



Reluctant Press presents:

Working Girls 2

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Working Girls 2

By Jennifer Lauren

CHAPTER ONE

Angela Bradford awoke to the sound of her alarm clock buzzing. It was Monday morning. She was due back at work after being off for a week following her surgery. She reached over, shut off the alarm and slowly sat up on the side of her bed. One week post-op, she was still hurting, but she felt much better than the day before and was grateful that her body seemed to be healing quickly.

She ambled into the bathroom and stepped into the shower. It was the first real shower she had experienced in over a week. As the warm water cascaded over her, she let out a deep sigh, wondering what her first day back at work was going to be like. She was finally female now. A complete woman with the needs and desires only a real woman could have.

Angela dried her hair and applied her makeup, thinking about what she was going to wear that day. She wanted something that was entirely feminine, yet soft and comfortable. Stepping into a pair of white silk panties and slipping on a white lace bra, she decided to wear something new. An outfit she had never worn before! Going to her closet, she took out a royal blue knitted skirt and matching sweater and laid them out on her bed.

She took a white lace garter belt from her drawer and wrapped it around her trim middle, fastened it and twisted it into place. As she sat on the edge of her bed and carefully pulled on her stockings, she heard Kelly getting into the shower. Af-

ter attaching the dark tops of her nylons to the garters, she stepped into a pair of blue 3-inch heel pumps she had bought to match her new skirt outfit.

She stepped into the skirt and pulled on her sweater. Casually checking her appearance in the mirror, Angela decided that she looked much better than she felt that day. The softness of the material against her skin made her shiver with excitement.

Carefully walking down the stairs, Angela realized one thing for sure; that it was easier to climb them than it was to go down them! She went into the kitchen and started preparing breakfast for Kelly and herself. Her spirits soared as she realized that just a few days before, she not only was incapable of climbing or descending the stairs, but didn't even feel much like eating! Angela felt useless having to depend on Kelly for so many of her needs. It was such a relief to be able to do the things that she took for granted before her surgery.

Kelly came bounding down the stairs and into the kitchen, humming a song and smiling at Angela.

"Good morning, Angie!" Kelly said cheerfully, kissing her on the cheek.

"That smells wonderful!" she said, pouring herself and Angela cups of coffee and sitting down at the table.

Angela was happy for her best friend and understood the reason for her high spirits. It wasn't everyday that a girl got a marriage proposal from a man who loved her more than anything! Robert had all the qualities that a girl could ever want or dream of in a man. He was good-looking, kind, loving, modest, and he had a real future with his law firm.

"How are you feeling today?" Kelly asked, taking a sip of her coffee.

"I feel really good, good enough to get back to work!" Angela replied as she dished the scrambled eggs and sausage onto two plates and retrieved the two slices of bread from the toaster.

"You seem to be getting around a lot better!" Kelly told her as Angela set their plates on the table and sat down.

"That's for sure!" Angela nodded. "Much better than yesterday."

The two of them enjoyed their breakfast, the first they'd had together in more than two weeks.

When they arrived at work, Angela was surprised to see a vase with a dozen long-stemmed red roses on her desk!

"Welcome back!" Felicity said warmly, giving Angela a big hug.

"How did the surgery go?"

"Oh, it went all right," Angela answered.

"Who are these from?"

"Why don't you read the card? They came yesterday afternoon." Felicity smiled, returning to her desk.

Angela had never received flowers before. Who could have known that red roses were her favorite?

She opened the little envelope and read the card. It said: "Welcome back, Angela! Hope you're feeling better! Will you have dinner with me tonight? Hugs & Kisses, James."

"Wow!" was all Angela could mutter, still in a state of shock over the floral arrangement.

"I wish someone would send *me* flowers!" Felicity pouted.

"Must be serious."

"They're from James, but we only went out once, that day with Kelly and Robert on the boat," Angela said as she sat down at her desk, moving the flowers to one side so she could see Felicity.

"Well, he must think you're pretty special," Felicity added, winking at Angela.

"Welcome back!" a woman's voice called from the door. It was Ms. Clark!

"Thank you!" Angela answered, looking over the top of the roses at her boss.

