

TRANSITIONS

By Evie Kay



ILLUSTRATED BY C. PITTS

TWO 'HER TV' STORIES

Copyright © 2000, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do *YOUR* part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

THE POOL

By Evie Kay

“Good morning, ladies.

“With management's indulgence, I've called this meeting, in an attempt to avoid whispers. I know how easily they can start when all of the facts aren't out in the open.

“We have a new co-worker in our secretarial pool, and he is going to be uncomfortable enough among you beautiful ladies. He doesn't need the added insecurity of everyone whispering behind his back. I mean, you people talking about him.

“C'mon, let's all welcome him warmly into the fold, and make him feel at home! His name is Miles Dolan.”

So, this is the way it began for Miles Dolan.

Not exactly fresh out of high school, he had done a variety of odd jobs, while trying to break into the writing profession. He found it difficult to do so and he was impatient to find his niche.

Miles hoped that this job would get him as close to his personal goal, which was being a secretary for a publishing firm.

His academic records impressed Violet Shakman. Enough so, in fact, that she broke up her formerly all-female bastion.

Violet had a good group of women who took pride in themselves without being unnecessarily militant about it.

As a pool, they were exclusive to no one executive. Any executive could, however, avail himself of the services of a particular woman.

As far as Miles was concerned, his being the only male in the office meant there were *bound* to be rumors. Foreseeing this, Violet called this meeting, to introduce the new member to the staff.

With the brief meeting already underway, the “acceptance” of Miles now out of the way, Violet had yet another announcement to make.

“Speaking of rumors, *this* is one we've all heard. I couldn't do anything about it, without making myself out to be a liar. I didn't want to let the cat out of the bag before I was ready.

Yes...it's true. I *am* retiring.”

Collectively, there was a somewhat muffled “Awww...” throughout the conference room.

Violet continued, “I really don't like rumors much. *Some* may be harmless, however a lot of them involve speculation that might hurt a person.

“For instance, suppose you heard that I was thinking about retirement, and I really wasn't ready to go. The wrong person hears it, and, before you know it, it's a good idea to let me go!

“But, relax! It was *my* idea. I'm ready to go.

“And my successor is going to be one of you girls. Which is precisely why I'm giving this little speech. Bringing in Miles sets the tone.

“I'll be here a little while longer. I'll be breaking up my workload amongst you, so as not to burden your new boss I'm still the boss here and I say there's no need for rumors or speculation about who's going to be chosen.

“Again, unfortunately, someone's *bound* to be hurt, when it turns out that they weren't the one who was picked. But, if things are left alone, I'm sure everyone'll be happy with my choice, *when* the time comes. Okay?”

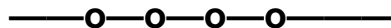
Violet ended her little speech with a warm smile, causing even newcomer Miles to relax.

Violet then went on, to discuss several things of importance before calling the meeting to a close. After which, Miles was personally introduced to all of the women, before settling down to his own workload.

Miles was to be “sheltered” for the next month—learning routines, how to operate several systems, and being allowed to feel at ease with his new surroundings. This would happen before he was rotated out for work among the executives.

Until that time, only Violet and the women of the secretarial pool would know he even existed. To Personnel, he was only a name on a piece of paper. After his training period, Miles would be officially integrated into the pool, gradually meeting every executive he would work for.

And so it went.



A few days later, Miles was approached by Karen Olsen, another secretary.

“Miles?,” she asked. “Do you have a moment?”

“”Sure. I could use a break. What's up?”

“Well...keeping in mind what Violet said a few days ago, we all want you to feel at home here. Truthfully, even without Violet's speech, we're not a bunch of feminists who hate men and think, ‘How *dare* you invade our territory!’ I, for one, am glad you're here. You're a nice change of pace.”

“”Why...thank you, uh, Karen.””

Karen's unexpected praise had made Miles a little uneasy. Karen now realized this as well. So, she continued, in order to clarify why she wanted to speak to him.

“”Well, I didn't come over here to butter you up.

“You see, with Violet leaving soon, we're all gonna get together and throw her a little party, over at my place. Now, I know you just started and all, but we'd still like you to come.”

“Well, I'm flattered that you'd ask. I *am* a man working with a bunch of women. I'm know I'm a little bit of an ‘outsider’ in this situation.”

“”Don't think that way! From your first day here, you became one of us. We all do a lot of things together. Besides, after Violet's speech, how would it look if you *didn't* show up?! It would look as if we ostracized you. I'm trying to prove to you that we're not like that.

