

“Oh!” Dawn’s eyes opened wide in surprise. “Uh—why do you call her ‘Ms. F’?”

“Because she’s so fond of profanity, especially the ‘F word,’” I explained. “Some people call her by the full four-letter word because she uses it so often.” I didn’t mention that I was one of them. I figured Dawn, like Rosie, might be one of the polite ones who wouldn’t like it.

Sure enough, she was. “That’s disgusting,” she said. “I don’t like profanity at all. It’s not ladylike. Don’t you think that’s right?”

“I sure do!” I said. “Once I even told Ms. F it wasn’t ladylike. She got—um—extremely peeved.”

Dawn laughed. “That must have taken some courage to tell her that to her face!” she said. “You’ve got courage. I like that.”

“Uh, thanks,” I said. I caught the distinct undertone of what she was saying: she liked *me*, and she might well be willing to have sex with me. My heart was beating hard at the thought. Rosie had flown from my mind.

“And what was that agreement you said she’s going to fire you for refusing to get?” Dawn asked.

“An arrearage-remission agreement,” I said. “The idea is that there are a lot of NCPs, which is non-custodial parents, who owe a lot of arrearage, which is back child support. Ms. F’s idea is that they shouldn’t have to pay what they owe if they agree to so-called ‘voluntary sterilization’ so they won’t have any more kids to support.”

Dawn frowned. “That doesn’t sound very fair to the kids who already aren’t getting supported,” she said.

“It’s not,” I agreed. “But Ms. F thinks you’re part of the problem if you try to get the arrearage paid, and you’re only part of the solution if you try to get an arrearage-remission agreement so no more kids will have to be supported.”

It’s not ladylike to snort, so Dawn didn’t snort, but she did something that vaguely resembled snorting in disgust. “I’m glad I’m only going to be working here temporarily,” she said. “I don’t think I’m going to like having Ms. F for a boss.”

“I’m pretty sure you won’t—and you sure won’t be the only one,” I assured her. “But why do you say you’re only going to be here temporarily? I thought you were supposed to be my replacement!”

“Being your replacement isn’t essential,” Dawn informed me. “What’s essential is that I’m a *gay black shemale*. That’s a triple whammy to knock out discrimination claims. So, I make pretty high hourly rates for temporary jobs, because employers bring me in when they’re planning to fire somebody who’s gay, black, or transgendered. ‘See here, gay black shemale working for us—no discrimination going on *here!*’ That’s the ticket.” Dawn grinned.

“So *that’s* why Ms. F told me I wouldn’t be able to claim discrimination if she fired me,” I said. “But what if *real* discrimination was going on, and an employer hired you as a cover-up? Would you really want to co-operate with that?”

“That’s a risk I take,” Dawn said. “But I don’t think it’s too likely to happen. I’m pretty sure real discriminators wouldn’t want to pay my high rates to me, because I’m exactly the kind of person they want to discriminate against. But hiring me to bump off *fake* discrimination claims, from people the employers have a legitimate reason for firing, is actually a lot cheaper than paying lawyers big money for lots of

billable hours would be if they didn't have me to bump off the claims."

I had to see the logic of this. "Well, I'm actually not going to raise a fake discrimination claim," I said. "I know exactly what Ms. F wants to fire me for, and it's not for wearing women's clothes. But *she* doesn't need to *know* I wasn't going to claim discrimination. You won't object to getting paid because Ms. F is afraid of something that isn't going to happen, will you?"

"I sure won't!" Dawn grinned again. "And I sure won't object to working with *you*, either! You've got the courage to stand up for what's right, even if it gets you fired—I really admire that!"

She moved closer to me and spoke more softly, almost touching my ear with her lips: "And I think you're pretty cute, too, if you don't mind my saying so. Cuteness and courage—what a terrific combination!"

I had an erection. I was going to bask in Dawn's admiration for all it was worth. I could see she wanted sex with me, and I was pretty sure I was going to do it with her. This would be far too good to pass up. Rosie need never know about the sex—and Dawn need never know that I wasn't really quite as courageous as she thought.

"Uh, hey, thanks, I really appreciate that," I said. "But I guess right now it's about time to start teaching you my job."

"Oh, yes, we mustn't forget that!" Dawn said. "But maybe we could go somewhere after work?"

I wished I could say yes, but I couldn't. After work this afternoon I was going to meet with Ron Regis and Mike Exmouth, the head of the Attorney General's official misconduct section, to discuss the plan to get Ms. Fuck charged with ghost employment. "Oh, I'm

afraid I can't this afternoon," I said. "I've—uh—got a previous commitment. But—uh—maybe tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow it is, then," said Dawn. "I'm really looking forward to it!"

I walked alone through the pedestrian tunnel that connected the state office building with the Pacificum State Capitol. I made sure I was alone, so there would be no chance that Ms. Fuck would find out what I was up to. Maybe I wasn't being as courageous as Dawn imagined, but still I was doing something that would be really good for the CSE employees, the people of the State of Pacificum, and the unseen children who needed whatever help we could give them. The only person it wouldn't be good for was Ms. Fuck, and she richly deserved it.

