



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Working Girls

Jennifer Lauren



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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# Working Girls

By Jennifer Lauren

## CHAPTER ONE

Angela Bradford flopped herself down on the worn sofa, turned on the television, and started clicking through the channels. Finding nothing of interest, she yawned and turned the TV off. “I am SO bored!” Angela sighed, getting up from her warm place on the sofa and crossing the drafty hardwood floor in her bare feet. She grabbed a blanket from the closet and wrapped it around herself as she sat down in front of her computer.

It was January in Boston and the outside temperature hovered only a few degrees above zero. It was also freezing inside the small townhouse apartment she shared with her friend, Kelly. The gas had been turned off the day before because they couldn’t pay the bill. If it wasn’t for the small electric heater Angela had beside her computer desk, she would probably freeze to death!

Angela was in her late twenties and had long, wavy brown hair. She was 5’4” tall and weighed 118 lb.. Her big brown eyes seemed to convey an exotic innocence; she was very intelligent and passionate about the fast-paced life of a Paralegal.

Kelly, her best friend and confidant, had known Angela since the fourth grade. She had long, straight blonde hair that fell to the middle of her back. She was a couple of inches shorter than Angela at 5’2”, and weighed barely a hundred pounds soaking wet! She was blessed with the most beautiful almond-shaped blue eyes which seemed to reflect her confidence and sense of adventure.

Angela and Kelly had moved to Boston from a small town outside of Nashville, Tennessee. They were used to warmer weather when they arrived in Boston the previous fall, looking for work. Angela was a Paralegal and Kelly a Legal Secretary

by trade, but neither of them were able to find jobs in their fields, even though they had ten years experience between them, working in a legal aid office.

But that seemed years ago rather than a few short months. The two of them had grown discouraged pounding the frozen pavement and braving the snowstorms in search of work. They had pooled their savings in hopes of beginning a new life in Boston and now, with no job possibilities in sight, they were down to their last few hundred dollars. As Kelly slept, Angela logged on to the computer and searched for jobs.

Life seemed so much less complicated when they worked for the small legal aid office a half hour outside of Nashville. The town where they lived and worked had fewer than ten-thousand people and everyone knew everyone, it seemed. Things were very different there. Very different indeed. That was because Angela and Kelly were actually men!

They both really enjoyed their jobs, and were very good at them. But that didn't matter in a profession almost entirely made up of women! And even though they had proven themselves highly competent employees, they were constantly harassed and ridiculed by the attorneys for whom they worked! And to make matters even worse, most of the people in town suspected that they were gay, and treated them cruelly and with contempt.

Neither of the men dated or seemed to have an interest in the opposite sex, and mostly kept to themselves. This behavior only fueled the intolerance they experienced from their coworkers and the other people in town. They had tried since high school to fit into the mold society demanded of young men, but were unsuccessful in the attempt.

As far back as the fourth grade, the two had been teased and made fun of by their classmates. They had always been considerably shorter than other boys their age, and neither had any interest in doing the things boys usually did.

Both Angela and Kelly knew they were different. And whenever they tried to express the feminine side of their personalities, it was met with resentment and disdain from their parents and schoolmates. So they learned to hide their feelings and real personalities from everyone but each other. They were pretty successful, most of the time anyway.

Angela had always wanted to be a girl, ever since she was about eight years old. She felt awkward and out of place as a boy, and used to lie in bed at night and pray that she would wake the next day and be the girl she always knew herself to be. But, of course, she would always wake up the same as when she went to bed. A frustrated, confused and lonely little boy, she was envious of her older sister Robin, who always got to wear pretty clothes and do fun "girl" things with their mother.

Kelly's life was similar, growing up with two older sisters. She always wanted to join in with them when they played with their Barbie dolls or had tea parties. But her sisters never let her, insisting that boys didn't do those sorts of things. One thing that Angela and Kelly had in common was they both were very close to their mothers and craved the kind of relationship that mothers and daughters shared.

The only thing the two of them could count on was each other. They understood each other's thoughts and feelings, and they would often talk for hours about how much they wished they could be female and be treated as such by their parents and society.

By the time they graduated from high school and were in college, they decided to do something about their situation. They began acquiring female clothing, wigs and makeup and joined a transgender group in Nashville. There they met others who also felt out of place and "lost" in their born gender. And they learned how to dress properly and how to apply makeup to create the women they knew themselves to be.

After some practice, Angela and Kelly began to go out in public with some of their TS friends, dressed as women. Since they were both rather small and effeminate, they "passed" easily and soon their feminine personalities flourished and grew. They were both so much happier and at ease when they were women, so much so that they both began to see a local Psychologist who specialized in working with people with gender identity conflicts.

Within a year, Angela and Kelly had both obtained prescriptions for Premarin, a female hormone that feminized their bodies and caused their breasts to grow. After graduation from college, they began working for the small legal aid office. They worked as men because they had to. Everyone knew them by their given names, Paul and Steven, and they couldn't risk losing their jobs and, possibly, their lives by crossing over to the female gender in such a small, judgmental community.

But after work, they would drive to Nashville, change their clothes at a friend's house, and become Angela Bradford and Kelly Clark! Nashville was a big city, and few people there knew them, so they were able to start living their lives as females there. They began electrolysis treatments which removed unwanted hair from their faces and bodies, and Angela began seeing a voice therapist who helped her learn how to sound more feminine. Angela then taught Kelly what she had learned, and eventually they both could go anywhere, day or night, and "pass" as women!

After experiencing what it was like to live as women, Angela and Kelly decided to leave Tennessee, move to Boston and start living and working as women full-time. So they quit their jobs and moved, hoping to find work after they got settled in. But jobs in the legal field were few and far between, and neither had any luck. Angela came close to being hired, but when the law firm ran a background check, they discovered that she was not who she said she was, and they declined to hire her.

After learning that they couldn't legally get documentation representing their new identities, the girls got new ID's and Social Security Cards through the "black market." But neither of them could find work and times were becoming desperate. They were down to their last few hundred dollars in savings, and were unsure about what to do next. They couldn't return to where they had come from. Too many people back there knew them.

Some of their TS acquaintances had suggested that they try working in the escort business, a glorified name for prostitution, and neither Angela nor Kelly wanted to go there. They had to find something, and soon!

