

Lesley and Leslie



Jessica Matthews



An "Adult TV" Novel



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Lesley and Leslie

By Jessica Matthews

I was doing quite well until the pandemic hit. I guess lots of people were hit by it so I can't say my situation was worse than anyone else. I was single, used to moving home and to sharing an apartment as work demanded.

Then it all stopped. I'd graduated from college in theatre studies, majoring in management. I would have loved to be an actor but at my height it was never going to happen. Most leading ladies would be taller than I and that's not a look they like to present, be it drama, musical, or even cabaret.

I know they used to stand Humphrey Bogart on a box when he acted with Ingrid Bergman in "Casablanca" but that was a movie and another time.

I thought that with the resumption of more normal life that I could slot back in to work, but it didn't happen. I had to live and pay my rent, so I started to work for a theatre agency. I sorted out tours and problems

as they arose. I was good but there wasn't enough work. I found myself doing whatever clerical and administrative jobs they could send me to.

Some lasted a few weeks, others only a few days. Quite quickly I developed something of a reputation as the guy who could solve problems, be it logistics or staff rotas, warehousing or even some computer programming. I'm not the greatest computer operator but I knew the basics.

I also knew that if I could handle all the problems which come with touring theatrical productions, week by week, that whatever the problem, there had to be a practical solution. I took this attitude and the skills into all sorts of situations. I quite enjoyed it, even though the pay was poor and it wasn't where I wanted to be.

It's not that I didn't try my hardest to get back into my profession. I guess things had moved; more experienced people had to step down from more prestigious productions and I got squeezed out. So I went from one temporary placement to another, hoping not to be laid off without any income.

It all changed one fateful day when I was called back into the agency's office from my latest menial job. I thought the worst as I climbed the stairs to see the boss. Maybe this was the end of my less-than-great career with them.

But it wasn't.

"I've got a request for someone to work for Feldman and Babel and I can't think of anyone more suited," my boss Arnold said. "It requires a particular skill set which I think you have and a willingness to be very adaptable. It's going to mean long and variable hours and some personal demands."

“I’ve heard of them. They have their fingers in so many pies.” I sat in the chair opposite his desk.

“They’re really big and I would love to keep them as clients.” Arnold leaned forwards in his chair and folded his arms. “You’re the only one I could think of for this job.”

“Does it pay?” I had to keep up with my rent.

“It pays far more than any position this company’s been asked to fill.” Arnold waved his hands over the folder. “The more important question would be if you’re willing to do it after you’ve read the person specification.” Arnold handed me a folder. “Use my office for the afternoon and study it. I’ll be back about seven and if you’re still here, I’ll take you to dinner and you can thank me.”

“It looks like there’s a lot of information in that folder,” I said. “I thought a company like that wouldn’t be using much paper in these computer-based days.”

“I think it’s a little too sensitive to risk leaking into the wrong hands.” Arnold turned it over. “It’s sealed; I was told not to open it, but to hand it to the person I thought could meet their criteria.”

“Do you know what those are?” This air of mystery was thickening fast.

“I know the basics, but I’m guessing there’s a lot more in there.” Arnold handed me the folder. “Don’t open the seal until I’m out of the door.”

He stood and then hesitated as he began to open the door. “You’d better give me your mobile. I trust you but I wouldn’t like you to take pictures of confidential documents.”

“You make it sound like a James Bond movie.” I forced a laugh as he stood with his hand out for my mobile.

I held the folder and waited until Arnold left the room. I turned it over and looked at the seal. I’d never seen one like it.

I took a moment to help myself from his personal coffee machine and sat in his big leather chair. I wished I’d been able to work in an office like this, but it was just a dream.

I opened the folder and started to read.

“You’re still here; that’s a good sign.” Arnold blustered into the office, taking me by surprise as I hadn’t registered the time passing. “I thought you might have taken one look and gone.”

“It can’t be real.” I was still shocked by what I’d read.

“It’s for real,” he replied, holding out his hand to take the folder and loose papers from me. “But I’ve not seen all the details that you have in those papers.”

“They want... whoever, to dress like an office girl.” My incredulity must have shown on my face. “They want a guy for this role but he must dress like a woman all the time the employment lasts, in or out of the office.”

“I know,” Arnold sighed, indicating that I should get out of his chair and return to the other side of the desk.

“It’s more than that,” I replied. “The person has to have a girl’s hairdo, nails and jewellery. He has to wear makeup at all times in the office or where he may be seen by other people. That’s too much.”

“You didn’t mention the heels.” Arnold grinned at my discomfort.

“That’s in there too.” I could feel my face reddening as I absorbed all that I’d said and Arnold had confirmed. “It must be a joke?”

