

Being a Woman



Gëri Becken

A "Spectrum" Novel



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BEING A WOMAN

By Geri Becken

Maid of Honor

A bright light invaded my closed eyes. I had been sleeping soundly. My dream was shattered before I could even remember it.

“Lance asked me to marry him!” came the voice of Becky, my roommate. “I am engaged! Isn’t that just wonderful?”

I was almost awake. I normally didn’t wake up well.

“Isn’t this just the most beautiful ring you have ever seen?” Becky continued to bombard me with her excitement.

By now sleep wasn’t possible. Becky was my best friend in the whole world. We had done everything together since birth. I was excited for her as well.

I sat up in bed and asked, “Let’s see the rock.”

Becky showed me the ring on her hand.

“It is lovely!” I exclaimed examining the ring. “Did you know he was going to ask you?”

“No. He caught me totally by surprise. You could have knocked me over with a feather when he asked me,” she responded.

“Tell me about it. Where did he ask you?”

“It was so romantic. We were at dinner, you know at The Garden. The meal was much like the other dates we have been on. We had a late dinner after seeing the show. Anyway, he was acting sort of strange during dinner; you know that sort of secret strange most men do when they are waiting for something to happen.”

I shook my head Yes.

“Anyway, we finished dinner and were ordering dessert. I ordered a piece of mud pie. When the waiter brought out my dessert, there was this box instead of the mud pie on the plate. I looked at the box. Before I could ask the waiter about it, he just left. I turned to Lance. He smiled and suggested, “Why don’t you open it?” So I did. Inside was the ring.”

“How romantic,” I replied to her story.

Becky had been dating Lance almost since we arrived in the big city just over a year ago.

I was often jealous of her ability to have someone to date. I hadn’t been so lucky.

“When is the wedding?” I asked, bringing myself back to Becky’s happy moment.

“Next June,” she announced, “I always wanted to be a June bride.”

“June!” I exclaimed in surprise, “That is ten months away! Can you wait that long?”

“I don’t know. He is sooo sexy, if you know what I mean.”

I nodded my head Yes. I knew what she meant.

Lance was a tall, handsome, athletic young professional. Almost every girl we knew would have gladly traded places with Becky.

I knew that Becky had not yet `done it' with Lance. We kept no secrets from each other. We had never kept secrets.

“Lance wants a formal wedding. His family always likes to have big weddings. You will help me plan the wedding, won't you? It is the bride's family responsibility to plan the wedding. And you are all the `family' I have.”

She didn't really need to ask. I would do anything for Becky. We had left Podunkville to come here to the big city together. We roomed together.

We shared everything. I guess I was her `family.'

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Some 22 years ago our fathers received orders to report to their military reserve unit. They had been best friends and had married best friends about six months earlier. Nine months to the day after they reported to the military our mothers were in the town's tiny hospital.

Podunkville was a small town. There were only about 30 families, most having five or six kids. Our high school class, one of the largest in the history of the town, graduated 6. The population of the town numbered less than 150. The nearest town was an over 45 minutes drive away.

Doc Brown was beside himself. Having one child born a month was a busy month for him. Here he had two women in his only hospital room (his guest room), both about ready to give birth. As he told the story, years later, he had our mothers lying side-by-side so he could work on whomever gave birth first. He ended up catching me with his right hand and Becky with his left. Our birth certificates said we were born at the same time, 2:17 in the afternoon.

Our fathers never returned from the `police action' that they had been called up for. Both died bravely, or so the citations that came with their medals said. Our mothers were awarded a small subsistence from the military survivors for dependent children; Becky and I. Most of the survivors' benefits went into a trust

fund to supplement Social Security payments. They managed to make ends meet by raising a lot of vegetables and some animals on the small tract of land that they shared.

All through school, we did everything together. There was not much to do for excitement in this town of fewer than 150. Most young people either left right after high school, or took over the family farm. Becky and I set a first. About one graduate in twenty went on to college. Becky and I were both accepted to business college. Last year we had graduated, each with an associated degree in office management.

