

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

By Miss Deborah Leigh Johnson



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

By: Miss Deborah Leigh Johnson

Chapter One

When I was nineteen years old, I graduated from the business college that I was attending. The certificate that I received was in the area of study concerning the qualifications of a legal secretary.

That may seem a bit strange to you, as I am a male. In fact, I was the only male in the class of twenty-three students. I had entered business college as soon as I got out of high school. I had been able to graduate from high school two years early, as I am fortunate enough to be a bright student. The fact that I also had no friends and a practically nil social life meant that I could spend most of my free time studying. And that was what I did with my time. So, I was able to get ahead of all of my classmates.

I was pretty sure that I just did not have what it would take to become a lawyer, as I did not have the drive or that cut throat instinct that many successful lawyers employ. Nonetheless, law was a fascinating thing to me.

So, I did the next best thing. I enrolled in the legal secretary course. You can bet that I took a lot of ribbing over the entire length of the three year course, being the only male in the course. But I was used to taking ribbing for being, or for doing things that are usually identified with the feminine gender.

You see, all of my life, I have been looked on as being a sissy, and of being more effeminate than masculine. Ever since I can remember, I have been picked on by others, because I was so small and delicate for my age.

I'd always been far more comfortable being with girls, and also I found that I was kind of scared of boys, so I had learned to just accept all of the ribbing, as a normal factor of my life style. I did not like it, but it did not bother me too much either. It was just one of those things. And the fact was, I knew that most of what they said was kind of true, anyway.

I was a sissy. After all, I really did get myself all dressed up as a pretty girl, every day, didn't I?

Not only was I small, but I was also really cute. I had thick shoulder length hair that my mother just refused to let me cut, so that I would look more like all the other boys in my school. She felt strongly about it, and thought my hair was too beautiful to cut off. So, from an early age, I was called all kinds of rather derogatory names, because everyone thought that I was really a girl, and that my mother made me behave

like a boy. She'd even refused to get my hair cut, after the school principal had asked her about it.

That was not the worst of it though, to be entirely honest with you. We lived out in the country, on a farm. We did not farm, as there was just my mother and I, and neither of us could ever hope to be able to run a farm. My mother leased out most of the land to local farmers for haying, or other truck farm types of crops. That was how we paid most of the living expenses, actually.

My Dad had been killed when I was quite young, by a drunk driver. I guess that because we were so remote, Mom just figured that she could do things with me and to me, that were not exactly considered to be normal, by society in general. As for me, I just put up with it all.

Honestly, I kind of liked getting all of that attention anyway.

Ever since I could remember, whenever I got off the school bus, I was usually alone for the first half hour or so of the day, after school. My Mom worked, but she was able to get home in a half an hour after the school day ended, because only worked part time. She did not have to work full time, as we were left pretty well off from my Dad's death.

We had developed a game. I guess she thought that it would keep me very occupied, or something, for the half hour that I was alone.

The game had started while I was still in the sixth grade.

I had come home as usual, but I had gotten to exploring in the barn. I was in the loft when I heard mom's car as she came into the drive. In my hurry to get down to meet her, I had slipped off a rather unsteady bale of hay. I had fallen onto a rafter, and then to a large pile of hay that was stacked on the barn floor.

In the fall, I had caught my jeans on a rather large spike. I had ripped the leg of my jeans almost completely off. I had also banged the side of my head really bad. I must have knocked myself out or something, as I came to in my bedroom, with the doctor hovering over me.

Fortunately, he confirmed that I had no lasting damage, but he recommended to my mother that I not be allowed to roam around in that old barn, if I was unsupervised.

Mom heartily agreed with him and promised him that it would never happen again.

The result of that fall was that I had a black eye for two weeks. I also had this new game that I had to play whenever I got home from school.

It started like this.

My Mom had been really worried about my fall. At first, she was worried. Then when she learned that I had not been hurt seriously she was thankful. But a couple of hours later, she was really mad at me. She did not even talk to me for two days, because she was so mad at me for my foolish behavior.

I swore to myself that I would do absolutely anything to get back into her good graces again. You know how kids are with their mothers, so I am sure that you can identify with what I am saying.

I don't know how it happened, but somehow she came up with the conclusion that if I had not been acting like a foolish little boy, I would have been safe from all harm. What she thought was true; but, as I said I have no idea of how she came to that conclusion.

Her cure for my reckless behavior, may seem to many of you, to be rather far reaching if not just completely over the line for reasonable reaction, but I had no choice about it at that time. She was my mother, and she was the only living relative, that I knew about. I must have had other relatives, but none of them had I ever met. Besides, I was willing to do anything to stop her from being so mad at me.