“Believe me, I wondered if it was a joke but then they told me what it would pay.”

“That’s not in the folder.”

“I didn’t want it to have undue influence. They’re a client I really want on my books. I can’t afford to send them someone less than willing.”

“It says remuneration based on monthly assessments, with the use of a company apartment and a company vehicle.”

“I told you that it would pay well and all the expenses for clothes and hair and so on would be paid through a company account.”

“Why did you ask me?”

“You’re the only one who could possibly do it.” He opened his drawer and turned a small envelope in his hands. “You’re small and slim; you have some theatre skills and could probably act the part.”

“But really...” I started to protest even as my mind was churning over ridiculous scenarios. He held up his hand for silence.

“As you’ve not blown your top and stormed out of the office, I’m allowed to give you this. It’s the basic terms and conditions and, most importantly, the pay figure.”

I took the envelope and opened it. I think my eyes lit on the figure first. I couldn’t miss it in heavy print on the top line. I looked up in shock; I’d never been offered anything like this. They were offering much more each month than I earned in a year, or even two years.

“Yes, it’s real.” Arnold returned my gaze across the desk. “And don’t forget all the additional benefits.”

“Can I think it over?”

“Only tonight; I have to reply in the morning.” Arnold held out his hand to take the paper from me. “No one can know about this, not your girlfriend, your mother, or anyone. I mean that most strictly; there mustn’t be *any* breach of confidence.”

“You’ll get commission off my earnings,” I asked.

“I’m to be paid fifteen percent on top of what they would be paying their successful employee.”

“But why did they ask you; more importantly, why ask me?” I think the implications of the idea were hitting me then.

“You’re the only one that I know.” He smiled. “I couldn’t ask anyone else on my books. Think about it, most of them would look like ‘The Whale’ in a dress.”

“Okay, I get it.” I think I laughed then. “It’s ridiculous but I’ll think about it.”

“Do that and remember, not a hint to anyone.”

“There’s no danger of that,” I reassured him. “I don’t have a girlfriend and my family are on the other side of the country. I don’t have much contact with them.”

“And is there no boyfriend on the scene?”

“That’s a silly question.” I didn’t like it at all. “Just because I’m small and skinny, it doesn’t mean I’m gay.”

“I didn’t think it for a minute.” Arnold held up his hands in surrender.

“You know how little I’m earning; I couldn’t afford a girlfriend, even if…” I hesitated.

“What?”

“Even if there was a girl out there who didn’t mind someone shorter and skinnier than they were.”

“You probably have longer hair too.” Arnold laughed at my rant, then I saw the funny side and joined in.

“I’m sorry for the self-pity,” I said.

“You’re entitled; like I said, I have to be sure there are no leaks and you have to give me your answer tomorrow.”

I went home after that. Home, or what counted as home for the time being, wasn’t a great place. I had a tiny apartment, basically one room in which to live

and sleep. It had a tiny kitchen and an even tinier bathroom.

It was always dull in there even on the brightest day. The view from my window was the wall of the next building.

“That’s a good reason for wanting out of here,” I said to myself as I drew the blinds against the view.

I sat for a while, thinking about it all. My mind was racing and I couldn’t settle. I walked out into the street and got a burger and coffee at a diner, then wandered further.

The streetlights had come on by the time I found myself outside a big supermarket. I wandered in with no particular purpose in mind. I think I wanted to be among people, even if I wouldn’t know anyone.

I came to the section where they displayed the magazines. I picked up a car magazine and pretended to read it but really my eyes were drawn to the women’s section.

Looking round to make sure that no one was watching, I picked up the one with the most glamorous girl on the cover. I slipped it inside the car magazine, turned my back to the magazine rack so that it was concealed from prying eyes, not that there was anyone nearby.

I began to look through the pages. I was only curious at first, but then I found myself drawn in. I was dazzled by the pictures; girls with white teeth perfectly even were smiling through lipstick lips. The makeup around their eyes was evident in all the photos. Earrings and rings, necklaces and bracelets; they all wore them. And the finger nails. How did they ever manage to use their hands?

I couldn't help it and put the car magazine back. I went through the self-service checkout with the other magazine. I think it was called something like "Today's Trends" but I can't remember. I do remember rolling it up to conceal the title and the cover picture as I walked more quickly back home.

I lay on my bed. My first thought was that it was all too ridiculous. Arnold must be trying to con me. But his face looked serious when he talked about the money, so maybe he wasn't.

My thoughts of turning down the money were dissipating.

It's not that I'd made up my mind when I returned to Arnold's office. I had too many questions. I hesitated for a moment on the threshold of the room.