“Although Violet was speaking to the whole office, she was really talking to *you*. We already knew what she had to say about welcoming new people, because we've heard it before. It was just a ploy to make you feel comfortable.

“You're gonna find out that the secretarial pool sticks together. We're a team! We're here to pull for each other, in work *or* play! C'mon! It'll be fun!”

0000

The weekend came, and that Saturday the group met once again, for the surprise party for Violet. They eventually got down to the gift-giving.

Violet cried over the tokens of love and appreciation, then said soberly, “I want to thank you girls for this, especially the sexy underwear. I'm so glad you've noticed that this ol' girl's still got it!

My poor, dear George hasn't used ‘it’ in so long, if he gets a hard on, I'll probably get carried away kissing it just to praise him for *getting* it hard. I'll wind up giving him a blowjob, and waste it!”

They all laughed at the comment about her husband. Miles could only guess that was whom she was referring to. He had never having heard Violet mention a “George” before.

The chuckle came just in time, because he started to blush at Violet's frank language. Observant Violet missed his embarrassment but she did have something on her mind, something she had noted concerning Miles.

“Y'know, while I do appreciate this...and you girls have been great, so far, in his first week...you used to have a party whenever a new person came aboard.

“I'm still gonna be here for a few weeks. This could've waited, assuming you still welcome new co-workers, that is.”

Linda Hess quickly shouted, “She's right, y'know!

“We've made Miles feel at home, but we haven't *really* made him feel like ‘one of the girls’! C'mon, how 'bout it?”

The response was immediate. All were in favor of a party for Miles.

All except Miles, that is.

“You really don't *have* to do this! It's okay. I'm comfortable,” he said.

“Hey!” called out Shirley Harper. “It gives an excuse to party. Don't tell me that you *don't like to party!*”

“*Of course* I do,” said Miles, laughing.

“Then, it's settled,” Linda said. “My place, next week!”

When he left, Miles was very pleased. He found that Violet Shakman was not being facetious when she said that the women under her charge were beautiful. She meant that they were beautiful inside, as well as out.

They had, indeed, made him feel at home with them. When he considered taking the job, he had worried about feeling like a Peeping Tom.

These were all young, vibrant females—with the exception of Violet, of course. She proved to be youthful and high-spirited in her own way; her attitudes and frankness were among her best qualities.

The others were more or less unattached. The majority of them had perhaps a steady lover. Being the only male in a setting like that had the potential for making him feel like an intruder, or “a rooster in a henhouse”. Instead, Miles was made to feel like an integral part of the group. Knowing this made him feel very good, indeed.

0 0 0 0

By the end of his second week on the job, Miles' proficiency had enabled him to learn his lessons well. It showed Violet that she did not have to spend a whole month with him in training.

Still, before any official decision was made, she had decided to “sleep on it”, before moving him into the normal grind too quickly.

As it was Friday, Violet had the luxury of the weekend to mull things over. So it was that at 5 PM, her only thoughts were of the weekend. She decided to clear her mind of thoughts of work until Monday morning.

Also, tomorrow night was another “Girl's Night Out” at Linda's house.

The next night, the party underway, Violet noted hard liquor was available, a fact she felt compelled to mention.

“Last week, you didn't have any booze at *my* party. I just realized that.”

“Well,” said Linda, “*I* had no say over that. It wasn't my house, and I wasn't asked to help out with the refreshments. It's probably just as well, though, 'cause sometimes we get 'silly'. It wouldn't have done to send you home drunk from your own party!”

Violet rejoined, “Oh, I'm just talking, dear. George was snoring when I arrived home, anyway. I could've dropped a bomb and he would've slept right through it! Oh, speaking of my one and only...

“I wore that red lace teddy I got, with my hair down, the next night. I was so hot with my platinum hair draped across my bosom! I figured I was only going to get marginal reaction from George at best. Tell you the truth, I was tempted to get myself off in the bathroom, before I even showed him the lingerie.

“Well...I wasn't the only one with fire in my furnace that night...”

“No!”

“Yes! George got so hard, so *fast*, it surprised him! He grabbed me quick, thinking that it wouldn't last. But Linda... We *made* it last!”

“Really?” Linda smirked.

“Uh huh. It's been quite a while between ‘bouts’ with my hubby. So, I wore the teddy again, two nights later, and it happened *again!* The very next day, I went and bought myself two more of the sexiest I could find.