My mother came to the conclusion that since it was a typically boyish behavior that had gotten me into trouble, that it would be typically girlish behavior that would keep me out of trouble, when she was not at home to look after me.

I do not know if I agreed with her, or not. I did not have that option anyway.

On the third day after the accident, when she returned home, she was in a wonderfully cheerful mood.

Needless to say, I was quite happy about that turn of events. I'd been praying for her to not be so mad at me anymore. It looked like my prayers had actually been answered. It felt so good to not be under that cloud of her foul mood, at last.

She breezed into the living room, where I was watching television and she gave me a peck of a kiss on the forehead, and told me that she had a whole lot of stuff in the back seat of the car. She asked me if I would be a dear, and go and get all the stuff, and put it into the guest bedroom for her.

I was so happy to be out from under her visage of anger, that I was willing to do anything she asked of me, in order to keep her happy. I gaily responded to her request.

I remember that it took me ten trips up and down the stairs, to get everything she had brought, from the back seat of her car, into the house. There were boxes, bags and then big green garbage bags too. The garbage bags all seemed to be filled up with clothes. I found that they were very awkward to carry, for such a little person as I was.

By the time I was done, I had worked up a sweat. I was also very tired. But, the smell of my favorite meal cooking, made it all seem to be all right. The smell and the sound of the frying chicken took away all of my tiredness, as I made my way to the kitchen to let my mother know that I had done as she had asked me to.

Mom looked at me and she smiled. She told me that I should take a bath, as I looked like I had really worked up a sweat. She told me to take my bath, and then to go into the guest bedroom, when I was finished with my bath, before I got dressed.

I agreed, just happy to have her talking to me again. All was happy on the home front again, so it seemed to me.

When your Mom is the only person you see around your home, and she does not talk to you for two days, it can get really hard to take. I would do anything she wanted,

as long as she was not mad at me anymore. I was thankful that her anger had seemed to have passed.

My Mom had always had a hard and fast rule in our house. If I was to take a bath, I had to be in the bath at the very least, three quarters of an hour. She'd even gotten me an hour glass to time myself by. It was her opinion that even if I did not do a very good job of cleaning myself, being in soapy water that long would insure that I was clean by the time I got out of the tub anyway.

So, when I ran the tub of hot water, and put in the bubble bath, I turned the hour glass over, and then slipped into the hot oily water. I had never liked taking baths before she started letting me use her bubble bath oil. I loved the way it made my skin feel when I rubbed my legs together, in the bath water. The floral scent of the bath never really bothered me either. It was kind of nice too, but not usual for a boy.

My Mom told me that she could never find any boy scented bubble bath, so I used hers.

By the time I was out of the bath, I hung a towel around myself and went into the guest room, as my mother had instructed me to do. I was amazed. It did not even look like the same room that I had dumped all of the bags into less than an hour before.

Now, the windows had frilly pink curtains to decorate them. The bed too was different. It had a big pink bedspread on it, with pink and white frilled pillow shams. And, seated on one of the pillows, was a little girl doll. I entered the room, and stopped dead in my tracks. As I looked around and noted all of the changes. I wondered if a little girl was coming to live with us.

On the walls now, were three big posters. One poster was of a very pretty girl, with a horse nuzzling her neck. One was of three white furry kittens all rolled up together in a big ball. The other was of a preteen girl in a ballerina's costume, perched up on her toes, with her hands held gracefully up over her head, as she was looking up.

Slowly my eyes made their way back to my mother, who was seated on the bed. I am sure that my face had an awed and inquisitive look, reflecting my confusions over these rapid and unexpected changes.

Mom looked at me, and she had a very wide grin spread across her face. I saw her happiness in the sparkle of her eyes.

I also saw that the guest room had been turned into a little girl's room. Once again, I wondered if some girl was going to come and live with us. I did not like that idea very much. I did not want to share my mother with anyone else. I wanted to keep her all to myself.

“Come over here dear.”

I slowly walked over to where she was sitting. I stopped right in front of her.

She reached down, and with ease, she picked me up and placed me on her knees. She had not done that to me for a long time. It made me feel like I was a small boy again.

“I want to explain something to you dear. It is very important that you listen, and that you understand what I am saying. So please do not interrupt me while I am talk-

ing. Just listen to what I have to say. Any questions that you have, you may ask when I am done talking...okay, darling?"

She kissed my forehead as she spoke the last word.

I nodded my head. This was very strange indeed. I did not know what else to do anyway, so nodding my head just seemed like a good idea.

"Now honey... pet... I want you to know how upset I was when I saw you lying on the floor of the barn, with a nasty bruise on your face, blood on your cheeks, and your pants half torn off. I was so scared that you had been seriously hurt. I was so scared... I could never express to you how scared I was. You are so important to me, my pet. I was so afraid that I had lost you. You are my precious, you know.