"I should tell him that it's an insult; it's impossible." I stood as the thought hit me, then I knocked on the door and entered.

"Have you had time to make a decision?" Arnold asked, holding out his hand to take the folder from me.

"I'm not sure," I stuttered, wondering why my resolve had faltered. "It's a lot of money but I don't know if I can pull it off."

"Feldman and Babel seem to think you could." Arnold gestured for me to sit down. "It's not as if they want to turn you into a girl."

“I get that,” I said. “But they want me to look and act as if I really was one, with no time off; not weekends, not holidays.”

“But think what they’re offering.”

“You’re thinking of your fifteen percent.”

“I can’t deny that it’s a good sum.” Arnold smiled at the thought of it. “But really can you afford to turn it down? You’re still male and they want that to be clear if you take the job.”

“I think they’re looking for someone to be a figure of fun.”

“Not at that price,” Arnold guffawed. “I’m sure they want to use you in some way to publicise their operation, but they want you to use your skills in their day-to-day management.”

“I have no idea how to be a girl,” I sighed. “I don’t know about hair and makeup. The thought of tottering around on heels fills me with dread. I’m a jeans and T-shirt sort of guy.”

“I get it.” Arnold leaned back in his chair. “You need a little longer to think about it.”

“I don’t think so,” I said with a new resolve.

“Mr. Feldman thought this might happen and he’s arranged for you to see someone about your doubts.”

“I still don’t get why they want me,” I almost shouted.

“I can answer that and I will, even though I’ve been sworn to secrecy,” Arnold said. “They’ve done their research. You’re physically suitable, you’ve no em-

barrassing secrets that could come back to bite them, and you've no ties to stop you."

"They're asking too much. I'd have to be a girl in public and in private for ever; well... as long as the contract lasts."

"Let's focus on today. All they're asking is that you go and talk with someone."

"Do you know who and why?"

"No, I've only to give you the address, then call a car for you."

"They're not going to kidnap me." I was suddenly alarmed.

"No and they've already paid me to pay you for the day, with a bonus of five."

"Five dollars isn't much."

"Five means five hundred." Arnold smiled. "What kind of agent do you think I am if I can't talk up the price?"

"Okay, I'll go," I said reluctantly.

Five hundred would go a long way towards my rent, even though I had real doubts about where this was going.

I didn't pay much attention as I rode in the cab. I was feeling too apprehensive. As ludicrous as the concept seemed, and as much as my instincts said

that I should refuse, there was an inexorable push behind me.

I didn't even ask where I was going and I seemed to have got the only cab driver in town who didn't want to talk.

"I'll just have to keep saying 'No' to everything." I fixed the thought in my mind. "They really need some gay guy, not me."

"We're here; this is where you get out," my driver said gruffly.

I was surprised that the cab had pulled into the parking lot of a spa hotel.

"What do I do?" I asked the driver.

"I guess you get out of the cab and go in there," he replied unhelpfully.

I walked to the welcome desk and waited behind a lady grumbling out of earshot. I looked round and was a bit intimidated by the place. The receptionist looked like some perfect supermodel and looked down at me like I was not supposed to be there. I gave my name and her face melted into a smile.

"Yes, you're expected," she said, handing me a grey card. "Show this at the bar and get a drink. I'll call your hosts and let them know where you are."

I thanked her and walked through. I knew I was out of place amongst the business lunch trade. I hurried through, ordered a diet soda, and retreated into a corner where I hoped no one would see my discomfort.



I'd been there about ten minutes when a very elegant blonde came over. I saw her looking round and couldn't help but notice that she had curves in all the right places. Her black office dress was tight and maybe cut a little too low. Her shiny black heels with ankle straps were high and perhaps a little too showy for the workplace.

Her boss may have complained but most of the men around wouldn't have dared.

"I'm Alison," she held out her hand for me to take.

"You're from Feldman and Babel?" I asked.

I stood and took her hand, noticing that she wore only a dress ring on her right hand and that her nails were long, perfect and deep red. Her perfume wafted towards me. Her dress had a scooped neck leaving ample skin on show. I tried hard not to stare at her breasts. I hope she noticed.

"Yes, they asked me to come specially to meet you. They told me who to look out for, but they didn't give me your name."

"I'm Lesley Baker," I replied truthfully. "Everyone calls me Les. I got named after a famous movie star; my grandmother's favourite apparently."

"It could be worse." She smiled, showing perfect teeth and generously coloured lips. "I'll take you through to our suite when you've finished your drink."

I drank slowly only to look at her. She was probably a few years older than I was and had an air of self-possession which I envied.

“Welcome,” Alison said as I looked round the suite. “Your room is through that door and there are towels in the bathroom.”