“As far as sex is concerned, I figure I get by. I take what I can get, but I'm not like *other* women. I'm *proud* that I still have a figure, and while others are cutting their hair close to the skulls as they get older, I like mine long.

“So far as sex goes, most women my age seem to be able to take it or leave it. I don't care—*I want mine!*”

“If a piece of clothing can help me get it, I'm all for it. I'm seriously thinking about throwing away George's jockey shorts and replacing them with panties! He should *really* be excited if he's wearing *those!*”

“A man his age needs all the help he can get!”

Linda looked at Violet thoughtfully and smiled. Then she said, “Y'know, Vi, it's funny you should say that about George.”

“Oh? Why?”

“Well...since you were going to leave soon, we didn't feel it necessary to include you in our plans for Miles. Y'know...to make him feel comfortable with us, in the pool?”

“Anyway, Shirley came up with the idea, and we all agreed to give him gag presents. From what we've seen of him, he seems like he can take a joke.”

Catching on quickly, Violet exclaimed, “No! You're *not...*”

“Sure. It's all in fun. We're gonna take it as far as we can.”

“Now, don't you dare be vicious!”

Linda put her hands on her hips and said in mock defiance, “Now, Vi, I'm surprised at you! Don't you know your people yet?”

“Well, I've seen you girls in action, getting even with some of the bosses for sexual harassment. You knew taking legal action could get out of hand and probably wouldn't have solved anything. You all took matters into your own hands; the girls practically stripped naked.

“You *dared* those men to come on to you all, then! With me essentially looking the other way...I couldn't tell you girls what you could or could not wear. The poor bosses were constantly horny. I could hear them moaning in the men's room down the hall, afterwards,” Violet giggled. You people thought that it could happen and you had it *planned* that way!

“By constantly stirring them up, giving them more than they normally saw, they were “blueballed”, actually fearful. From that point on, they didn't *dare* make a grab

for a secretary, even in the privacy of their offices. Copping a feel through clothes was one thing. Taking a chance on actually touching flesh was another. They knew their boundaries, and played their stupid little games. Plain and simple, they did not want to leave themselves open to a rape charge”

“Well, it worked, didn't it? Becky Reese still dresses to tease, these days!”

“Well, Becky's got the figure to do it. She didn't dress ‘prim’ in the first place!” Violet emphasized.

“I know. She was the one who gave us the idea for the counter-attack against the execs!”

“I know that, too!” Violet remarked, with a knowing smile. “That girl's got it all. Beauty *and* brains!”

Linda now chimed in, “Y'know...I wouldn't be a *bit* surprised to find out that she had some work done on her tits.”

Violet said quickly, “Now, Linda! Do I detect a little green-eyed monster?”

“Heck, no!” Linda laughed. “I’m a little heavier and maybe I don't show it off like *she* does, but I’m no slouch in that department!” She paused for a moment. “Well...maybe a *tiny* monster. But only because I'm too lazy to get the extra pounds off. Not because of Becky. Becky's okay in my book.”

“Okay. Just checking. You girls *do* work well with each other, and I'm very proud of that fact. I like to think that I had *something* to do with that. Yet, I would hate to hear that after I'd gone, you girls fell apart.”

Violet stopped for a second, thinking. “I don't see why you should. It's not like you're bringing in an outsider, to take charge. Whoever you pick is gonna know our strengths and weaknesses, and there'll be no reason for jealousy.”

“...Uh...it isn't *me*...Is it?”

“Now, there's no need to campaign for the job. You can pass that around,” Violet said. “Although I haven't made it official yet, I've already chosen her. I'll announce it at the proper time, and not a moment before. Capisce?”

“Gotcha, chief,” affirmed Linda, with a mock salute. “Well, let's go join the rest. Some of the girls are already tying one on. I think we'd better get to the presents, before we all get too bombed!”

Violet said, “Yes, I'm feeling good already, myself. But Linda, remember. Even though we may get smashed...anyone getting out of hand, I expect you to take charge. This is your home!”

Linda took the admonition to heart, as they went out into the living room, to join the others. At a pre-arranged signal, came the moment that, by now, even Violet was anticipating.

“Miles! Miles!” called Shirley. “Come sit by me!”

As he went to do so, Miles saw boxes come out of their hiding places. By their wrappings, he knew they had to be gifts...for him.