Neither Becky nor I seemed to develop friends very well. In school, we knew many of the students, but were not really closer than a first name basis with any of them. Our Christmas card list was small; each other. Our mothers had both been killed during the tornado that had destroyed the entire town while we were in college. Over half of the population had died. The rest sort of scattered. The bank, rather than the farmers, had owned most of the farms in the area. It was cheaper for the farmers to walk away. In the entire world we had only each other. Well, Becky now had Lance as well.

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We both knew that neither of us would get back to sleep that night. We sat around out small dining room table, in our robes. We made a pot of coffee to help keep us awake.

“What plans have you and Lance made for the wedding?” I asked, sipping my coffee. It was very early Saturday morning, so we didn’t have to get up to go to work. “And who is going to pay for this formal wedding?”

“Lance’s father knows that I am an orphan and all that, so he is taking on some of the bills,” she answered with a little shrug. “Lance has already come up with his Best Man, and a half-dozen or so he wants to be Groom’s Men.”

“Do you know half-dozen women to be Bride’s Maids?” I asked Becky.

“Lance has a sister who could be one Bride’s Maids, and she has friends,” she said. “Maybe one of the girls from the office would also be able to be a Bride’s Maid.” She paused before continuing. “It will not be easy to get them. Lance wants the wedding to be at his folk’s house.”

“They live two thousand miles away! You aren’t going to find anyone to be a Bride’s Maid from here. Let alone a Maid of Honor,” I responded.

“I had sort of hoped you would be my Maid of Honor.”

“Me!” I almost squeaked. “I can’t be your Maid of Honor! I am a guy!”

“There is no one else who I could ask. I need someone to help me plan the wedding, to work with me picking out my dress, and a hundred other things that need to be done with me. I need someone who knows me better than I do. Who else could do this?”

She had me there. I knew Becky at least as well as she knew herself. There was really no one else who knew her as well as I did.

“But how can I do this?” I asked.

Becky had no idea how I could do this.

Well, at least I would help her get ready. That was the least I could do for her. I had no idea at that time what this would mean to me.

Besides being the best friends in the world, we were both about the same size, Becky was tall for a woman, while I was short and slight of build for a man. Starting as youths, we had shared clothes on more than one occasion. We could still share some clothes.

We had slept over at each other’s house an average of slightly more than once a week from the time we were 4 years old. We left for college together and roomed together from the start, sharing an apartment. At our first apartment, the landlady thought we were both girls. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have let us share the apartment. We were able to live there the first semester.

To this day, I doubted she knew that I was not a girl. At least once a week, I would dress up as a girl to be seen by her. Fortunately, she was far from watchful or she would have noticed.

Our second apartment was with a landlady who didn't care what we did, just as long as we didn't bother the neighbors. We never saw the neighbors and the apartment was in Becky's name. We stayed there until we finished school, after three semesters and two summer sessions.

Our present apartment was in Becky's name as well, as the owner wanted only girls in the apartment. The agent who rented the place didn't care who lived there as long as the owner didn't get on her back.

The agent, Angel, was nice to us. She was a strange looking woman, standing over 6'1" tall and was built more like a linebacker than a woman. She stopped by the New Years Eve party we held the first year in the apartment. She was the only one to do so. She stayed longer than she had planned and had drank more than she should have. Before she left, she confided to me that she was a transsexual, a person born male, but she had a sex change operation last year after living as a woman for ten years. "Best move I ever made," she said. "Sex is soooo much better this way."

I wasn't so sure about her statement, but didn't intend to find out.

Early plans for the wedding were going well. The first month passed. Becky was going to alter her mother's wedding dress. Wearing a padded bra, nylons and heels, to provide a 'dressmaker's dummy' for Becky, I found myself modeling the dress for her as she worked on some alterations.

I was so dressed one evening when Angel stopped by.

"I heard about your upcoming wedding, Becky. I stopped by to offer my congratulations and to offer any help I can give," Angel announced as Becky let her into our small apartment consisting of two bed-



rooms, a combination living room and dining room, a small kitchen, and a single bathroom.