Angela checked the local bulletin boards, the same ones she had searched every day since they arrived in Boston. Nothing. Again. “Damn!” she cursed as she took her last cigarette from a pack of Marlboros and lit it. On a whim, feeling she had absolutely nothing to lose at this point, she broadened her search to include the West Coast. She scrolled down a long list of employment opportunities in the legal field, stopping to read only those pertaining to Legal Secretaries or Paralegals. Nothing really stood out until she neared the bottom of the page. “Hmmm...now *this* sounds interesting...” she said out loud, taking a drag from her cigarette. The ad read:

LEGAL SECRETARY & PARALEGAL INVESTIGATOR WANTED FOR PRESTIGIOUS SAN FRANCISCO LAW FIRM. MUST BE EXPERIENCED IN ALL ASPECTS OF CIVIL LAW OFFICE PROCEDURES AND DOCUMENT PREPARATION. SALARY DEPENDING UPON EXPERIENCE. Reply to [tlclaw@cybernet.com](mailto:tlclaw@cybernet.com).

After studying the ad, Angela shrugged her shoulders. “Oh well, what have we got to lose?” she said in a low voice while she prepared to send her and Kelly’s resumes. She quickly typed a cover page and a letter of interest, attached them to an e-mail and sent them off.

Angela heard the bedroom door open and Kelly walked into the kitchen, poured herself a cup of coffee before returning to the living room. “It’s freezing in here!” Kelly remarked as she sat cross-legged on the sofa, taking a sip of the strong, black coffee that Angela had made earlier that morning. “Find anything?”

“Nothing around here, as usual,” Angela mused, getting up from the computer and crossing the icy cold floor to sit on the sofa next to Kelly. “But I found a possibility.”

“Where at?” Kelly yawned, setting her cup down on the table and stretching. “San Francisco,” Angela answered matter-of-factly. “San Francisco? You can’t be serious.”

Kelly replied, making a sour face. “I am completely serious! Besides, we haven’t found shit here!” Angela retorted. “It’s a well-respected civil law firm, and they are looking for legal secretaries and paralegals. I sent them our resumes, but I’m not getting my hopes up.”

Kelly took another sip of her coffee and shivered. “Well, right now, ANYTHING would be better than this!” Angela got up, went into the kitchen and took some eggs and bacon from the refrigerator. As she began preparing breakfast for the two of them, she let her mind wander; trying to imagine what San Francisco would be like this time of year.

After breakfast, Angela and Kelly decided to take a walk down by the waterfront. Although it was very cold, the sky was clear and the sun was shining. The two of them put jeans on over long-johns, and pulled on heavy sweaters to ward off the chill in the air

As they left their small apartment and started walking in the direction of the bay, they sidestepped several street vendors who tried unsuccessfully to interest the girls in their wares.

Most were peddling cheap watches and jewelry, stuffed animals and candy. Angela and Kelly refrained from carrying their purses on these walks about the city, preferring to carry a little money and their ID's within their bras where they would be safe from the numerous thieves and purse-snatchers that prowled the streets day and night. As they walked down the crowded sidewalk, slipping and sliding on the ice as they went, they were still amazed by the sheer size of the buildings around them.

As they neared the waterfront, they could smell the salt air from the bay, mixed with the scent of cooking crabs and seafood. The wind picked up as they walked along the waterfront, and it seemed to cut right through them like a knife! They ducked into a small café and bought a cups of chowder to warm them up, before continuing their trek down the wharf. This would be the only part of the city that Angela would truly miss if they moved again. The cry of the gulls, the smell of fresh French bread baking, the beautiful sunrises. She thought that she could tolerate all the negative aspects of the city if she could only get her career going again.

But without gainful employment in the field she loved so much, nothing else really mattered. Kelly was beginning to think that she could make it in Nome, Alaska, if she was doing legal work again. The girls hardly spoke at all, preferring to take in the sights and sounds of the bay. They stood and watched fishermen unloading their morning catch along the wind-swept docks, bundled against the cold in heavy coats and gloves.

When they could take no more of the cold, the girls headed back towards their apartment, relishing the thought of huddling around the small electric heater when they got back. They both silently prayed things would get better...soon!

## CHAPTER TWO

When Angela and Kelly got back to their apartment, they turned on the small heater and sat around it, thawing their frozen fingers. Then while Kelly turned on the TV, Angela decided to check her e-mail. She logged on and saw that there were three new messages in her inbox. Crossing her fingers, she held her breath and opened her mail. The first and second letters were those irritating "You've Won!" letters everyone deletes, not wanting to waste her time on the scams. But the third one was from TLC Law!

It read:

Dear Ms. Bradford,

Thank you for your inquiry and resume. After reviewing your experience and credentials, I would like to interview you and Ms. Daniels tomorrow at 10 AM over the phone. If this time would be convenient for you and Ms. Daniels, please reply to this letter ASAP.

Ms. Clark  
Office Manager  
TLC Law, Inc.

Angela showed the letter to Kelly, who was slightly skeptical. “What do you think?” Kelly asked, rereading the letter to make sure it said what she thought it said. “I’m not getting my hopes up, but it sounds legitimate to me!” Angela answered, as she typed a response. “Well, we’ve got nothing to lose at this point!” Kelly shrugged. “My thoughts exactly!” Angela responded. “I guess we’ll just see what tomorrow brings.”

The girls went to bed early that night. Angela lay in her bed trying not to think about their interview the next morning, but it was impossible to block it from her mind. She thought about how great it would be to work in her chosen profession again, and to be accepted as a woman with intelligence and talent. She wondered what it would be like to live in San Francisco and to wear pretty clothes again instead of the long-johns and sweaters they were forced to wear during the winter in Boston. She drifted off to sleep, wondering and hoping.

The next morning came quickly. Angela took a long, hot shower as if she was preparing for an in-person interview. When she finished and got dressed, she could smell bacon cooking in the kitchen, and fresh coffee. She went in and sat at the table, grateful that it was Kelly’s turn to prepare breakfast that morning and not her’s. “Coffee?” Kelly asked, pouring herself a cup. “Just pour it in my eyes, it works faster!” Angela replied sleepily. Kelly poured her friend a cup and set it down in front of her, returning to the stove and finishing with their eggs.

The two sat eating in silence, neither one wanting to broach the subject of that morning’s interview for fear of jinxing its outcome.

A few minutes after 10 AM, the phone rang, and Angela answered. It was Ms. Clark from TLC! After exchanging pleasantries, Ms. Clark asked Angela about her experience and her education. Then she asked to speak with Kelly, asking her similar questions. She must have liked what the girls said, because after she finished with Kelly, she asked to speak with Angela again! “So, when can you two start?” Ms. Clark asked in a serious tone. “I’ve already checked your references, and you both came highly recommended!”