“There must be some mistake. I’m only here for the day.”

“Oh really; they told me you’d be here for a couple of nights.”

“I’d better check with my boss,” I replied. “I’m sure he’ll be expecting me back tomorrow.”

I called Arnold and explained.

“If they want you for a couple of days, that’s a good sign.” I could almost see his grin as he spoke. “I’ll check with them and call you back.”

“I don’t know how far I want to get into this,” I replied.

“I’m sure they’ll pay for your time,” he replied before ending the call.

“What don’t you want to get into?” Alison asked.

“Don’t you know what Feldman and Babel have asked for?”

“No, all I’ve been asked to do it to take you round the office, then take you to dinner. You can stay here in the second bedroom. Tomorrow, Mr. Feldman himself wants to see you.”

“They never told me...” I started to reply but then my mobile rang.

“They’ll pay you another day or even a few more with no problems,” Arnold said. “Each day you stay they’ll pay five hundred and all expenses. I think they really want you.”

“But do I want them?” I replied but it was too late. Arnold had cut the connection.

“What don’t you want?” Alison asked innocently, having overheard my muttered aside.

“Are you sure they didn’t tell you anything?” I looked directly into her eyes.

“I’ve only been told to make you comfortable and, like I said, to show you round, take you to dinner later, and drive you to see Mr. Feldman tomorrow.”

I couldn’t decide if this was the truth or not, but looking at her made me want to believe her. After all, when did I last have the chance to dine with such a dream girl? The answer: never.

Guys can be simple sometimes.

The office tour was unremarkable. I was introduced here and there; accounting, talent, personnel, and other functions I didn’t recognise. As we walked through from room to room, I wondered just how big the organisation had become. I wasn’t registering names; there were too many to remember.

I did wonder if some of them were looking at me as the potential new girl in the office. The men sized me up and the women scrutinised me furtively, perhaps playing Guess The Weight. I laughed at that thought.

One came to touch my hair, which I'd worn in my usual low pony. She was all smiles and sinuous movement; I think she was called Violet. She smiled and pulled my hair over my shoulder, feeling the texture. To my surprise, she held it to her nose.

"You have beautiful hair," she said. "I like that and I like it that it smells so sweet and clean."

I wondered if I should have been using a more masculine shampoo. I'd never thought of that before.

There were pictures on the wall of theatrical productions and movies I'd seen. There were stills from advertising and portraits of stars from movie history. The girls in the pictures were from a glamorous era long past.

I have to admit that the thought of working there wouldn't be so bad. Then I remembered the way they wanted me.

"If you want to take a shower and clean up before dinner, there's plenty of time," Alison said when we returned to her suite.

"Are we going to meet more people?" I asked.

"Nothing like that; it's just you and I this evening," she replied. "I think there's everything you need in there."

"Thanks." I turned towards my room when she called me back.

“You can come back in your robe and have a glass of wine with me,” she said. “You’re far from relaxed; a quiet moment or two may help.”

I closed the door behind me and stood for a moment, taking a deep breath and trying to make some sense of the day thus far. Alison was really nice, talking to me and introducing me as if she really cared. I wondered if this was for real, or if she’d been told what to do. Then I wondered if I was thinking like this because I wanted it to be true.

I liked girls but they never seemed to like me.

I stripped off and went into the shower, taking my time and allowing the hot water to cascade over me. I washed my hair and conditioned it with the products there. They felt much nicer than my usual cut price brands and when I dried my hair, it felt supple and smooth. The brush slipped through down to the ends.

Violet had said that it smelled good; now it was going to smell much nicer. I knew it was a female scent, but I didn’t care. A short black robe hung on the door. It was silky and smooth with a tie belt and a figured pattern. It felt good when I wrapped it around me.

It wasn’t a girl’s gown; I convinced myself of that but it wasn’t really a manly one either. I was looking in the mirror and thinking if I dared, when Alison tapped on my door and asked if I was ready.

She put her head round the door and held out her hand. A cascade of blonde hair hung over her shoulder. I took her hand and followed her into the lounge. I couldn’t help but watch her moving. Her gown was the same as mine, but shorter and every move showed the tops of her thighs.

“Relax, we’re going to have a lovely evening,” she said, pushing me into one end of a huge couch.

She walked across to a wine cooler, took out a bottle, poured two glasses and handed one to me. We touched our glasses together, then she sat at the other end of the couch, kicked off her kitten heels, and tucked her legs under her.

We talked awkwardly at first, then the conversation eased. I can’t remember what course it took but I remember laughing as she laughed. I remember watching as her robe loosened and the swell of her breasts became more visible.

I think she saw me watching. She smiled and tucked the robe more closely around her chest. It didn’t make much difference; it soon slipped away again.