"Well, my darling, I have come up with a plan that will make sure that I will never have to worry about you again, when I am not at home to look after you. I want you to promise me that you will do everything I ask of you. Do you promise me that you will do what I ask of you?"

I did not know what to do. I was happy that she was not mad at me anymore. I also felt guilty for making her so upset when she found me on the barn floor. It had been a stupid and careless act and I knew that. I decided that I would do whatever she would ask of me. I did not want her to be that upset with me ever again.

"Okay, Mommy. I will do whatever you ask of me."

She hugged me, and literally rained kisses down on my face.

I knew that whatever she was going to ask me to do, was going to make her very happy. I could not guess what it was, though. I was curious, because she seemed to be so happy about it. I knew that if it made her that happy, then I would go along with it no matter what it was.

After a moment or so of pouring out her love on me she let loose her grip, so that she was not hugging me so tightly.

I was sort of leaning back so that I could look up into her face, secure that the feel of her strong hands on my shoulders would not let me go.

"Now honey, I want you to understand something. You may not be able to grasp this, but I will try to explain it to you. This is not a punishment, though you may think it is. It is just my way of being sure that you are always safe, especially when I am not here to look after you.

"What you did the other day was a very foolish thing. And, you did it because you were acting just like any other normal boy of your age. I can understand that. After all, you are a normal and a healthy young boy, and so you act like a normal healthy young boy. I suspect that that is the root of the problem.

"You may remember the school play that your class put on last Christmas. You were one of the dwarfs. Crystal played the part of Sleeping Beauty. You had to put on a costume. When you put on that costume, you were supposed to try and act just like the dwarf that you were portraying. And you did such an excellent job of it too. Everyone told me how good you were, and how you seemed to have such a natural talent for acting. I am sure you must remember that?"

I nodded to let her know that I remembered it.

“Well, I am going to ask you to put on a costume, and pretend that you are someone else, just like you did in the school play. I want you to put on a costume, and pretend that you are someone else, every day after school, till I get home.

“Now, I went out today, and I bought you some pretty new things. They are the costumes you are to wear. What I want you to do every day, when you get home from school is this. I want you to come into this room, and select one of these pretty costumes to wear. Then I want you to put it on. Then you must try and act like the kind of person who would normally wear one of these outfits, just like you tried to act like a dwarf in the school play when you put on his costume.

“The outfits that I bought for you today are just so cute, I am sure you will love them. When I saw them I just could not resist buying them for you, sweetie.”

“Pretty? Cute? What kind of costumes are the...”

“Hush dear... I asked you to not say anything until I was finished explaining things to you. You promised now... Anyway, I want you to try and act out the role, just like you did when you put on that dreadful dwarf's costume.

“What you did the other day was a very foolish thing. But I also understand that it was a normal and typical thing that you did, for a boy of your age. But... My pet, I also know that if you were really a little girl of your age, you would never have attempted to try doing something that was so dangerous.

“So, this is my plan. I have fixed up this room, just like a real girl's room. It is sort of like part of your costume, if you can understand that. In that closet, and in the chest of drawers are some very pretty girl's clothes. I made sure to only get very pretty clothes for you.

“What I want for you to do, every night when you get home from school is this. I want you to come up here, and put on some of these clothes. Then, your next job is to pretend to be a little girl, just like you pretended to be the dwarf in the school play.

“I know that if you try to act like a little lady, I will never again have to worry about finding you half dead, out in the barn. Do you understand what I am saying, pet?”

“Yeah... I guess so.”

“Okay, tell me back, what I just said, but in your own words.”

“Well, every night when I get home from school, you want me to come up to this room, and put on some girl's clothes. Then you want me to pretend that I am really a girl, and act like a little lady, until you get home..?”

She squeezed me very tightly then.

“Oh my... You are just so smart. You are just so smart. I am so proud of you. You got it perfectly, and you did not even need any help from me... And you did it on the first try. I am so proud of you.

“Now, little girl's clothes are very different from little boy's clothes. Also, little girls act very differently than little boys do. You need to learn how to wear little girl's

clothes, if you are to put them on by yourself, right? And, if you are to try to act like a little lady, you have to be taught how little ladies act, right?

“So, what we will do right now is this. I will help you get all dressed up tonight. After that, you will know how to put on the clothes, so you will be able to put them on by yourself.

“After supper, I will have to show you how to act like a little lady. It is hard work, if you do it right, at least it is if you are trying to imitate a girl. If you do it right though, it will become like part of your personality, and you will not have to try to act like a girl. You will be able to act like a girl, as though you really were a little girl, just like you acted like the dwarf, when you put on his costume.”