“Both positions start out at \$3,200 per month, with a very nice benefits package after six months.”

Angela was dumb-struck for a moment, then thanked Ms. Clark and asked her if she could talk it over with Kelly and get back to her later in the day. “Alright, but don’t take too long. We would really like to have you as soon as possible.”

Angela and Kelly were excited! They checked their savings account and noted that they had just enough left to purchase their airline tickets, with a little left over! Angela e-mailed Ms. Clark accepting her proposal, and told her that they would be flying out to San Francisco the next day!



Angela immediately went to work on the computer, acquiring their airline tickets, while Kelly started packing. Even on such short notice, Angela was able to get a flight out of Logan International the next day. She then called and informed their landlord that they would be moving out the next day, and made arrangements to have their computer and a few other things put in storage until they got settled and could send for them. It didn't take them long to pack, and by noon the girls had their two suitcases each and a carryon bag sitting by the door. The only thing left to do was go to the bank, close out their account, and place the rest of their belongings into storage, which they did in short order.

The landlord informed them that since they were moving out on such short notice, he couldn't return their entire security deposit to them. But he liked the girls, having two daughters of his own about the same age. He told them that if they left the unit clean; he would refund half of the deposit the next morning before they departed. So Angela and Kelly spent the rest of the afternoon and evening cleaning the apartment.

By 10 PM the girls were exhausted and, deciding that they had done a relatively good job of cleaning the place, they went to bed. As they drifted off to sleep, they couldn't help but wonder and anticipate what their new lives would be like, and what new adventures awaited them three thousand miles away!

The next morning came quickly and after the landlord inspected the apartment, he gave the girls a check for \$300, half the security and cleaning deposit, and wished them a safe trip. When the cab arrived to take them to the airport, he helped the driver load their luggage into the trunk and gave them both a hug. "You two take care...and be careful!" he said in a fatherly way. "We will and thanks for everything!" Angela waved as the cab pulled away and into the early morning traffic.

At the airport, Angela and Kelly loaded their bags onto a cart. They wanted to change their clothes before eating some breakfast and boarding the plane. Angela decided to wear a brown skirt suit, nylons and a pair of 3" heel brown pumps. Kelly changed into a seafoam green knitted dress, matching tights and her black leather knee-high boots.

The girls then purchased their one-way tickets to San Francisco, and checked their luggage in. Noting that they had an hour before boarding, they decided to have breakfast. They found a little restaurant near their boarding gate and sat down at a table by a large window that looked out on the tarmac where several large airliners were parked. A friendly waitress brought them coffee and the girls quickly ordered a hearty breakfast, knowing that it might be a few hours before they ate again.

Angela took a sip of her coffee and took a cigarette from her purse, lighting it with a small gold lighter a coworker had given her as a gift before they left Tennessee. She noticed Kelly was a little nervous as she looked out the window, watching some baggage handlers loading a United 737. "Are you getting excited?" Angela asked, smiling knowingly at her friend. "Yeah, a little apprehensive I guess," Kelly replied, adding some cream to her coffee and stirring it lightly with her spoon.

“Just think...in a few hours we'll be in a whole new world!” Angela said reassuringly. Kelly smiled. “I hope San Francisco likes us!”

After finishing breakfast, Kelly went to the ladies room while Angela left a tip and paid for their meal. Then the two walked the short distance to their boarding gate and took a seat with the other passengers gathering for the flight to San Francisco. Kelly took a compact from her purse and touched up her face and applied some pale pink lip gloss as the two sat waiting for the call to board.

A couple of ticket agents stepped up to the desk near the boarding tunnel. “United Flight 107 to San Francisco now boarding!” came over the room speaker. Everyone stood, collected their carryon luggage and personal belongings and began forming a line while the agents checked tickets and flight manifests and began sending passengers down the boarding tunnel and into the aircraft. Angela and Kelly got in line, and when it was their turn they presented their tickets to the agent, who smiled and checked them off, assigning them seats 32A and 32B.

As they boarded the plane, a flight attendant checked their boarding passes and they found their seats for the flight. The girls stowed their carryon bags in the overhead compartment and took their seats, which were located just forward of the wing on the right side. Kelly sat in the window seat and Angela took her seat beside her. After a few minutes everyone had boarded and settled into their seats. It was 9:05 AM when the flight attendant came on the intercom and announced their departure. She said that they were expected to arrive at San Francisco International at about 3:30 PM Pacific time.

The girls settled back in their seats as they felt the aircraft taxi toward the runway. After a few minutes, it was their flight's turn to take off. The plane began rolling down the runway, gaining speed, and lifted slowly into the air. As the plane climbed over the bay and crossed above the city, Kelly looked out the window for a last look at the city where they had hoped their new lives would begin.

Angela sat back in her seat, closed her eyes and placed her hand on Kelly's. She had no idea what their future held, but she had high hopes that the two of them would have a chance at beginning new lives.

When the plane touched down in San Francisco, the sun was shining brightly. The two retrieved their carryon baggage and departed the plane, walking through the long departure tunnel with the other passengers. When they reached the terminal, there was a small crowd of people awaiting arrival of relatives and friends from their flight.

At the front of the crowd was a handsome young man in his early twenties, holding a sign that read, “Welcome! Angela and Kelly!” He was tall, and had short, curly brown hair. “I'm Angela Bradford and this is Kelly Daniels. Who are you?” Angela asked, slightly bewildered. “I'm Robert Clark, from TLC Law. My mother sent me to pick you two up.” He smiled shyly. “I had no idea you two ladies were so attractive! If you come with me, I have a car waiting to take you into the city. My mother is the Office Manager who hired you, and she wants to meet you right away!” Robert added, reaching to pick up the girls' carry-on baggage. “I've already made arrangements to have your other luggage delivered to your hotel room later

this afternoon, if that's OK?" Robert said as the three walked through the terminal. "That would be fine!" Kelly answered in her best feminine voice, glancing at Angela, who seemed to be checking out young Robert's backside as he led the way out of the terminal to a waiting black BMW sedan. Robert placed the girls' bags in the trunk and opened the passenger door for them, before getting into the front seat next to the driver.

"Wow! Nice!" Kelly whispered as the car sped off and onto the freeway heading into the city. "What, the car or the guy?" Angela grinned back, trying not to giggle. Kelly playfully nudged Angela as Robert looked over his shoulder and smiled at them. "How long will it take to get to your offices, Robert?" Angela asked, glancing out the window of the car. "About twenty to thirty minutes," Robert answered, adding, "and your hotel is just around the corner!"