“It’s time I was getting ready,” she said. “You want me to look pretty, don’t you?”

“You couldn’t look anything else,” I replied gallantly.

“It’s all an illusion.” She said. “I’m really the ugly duckling. I’ll be as quick as I can.”

She skipped away to her room and left me alone. I emptied my glass, turned to my room, and dressed quickly in a clean shirt and my best chinos. I guessed I’d be the worst dressed in the restaurant but no one would be looking at me when there was Alison there.

“You like?” Alison closed the door to her room.

She twirled round in front of me. Her short blue skirt flared around her thighs, giving me a glimpse of lavender-coloured panties and the tabs of her garter belt holding up stockings. She turned to me and smiled.

“If I’m not careful, the whole place will see that I’m wearing stockings just for you.”

“Thank you,” I mumbled, not quite knowing how to answer.

Hey, show more excitement.” She looked serious and wagged her finger at me like she was telling me off. “I spent a whole day at the salon getting ready for you yesterday.”

“I didn’t know I was coming here yesterday until late afternoon.”

“How was I to know?” She held out her hands showing me long beautifully shaped red nails. “I don’t usually have them this long but I thought you’d like them.”

“I think your hands are lovely,” I said lamely.

“I got my eyelashes done too.” She fluttered them at me. “I thought they’d be too much but I love the look.”

“I don’t know how you can do anything with those,” I laughed, holding onto her hand with the long nails.

“You’d be surprised how quickly you adapt to them,” she replied. “I can do my makeup, fasten my earrings, and even my bra. It’s a girl thing.”

“I don’t understand girl things,” I replied honestly, remembering the offer that I was supposed to be considering.

“That’s the trouble with being a boy,” she said. “You don’t understand what effort it takes to look good.”

“It can’t be all that hard.” Her face told me that I’d said the wrong thing.

“It’s not hard, but it takes time and effort. It’s fun but a girl has to be constantly aware of what’s changing,” she replied. “It may be a new hair colour, or a new dress style. I never want to be out of fashion.”

“You look perfect to me,” I replied.

“Practise makes perfect,” she said, reaching for my hand. “You’d never believe how long it took me to get this comfortable with myself.”

I didn’t have time to ask her to explain as I followed her out of the apartment.

It was a warm evening as we walked towards a restaurant nearby. I was conscious of her arm in mine, the occasional scent of her perfume, and the clicking of her high heels on the path as we walked.

She was clearly expected and, after an aperitif, we were shown to a table at the side of a small dance floor. A trio played soft jazz and a few couples smooched across the floor.

“Dance with me.” She stood and reached out her hand.

“I don’t know how...” I started to protest but she pulled me forwards, wrapped her arms around me, and started to sway slowly to the music.

I realised that she was a little taller than I as she guided me round, leading me into something looking like I could dance. Her hair brushed my cheeks and I could feel a hand playing gently with the end of my pony tail as we swayed. Two smooches ensued. You couldn’t really call it dancing and we were back at our table.

It was too much for my senses. Her perfume was delicious; lavender, vanilla and citrus with something else. I was intoxicated by her presence. This had never happened to me before. I couldn’t eat much, and chose a simple herb omelette from the menu. I watched her eat. A delicate lift of the fork, then a small portion was taken with perfect teeth.

I saw the lipstick marks on her glass. I knew I was tongue tied and staring but I couldn’t stop. She held my gaze, a smile slightly betraying her intention as she reached for her purse and made a show of renewing her lipstick, looking at me over her mirror as she did so.

It was artful and I was falling for it, helplessly, almost obliviously, as she stroked my hand. We sat idly chatting about nothing in particular. She subtly pointed out the other dancers. There were ones with the bad posture, the inelegant movements in unaccustomed heels, the bad makeup and even one lady with an ill-fitting wig.

It was a glimpse into a female world I never knew existed and which was outside my experience.

Now you may think that I was falling for her female charms; that I'd forgotten the purpose of this trip. You'd be partly right. She was way out of my class.

At the same time, I saw the things she was doing. These were the things that girls do and guys don't. The way her eyes and hands moved as she spoke and the way her body moved. Were these things that they expected me to learn if I took the job?

I wasn't sure that I wanted it though. The money and the benefits were way above my expectations. I knew that Arnold would move heaven and earth to make me take it if only to make a connection with Feldman and Babel. Where was I in all this?

We drank our wine and headed back to her suite. She turned to me in the elevator and I took a chance. I kissed her swiftly on the mouth. She looked at me and I thought I'd get slapped but she smiled and leaned in to kiss me back.