With that, she set me back on my feet. She turned around, and I discovered that she had a pile of girl's clothes on the bed, behind her. She brought the neat little pile around, and placed it on her lap.

She told me to take off the towel, as she held up a pair of lacy pink panties. She smiled and rubbed them against her cheek. Then she gently caressed my left cheek with them. They were very soft.

“You will just love how soft these are, pet. And, you will be able to feel them against your skin, all the time. You will really like wearing these. Now, first things first. Look at these closely. You see how there is a bit more material on one side, than on the other side? The side with the most material is the back side. Here, now you put these panties on. You will like wearing panties, dear.”

I took them from her hand. They had lacy ruffles going across the seat, and lace trim around the legs and the waist. I turned them around, bent over, and stepped into them. I pulled them up my legs. I was amazed at how soft and cool they were. My amazement must have shown.

My mother sat back and just clapped her hands together, with a big smile on her face.

“See? Didn't I tell you that you would love how they feel? If you want to, you can wear them all the time when you are at home. But, you cannot wear them to school, okay? But if you like them that much, you can wear your panties all the time, when you are at home. In fact, I think that I might like knowing that you are wearing panties all the time. Maybe I should get you some more pairs? Enough of that for now, though.

“Now, here is the cami. It is called a camisole, but lots of girls just call them a cami. You must always wear one. It is like your boy's undershirts. You would not wear a shirt without an undershirt, and you should never wear a girl's top, like dress or a blouse without a cami on, either.”

I took it from her. She showed me that the lower part of the neck line went to the front. I lowered it over my head. It was soft and silky, just like the panties. I looked down at the lace trim around the top of it. It had very delicate blue and pink flowers stitched into the lace trimming.

“Next come your socks, honey. Girl's socks are a bit different from boy's socks. You will like these. They are much softer than your boy's socks. Now, you put them on,

just like this, and once they are stretched all the way up to your knees, you turn the top cuff over. You see this little trimming of lace? It should always be showing on the outside, just like this. And the little bow should always be at the side of your leg, yes... Just like that, honey.

“Now, you will find that girl's shoes will feel different than boy's shoes. They are made for little ladies to wear. You mustn't ever try to run when you are wearing girl's shoes. That is unless of course, you are wearing girl's running shoes. If you want to run, you must put on a pair of sneakers.

“If you ever try to run while wearing these, you will tear them apart. If you tear them apart, I will be very angry with you. Now, you do the strap up like this. You might have to take a bit of time to get used to the one inch heels, but you will get used to them quickly.

“You must remember to never ever try to run while you are wearing your pretty dress shoes dear. Shoes like this are just not made for running in. They are made solely to make little girls look very pretty while they are wearing them. They do make you look very pretty too, my darling.

“Now, this is called a half slip. You step into it like this, and pull it up to your waist. You must never wear a skirt or a dress without wearing a slip and a cami, or a full slip under it. A full slip is like a cami and a half slip in one piece. Now, isn't that soft lovely feeling on your thighs ever so nice... Ummm?”

I watched as she held the half slip up to me, to show me what it was. It had a froth of stiff lace around the bottom hem, that tickled my knees, when she had it fitted on me. It was made of the same material as the panties and the cami, and was of the same color. It did feel ever so nice, as she had said, then she pushed her hand between my thighs, which made the material caress my upper legs. I felt like I was being turned into a girl. I liked the feeling.

“Now... when you wear a slip, there is no front or back to worry about, not like your panties or your cami, unless there is a slit in it, but you would not be ready to wear a slip like that for a long time yet, so you do not have to be concerned about that now.

“And... now... you are all ready. It's time for you to put on your very first dress. Dresses have to be put on in a special way, a little bit like you might put on a pullover. They go on, over your head. But before you do that dear, what you have to do is put your hands up into the skirt... just like that. That's right dear. And then you have to work your hands up through the inside and out through the sleeves...

“Girl's dresses are made of soft and delicate material, and you have to be very careful to not push your hands in too roughly, or you might rip the material. You have to gently work it up over your elbows, just like this. Now you are ready to raise it up, and you raise it up just like this.

“You let the skirt fall down, and then the dress's bodice will follow it. When you feel it on your shoulders, you gently reach around and pull the zipper up, just like that. Now, this big sash has to be tied in a big bow at the back. It will take a wee bit of practice, but I can see that you will have no trouble putting dresses on by yourself. You

seem to have as much agility as any other little girl that I have ever seen putting her dress on.

“You are lucky to be so small and slim, almost like a real girl. That helps to make you a bit more agile, so that you can easily stretch around to do up your own zippers, or when you get older, your own bras. Now... take a step back, back to the doorway, and let me see how you look.”