Following Ron's directions, I walked through a maze of small hallways in the Capitol basement until I came to room B-170. I knocked, and Ron's voice called out, "Come in."

I came in. "Oh, hi, Cam!" Ron said, his blue eyes opening wide for a moment. "Uh—new outfit, I see. It, uh, looks good on you."

"Thanks," I said. It did look pretty good, if I did say so myself.

"I started wearing women's clothes to work yesterday," I explained. "Rosie Boronczech suggested I should do it, so Ms.—uh—Ms. Zizz-Broncklin might be afraid I'd claim discrimination if she fired me." I sure hoped the expression "Ms. Fuck" wouldn't slip out of my mouth in the presence of these higher-ups from the Attorney General's office—not that it would be illegal to call her that, of course, but it would be a terrific *faux pas!*

Ron laughed. “Nice idea, but I’m pretty sure it wouldn’t actually work.”

“I don’t believe it would,” I agreed. “Ms.—uh—Zizz-Broncklin knew just what to do about *that*. She promptly hired a gay black shemale, a temporary worker who specializes in knocking out bogus discrimination claims.”

“OK, so we know why she *won’t* be firing you,” Ron said. “Now let’s talk about why she *will* be firing you. Cam, this is Mike Exmouth from the AG’s official misconduct section.”

“Nice to meet you, Cam,” said the big, short-haired, muscular-looking middle-aged guy facing me across the little table in the bare little room. “Ron’s been telling me about your allegations. Why don’t you tell me what’s been happening from the beginning?”

“Well,” I said, “nothing that seemed too much out of the ordinary was happening for the first few months that, uh, Ms. Zizz-Broncklin was the director of CSE. I guess maybe she was still learning her job. Then, a couple of months ago, she started pushing hard for arrearage-remission agreements.”

“Ron briefly told me what you said about those,” said Mike. “It sounds like the basic idea is that the obligor, the non-custodial parent, agrees to get sterilized, and in return the CSE office agrees to fail to collect existing arrearage. Is that right?”

“That’s it in a nutshell,” I said.

“And how did Ms. Zizz-Broncklin try to push you into getting the agreements?”

“Well, she kept saying we needed to get them, and then two days ago she told me I was ‘out of here’ if I didn’t get one by the end of next week from an NCP in Minnesota who owes a lot of arrearage. She told me I

was part of the problem, not part of the solution, if I tried to collect the arrearage instead of getting the agreement. And then yesterday, when I was wearing women's clothes, she told me I was 'out on my ass' if I didn't get the agreement, and I would not be able to claim discrimination."

Mike frowned. "Sounds like ghost employment, all right," he said. "From what you're saying, she's giving you a duty to get people to agree to be sterilized, which is totally unconnected to the work of the CSE office, and a duty to fail to perform the basic work of the CSE office, which is enforcing child support orders. Are you willing to wear a concealed recorder-transmitter to catch her saying more of the same kind of thing, and firing you for refusing to comply with her illegal demands?"

"I sure am," I said. "This has got to stop—even if I get fired for refusing."

I wore the tiny recorder-transmitter to work the next day, which was Friday, but Ms. Fuck didn't make any more demands that day. I wasn't too nervous about letting Rosie see that I was going out with Dawn after work, because Rosie usually took off early on Fridays, to go home to see her family in Appledale. After looking around to verify that Rosie wasn't seeing us, I walked out of the office together with Dawn, making sure to turn off the recorder-transmitter first.

"Would you like to have dinner at my place?" Dawn asked me, grinning and swinging her narrow hips in her very short skirt.

"Uh, sure, you bet," I said. I knew what was going to happen, and I was up for it. My fairly regular practice was to hold off on ejaculating during the week if

possible, and then to expend my built-up semen in orgies with random or not-so-random men at Club Swank Wank on Friday and Saturday evenings. I had followed that practice this week. I had an erection under my skirt already—today I was wearing a pretty short skirt and a form-fitting scoop-neck top—and I was bursting with sperm.

We went to the employees' parking garage and got into Dawn's car, a hot little red two-seater. Like a lot of state employees who lived on the Capitoline Hill, I didn't own a car, but Dawn had told me she lived on Queen's Bluff and drove to work. We made good time down the steep side of the hill, through the wooded valley that was part of Grand Stimson Park, and up the equally steep slope of Queen's Bluff. Soon we were in Dawn's elegant little apartment with a fine view of downtown Pacific Heights, the ocean, and more.

Dawn was a good, efficient cook. She quickly prepared a tasty, spicy Asian dish with fried tofu and assorted vegetables. While we ate it, she told me about a few cute guys she'd had sex with, and I told her about Wally. I didn't tell her about Rosie, for Rosie wasn't a cute guy and I hadn't had sex with her; I was pretty sure I never *would* have sex with her, unless we got married. Despite her flimsy bras and protruding nipples, I knew she was no screw product, and I didn't want her to be one.

Dawn wasted no time after dinner. She excused herself and, after very little time, she emerged from her bedroom wearing a flimsy negligee that distinctly showed her small breasts and her protruding nipples. Her big clitoris—which I presumed she must have, being a shemale—was nowhere to be seen. She was walking as if it was hidden between her legs and she was squeezing it as she walked.