He said, “Hey, people! The party was enough. I don’t *deserve* any gifts!”

“Nonsense!” Shirley spoke up. “Like Vi said last week, we *always* welcome a new girl with a party.”

Miles began to speak, but was cut off.

“Not a ‘new girl,’ you say? Well, I can fix *that!*”

At that, Shirley whipped from behind her a long blonde wig, and practically threw it upon Miles' head. She said, “Now, you take care of this, Millie. It costs a couple bucks, but I wanted you to have it!”

“Shirleeee!” Karen exclaimed. “My God! How can she wear it right, if you're just gonna toss it on ‘er head? I don’t think she has one of these at home!”

Karen then quickly grabbed her bag, and dug for a comb and brush. Without bothering to ask, she proceeded to not only affix the lengthy wig properly on Miles' head, but also bring out its style with her utensils.

Everyone then patiently waited until Karen was finished. Sitting silently, Miles was filled with mixed emotions, in part because of what he had upon his head and in part because of the attention he was receiving.

He had no idea that this was going to happen, but realizing there were other gifts, he figured this was only the beginning. While he was trying to be a good sport, it was not lost on him that his gender had been altered. Not only that, but his name seemed to be “Millie” now!

“Hey,” he said to himself, “the girls aren't being cruel. We're having fun! Get into it and go *with* it...Millie!”

Once Karen was done, he said aloud, “Oooh. Thank you, girls!”

“Not bad, Millie,” noted Linda, commenting on the feminine timbre Miles had attempted on the spot. “A little deep, but not bad. Here, open *mine* next.”

There were about a dozen women in the pool there, but a core group consisting of Karen, Shirley, Linda and Violet was the most vocal.

Everyone had made a comment or two though, even if it was only “ooh” and “aaah.” Since the purpose was to welcome him into a feminine environment, absolutely *everything* was feminine. Some of the comments about the “new girl” were very sincere. Miles was called Millie for the rest of the night.

As far as gag gifts went, some, like Shirley, spent none too little in purchasing their so-called “gag gift”. A few honestly did not know *what* to buy, and bought some genuine items, with the idea that if Miles did not take it well, they could use the gifts themselves.

Miles had proven to be very outgoing these past two weeks, instead of isolating himself. For instance, his willingness to ask for assistance from anyone helped him to excel around the office. His camaraderie and personal warmth also endeared him to the women.

As a result of being a good sport tonight, once the wig went on “her” head, Millie was being treated almost as if “she” was a girl approaching womanhood. Along with

the wig and the outfits came helpful hints about how best to use the gifts that were bestowed upon her.

Millie had gotten a makeup kit, and different shades of false fingernails in addition to nail polish and a manicure set. Several sets of stockings, even a blouse and a skirt, along with inexpensive “junk” jewelry and perfume were added to the “stash”. Someone even gave her two daring sets of lingerie, lacy panties and bras, and even matching garter belts.

As the gifts were being opened, the women huddled closer around “Millie” to help her take stock of what was received. By the time it was over, not only did Millie have a wig on, but also a set of the fingernails, a pair of clip-on earrings, and her face was completely made-up.

After all the gifts were opened, Miles, still “in character”, said with a smile, “I want to thank you girls for everything. When I wear these, since I don't know who gave what, I'll think of *all* of you. I imagine you all planned it that way, anyway!”

At this, after edging Violet away from the group, Linda whispered, “Miles is more than just a good sport. He took this better than I *dreamed!* You don't suppose...?”

“So, what if he is?” Violet swiftly went to his defense. “I don't know for sure, and he never gave any indication before tonight, but it shouldn't make any difference. He—or *she*, should she decide to come out of the closet—deserves our support, just the same as we've supported the other women in our group!”

“Some have lost boyfriends, been divorced. One has even been raped! Miles' acceptance of Lila these past weeks has helped her immeasurably towards trusting men again. I know, 'cause she told me!”

She paused. “Here we are, making snap judgments about Miles, and he could just be making the best of an awkward situation. That alone gets a few high marks in *my* book! If he comes to work Monday in that skirt and there's something wrong with it, I'll be right there to help ‘her’ out!”

“You're a wise woman, Mrs. Shakman,” smiled Linda. “Y'know, Vi, since you mentioned it, I think Millie'd be real cute in that skirt and blouse she got. Two of the girls bought those presents without knowing what the other was getting. Luckily, they go together! Listen, let's give her a hand. Becky's offered to drive Millie home with her gifts, since she doesn't have a car yet.”