I felt so very different in these clothes. The dress, which was red with large white polka dots all over it, seemed to flare out from my hips. It seemed to flop around with every step I took. The small elastic cuffs at the middle of my upper arms, made the sleeves seem to puff out. I'd never before felt lace trimmed cuffs in the middle of my upper arms. The neck too seemed strange. It was round, with a white lace trim on it, and it felt nothing at all like the open collared shirts that I was used to wearing. I also heard it's faint rustling.

The shoes felt very different than boy's shoes. As I stepped backward, I could feel the daintiness of the shoes. I was very aware of how the strap across the top of my foot felt, and how the instep of the shoes seem to push up at my arches. I was also aware of the height of the heels, as I was not used to that either. Overall, I liked the way the shoes felt.

I reached the door frame, and stood with my ankles touching. To be honest, I liked everything about how these clothes felt on me. They made me feel like I was delicate, and dainty. I smiled, and looked over at my mother.

She sat there with an almost beatific smile on her face. She looked like she had died and gone to heaven. I did not have to ask her how she felt about how I looked as a girl. I could see it written all over her face. She loved it. I knew that she loved me more now than she had even an hour earlier.

“Oh my... You are so precious looking. You look like a pretty little princess, my pet. You are so pretty. Why, if you had a little bow in your hair, and a few curls around your ears, you'd have boys falling all over themselves, just to be close to you. You are a pretty little doll. I can't get over how pretty and natural you look. Come... you must see yourself.”

Like she used to do, when I was a little boy, she took my hand, and she led me down the hallway, into her room, where she had a large mirror on one of her sliding closet doors. I felt like I was once again a small person, as I felt the pressure of her hand in mine.

All the way down the hall, I heard the unfamiliar clicking of my new shoes on the hardwood floor. I also heard and I felt the soft swishing sound of the skirt of my dress and slip. It was a pretty sound, to my ears. I liked it. It sounded almost like how my mother sounded whenever she walked. I'd always likened that sound with warm feelings.

At the doorway, she made me close my eyes, as she led me into her room. Then when I was situated where she wanted me to be, and after I felt her fussing around with the back of my head, she told me to open my eyes.

What I saw nearly made me faint. It was me all right, but it was a girl me. It was not the boy me that I was used to seeing. I blushed, because I also suddenly realized that I was pretty... and I was pretty in a girlish way. I caught my breath as I stared at the new me. I liked her much more than I had liked the old me.

I was a pretty girl now.

I also had a big white lace bow peeking out from behind the back of my head. I stared for a very long quiet Moment at the shoes, the knees socks, the dress skirt that flared out from my tiny looking waist. The puffed up sleeves made my shoulders look very small and slim, the lace trimmed collar left my whole neck exposed, and looking delicate. Last of all, my face was framed by my own beribboned hair.

I knew that it was me. But, I was a girl me now. A smile spread very slowly across my face, and I noted that it made me look even prettier.

“You really like the girl you, don't you Dougie?”

I looked up at my mother's reflection, and I saw that she was grinning at me. I knew that she liked me better this way. That made it all right for me to like it too. I felt a slight twinge of guilt, but I put it out of my mind. My mother liked me like this. I liked me like this, and that made everything all right.

“Now, can you get yourself dressed up like this every night, when you get home after school?”

“Yes.”

“And, when you get dressed up like this, will you promise me that that you will try to act just like you really are a pretty little princess?”

“Yes... I promise to try and act, just like I really was a little girl, whenever I get dressed up like this... Uh?”

“What is it honey?”

“Well, if you want me to act like a real girl... Uhhh... Do I also have to play with dolls?”

“Well, most of the girls that I know play with dolls. I should think that if you like being a girl, you would like to do all the things that other little girls your age do.”

“Then...”, I had to word it in such a way that she would not get mad at me... “Then it is okay if I play with dolls?”

“Honey, every girl loves her dolls. When you are being a girl, I should think that you would love your dolls. It makes sense, doesn't it? So you play with dolls if you want to, okay?”

“Now... good girl. I am so proud of you... You look just so much prettier than I had ever hoped you would look. I must confess pet, I had hoped, when you were first born, that you would have been a little girl. I loved you as my son, but you are just so wonderful and sweet as my daughter. I am so proud of you. Now, let's get down and get our supper eaten, before it all dries out. But, just before that, let me get one picture of my pretty new daughter.”

I stood still, and smiled as she took some photos of me as a girl. When she had all she wanted, she took my hand, and led me down the stairs.

I must admit that on the inside, I was really beginning to feel like I was a little girl. I really liked that feeling.

At the supper table, she told me that she could not very well call me Dougie, when I was so pretty as a girl. She asked me if I had any particular favorite girl's names. She said I should pick one that I might like to be called, whenever I was a girl.