"My, my don't you look pretty like that," Angel exclaimed seeing me in the wedding dress. "You would make a very pretty bride."

"Why thank you, Ma'am," I joked in a falsetto voice followed by a curtsy.

"I tried to talk her into being my Maid of Honor," Becky said suddenly to Angel. "I think she would make a real pretty Maid of Honor, don't you?"

"She would be very pretty," Angel agreed with equal emphasis upon my supposed feminine gender. "Although, I am not too sure if you would want her to be your Maid of Honor, Becky." Before I could thank her for supporting me, she continued. "She is almost too pretty and might outshine the Bride."

"Not funny," was all I could think to say.

Angel and Becky continued to treat me as a woman for the rest of the evening, even after I changed back into my clothes.

At last Angel left. Her parting comment didn't help either. "I know some people who can help you with appearing more female. Let me know if you want their help."

"Thanks loads, Angel," I countered sarcastically as she left.

"I bet you could do it," Becky countered. "Why won't you try? I need you as my Maid of Honor. You said you would do anything for me. Don't you remember in third grade?" Becky asked, not playing fair.

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The summer after third grade, Mother had planned to send me off to summer camp. I really didn't want to go as I wouldn't know anyone there.

"But Mom," I had complained, "I don't know anyone at camp. Why can't I just stay here this summer?"

"You need to get out more, young man. You need to see things from beyond the farm."

Later that day I told Becky of my going to camp. "Mom is making me go to camp this year. I would rather stay here with you this summer."

"You are lucky. Summer camp can be so much fun. Pat really enjoyed summer camp last summer. I wish I could go to camp," Becky replied wistfully, remembering Pat's comments about summer camp. Pat was a year ahead of us in school.

"Wouldn't it be great if we could go to the same camp?" I wished out loud.

"It would be, but you are being sent to a boy's only camp."

"Yeah. Still, I'd like the camp much more if you were there with me."

"Me too," Becky agreed.

"I have an idea," I said suddenly with the bright idea. "Why don't you pretend to be a guy and come to camp with me?"

"I don't know," Becky started to say.

"You aren't chicken, are you?"

"I'm not chicken."

"Well then, why not come to camp with me? I won't forget the favor."

Becky agreed to go with me as a guy. We talked our parents into the idea. We shared a tent and managed to hide her true sex from everyone there. She swam and did everything else the boys did, as a boy did. She even managed to go topless without appearing too concerned.

I had promised her that I would return the favor anytime she needed me to.

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"Okay." I finally gave in. "If I can pass as a girl, I will do this for you."

Becky gave me a great hug. "I knew you would help me. You are my best friend."

The next day Angel came back to the apartment.

"I know that you have dressed as a girl from time to time to fool your landlady but passing yourself off as a woman full-time is something else. It will not be all that easy for you to pass, but I know how we can arrange it so that no one will be able to detect your secret. I have several items you can have. I don't need them anymore. However, there are several other things you will need to do to pass. Just put yourself in my hands and I guarantee that you will be undetectable by the wedding."

I wonder if I made a mistake when I told her 'yes,' I would put myself in her hands to get me ready for the wedding.

That fall and winter, I spent every free moment I could undergoing a training and conditioning program that Angel laid out for me. Electrolysis removed most of my body hair and beard. I even let her shape my eyebrows. I let my already long men's hair style grow longer. I exercised and ate 'just right' to best help me pass. I took voice lessons and charm school. I learned to walk, sit, stand, talk, act, write, and even think like a woman.

During this time, the real estate company that Becky and I worked for was undergoing some hard times. Several people were let go. Others were 'downgraded'. Groups were combined. People were moved from one department to another in different office buildings about the city.

In six months I found myself working for six different bosses in three different groups. Each of my assignments was like the 'kiss of death' to the boss and/or the group. Less than five of the people I had worked with were still with the company, all in my last group.

Spring was almost upon us, it was now mid-March. The person looking back at me from the mirror was a much changed person. She was almost pretty. I had lost about 20 pounds of weight, my

waist was trimmed by exercise and binding, and my hair was at least four inches longer than I had ever worn it. I doubted that I could appear any more female.