Millie was very feminine despite her flat chest and wearing shirt, slacks and loafers. Now that it was time to leave, Linda made sure that Miles was aware of that.

Realizing that he was just about to go out of the door into the outside world, Miles' hands jumped to the top of his head, reflexively. Next, his eyes darted around, looking frantically for tissues. Not finding any quickly enough, his hands went to his mouth. Linda was faster, though, and stopped him before he smeared his pretty mouth.

“Whoa! Slow down!” said Linda. “Mavis did apply it a wee bit too thick, but you're okay. With practice, you'll know how to do it for yourself, just right. 'Sides, with Becky driving you home, few people will notice you this time of night. Hey, go with it for a while.

“You *do* look nice and a lotta girls wear blouses, pants and penny loafers, y'know. Anybody seeing you won't even give you a second look.”

Miles tried to say something, but by the time Linda finished, he changed his mind. He had seen what he looked like earlier, and with Becky along, literally “for the ride”, Miles was not going to have to endure something embarrassing or dangerous alone.

Linda was telling him to have some fun and the feminine camaraderie got to him. The more welcome these women made him feel, the more comfortable Miles felt about wearing what he had on. He began to notice an insistent thought about actually using these gifts, to really *be* one of them!

Of course, he was really going to do it out in *public!*

“Thanks, hon.” It was “Millie” who now spoke, instead of Miles. “She” wanted to let Linda know that she was taking her friendly advice for what it was worth.

“Y'know,” said Linda, “I know I was critical of that voice earlier, but the more I hear it, the more it fits, *without* making you look strange, might I add. If you tried it on the bosses, you'd fool them, easy.”

Millie replied with some concern, “We-ell, I dunno ‘bout *that*. Doing this in private is one thing. I'm not thinking vain, mind you, but what if one of them came on to me? I'd be in a *heap* o'trouble, in more ways than one!”

“Not to worry!” came the answer. We take care of our own. I know it's beginning to sound like a broken record already...but you *are* one of us! Now, more than ever!

She continued. “As far as a frisky exec is concerned, we've already *gone* that route. They won't *dare* try it now with you, because you're new. We've already stared them in the eye, and...*they blinked*. They'd get in trouble now if we found out. Even *if* you were willing!”

Linda paused reflectively for a moment, going back mentally to her and Violet's conversation earlier. She recalled Violet's remark about considering keeping her husband in panties.

Linda added, “Still, if you're comfortable in these things, you haven't even *met* any of the execs yet. It's not *that* crazy an idea to use ‘em!

“We didn't do this so that you could wear ‘em to work, though. Frankly, I'm surprised to see how all of us were on the same wavelength, buying real gifts for a so-called “gag.” I confess I was one of those who bought an underwear set and a pair of stockings for the garter belt, since I knew another girl was buying one, too.

“We did all right in the size department, I'm pretty sure. We're good like that, from back when we had to buy gifts for our bosses' girlfriends or wives. We don't do that anymore, but you don't lose the knack!

“Y'know...thinking about it, it even might be to your advantage to wear what we gave you. For starters, the bosses might be less friendly with you because you're a man. Some of ‘em are narrow-minded and think secretarial work's an ‘unusual’ job for a man, if you get my drift.

“Present company excepted, of course, men are generally weird. They will hate or avoid homosexuals, but the majority of them will accept a lesbian, or try to make her bisexual. Some men find the thought of women getting it on with each other a huge turn-on!

“You make up your *own* mind, Hon. You wear what you think you *should* wear. I'm not gonna be the one to tell you what to do. But I will say this. If you *do* decide to wear something frilly and lacy, I'm sure it's okay with Vi.

“After all, she lets *us* wear with we want, since there's no written dress code. Some of us cover up from head to toe, while others wear as little as they can get away with. And although Vi's leaving, her successor's gonna be someone from the pool. I don't anticipate *that* much of a change in office policy.

“Think about it...Millie.” Linda smiled, deliberately stressing Miles' new feminine name. “They don't have to know what's in your panties. But, if the *rest* of the girls get some extras by virtue of being pretty, why should *you* lose out just because you can grow a mustache? Forget that!

“If you look close enough when she's not paying attention, you'd notice that Marjorie has one that she bleaches. Cutting it only makes her's grow back!

“It might just be a free lunch. Or a few extra dollars in an envelope around Christmas time, from one of the execs, but a perk is a perk, right?.