The doors opened and we almost stumbled into her place and shut the door. We kissed again and my hand went gently to her breast. Without breaking the kiss, she pulled it away and my instincts told me to be careful.

My instincts may have been saying one thing but my hormones were saying something else. I think she understood and broke free. She stood back.

"Let's not get too involved," she said. "I like you but I don't want you to start liking me and regret it afterwards."

"I don't understand..."

“Remember why you’ve been asked to come here. I don’t know all the details but I know it wasn’t to find a girlfriend.”

“They’ve said they want to offer me a job.” I didn’t meet her eye.

“I only know of one vacancy,” she replied, looking at me with more curiosity than before.

“Then I guess that must be it.” I wasn’t going to give it all away.

“I think you could be a pretty girl.” There it was out in the open. “It’s not a bad life surely?”

“How would I know?”

“You could try it.”

“What if I sign up and hate it all?”

“You’ll have had an experience. Besides, maybe you’d like it and decide to stay.”

She looked at me as if weighing up what to say next. I think I knew what it was before she said anything.

“I got the same deal.” She didn’t make eye contact as she walked towards me. “I’m leaving and there’s a vacancy. It’s a good life.”

“You mean...?”

“Yes, underneath all this I’m as much a boy as you are,” she said. “Maybe I have a little addition here and there but I’m still a boy underneath.”

“You mean...?” I mumbled again.

“Yes, I have breast implants. You noticed immediately when we met. Guys talk to the breasts and don’t think much further. I got tired of padding and glue. This has been much easier and it confuses people.”

“If it’s so good, why are you leaving?”

“I’ve made my fortune; eight years has been enough.” She laughed and tossed her hair. “I want to settle down away from the city.”

“Did you really make enough to give it all up here?”

“Yes, I saved and invested; mostly in property. I wanted a guaranteed income and I didn’t want any risks,” she replied, suddenly business-like. “A company manages it all for me, so I don’t have to do much other than a few meetings a year.”

“And you’re moving away.” I said. “Are you going back to being a boy?”

“You’re asking too many questions.” She smiled. “I’m not going to answer that one. There’s someone waiting for me to make a decision, and I think it’s time for me to go.”

“Is it a male someone?” I asked and then mentally kicked myself for being so forward.

“I’ve been asked that several times since I said I was leaving. I’m not going to answer that either. I’ve had sex with men and with women. I’ve enjoyed it all and that’s all I’ll say.”

She got up and retreated to her room. I felt as if I’d made an ass of myself, asking too many questions.

I wasn't feeling easy as I lay in my bed that night. I'd been insensitive. My behaviour after her admission had been crass and I hadn't had the sense to apologise.

I couldn't sleep and when I heard Alison moving around in the lounge, I wrapped my robe arounds me and tentatively opened my door. She saw me at once and smiled as if she hadn't noticed my behaviour.

"Share a night cap with me?" she asked.

I stepped out. "I'm sorry; I shouldn't have been so insensitive."

"That's okay; I guess it must have been a shock to find the girl you'd been ogling all day was really a boy."

"I bet you don't think of yourself as a boy." I smiled back, relieved that the atmosphere between us was so easy. "

"That's almost true," she replied. "I don't think I want to look like a boy again, besides, where could I hide these?"

She loosened her robe and let me see her breasts. They weren't huge; from my limited experience of these things, they looked perfect.

"Maybe you could hide them under a loose sweat-shirt?"

"And bind my chest? No thank you. I'm quite happy to stay female," she said, stepping close to me.

“I don’t think my partner would like me to do otherwise.”

She took my hand and placed it on her breast. I could feel the weight and the suppleness there. Her nipple was firm in my hand. As I was marvelling in this touch, I felt her hand stroking my penis which grew instantly.

With a mischievous look in her eye, she allowed her robe to slip to the floor. That was my first glimpse of her penis standing firm and strong. She took it in her hand, then took mine as well so that our penis were touching, rubbing together.

That touch was like an electric shock. I should have been thinking that I shouldn’t be doing this. I couldn’t. All my thoughts were in that touch and those feelings.

“You’ve never done anything like this before,” she said, softly stating the obvious. “And you don’t know what to do next.”

She kissed me quickly and then giggled at my incomprehension. She was right though; I didn’t know what to do next but my penis was swelling and I pulled away to avoid an accident.

“Poor boy; I’m confusing you.” She put her finger with a mesmerising long red nail to her bottom lip and her dark eyes looked at me from under long dark lashes.

“Promise not to scream and I’ll show you what you never knew you’ve been missing.”

She took my hand and led me to her room.

“There are a lot of things you don’t know, but I’m not going to explain,” she said. “Trust me and I’ll show you how good I feel about being me.”