I was wrong.

Friday night Angel brought over a box of soft plastic items. She brought out a pair of plastic `panties' that were designed to simulate a female lower body. It looked like real skin on the outside and it even felt like real skin. The inside felt like that glue you always get these days on products that come in the mail. You know the stuff; sticky but allows the object to be removed. The inside also felt like that glue, only not quite as sticky.

I was embarrassed as Angel helped me into the `panties'.

"This can be hard to do by yourself," she observed, helping me, ignoring my sex, or the difference in our sex. One tube was carefully fed into my male organ. A second and bigger tube was shoved way up my anus. A third tube, almost as big as the second was stiffer and was pushed deep inside me in a way I couldn't understand.

Once I had this panty pulled on I noticed the extra padding in the seat, rounding out my `fanny' and hips; while pulling my already narrow waist in even more.

She made some minor adjustments to the garment then pronounced it "Perfect." She then took out a tube of something and laid a bead of the goop around the inside of the `panty's' legs and waist.

"It will dry quickly," Angel explained as she folded the flaps down, blending them into my skin.

She next took out a plastic top complete with a set of firm, real-looking breasts. The top was as tight as the `panties' had been. I wiggled and fought my way into the top. Once Angel was satisfied, she used a second tube of goop, this time around the top's neck line, waist line, and arm holes.

My `top' was now at least C-Cup size. The breasts seemed to bounce as if they had a mind of their own.

"Those look really real!" Becky exclaimed on seeing my breasts. Touching them, she said, "And they feel real too!"

Angel then explained, "I had more dollars than sense when I bought those. They are expensive, but I have no further need of them. They are the top of the line `Sen-Sor-Metric' brand. You will notice that you will be able to feel touch on them as if they were regular skin.

"In fact, I lost my virginity wearing a set just like those, but not as good. The guy never notice anything different about me. It was great!" Angel bragged only to continue with a knowing wink, "Well, girls, I guess you had better get ready for bed. You will have a busy day tomorrow."

I was almost afraid of what tomorrow would bring. I did not think to ask how Angel had a set of these skintight items in my size. She was several sizes bigger than either Becky or I. I brushed my hair, then put it up in rollers. I did my skin care beauty ritual.

Finally, I slipped into a shortie nightgown and a pair of panties. It felt somewhat odd not to wear all of the extra garments (like a panty girdle and bra) as I climbed into bed and started the tape that Angel had brought over several months back. I would learn while I slept. I was quickly asleep.

I made my morning trip to the bathroom where I was greeted by my new female form. The new me functioned perfectly, if not surprisingly. I joined Becky for coffee.

"Morning, sleepy head," she greeted as I entered the kitchen. "I see you managed to get caught up on your beauty sleep." She poured me a cup of coffee; black with two sugars.

"Morning yourself," I answered in my well-trained falsetto voice. "What do you have planned for me today?"

“Besides a short stop at a doctor’s office, just spending the rest of day as a girl.”

Becky and I both had a week off from work. Half of the company was shut down for the week; our half. During these next days, I was to make an effort to live as a woman. If I failed to pass, then I would not be Becky’s Maid of Honor; otherwise, I would be. Over the last six months, my confidence had grown. I figured I would be her Maid of Honor.

I dressed quickly this morning. I didn’t need to put on all of the padding and extra clothes that I had needed before. I changed my panties and pulled on a pair of skintight jeans. I decided to go braless, so I just pulled on a V-necked sweater. I put on a pair of booties, then a pair of sneakers. I took out the rollers and brushed my hair. Mascara and lipstick was all the makeup I needed. I was ready in about a half hour to face the world.

Becky was dressed in a similar fashion to me. We left to catch the bus to downtown. Angel had made arrangements for the doctor appointment. I was more than a little nervous when we arrived. Becky announced to the receptionist that we had arrived. She brought me a form to fill out. I started at the top.

“Name: Robin Jennings. Sex: F ” and so on went the questions and answers. I returned the form to the receptionist and gave her a smile in return to hers.