I confessed that there was a girl in my class that I had kind of a crush on. I thought she was so beautiful and so graceful that I loved her. Mom asked what her name was, and I told her that it was Deborah Murdock.

She smiled and told me that I would make a very pretty Deborah too, only Deborah sounded so formal. She asked if she could call me Debi, with one 'b' and one 'i', with no 'e' following the 'i'.

I smiled and told her that I liked that idea very much.

The rest of that evening was taken up with deportment lessons. I had to walk for three hours, with a big dictionary on my head.

She made me walk, sit and stand with that dictionary on my head, telling me that a young lady always had to have good deportment and a graceful balance to her motions.

She also told me that if I learned to walk like a real lady, I would always appeal to people who liked the finer things in life. I wanted that. Besides, learning how to walk like a lady made me feel very girlish. She told me that if I really wanted to learn how to do it right, I should practice walking with the dictionary on my head for at least half an hour a day.

She told me when I felt confident enough about balancing the dictionary on my head, I could start to try doing other things, like sitting down and rising up again, or going up and down stairs, or picking things up from the floor, with on my head.

She coached me in how to sit with that dictionary on my head, always remembering to smooth out my skirts under me, to avoid embarrassing and ugly creases in my clothing. It did not take a lot of coaching for me to master her instructions. She told me she was proud of me for learning so quickly. She told me that it was like I had a natural gracefulness that she had not noticed in me before. I felt proud of that, for some reason.

At one point, my mother asked me if I felt like I was a girl. I admitted that I was starting to feel like a girl. I told her that I was. She asked me if I liked that feeling, and I could not stop the grin that spread across my face, as I told her that I really liked it. I knew in the back of my mind that I should not like feeling like a girl, but I did anyway.

She continued to encourage me to act like a little lady, till it was bed time. Then she had another surprise for me. She led me up to the guest room. She told me that if I really liked being a little girl, that she would be very happy to have me be a girl all the time. She told me that whenever I felt like I wanted to be a girl, I could sleep in my new

girl's room, and I could wear my new girl's clothes, whenever I wanted to. She told me it was wonderful to have both a son and a daughter now.

As I undressed, she opened the closet to show me a selection of pastel colored skirts and dresses, that were all mine now. In a neat row under the skirts and dresses, were six pairs of dress shoes, and one pair of pink sneakers with pink laces.

Then she showed me the drawers that held a collection of pretty lingerie, that was also all mine. She smiled and told me that she could certainly not wear little girl's clothes, and since I was the only little girl in the house, they were mine to wear, any time and all the time that I felt like being a girl. She once again told me that she would really like to see me be a girl for at least half of the time, if I could like being a girl that much. I told her that I probably could.

She then also showed me a drawer where she had stored some girl's nightgowns. She helped to put on what she called a pair of baby dolls, in a sky blue soft material. She told me that I should always wear a peignoir, over my pjs, if I was going to walk about the house in a night gown or pajamas. She told me that little ladies should not parade around the house in just their underwear.

She helped me into the bed, where I discovered that there were pink satin sheets. Once I was tucked in, she sat on the side of the bed, and told me that I had made her very happy, by liking to be a little girl for her. She brushed the hair away from my eyes, and leaned over to reach for the doll. She put it in my arms, and told me that all little girls loved sleeping with their dollies. She told me that if I wanted more dollies, all I had to do was to ask, and she would get me some pretty dolls, with lots of doll clothes, so that I could play house, just like any real little girl.

I started to put on the girl's clothing that very next night when I got home from school, and I practiced with the dictionary till my Mom came home.

That first day, I had chosen a black velvet skirt that had shoulder straps, and a white silk blouse to wear, with black mary jane styled shoes and white knee socks. I had even tried to tie my hair up into a pony tail, but I had not done a very good job of that.

My Mom was ecstatic when she saw me. She praised me so much, that I made the decision that I was going to wear girl's clothes a lot when I was at home. She said that I looked so cute, she wanted to take me out to McDonalds for a light dinner.

I was very reluctant to go out of the house, dressed up as a girl but my Mom insisted that I was so cute, she just had to be able to take her new daughter out for dinner. I was shaking in fear that some of my school friends might see me, and recognize me, but my Mom had a solution for that.

First she put light make-up on me, as she coached me on how to apply it properly. Then she pulled my hair back into a tight pony tail, and a big floppy pink beret on top of my head. I had to admit, when I saw myself in the mirror, I certainly did not look anything like a boy, even though I could still recognize myself. She gave me a little girl's purse to hang from my shoulder, and took my hand to lead me out to the car.

I remembered that very first car ride as a girl, as though it had just happened yesterday. I remembered the heat of the seat on the backs of my upper legs. I remembered

the feel of the slip on my legs, as I held my purse on my lap. I remembered the coldness of the air conditioned blast that was forced between my legs, as it went up under my skirt.