After a half-hour drive, the car pulled up in front of a tall office building on Market Street. They were in the heart of San Francisco's financial district! Robert opened their door for them, Angela and Kelly stepped out onto the sidewalk. They were amazed by the sheer size of the building. "Wow!" Angela gasped. "It must be forty stories high!" "Actually, its fifty-two stories...and our offices are on the forty-eighth floor. This is the Bank of America building, one of the West Coast's tallest buildings."

"I bet the view is fantastic from up there!" Kelly noted. Robert instructed the driver to drop off the girls' bags at the Sheraton Hotel, only a block away, then return to take the girls to their room in an hour. Angela and Kelly followed Robert up the steps and into the lobby, which had a gleaming marble floor. He led them to an elevator around the corner from the others, which had long lines waiting to board them. He took a small key from the pocket of his vest and inserted it, and the door opened to admit them.

As they rode the elevator, Angela was glad that she had worn her nicest skirt suit and matching 3" tan pumps. She was fashionable, yet conservative; she wanted to make a good impression with Ms. Clark! After a few minutes, the elevator stopped on the forty-eighth floor and opened, revealing a spacious and nicely decorated lobby with a shiny brass sign on the wall. It read: TLC LAW, INC.

Robert led the girls down a thickly-padded green carpeted hallway and knocked on a door. "Come in..." a woman's voice called. Robert stuck his head in the door and motioned the girls to enter. "Angela! Kelly! Please come in! How was your flight?" Ms. Clark asked, setting aside a small tape recorder. "Please have a seat." Angela and Kelly sat down on the comfortable leather sofa in front of Ms. Clark's desk. "It was nice, the time went by pretty quickly," Angela answered, straightening the hem of her skirt. "Good! Very good. Well, why don't I take you on the tour?" Ms. Clark said, standing. "This is my office, of course. I will be your immediate supervisor. You both report directly to me. Of course, you will both be working with all of the attorneys and other paralegals and secretaries from time to time."

Ms. Clark guided them through the office which included the entire 48<sup>th</sup> floor. She introduced Angela and Kelly to the other legal secretaries and paralegals

working that Friday afternoon. Then she showed the girls where they would work. She introduced Angela to Felicity, another paralegal she would be sharing an office with. Then she guided Kelly to her own small office, adjacent to Mr. Clark's office.

All of the leading attorneys had large offices with beautiful, sweeping views of the city and San Francisco Bay. Their personal secretaries had smaller, more modest quarters next to their bosses, all with large windows affording the same panoramic views that the attorneys enjoyed!

Kelly was overwhelmed as Ms. Clark showed her all the features of her new office, beginning with the large file room where Mr. Clark's personal case files and disks were stored. As Kelly followed Ms. Clark's every word, she couldn't help but notice the thick dark green carpet that made it feel as if she were walking on clouds! And her large oak desk and computer station were the best that money could buy! As Ms. Clark was showing Kelly how the office phone and intercom worked, she glanced up and gasped audibly! There before her was one of the most beautiful sights she had ever seen! An amazing panoramic view of the entire East Bay, including the Bay Bridge and Oakland!

Ms. Clark looked up and smiled knowingly. "It is lovely, isn't it?" "Yes it is!" Kelly answered, as if in a trance. "I had no idea San Francisco was so beautiful!" "Wait until you see it at night!" Ms. Clark continued. "You will be required to work late some nights...that goes with the job." Kelly smiled broadly. This was turning out to be one wonderful day!

Meanwhile, Angela was getting an introduction to her new job. She was paired with the firm's leading paralegal, Felicity Bauer. Felicity was about thirty and had shoulder-length blonde hair and big blue eyes. She was rather tall in her 3" Italian pumps, almost six feet, with a firm, athletic figure. She explained to Angela that she used to run track in collage, and still jogged through Golden Gate Park every morning. This was apparent to Angela when Felicity bent over her desk to retrieve a brief, and Angela caught a glimpse of a firm, shapely thigh that peeked out of the slit in her rather short black skirt.

Felicity showed Angela where everything was, and brought her up to date on a few of the cases that they would be working on together. Felicity explained their job was to do the investigative work that helped the attorneys with their cases. She told Angela that Ms. Clark wanted her to work with Felicity for a month or so, or until she got the hang of the investigations and legal papers and reports that they dealt with every day.

Around 4:45 PM, Ms. Clark called Angela and Kelly into her office and explained that she had reserved a room for them around the corner at the Sheraton Hotel until they could find an apartment. She welcomed them both to TLC and told them to report to work at 8:00 AM Monday morning.

The girls retrieved their purses and made their way to the elevator. Once inside and on their way down, they looked at each other and smiled broadly. Only a day before, their lives had seemed hopeless. Now they were in a whole new world! They

were on track to getting a fresh, new start in life! The kind of life that they had both only dreamed about until now! And they intended to live it to the fullest!

When they got to the hotel, the purser welcomed them to San Francisco and gave them each a key card to their room. “Ms. Clark asked me to give you these American Express cards. She said to tell you they are tied to your expense accounts. You can use them for eating out, transportation, and the like. You each have a \$500 per month limit.” Angela and Kelly thanked the purser and proceeded to the elevator, which they rode to the 17<sup>th</sup> floor. After getting off the elevator, the girls walked down the hall and found their room, #1706.

Upon entering, they were amazed by the spacious accommodations! Their “room” was actually like a townhouse, with a large living area, a small kitchen, and their own bedrooms! Both Angela and Kelly were trembling with excitement as they approached the large curtained window at the far end of the room. Kelly opened the curtains and the view took her breath away! Both girls stood there in a daze, watching the sun setting over the Golden Gate Bridge! In the distance they could see the lush green hills of Marin County. It was gorgeous beyond belief!

After getting settled in and taking long showers, Angela and Kelly dressed for dinner. Angela wore a short black long-sleeved dress, black stockings and a pair of 4” black pumps. Kelly decided on a short red skirt and sweater, a pair of matching red tights, and her red 3” heeled sandals. After touching up their makeup, the girls grabbed their purses and rode the elevator down to the lobby. Exiting the hotel, the two began walking down Market Street in search of a Chinese restaurant. They didn’t have to go very far before they spotted one. The aroma told them they had found what they were looking for!