We didn’t have to wait very long. I had just started the second magazine when I heard, “Ms Jennings.”

“Yes,” I responded in my husky falsetto.

“This way please, Ma’am.” The nurse led me to a small examining room. “The doctor will be with you in a moment. Have a seat,” she pointed to the chair not the examining table.”

I sat and waited.

The doctor all but burst into the room. “Good Morning. How are we doing this morning?”

“Fine,” I answered.

“Great. Let me see, you are here for a minor operation on your throat. But first I need to examine your

throat. If all is okay, then we will go next door to my surgi-center where I will complete the operation in a couple of minutes."

He approached and said, "Open wide."

He shined a light down my throat and used a tongue depressor to hold the tongue out of the way. "Looks okay." He looked some more. "Yes. Everything is fine. Okay, let us go to the room next door."

There was a chair that reminded me of a dentist's chair.

"Please sit down in the chair. I will have to put you `under' so as to ensure you don't move during the operation. You will only be out for a short time."

"Here, put on this bib. We wouldn't want to get anything on your pretty sweater, now would we?"

I shook my head `no' and put on the bib.

"Breathe deeply," he ordered putting a breathing mask over my mouth and nose. "That is good. Breathe deeply and count slowly from ten to zero. Let us count. Ten."

"Ten." I said out loud.

"Good. Nine."

"Nine."

"Eight," his voice suggested from a long way away.

I tried to say something but couldn't. I was groggy. My throat felt numb.

The nurse was in the room with me. "Welcome back, Ms. Jennings. The doctor is finished with you. You will feel groggy for a few more minutes, but it will soon pass. Your throat will feel numb for another couple of hours. Don't talk while it is numb. Later tonight it might hurt. If it does, take two of these. Don't take more than six today and four tomorrow. If it still hurts after tomorrow, then call the doctor's service. The receptionist will give you the number. Feeling better now?"

I was. I shook my head Yes.

“Good. It would be best if you didn’t talk much at all today. Let us try standing up.”

I stood up. The room made a half-hearted attempt to spin but never really got started. My head cleared.

Becky was waiting for me in the waiting room. She picked up the instructions from the receptionist and led me to the bus stop. “How does it feel?” she asked as we waited for the bus.

I shrugged my shoulders.

“Not supposed to talk, right?”

I shook my head Yes.

“Lets see what the instructions say,” she suggested before she read the pamphlet she had picked up for me from the receptionist. “No food for lunch. No talking. Pain pills. Should be fine tomorrow.” She read down the list. “Isn’t modern medicine wonderful?”

Instead of lunch, Becky took me to a beauty parlor. Here we had our hair cut and styled, and our nails done up real fancy.

My throat was no longer numb and I looked quite different when we left the beauty parlor. My hair was colored more toward the reds than the simple brown it had been. “It matches your lovely green eyes,” the beautician had said. The green eyes were another gift from Angel; new contact lenses that colored my eyes. I still needed glasses, but now only for prolonged periods of reading.

We did some window shopping after leaving the beauty parlor. I still didn’t talk, even though my throat was not sore or numb. It was nearly five when we returned home. Becky whipped up a batch of her ‘home made’ (from a can) soup. Although it was the first meal of the day, it was more than enough to fill me.

Lance came over to ‘watch some TV’ with Becky. He knew what was to have happened to me. Still he was very surprised to see how feminine I looked. I went to bed early. There was nothing really interest-

ing on TV. Besides; Lance and Becky had some 'talking' to do. Also three's a crowd.

My second morning equipped as a female began as had the first. This morning, I had agreed to join Becky and Lance at church. I was up before Becky, so I started the coffee.

Becky stumbled into the kitchen about ten minutes later. She was never perky in the morning after she and Lance 'talked' well into the night. "Coffee," she managed to mumble.

I handed her a cup and said, "Good Morning, sleepy head." My voice came out a strong, sweet, and sexy soprano. "I guess the doctor really does know his stuff," I observed, still marveling at my new voice. "Sounds sort of nice, doesn't it? Sort of matches my new body and everything. It really sounds nice." I added, half delighted by my new voice, while half wondering what I was going to do when I returned to work.