Things were just so completely different for girls.

My Mom had an ulterior motive, though I did not realize it at the time. She wanted me to experience how it was for a pretty young girl in society. She knew how differently pretty young ladies were treated, from what I was used to as a cute boy. I nearly fainted when she took my hand again, and almost dragged me into the restaurant. It was cold in there, and I felt the coldness under my skirt immediately.

Mom ordered a meal, then she made me tell the waitress, a girl just a bit older than I was, what I wanted to eat as well. I was so scared that she would know I was a boy in girl's clothes that my throat constricted and I could hardly speak. I had to repeat my order to her. Finally, we got our tray and headed for the corner in the non smoking section.

My hands were shaking, and I looked furtively at everyone who came into the restaurant. I was certain that they all knew I was a boy. Everyone looked at me too. But the older ladies, and the younger guys all had smiles when they saw me. Some of the girls looked like they did not like me, which confused me because I did not even know them.

When I asked my Mom why that was, she grinned at me. She told me that it was the age-old woman thing. She said that all girls grew up feeling jealous of each other. All girls looked at each other as competition for all the boys that were out there. She smiled and told me that though many things in a girl's life were far far nicer than in a boy's life, I would learn that there were some things in a girl's life that were not so nice to live with. The competition and the cattiness because of the competition were hard things for a girl to learn how to live with.

She told me though that I would not have to worry about such things as I had no close friends who were girls, who would see me as another girl. Beside that, she did not really think that I would be too interested in boys, even though I was at the right age, thirteen, to start being interested in boys.

Then she leaned over and told me in a small quiet voice, that all girls at some time in their lives wanted to go out with boys. She told me that if I ever found that desire in me, I should not feel bad about it, as she was pretty sure that there was both boy and girl in me, so it would be normal for the girl part of me to like boys.

Ever since that night I wore girl's clothing almost exclusively, when I was not at school. I soon discovered that I was really much more feminine than boyish anyway. I loved looking pretty and acting pretty. I also loved the way my Mom seemed to like me lots more when I was Debi.

My girlish ways attracted a lot of ridicule from the other guys at school. They would not let me play with them. The girls liked me to play with them, but often they wanted to play 'girl's only' games. The only thing that I did not like about being accepted by the girls was that the guys ragged on me a lot about it. I became the last person who was picked on any team sport that our class played.

I became quite content to be by myself most of the time.

The only other thing that I hated about playing with the girls, was that I envied them for being able to wear the soft pretty clothes they wore to school. I wished that I had been a real girl, so that I could wear the clothes I had at home to school, so I could be just like the other girls.

This continued on into my high school years. At school, I was a loner. The other kids were really jealous of my high marks too. After I skipped a couple of grades, I had to get used to being the smallest, the youngest as well as the wimpiest kid in the class. I was always the butt of practical jokes. I learned to hate school, though I excelled in the school work.

My only respite was when I got home from school.

At home, I was Deborah, the pretty and the cherished daughter of my mother. She coached me through my teen years, both as a boy and as a girl. I knew that she liked me better as Deborah though. Under her gentle guidance and encouragement, I learned enough confidence about my Deborah self, that I looked forward to our shopping trips and our dates together. I loved walking around in the malls, wearing kicky little skirts, and watching the way all the guys admired me as I would walk by them.

Mom warned me not to get too flirty, as I may attract the wrong kind of attention to myself. But she secretly reveled in my pleasure, as I flirted.

I really liked the way people treated me when I was a young lady. It was so far superior to the way I was treated as a wimpy boy. It was like, as a guy, I was just there. But as a girl, everyone seemed to want to know me, and be around me.

My mother knew how desperately I wished that I could be a real girl. She told me once that she felt a bit guilty about it because if she had not started to dress me up as a girl, I might never have had such a conflict develop in my life.

I told her that it was the nicest thing she had ever done for me.

That was how I came to be enrolled in a legal secretarial course. It was the only course the college offered that I thought would prepare me for work. I did not want to work in a man's job.

I also wanted to be in a course, where, if I wanted to, I could wear the occasional feminine article of clothing.

I remember that first day I dared to do it. I wore a pair of cream colored girl's slacks, with a boy's belt, and a pair of white panties, and a white cami under the sweater that I wore.

I knew that I had made a mistake, because I heard the occasional snicker, and the occasional reference to panty lines, when I walked by. I do not know how I managed it, but I got through the day. What amazed me the most though, was that by the day's end, I was accepted to the same degree that I had always been accepted, by the other girls in the class.