Over plates of pan-fried noodles and sweet and sour pork, the girls discussed their day. “You wouldn’t believe the view from my office!” Kelly began as the waiter brought them each a pint of Kirin beer. “Ms. Clark said she’d introduce me to Mr. Clark on Monday,” Kelly continued, taking a long sip from her beer. “I’ll be his personal secretary!”

Angela gave Kelly a wink and held up her beer in a toast. The two clinked their glasses. “Now aren’t you glad we came to San Francisco?” Angela asked with a sly look on her face. “It will be great getting back to work again!” But Kelly’s mood suddenly changed from elated to concern. “What’s wrong?” Angela inquired, setting her beer down. Kelly quickly looked around and then spoke, almost in a whisper. “You don’t think they’ll find out, do you? I mean, what if they run a background check on us?”

Angela shook her head. “I’m not going to worry about it. All we can do is do the best job we can and hope no one gets suspicious, OK?” “You’re right, as usual,” Kelly forced a smile. “Of course I am. I know we can pull this off, as long as we don’t do something stupid!” The two finished their dinner, then walked back to their hotel room. Angela and Kelly had had a big day, and they were exhausted. They changed into their nightgowns and went to bed.

## CHAPTER THREE

The next day, Angela awoke and went to the window. It was a beautiful Saturday morning, and the sun was shining magnificently! She could see sailboats on the bay, and cars moving across the bridge. She made fresh coffee in the room's small coffee maker, and the aroma filled the room, awakening Kelly with its fragrance.

Angela poured herself a cup and returned to her chair in front of the window. She wondered what it would be like to be out on the bay on one of those sailboats, feeling the wind in her face and the smell of the cool salty air. Kelly sat up in her bed, stretching luxuriously. "What's it like outside?" she asked, sitting on the edge of her bed. "It's lovely!" Angela replied, taking a sip of her coffee, transfixed by the view.

"Mmmm, that coffee smells heavenly!" Kelly said elatedly, pulling on her robe and making her way to the coffee pot. Pouring herself a cup, she joined Angela. She stood transfixed by the awesome view from their window. "I know this may sound strange, but I am really looking forward to going to work on Monday," Kelly said. "Me too!" Angela agreed, taking a cigarette from her purse and lighting it.

They enjoyed the view for a while, then dressed. Angela put on a pair of denim shorts, a pink T-shirt and a pair of crosstrainers. Kelly slipped into a floral sundress and a pair of sandals. Then the girls went down the street and caught a trolley to Fishermen's Wharf. It reminded them of the waterfront in Boston somewhat, but the sun was shining and it was much warmer. As they walked among the shops and the restaurants, the smell of fresh seafood and salt air stirred their senses, and they were both taken by the friendliness and openness of the people.

Angela and Kelly enjoyed a wonderful lunch at one of the bayside restaurants, then took a cab to Golden Gate Park before returning to their hotel with a newspaper and some fresh ideas about what kind of apartment they were going to look for. Ms. Clark had suggested a few places in a nice area of the city and they were looking forward to checking them out in the next few days. After they returned to their room, Angela made a couple of phone calls, and made arrangements to see some apartments on Sunday afternoon. One of the apartment complexes was a gated community only three miles from the financial district and their new jobs!

Sunday the girls spent looking at apartments. After viewing several, they found one that seemed to fit their needs. It was relatively close to their work, and was brand new! The townhouse had two bedrooms, a large living room and kitchen and was on the second floor with a large balcony with a spectacular view of the bay! The apartment complex was in the gated complex that Ms. Clark suggested they check out. It had a large heated pool and Jacuzzi as well! Angela and Kelly liked the landlady. Her name was Mrs. Baxter and she was in her fifties. She had a positive, sunny disposition and really seemed to like the girls. Now, all they seemed to need was a car!

The next day, the girls awoke early and showered, before dressing for their first day at work! Angela wore a gray skirt suit, a garter belt and stockings, and her 3"

heel black pumps. Kelly chose her navy blue skirt suit, pantyhose and her navy blue 3" heel pumps. They both looked very professional, although their skirts were rather short; they noticed on Friday that most of the other young women in the office wore their skirts short as well.

Arriving at the office at 7:45 AM, they noticed that most of the other women were already hard at work. Angela walked into her office and was met by a smiling Felicity, who was sitting on the edge of her desk, sipping coffee and reviewing a case file. "Good morning!" Felicity greeted her. "Good morning!" Angela returned. "Pour yourself some coffee. I have something I want to show you." Felicity motioned toward the coffee pot in the corner of their office. Angela poured herself a cup and joined Felicity at her desk. "This is a file on a case we've been working on for about six months," Felicity began, handing Angela the file. "I want you to take a look at it and tell me what you think. You can write any notes you have on this pad."

"Take your time, and get back to me after lunch. I have to sit in on a meeting in a few minutes," Felicity said as she stepped out. Angela noticed that another desk had been moved into Felicity's office; she sat down and began to read the report. It was an investigation that Felicity had been working on for Mr. Clark. As she read further, she realized that the report pertained to a murder case that Mr. Clark was appealing after his client had been found guilty and sentenced to 30 years in prison. Mr. Clark's client, a Mr. Ron Pearlman, had been a respectable CPA in San Francisco. He had been charged with the murder of one of his clients, a Mrs. Judy Hansen, whom he had a yearlong affair with.

He had been found guilty of her murder on circumstantial evidence. The jury consisted of mostly women; it seemed that the women sided with the assistant district attorney who was prosecuting the case. There wasn't any hard evidence against Mr. Pearlman, other than his association with Mrs. Hansen, and the fact that he appeared to be the last person to see her alive!

Angela read on, absorbed with Felicity's investigative report. She had spoken with a number of Mr. Pearlman's neighbors and associates, all of whom indicated that he was a good neighbor and a fine man. Mr. Pearlman's had indicated that after he and Mrs. Hansen had finished their romantic encounter that night, he had taken a cab home. But two days later, the cabby had been fired and left town, leaving no forwarding address. He may have been a help in establishing a time frame, possibly helping to prove that Mr. Pearlman couldn't have been Mrs. Hansen's killer!

Meanwhile, Kelly was typing a letter for Mr. Clark to one of his clients. Ms. Clark had introduced Kelly to Mr. Clark earlier that morning. She found him to be very kind and almost casual as he spoke of what her new job required and what he expected of her. He told Kelly that he would require her to work late at times, especially nights before he had a court appearance. He told her that he was a perfectionist and required the same from the people he worked with.