"Nice' doesn't describe it," Becky agreed after a big sip of coffee. "I am jealous. It sounds heavenly."

"Do you really think so?" I asked honestly. "Or are you just saying so?" Then before she could answer, I continued. "No. Don't answer. I prefer to think you really mean it."

Changing the subject, I asked in a concerned voice, "Do you think that I will be able to pull this off. I am so worried that someone will discover my secret. What if these suddenly fall off?" My hands were on my breasts. "What if..."

"Now listen here, young lady. Fishing for compliments is one thing, but this will never do. From what little I have seen, there is no chance that anyone would ever notice anything out of the ordinary about you. You are a pretty, but otherwise typical single, white, female, age 21." She paused, then said, "You had better start getting dressed; Lance will be here before too long to take us to church."

"Thanks, Becky. You are the best friend a girl could have." I gave her a sisterly hug, a peck on the cheek, and headed to my bedroom to dress.

Once in my bedroom, I removed my nightgown and admired myself in the mirror. “Not a bad looking body. No sag in the breasts yet.”

I then started to dress, putting on my bra. My makeup was simple; a light base of foundation, mascara and eye shadow, some powder for my cheeks, and lipstick. I brushed my hair, removing the tangles. I talked to myself as I did each step of getting ready. I enjoyed the sound of my voice; it sounded so pretty and feminine.

The auburn color did look good with my eyes. I put on my nylons and slip. Finally I put on my dress. It was a three-quarter sleeved, V-necked dress with a full skirt. I slipped into my heels and added my jewelry; two finger rings, ear rings, a simple necklace, and my watch. I was ready; and in only an hour. Not bad.

Lance arrived on time. He was always on time. Becky was still getting ready. It normally took her only a little more time to get ready than it did me, but she was always getting sidetracked. Thus, I was normally ready first.

“Coffee, Lance?” I asked him, my new voice almost sounding normal to me, offering a cup of coffee. “Becky will be ready in a bit.” I didn’t wait for his answer, just poured him a cup. We were going to turn off the pot and neither of us liked cold coffee. Becky could wash the cup. “The day looks so pretty. Is it warming up?”

“Yes. It is a little warmer than yesterday.”

“Have you and Becky decided where you are going on your Honeymoon yet?” I asked just to keep the conversation going. I knew they hadn’t.

“No. Not yet.”

I had never been able to get Lance to say much. We didn’t have much in common. Today he wasn’t making it any easier on me.

Five more minutes of my asking questions to get him to talk and his short answers passed before Becky appeared.

Lance stood and smiled at Becky, his eyes saying a lot more. "You are lovely, Honey. We had better go."

Lance opened both Becky's and my door for us at his car. The church wasn't very far away but we were going to brunch afterwards.

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I was into my second week with my new body and it felt like I had always had this shape. Over the last week, Becky and I had visited just about every clothing store in town. We had tried on mountains of clothes. Most just wouldn't do. Both Becky and I were 'Talls' and most stores didn't admit that a woman could be over 5' 7" tall. Over half of my wardrobe was ordered from J. C. Penney's Tall Woman catalog.

I was nervous about tomorrow, my first day with a new department halfway across town.

Lance, who worked in personnel, had changed my personnel files observing that, with my new appearance as a woman, no one remaining in the firm would even guess who I was, once my name was altered. So Lance changed my name from Robert to Robin and my sex from male to female. Since many staff assistants accepted jobs as secretaries instead of losing their jobs because jobs were tight everywhere Lance decided that I would become just one more, in a long line of women, who accepted a downgrade to keep her job. According to Lance, my new boss had lost both his staff assistant and secretary, and could only replace the secretary.

On Monday morning, I arrived at work early. It was a habit that Becky and I had developed in college and continued to do so. I found the coffee on and a light on in the office of my new boss.

I knocked upon his door.

"Enter," he ordered in a deep husky voice.

I entered.

"Yes. May I help you?"

"My name is Robin Jennings and I am your new secretary," I said without offering my hand.