I was pretty sure that I had found my niche. I also felt freer to wear mannish looking clothes, that were designed for women. I loved sitting in a classroom, and looking around at the other pretty girls, knowing that I was wearing the same kind of under-

wear that they were wearing. My biggest problem at that time, was the constant erection that was stimulated by wearing panties. It was a constant source of shame, though it did feel nice.

Chapter Two

I'd been in the job for two years. I had developed the habit of wearing masculine looking women's clothing, and silk lingerie to work. No one ever seemed to expect anything different of me, and no one complained about what I wore, as long as the quality of the work I did was up to scratch.

Anyway, in the office, I was relegated, partly because of the job I did, and partly because of the hours I worked, to the society of the female secretaries. After the initial few weeks, they began to treat me just like any of the other girls.

I liked being accepted for what I was. I knew from the way they sometimes stared at my clothes, they suspected that I wore women's clothing to work. But, they accepted me and treated me just like any other secretary. I'd found my niche, and I was quite happy. I was often invited out for dinner with them, and once in a while, I was even invited to bridal showers, which I reluctantly turned down.

In the first two years that I was at the firm, the only blight on my happiness was the death of my mother. We were so close, it took me two weeks before I could return to work. Because I had established myself as a valuable employee, they gave me a lot of leeway, to handle my grief. Sometimes, I had to leave half way through the day, because the grief would become so strong.

I managed though. After six months, I decided to sell the farm, and move into a small two bedroom home I bought in the outskirts of the city. My mother had managed my father's money very well, and she also had life insurance in force. She left me very well fixed, so that if I had decided not to work, I would have been able to. The estate assets amounted to about a quarter million dollars, so it would have provided about twenty five-thousand a year. But I liked working at the firm.

True to my tastes, I decorated my new little bungalow in a very feminine fashion. In truth, I think it was like a live-in doll house. I loved it. Some of my mother's clothing, I had been able to wear, so I kept what was useful to me, and I gave the rest to the Salvation Army, to be put to some useful purpose. It was.

All the furniture was of the delicate Louis XVth variety. I liked it because it was all so delicate and feminine looking. My home became my live-in doll house, and it was very pretty indeed. I was most comfortable in it. I knew that it would be the envy of many of the women I worked with, should occasion ever arise for me to invite them to my home.

I felt like I was competing in a woman's world, and so I tried very hard to be the best that I could be. I never hesitated to work overtime, for no pay, in order to learn all that I could.

My efforts were not unnoticed either.

One day, I found a note in my mail box, to go see Mr. Ashford at 2:00 P.M. I racked my brain, wondering if I had done anything wrong, to bring myself to his attention.

Mr. Ashford was one of the top dogs, even though he was quite young. He was about forty years old, with graying hair at his temples. The only accurate description of him would be dignified.

Mr. Ashford stood about five foot ten inches tall, and he had a very athletic build. I'd heard that he worked out three times a week at a gym, and that he played golf and squash. He sure looked like it any way. He was very pleasing to the eyes, as my Mom might have said.

He also had a very beautiful wife. I'd seen her a few times, and I thought she was very cute.

I'd often thought that if I could be a real woman, I would like to look like her. If I felt any strong emotion about her, it was jealousy. She was exactly the kind of woman I wished I could have been.

I was just getting settled down to a normal life again, when this totally unexpected message from Mr. Ashford came. The other girls tried to assure me that I was not being called on the carpet for anything that I had done. Still, I was a bundle of nerves until I walked down the 'Mahogany Row', as the executive suites were called.

Mr. Ashford was in his shirt sleeves, with a smoldering pipe of some aromatic smelling tobacco gripped loosely in the left side of his mouth. He looked... just so damned masculine.

I nearly swooned. I once again envied his pretty wife. I had never been attracted to a man before, but Mr. Ashford made me feel just so unmasculine, that it scared me. I nervously smiled at him.

"Ah, Douglas. Come right in. Have a seat. Do you want a Coke or a coffee?"

"No sir, Mr. Ashford. I... I just came back from a late lunch."

"Kenny. Call me Kenny. Mr. Ashford is for paying clients."

He came around from the desk and sat down in the chair beside me. As he came around from the desk, I became aware of how tall and muscular he was.

It caused me to shudder. I knew that in my secret life, I was very feminine in my outlook, but I had never become so effeminate, that I felt a man's masculinity before. Now I had crossed that line in my life. He was manly.

Kenny was a very masculine, strong and self assured man. He made me feel so small and feminine. I knew that I had to never ever let him know how he made me feel. He'd kick my butt out of the offices for sure, if he ever even dreamed that I had those kind of feelings for him.

I felt totally uncomfortable in his office like this. The worst part was that I was getting an erection in my silk panties. I placed my steno pad over that area, and tried an exercise of will to make it go away. Instead, I became even more aware of how soft the silken panties were on my hairless skin.