“Hey, that's why *I'm* working! For the money! All I can get!. Legally, of course.” Linda ended with a laugh.

Despite her seeming bravado, Linda *did* have her reservations when it came to Miles accepting his gifts.

Somewhere in her mind, she had a tiny cruel streak. She was secretly ready to laugh at any discomfort Miles might have shown as he opened his gifts. When it did not happen, she lashed out quietly, from hidden frustration, for Vi's benefit only. As Violet chided her, Linda was surprised by her own attitude, recognizing it for what it was.

Linda felt ashamed because Miles was not a man who had wronged her; he didn't deserve her abuse. She honestly liked Miles, and thought of him as nice. They all did. He got into this unusual situation simply by being willing to go along, to have fun.

So, as a way to rectify her attitude, Linda went out of her way to make Miles feel comfortable about accepting his gifts. Little did she know that Miles already had a head start, if only in his mind, allowing the women to use some of the gifts on him. Perhaps, if Linda had not said anything, it would have been something to dismiss.

But *now*, who *knew* what Miles might do with his gifts?

Miles listened to Linda and was still thinking about it as Becky drove him home. Every now and then, he would glance over at Becky, hoping that she would not catch him staring at her.

Miles, predictably, stared at her full bosom, as it was fairly well-exposed. As she breathed, Miles was fascinated by the bust's fullness and how it would jiggle at the slightest provocation as Becky drove over a bumpy section of road.

Tearing himself away from her roiling cleavage, he surveyed the shapeliness of the rest of her body. His eyes cataloged her, from the slim waistline to the abrupt end of her short skirt, which rode ever higher from her squirming in her seat.

Traveling down her long legs to her feet, Miles marveled at the heel height of the shoes she wore. He guessed it to be about four inches. It was at that moment, that he wondered if *he* could wear heels that high.

He began picturing himself wearing *everything* a woman could wear. Not just for work, now. Miles had changed from his earlier thought about dressing up just in private.

Now, in his mind's eye, he no longer saw himself as a man admiring a beautiful woman, but as one of that wonderful breed himself. He wondered if "Millie" could look just as beautiful as Becky beside him was.

Miles began to hope for it turning into a pleasurable all-round experience. Not *just* to be accepted by the women of the secretarial pool. Not anymore!

"I guess you're wondering how I can drive, wearing such high heels," Becky said.

Becky's voice snapped Miles out of his reverie, and he instantly felt embarrassed, knowing that he had been caught staring at her feet. It quickly passed because it mixed with relief that she did not catch him when he was staring much higher. Still, Becky caught his discomfiture, even in the darkness of the car.

"Well, it isn't *easy* to push the gas pedal with little more than your toes!" she laughed, deliberately overlooking the uncomfortable. Yes, she knew he was staring at her, and had waited until his eyes moved lower before saying anything. "Usually, I *do* kick 'em off. But, even if I forget, I can do it without removing them, like now."

Becky's light demeanor caused Miles to feel at ease, as she intended.

Soon, they were parked in front of his apartment building. As she cut the car off, Becky said, "I'll give you a hand. Otherwise, you're gonna, havta make two trips, at least."

Once inside, with his packages safely deposited, Becky said, "Uh, Miles? Can we talk for a bit?"

Immediately, Miles recalled comments he had heard about Becky these past two weeks, that she dressed to "please." He had to admit to himself, though, that he saw no evidence that she was wanton. She got along with all of her fellow workers. But, there was, in Miles' brain, a thought that her attractiveness had "opened doors" for her.

What saved Becky from being envied and hated, was that uncomplimentary comments floated around about almost *everybody* in the outer offices. As a result, the group was tight-knit and ready to defend one another.

Why they would rally to Becky's defense was because she was one of the "prime movers" in the actions against the bosses' free and easy dispositions with the secretaries.

Even with the women's distaste for the way they were treated by the bosses, Becky's idea was not acceptable at first. They all knew that *she* could twist a man around her little finger. So, her plans would be easy for *her*.

Yet, some of the other women who were among the vocal wanted a chance to prove that Becky was not "so hot". In other words, they felt *they* could be just as attractive. To achieve *that* was a challenge they felt that they could not resist. They caused the majority to adopt Becky's idea.

Yet, now, they were "all for one and one for all".