She kissed me and I kissed her. She put my hands on her breasts and hers over them as she had me explore and feel all over and around them.

“You can’t feel a join, can you?” She looked me in the eye as if daring me to disagree.

“I’d never know they weren’t real.”

“Oh but they are real; you can feel them and I enjoy your touch.”

“I didn’t mean...’

“I paid for the best and I’m really pleased you like them,” she replied. “No one’s complained.”

I think she felt me pull back a little.

“Don’t get precious now,” she said. “I told you that I’ve had sex with boys and girls. One or two might have been mistakes but I’ve learned how not to get involved in wrong relationships. Most times I’ve enjoyed it, I’ve *really* enjoyed it.”

“You make it sound so natural.”

“Of course; there’s nothing wrong as long as you’re not doing harm.” She started to stroke my penis gently. “I think I should show you how to use this.”

She knelt and took it in her mouth. Her tongue rasped gently over the tip and then she looked up at

me. He head went down and my length was sucked into her mouth.

“Be careful,” I gasped. “I might not be in control.”

She slapped my penis hard. It deflated.

“We’ve proved it can grow. I’ve no doubt that it will again.”

It got messy after that.

We were naked on her big bed, legs entwined and our penises touching and being rubbed together. I couldn’t believe how big hers was.

“I sucked yours,” she said. “Now you have to return the favour.”

I looked askance.

“I promise you’ll get your reward later, but it’s one of the things that girls like us have to do.”

“I’m not a girl like you,” I said.

“No but you’re going to be. I can see in your eyes and feel it in the way you touch me. You’re already thinking things that were unthinkable yesterday.”

I didn’t reply as her hands were guiding my head ever so gently downwards. I didn’t resist and when my lips touched the tip of her penis, I almost reacted strongly against it.

I opened my lips and let the head slide over my tongue. She didn’t push or force it in. I let my tongue

feel it; the texture and then the slight saltiness of the taste. I leaned back a little, then forward again, taking a bit more of the length. I could feel the gorge rising at the back of my throat and coughed.

“Don’t worry, baby,” she said, stroking my hair and folding it back out of the way. “It takes time to work out how much you can swallow.”

I tried again, taking more this time. I arched my back and did my best to suppress the reaction, only to withdraw and cough again. I thought I could do more. Now that I was doing it, things weren’t as horrible as I’d expected. I wanted to please her.

I tried again. This time her hands came behind my head, gently pulling me forwards and her penis deeper. She paused just as I could feel a reaction. We held still and it passed. She pushed again and I took a little more, feeling the tip hit the back of my throat.

I angled my head to make it more comfortable and as I did so, I could feel her stiffening, swelling, and I knew what was to come. Before I had time to react and withdraw, it was too late.

I could feel her spurting into the back of my throat. I swallowed a little and felt the rest dribbling down my chin and onto my chest.

Ugh, what a mess!

I was surprised that this didn’t faze Alison at all; not for a moment. She wiped me quickly with a towel that she produced from somewhere. Before I knew it,

I was kneeling between her legs. She hoisted her legs over my shoulders and pulled me forwards.

As I was kneeling there, wondering what to do next, she pulled a plastic bottle from under a pillow and squeezed something onto her hand. She rubbed it over my penis.

She reached down and pulled something long and tapered from under her behind.

“I’m as lubricated as a girl can be,” she said, pulling me forwards at the same time as she hitched herself towards me.

“You have to push,” she said. “You’ll feel where; let instincts take over.”

“I’m, not sure I know...” I started to speak but then my penis slipped forwards into her and she gasped and smiled.

“That’s where the instinct should take you; now push and push. Make me feel every inch.”

I could feel that there was some resistance there as I pushed, so I tried harder. In and out I moved, feeling myself reaching further inside her with every thrust.

I think something animal in me took over then. I pushed in and pulled out over and over again, moving a fraction deeper and then deeper. It got easier and I the feeling was getting better too. I liked this. My thought strayed to what Alison was feeling. Her moans told me that it wasn’t bad.

Then we were moaning and panting together. I could feel the sack of my balls against her cheeks. I knew I couldn’t go deeper. Now my mind could be free. I’d been conscious of not wanting a climax to

come too soon. Now I was past that thought. I wanted it all.

Then it came in a spasm; a jerking; a squeezing of every last drop that I could squeeze deep inside her I held still but I could feel that my penis was weakening, slipping slowly out and shrinking after the joy.

In the afterglow, we wrapped around each other. I think we slept a little, with Alison spooned against me. I woke to a sticky mess. I guessed that it was my fault. I was seeping out of her rear.

“Wait until you learn how good that feels for a girl like me,” Alison said as she skipped towards the shower.