After a brief overview of the company history, he dictated a letter to Kelly, and requested that she get it in the morning's outgoing mail. He told her that when

she was finished, she should see Ms. Clark about some files he wanted transferred to the computer data base.

Kelly was an excellent secretary and was determined to gain Mr. Clark's confidence. She finished the letter in short order and put it in the outgoing mail with time to spare. She then retrieved the files to be transferred and began to enter them into the firm's data base from her computer.

At noon, Ms. Clark asked Angela and Kelly if they would join her and her son, Robert, for lunch. Before they left, Mr. Clark told Kelly that he had an important court appearance the next morning, and asked her to work late with him that night. He told her to return to the office at 7 PM.

Robert met his mother, Angela and Kelly, down in the parking garage and drove them to a quaint little restaurant in Chinatown. "I hope you two like Chinese food!" Ms. Clark mused as they walked into the colorful place. "We love Chinese!" Kelly replied, noticing that Robert was eyeing her. "Ms. Clark, how nice to see you! I have a nice table all set for you!" said a smiling, young, Asian woman.

Robert held Kelly's chair for her, and she smiled up at him. "Thank You," Kelly managed as she felt a stirring deep within her. It was a feeling that she had never experienced before. As the four of them gave the waitress their orders, Kelly tried to avoid Robert's admiring gaze. She felt him eyeing her through their entire meal, and she felt strangely vulnerable and open to him.

After a leisurely lunch, the four returned to the office and went back to work. Angela met with Felicity and the two discussed Mr. Pearlman's case. Felicity was pleasantly surprised that Angela had a good grasp on the legal implications of the case, as well as sharing her own beliefs that Mr. Pearlman couldn't possibly have killed Mrs. Hansen!

"What would you recommend?" Felicity asked candidly, sitting back in her chair and crossing her long, stockinged legs. Angela thought for a moment, then looked up from her desk. "Well, the first thing I would do is find out more about the missing cabby...where he lived...who his friends or acquaintances were." Angela spoke thoughtfully. Felicity smiled. "My thoughts exactly! So what are we waiting for?"

Angela looked puzzled. "So, where do we start?" Angela asked, slightly bewildered. "I know where he lived. I got his address from his boss last week!" Felicity smiled. "Let's go!" The girls grabbed their purses and left the office, taking Felicity's silver 2001 Mazda. They headed toward the North Beach area of the city. They didn't have much, but they did have an address. It was time to go to work!

Meanwhile, Kelly was busily entering the case information she had been given by Ms. Clark into the firm's data base. Mr. Clark came in from a late lunch and smiled at Kelly as he passed through on his way to his office. "Any messages, Kelly?" he asked, smiling her way as he passed her desk. "No, sir." Kelly glanced up, noticing that he had caught a glimpse of her long, shapely legs. "Good, no news is always good news!" he said quickly as he opened the door to his office, and then turned to face Kelly. "See you at 7 PM?"



“What?” Kelly seemed perplexed. Mr. Clark made a strange face. “Tonight, remember? We are working?” Mr. Clark reminded Kelly. “Oh, yes! Of course,” Kelly stammered, feeling his gaze upon her. “Good! I’ll see you then,” Mr. Clark said as he turned and disappeared into his office. Kelly looked up at the clock. It was nearly 5 PM.! She needed to get back to the hotel in order to eat some dinner, take a shower, and return to the office by 7 PM. She would have to catch up to Angela later!

Grabbing her purse, she took the elevator down to the lobby and walked to the hotel. As she took the hotel elevator up to her room, she wondered what she would wear that evening. When she walked into her bedroom and opened her closet, she knew exactly what she was going to wear! Angela had told her that she looked great in the little black dress she had bought while in Boston...a garter belt and black stockings...her 4” heel black pumps.

She changed out of her skirt outfit and slipped on her terry robe, then walked into the kitchen to make a fried egg sandwich. That would be quick, Kelly thought to herself, and allow her plenty of time for a nice, long, hot bath! After preparing her sandwich, Kelly poured herself a glass of ice cold milk and went over and sat in the chair in front of the window, looking out over the city and the bay. She still couldn’t believe that they were actually there, in the City by the Bay!

After finishing her meal, she stepped into the bathroom and started her bath water, pouring a little perfumed bubble bath into the steaming tub. Then, testing the water with her fingers, she dropped her robe and stepped into the liquid warmth that embraced her. She wondered what the evening, or Mr. Clark, for that matter, had in store for her!

About that time, Angela and Felicity were on a mission! They had gone to the cabby’s last known residence in a run-down section of the North Bay district, and were questioning his neighbors and people in the shops and bars, looking for anything that might give them a clue as to his whereabouts. After nearly an hour of no leads, they finally came upon a man sitting in a bar who claimed to have had a few drinks with their prospective witness! He told them that the man’s name was Les Kimber. He was a black man of 35, about six feet tall, and had a tattoo on his right forearm of a dragon.

After they bought the man a drink, he stated he didn’t know where Les Kimber was, but that he talked of wanting to move back to the Los Angeles area, where he had relatives. The girls thanked the man, and Felicity drove Angela back to her hotel. They would continue their quest the next day.

When Angela walked into the hotel room, she called out to Kelly, who was in her bedroom dressing. “Working this evening?” Angela inquired as she sat on the edge of Kelly’s bed. “Uh-huh,” Kelly replied, taking a black garter belt from her drawer and wrapping it around her trim middle. She fastened it and twisted it into place. She sat on the edge of the bed next to Angela and pulled on her nylons, fastening them to the garters. Next, she put on a pair of pink silk bikini panties, and then walked to her closet to pick out her dress.

“Why don’t you wear that cute little black number?” Angela chimed in, eyeing Kelly with a sly grin. Kelly turned and winked at her friend. “That’s exactly what I had in mind!” “You don’t think it’s too short, do you?” Kelly asked, holding the dress up in front of a full-length mirror behind her door. Angela shrugged her shoulders. “Well, if it is, I am sure Mr. Clark will let you know!” “That’s what I’m afraid of. What if he makes a pass at me?” Kelly almost whispered.

“Well, if he does, go for it. What have you got to lose?” Angela said as she took a cigarette from her purse and lit it. “I guess you’re right,” Kelly sighed, stepping into her black pumps and pulling on her dress. “Will you zip me?” Kelly asked. Angela stood up and zipped up the back of Kelly’s dress, noting that she fit into it, as someone once said, “Like a dagger in its sheath.”