Miles now recalled the harmless "sexy" comments made about Becky he had heard these past two weeks. Because she had practically invited herself to his apartment, saying she wanted to "talk," Miles was now looking forward to Becky coming on to him.

Miles sat down, next to Becky, on a sofa. Almost immediately, he reached out to touch her hand in her lap, attempting to hold it.

Becky withdrew both her hands to her sides, as if reading Miles' mind. Then, she said, "I think you're getting the wrong idea, Miles. I like you, but not the way you think."

Suddenly aware once again of the wig on his head and the new fingernails, Miles felt very foolish. Worse, because he felt that perhaps he rushed things, he began to get depressed, a reaction Becky did not miss.

"Miles, please. I'm not rejecting you," she said. "In fact, why I want to talk to you is because of what the girls and I did tonight. I'm really glad you're here.

"You see, while we all get along, the rest of the girls and I have never really been close. Not the way it could've been, from the start, anyway.

"But, it's not *their* fault. It's *mine*. Deliberately so.

"I have wanted—no, *needed*—a buddy, a confidante, a pal, for a long time. But, I've been afraid to be completely honest, and that's the one thing a friendship survives on.

"Still, I've been almost deathly afraid of rejection, at the price of being honest about myself. Only recently I've acquired a girlfriend who loves me, knowing *everything* about me.

"And...as of tonight...I'd like to include *you* in that confidance."

Miles listened to Becky's every word, anxious. Truth be told, he was waiting for his moment to be able to proposition her. However, now, as she finished, he was confused.

"Needs to be close to someone, but afraid?" he thought. "She's got a girlfriend?"

Aloud, he said, "Excuse me, Becky. Are you trying to tell me that you're trusting *me* to know, but afraid to let the *other* women find out that you're gay?"

Becky smiled at Miles' perplexity. "Nooo," she said. "Let me see if I can start over..."

"Miles...you don't mind being called 'Millie', do you?"

Miles now sharply recalled his wig and knew—acutely—that he was wearing makeup and long false fingernails. “Well, look at me,” he laughed, without embarrassment. “At the moment, I hardly look like a ‘Miles!’ ”

“Yes, so I noticed. So did some of the others. I wasn't eavesdropping, but I did overhear Linda talking to you, before we left. Your looks are easily translatable into feminine ones and Millie's voice is honestly not bad. I could help you make it authentic, and that's my point.”

Becky paused long, hoping for everything to sink in. When Miles said nothing, she continued.

“Miles, the makeup and nails were playfully forced on you. Truthfully, though, you are going to find yourself *wanting* to try these clothes on. Maybe as early as tomorrow.

“You're seriously thinking about taking Linda's advice about being a female during working hours, but not just for the feminine ‘charge’. I can tell. But, I want you to tell you something very important.

“Um...it's not going to be that easy.”

Miles became a little nervous with Becky's ominous demeanor. Becky had been insightful, as if she could read his mind. Was she saying now that there could be trouble in wanting to do as he hesitantly thought about?

“No, Miles. Not ‘trouble’ in the way you're thinking,” Becky smiled.

Miles quickly blanched at Becky's astuteness, as if she did indeed read his mind that time.

Becky went on. “Miles, the act of crossdressing, dressing up in women's clothes, can be habit-forming.

“To some, it's an irresistible turn-on. Others just like the feel of feminine clothes. Still others desire to *be* female, because they *feel* feminine while wearing them.”

She took another long pause, causing Miles to wonder if that was all she had to say. Suddenly, she continued.

“I know. I'm one of them.”

Slowly, Miles realized that Becky Reese was saying that she was something no one would guess in a million years.

It was too unreal! So unreal that the thought compelled Miles to burst out laughing.

“Miles, I am a *man!*” Becky plainly stated. “At least...that's what it says on my birth certificate. I haven't been ‘male’ since I left home in my late teens.

“I was never confused about my identity, but upon being called a girl's name one day, I deliberately played it up. The name-caller, seeing that I couldn't be ruffled, left me alone. I continued to camp it up regardless, for no apparent reason, and was amazed at the audience I gathered.

“Thereafter, given an opportunity, I let the ‘woman in me’ come out. Much to my surprise, people warmed to me. Women mostly, but also some guys I hardly knew. They actually treated me like a sister!

“Well, let me take that back. Not *exactly* like a sister.

“What I mean is, the way I acted somehow gave them the idea that I had some secret passage into the feminine psyche. To me, it was only using common sense, and for the most part, it was dead-on. The guys I was around were able to appreciate me as a human being.