I awoke in my own bed. I’d no recollection how I’d got there.

“You’d better shower quickly.” Alison put her head round the door. “You’re due to see Mr. Feldman at eleven thirty.”

“What am I supposed to tell him?”

“I can’t make a decision for you. Besides, I’m not supposed to know why you’re here.”

“As if...’ I pulled a face as I looked at her.

“Okay, I do know that they want someone to replace me. I’ve no idea why or what they’re going to want you to do. All I was asked to do was to be nice to you.”

“I think you succeeded,” I replied, standing before going to the bathroom.

Half an hour later, I was ready to face the interview. It’s not that I wasn’t nervous; I was. I think I’d decided to let matters take their course and to decide at the moment that a decision had to be made. It was pure prevarication, but it seemed better that making a decision before I had to.

Alison spoke to the receptionist who looked at me curiously. I wondered if everyone was in on the secret of why I was here. She showed us into a starkly modern office with a view over a small garden area.

Alison kept up a stream of chatter but I wasn’t paying attention. I was too nervous now that the moment had arrived. I knew that the next hour or so would change the course of my life and I had no idea which way to turn.

I would like the money and the comfortable life which would follow. I knew that. But then there were the downsides. I’d have to change everything about myself and live in another role. It would be hard to get used to.

Another thought; if I did get used to it, would that be so bad? It wasn’t as if I was being forced. But again, maybe I was being bribed. But was I being bribed, or was I being offered free choice? Take the money and do whatever, or refuse and go back to an uncertain life and possible penury.

Then Mr. Feldman came in; a tall and muscular man who looked to be in his forties. We stood and he shook hands formally before Alison introduced me.

"I'll wait for you outside," she said, closing the door behind her.

"She's been a wonderful girl here," Mr. Feldman said. "I'm sorry she's leaving us, but I understand she has her reasons."

"I don't know." I coughed to cover the nervousness in my voice.

"I don't blame her for wanting a more settled life. She's said that there's someone special out there waiting and wanting to be with her.

Someone who wants to share the future and the rest. She's probably made a wise decision." Mr. Feldman stared at me.

"I'm sure she's thought it through," I replied.

"And what have you thought, Leslie?" He looked at me. "You know the outline of the offer, and I'm sure that Alison will have told you a little about working here."

"I'm attracted to the offer," I started.

"It's a one-off offer, and we need a decision quickly." He looked at me intently. "There are no secrets here. Everyone will know in the office but we don't want a blow up of publicity following us, or you for that matter."

"It's a big step and I only learned about it yesterday."

“It’s a big package,” he replied. “You’ll not get a better offer in your lifetime. You could think of it as adventure; a trip to a country where people do everything differently.”

I looked out of the window for a moment. He saw that I was havoring on the cusp of something momentous and didn’t interrupt. Then I saw the sun break through the clouds and I knew what my decision was to be.

“I’ll take the job,” I said.

I took the job, but I’d no real concept of what to do, so I asked.

“We want you to become your own person,” Mr. Feldman said. “We want you to become your own girl; your own woman. We hope you’ll find her soul and her style. The choices are yours as long as they’re female.”

“You’ve no one to guide me?” I asked.

“The decisions are all yours.” He smiled and stood to indicate that the conversation was over. “You can move into the apartment this evening. Alison will be moving out as we speak. She told me that she’d be leaving a lot of stuff there for you to pick through.”

“So what do I do?”

“You do whatever you need to do.” He paused at the door. “We expect to meet the female Lesley in the office next week. Your first assignment is as the receptionist.”

“That means everyone will see me.”

“I know.” He looked back at me. “It’s up to you how you look and how you act.”

As soon as he closed the door behind him, I searched my purse – yes, Alison had introduced me to the need to carry a purse – and called Arnold.

“That’s great; you got the job.” I could almost hear him counting his commission over the mobile. “I can’t wait to meet the new you.”

“Stop leering down the phone,” I replied. “How on earth do I do this?”

“Come by the office tomorrow about eleven,” he replied. “I’ll think of something.”

As I entered the office I couldn’t help thinking of how strange things had become. I was pretty nondescript in my chinos and khaki shirt. My hair hung down in a low pony over the collar of my leather jacket. My trainers had seen better days.

Next time when I went into an office, that of Feldman and Babel, they expected to see someone different; a feminine someone, or something closer to it. I had no idea how to pull it off.

I thought of calling them and saying I couldn’t do it, but then I thought of the money, the car, the apartment; I couldn’t give that up without trying.

“Have a seat, there’s someone I’d like you to meet.” Arnold waved me to a chair in his office. “They should be here, but with all the traffic out there...”