“I’m running low on my Premarin,” Angela noted as she checked the prescription bottle in her purse. “Me too,” Kelly said as she turned to apply her makeup. They would have to find a local doctor who would renew their prescriptions in the next few days. Both Angela and Kelly had been on hormones for a couple of years, and the effects were quite evident on both girls. Their breasts were round and firm, and their skin very soft. Their hips had taken on a very feminine contour and their muscle tone had become noticeably more woman-like.

Their male organs had become small and floppy and their testicles had withered to about half their normal size. But neither of them cared about this in the least. They were women, as far as they were concerned, and both yearned for the day when they could have their Sex Reassignment Surgeries, correcting the cruel mistake that nature had bestowed upon them. They both wanted to find a man who was kind and loving toward them. A man that they could love forever. But until their surgeries, they had to be very careful with whom they allowed to get close to them!

After Kelly finished applying her makeup, she said good-bye to Angela and left for the office. She hoped that things would go well that evening, and that Mr. Clark would be a gentleman. There was a cool breeze blowing and winter was in the air as Kelly walked to the office. A flood of people in skirts and suits were leaving the building as Kelly arrived. Most were on their way home to wives or husbands and families. As she rode the elevator up to the TLC offices, she took her compact from her purse and touched up her lipstick, smiling back at the image she saw in the little mirror.

She was very pretty. But she also wanted to show the world that she was very smart and skilled in her profession. Maybe tonight she would get the chance to prove herself. That would be up to her new boss, Mr. Clark.

When Kelly walked into Mr. Clark’s office, he was sitting at his desk in a large brown leather chair, speaking into a mini recorder. He saw Kelly, smiled, and motioned for her to have a seat in the chair next to his desk. Kelly sat and crossed her long stockinged legs as Mr. Clark continued to speak into the recorder. It sounded like a letter to one of his clients. After a few minutes, he finished and went to a file cabinet and took out a thick file. He sat back down and looked up at

Kelly. “You ready to go to work?” he asked, giving her a wink. “Always!” Kelly answered cheerfully.

“Alright, let’s get down to business,” Mr. Clark started. “I have to be in court at 8 AM sharp tomorrow morning, and I am defending a client who has been charged by the IRS with tax evasion. I believe I have proof that he is innocent of the charges, but the IRS are tough customers, and I’ll be up against some of the best attorneys in the country. What I would like you to do is take my notes and type them out for me in a clear and straight forward way. Feel free to change the wording, but not the content. I am counting on you, Kelly.”

Kelly took the file and stood up, flashing him a winning smile. “I’ll do my best,” Kelly said confidently as she turned to go into her office next door. “You can work here with me, Kelly. You can use my computer while I put the case file in order,” Mr. Clark said with an air of calmness. Kelly sat down in Mr. Clark’s big leather chair and began typing and flipping through his notes.

“Oh, and Kelly?” Mr. Clark smiled. “You can call me Jim, when we’re working alone together.” Kelly looked up, slightly bewildered, and smiled back. Then he went over to the file cabinet and pulled out another file, sitting down at another desk. It was 6:30 PM. The two worked diligently into the night, and by the time they finished preparing the case notes and file, it was nearly midnight.

“I want to thank you for being such a trooper during your first week, Kelly. I think these notes will do nicely. I don’t know where the time went, but you don’t have to come in tomorrow until noon, OK?” Mr. Clark told her, fixing his tie and putting on his suit coat. “I’m starved, want to get something to eat?” “Sure, that would be nice!” Kelly replied, stifling a yawn.

The two took the elevator down to the parking garage and got into his silver 2003 Porsche 924. He drove them to a quiet supper club near North Beach. Over steak and eggs, Mr. Clark and Kelly listened to soft music and chatted quietly. Mr. Clark told her how he started the business and how successful it had become in the last few years. He told her he enjoyed his work and that he loved San Francisco. “I absolutely adore it here!” Kelly told him as he drove her back to her hotel. “It is so beautiful and exciting!”

“It’s never boring, that much I can promise you,” Mr. Clark commented as he pulled into the dimly-lit parking garage and parked, turning off the engine and lights. Mr. Clark seemed like a really nice boss. He had held doors for her and seated her like a gentleman. And he talked to her on her level, and seemed to treat her with respect.

Suddenly, he pulled Kelly to him and kissed her! She stiffened with surprise at first, but then she relaxed, closed her eyes and kissed him back with a passion she didn’t even know she had! She boldly snaked her tongue into his mouth to be sucked and he took the bait, sucking on it ardently! Mr. Clark pulled her closer to him, holding her in his strong arms while they embraced. She melted into him, and she could feel the heat of his desire growing.

Kelly knew that he was married and the thought of Ms. Clark finding out scared her. But she also knew that Mr. Clark was a man who was used to getting

his way, and she was confused as to how to respond, other than to just go with it! Mr. Clark slowly broke the long, drawn-out kiss, and sat back in the car seat. "Open my pants," he rasped. Kelly didn't have to be told twice. She reached over, undid his belt and unzipped his fly. She could feel the heat of his desire beneath the fabric of his pants, and she looked up at him, not sure how to proceed. "Go on, take it out," he whispered, as if in a trance.

Kelly slowly reached in and grasped his throbbing manhood, and gasped audibly. "It's so big, Mr. Clark!" Kelly stammered, feeling it grow even harder in her small, soft hand. She took it out and began to stroke it softly, and she moved to lean over the console. She saw that it was so big, her fingers couldn't reach all the way around it, and the tip was glistening with his pre-cum. She moved her lips to the seeping tip, and took him slowly, deliberately, into her warm, wet mouth, an inch at a time.

As she began to suck, Mr. Clark groaned loudly and moved his huge hand behind her head, guiding her movements. She flashed her tongue all around the tip and began to stroke the long shaft, taking more and more of him into her mouth. "Oh, Kelly. Oh, Kelly," Mr. Clark began to moan. "I just didn't know. I had no idea!"

Kelly began to bob her head up and down on her boss' aching hardness, feeling him start to shudder. She knew what that meant, and began to moan, preparing herself for his climax. He felt that familiar rumble down deep in his loins, and the delicious pleasure rose like the mercury in a thermometer until he could hold it no longer! Suddenly, he came! His hearty spurts hosed again and again into Kelly's sucking mouth and down her throat, to pool warmly in the center of her being.