“I swished like the Dickens from the start, but back then, I was only kidding around. As I saw the feminine person in me grow, I gradually evolved into a more responsible feminine state of being.

“Since my feminine self was more popular than the boy I had been, I started to let my hair grow, to do “her” justice. I actually *liked* me, for perhaps the first time in my life.

“It’s been so long, I can’t even talk like a man anymore. If I *tried*, it would sound like any normal woman trying to mimic a man’s voice.

“I’ve worked at all kinds of jobs that let me keep my hair long. The few that didn’t I left or was fired. I’ve worked for Vi for the past six years. It was just before that, that I went for sexual reassignment surgery.

“I was a late virgin. I finally found someone who accepted my femininity. I finally got laid, so I postponed undergoing the knife.

“By that point, I had gone as far as getting my beard permanently removed and my breasts augmented. My then-girlfriend loved my breasts, so I didn’t have them removed.

“But the novelty wore off, and I lost her to her next big thrill. I still had my bosom, though, and I went headlong into womanhood, becoming the sexiest bitch I could be!

“I found that I liked being a woman so much! I would’ve pursued the surgery again, but the money I had scrounged and saved for years was gone.

“Still, what I had in my panties was nobody’s business and it was the only thing that could give me away. Once I was hired to join Vi Shakman’s secretarial ‘stable’, my life was complete.

“Or, so I thought.

“By that time, I had achieved my goal of being a sexy woman. I never really studied any particular female; it all came naturally. I just was!

“I knew that men liked a pretty face. They will do *anything* for a beautiful woman, and not *always* to get a fuck.

“Armed with this knowledge, I let myself be ‘available’—to be given things, from dinner to gifts. I gave them the best time I could, given the circumstances.

“Most times, they were just happy to have my arm linked in theirs. If they got an affectionate peck on the cheek, it was considered a bonus. I was a class act and not a slut, so I never had to fight anybody off from finding out that I didn’t have a pussy.

“During this later time, as I worked with Vi, I was invited to a swanky party and met a sophisticated, but *very* kinky lady, and we hit it off. By ‘kinky’, I mean she loved to touch very intimate places.

“She wanted to hold my hand, put her arm around my shoulders or waist, even cup or caress my boobs a moment or so. We'd meet and instead of a kiss on the cheek, it would almost always be a quick peck on the lips. Sometimes, a little *more* than a ‘peck’!

“We became good friends and she even dug up a double-date for me, from time to time. She kidded that it was her way of taking me out and letting someone else pick up the tab!

“Years passed, and I found that I couldn't help myself. We were “best friends,” but I was falling in love with her. It was hurting me to see her only on double-dates, with her on the arm of a man.

“I'm no dog, so the guys never minded...much. The few that wanted to fuck her, couldn't with me and my partner around, and my girlfriend would call the date to an end, if her guy grew insistent. Of course, I already knew how to rein in *my* date if he felt the same way.

“I was afraid to reveal my crotch to her. I knew why *I* didn't want to get fucked, but could two people with the same situation have found each other? The odds on that were astronomical! So, I just *knew* that she was the ‘real thing’!

“Knowing that, I was at a quandary as to how to confess myself to her.

“Would she be disgusted, seeing me as homosexual, which I wasn't? Would she see me maybe as a lesbian, what with being so ‘touchable’ herself, if you follow me?

“Not knowing what to do, I simply avoided her. I then took her a while to notice, but eventually she did want to know why I was ducking her.

“With my back figuratively pinned to the wall, I wanted to tell her everything. But, she was such a good friend to lose to an assumed attitude, I just broke down and cried.

“In frustration and blubbering, everything became easy, and my story spilled out along with the tears. Realizing what I had done, after I did it, I steeled myself for the inevitable.

“It was then that she surprised me.

“She knelt before me, and without a word, slid my skirt to my waist as I sat. She needed a little help as she did it, and as numb as I was, I gave it to her without thinking. By the time she was pulling down my panties, it started to sink in that she was accepting me.

“She got my panties completely off and then went for my crotch where, in a long-enforced habit, my cock was completely stuffed away. Both of us had been to the beach in bikinis and even *that* hadn't betrayed me, but now she kept digging for a cock she knew to be there.

“Her foraging for it only served to excite me. She didn't let me get even semi-hard before she had her mouth wrapped around it, licking and sucking me.