"Oh, Kelly!" Mr. Clark moaned as she sat upright in the car seat, a thin trickle of semen dripping down her chin. She wiped it with the back of her hand, suddenly aware of what she had just done. "I'd better go now," Kelly stammered, feeling a little awkward as her boss zipped up his pants and fastened them. "Yes, of course," Mr. Clark said, almost in a whisper. "See you tomorrow, Kelly. And Kelly?" She stepped out of the car and turned toward him. "Yes?" Kelly asked. "You're doing just fine...at work, I mean." Mr. Clark smiled, starting his car.

Kelly walked to the elevator, wondering if Angela was still up. When she got to her room, she noticed a large, wet semen stain on the front of her dress. She wondered if Angela would see it. But when she walked in, she noticed that Angela had already gone to bed. She stuck her head into Angela's bedroom. "Angela? Are you awake?" Kelly called softly. "Yeah," Angela answered, turning on the lamp on her nightstand.

Kelly walked in and sat on the edge of Angela's bed. "What's this?" Angela asked, pointing to the stain on the front of Kelly's dress. A slight smile came to Kelly's lips, and she blushed openly. "Is that what I think it is?" Angela inquired, smiling back. "Uh-huh. Jim, I mean, Mr. Clark and I worked until almost midnight on the case notes he needs for tomorrow's court appearance," Kelly said

softly. "Jim?" Angela echoed. "Well, he told me I can call him by his first name...when we're alone, that is."

"But how did you get this?" Angela asked, pointing to the still wet stain on her dress. "Well, after we finished working, Mr. Clark took me out for a late dinner, and when he brought me back to the hotel, we talked for a few minutes. Then, out of nowhere, he just pulled me to him and kissed me! After a few minutes, he had me open his pants and take his cock out, and told me to suck it. It was so big and hard, Angela!" Kelly told her friend excitedly.

"Go on..." Angela whispered impatiently. "Well, I was just going down on him, right there in his car, when he suddenly came in my mouth! When I thought he was finished, I took his cock out of my mouth and stroked it softly, and that's when he shot another spurt or two on my dress, I guess," Kelly admitted, slightly embarrassed.

"You mean you blew the boss?" Angela asked, sitting upright in bed. "That's right, I did!" Kelly answered. "I hope you know what you're doing, Kelly," Angela told her, brushing back her long brown hair from her face. "What if he wants more next time?" "I don't know. I'll tell him I'm having my period, I guess." Kelly smiled playfully. Angela just shook her head in amazement and threw her arms around her friend, hugging her. "You are too much!" Angela giggled. "Just be careful. We don't want to blow it this early in the game, you know?"

"I know, but it was so exciting! You should have been there," Kelly began. But Angela lay back down in her bed. "I'm sure I'll get my chance soon enough, but for now, I need to get some rest. I've got to get up early." Angela groaned. "OK, but don't wake me. Mr. Clark told me I didn't have to come in until noon. Goodnight!" "Uh-huh," Angela mumbled, turning off her light and pulling the blanket up over her shoulders.

Kelly went to her own bedroom, kicking off her heels and sitting on the edge of her bed to remove her nylons. As she undressed, she thought about what Angela had said. "What if Mr. Clark wants more from me next time?" she thought as she pulled on her pink lace nightgown and crawled into bed. Well, she would cross that bridge when she came to it. In the meantime, she was having the time of her life! She closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep with visions of the San Francisco skyline at sunset on her mind.

## CHAPTER FOUR

The next morning dawned cloudy and gray it and looked like it might rain. Angela took her umbrella and, as she walked to work, and thought of a quote from Mark Twain about San Francisco. He said that the coldest winter he ever spent was a summer in San Francisco. This seemed to be the case as a cold wind blew in from the bay, chilling Angela and causing her to shiver. She pulled the collar up on her gray suede coat.

She arrived at the office early and noted that Ms. Clark was sitting in her office, sipping coffee and reading the paper. Angela stuck her head in the door and

smiled. "Got a minute?" Ms. Clark glanced up and smiled back at her. "Sure, Angela, come on in. What's up?" "Well, Kelly and I found an apartment in the complex you told us about. It's perfect, and I was wondering if Kelly and I could go by there today and sign the lease around 1 PM?"

"That's great! I'm sure that won't be a problem. Why don't you two go over there after lunch? We should be able to get along without you until 3 PM or so," Ms. Clark offered. "Thanks, that would be great!" Angela smiled. "Let me know how it turns out. Maybe you two can get moved in and settled this weekend!" "OK," Angela answered as she turned and went to her office.

She made coffee and sat down at her desk to study the case file she and Felicity were working on. As she studied the file, she was amazed at their luck the day before, when they had found the man in the bar who suggested that the cabby they were looking for, Les Kimber, might possibly be in Los Angeles. They now had a name and a possible location. Now, all they had to do was locate him. Once they did that, Mr. Clark could have him subpoenaed if necessary, and his testimony could change the whole situation!

Felicity soon arrived and Angela took notes as her coworker made some phone inquiries as to Mr. Kimber's whereabouts in Los Angeles. This kept the two busy until lunch and when Kelly came into the office, the two went out for a quick sandwich, then took a cab over to see Mrs. Baxter about their new apartment.

Mrs. Baxter greeted them warmly, and asked them to come in. She had a small ground-level apartment that was teeming with live plants, as well as a large white cat that immediately took a liking to the girls. Over coffee, Mrs. Baxter went over the lease and the house rules with the girls. Everything went well and, after the girls signed the papers, Mrs. Baxter gave them two keys for the apartment.

Angela and Kelly could barely contain their excitement as they thanked Mrs. Baxter and went to check out their new apartment. It was a brand new furnished two-bedroom townhouse on the second floor. The white tiled entry led past the small but cozy kitchen and into the living room, which was nicely furnished with a comfortable-looking sofa, a matching love seat, and a reclining chair. The thickly-padded carpet was sea foam green in color, and the girls giggled and kicked off their shoes and walked over to the sliding glass door that led out onto the balcony.

When they stepped outside, the view took their breath away! There was a vista beyond their wildest dreams, with the Golden Gate Bridge, Alcatraz Island and the hills of Marin County in the distance. A fresh breeze was blowing with the smell of rain in the air.

The girls continued their tour of the apartment. Down a short hallway, they found a small bathroom with a glassed in shower, also done in sea foam green tile. "Let's check out the bedrooms!" Kelly smiled as she led the way up the stairs to the second level. There was a second larger bathroom with a garden tub and whirlpool bath, with a large hanging fern suspended above the vanity with two sinks. "Wow! Our own sinks! I could get used to THIS!" Angela said with amazement.