"How did the surgery go?" Ms. Clark asked, eyeing the huge floral arrangement.

"It went well! Not too much pain and my knee is feeling much better already!" Angela lied.

Ms. Clark seemed transfixed by the roses.

"That's good to hear. You know, just between you and me, my husband used to send me flowers, when we were courting, you know." Ms. Clark recalled sadly, before turning and walking out.

"That's a bummer," Angela said, looking over at her coworker.

"What's that?" Felicity asked, looking up.

"Just that Mr. Clark doesn't send her flowers anymore."

"Oh yeah, well, I guess after a man gets comfortable, he forgets the romance," Felicity added.

It *was* sad, though. Angela hoped that when she met the man of her dreams, that he'd pay attention to the details. She turned her attention to the in basket and started. It was great to be back at work!

Meanwhile, Kelly had her hands full, training a new employee. Ms. Clark had introduced her to Melanie Adams, who would be Mr. Thompson's new secretary. Melanie had just turned twenty and was fresh out of business school. Kelly learned from another secretary at the firm that Melanie was a niece of Mr. Landers. Ms. Clark asked Kelly to show her how things were done.

Kelly was flattered that she had been chosen to train Melanie. But on the other hand, she quickly learned that she didn't like Melanie, for a lot of reasons. Melanie was a know-it-all and a gossip! She was constantly talking behind other peo-

ple's backs and seemed bored when Kelly tried to show her what her new job would entail.

Just before lunch, while Kelly was showing Melanie the new filing system, she casually lit a cigarette.

"Where in hell are the ashtrays around here? she asked bluntly.

Enough was enough. Kelly took her to see Ms Clark. In a closed-door session, Ms.Clark set her straight. Or so she thought...

After lunch, Kelly was much relieved to learn that Melanie had been pawned off to another secretary for training. Much to Kelly's delight, Ms. Clark had paired her with Edna Ryan, a middle-aged, no-nonsense senior secretary. Several other women in the office began taking bets on how long "Unchained" Melanie would last! She also seemed to enjoy flirting with the men in the office and, as they would learn later, had a "thing" for married men!

Later that afternoon, Ms. Clark introduced another new employee to Angela and Felicity. Her name was Jenny Collins. She was not at all like Melanie. Physically, anyway. Jenny was very petite and had long, flowing red hair that she wore up while she was working. She had the most piercing green eyes that seemed to see right through a person. Jenny was twenty-four and had come to San Francisco from Northern Ireland, where she had worked as a legal investigator in a mid-sized city north of Dublin.

Ms. Clark asked Felicity to "show her the ropes" in the same way she had shown Angela. She told Angela that she was being assigned her own office toward the end of the week, where she would start working on her own. Felicity was all too happy to take Jenny under her wing and started showing her around. Ms. Clark asked Angela into her office and told her how happy she was with her work and her progress. She told her that she was recommending her for a considerable raise!

Angela was in a state of excitement! Although she liked Felicity and respected her work, they were entirely different people, with different ethics and principles. Besides, Angela felt that she was ready to spread her wings and fly solo! She was also delighted to hear that her new office was right next door to James' office!

That evening, on their way home from work, Angela told Kelly the great news!

"Oh, Angela, that sounds just super!" Kelly said excitedly.

"And right next door to James!"

Angela couldn't help but smile. Kelly had a way of always looking at the bright side of things. Nothing seemed to dampen her spirits.

"I saw your roses today when I was coming out of the copy room They were from James, right?" Kelly giggled.

"Uh huh," said Angela, watching Kelly out of the corner of her eye.

"That is SO cool!" Kelly squealed joyfully.

"He asked me out tonight, too!" said Angela, unable to hide her smile.

“Well, just don’t do anything I wouldn’t do!” Kelly replied, giggling again.

“That’s not saying much!” Angela quickly pointed out with a grin.

“Don’t worry. I intend to play it cool with Mr. Macho.”

“Where is James taking you?” Kelly asked as Angela parked the car.

“I don’t know; it’s a surprise. He said he’d pick me up at seven.”

Kelly prepared a light supper of a chicken Caesar salad. After they finished eating, Kelly kicked off her heels and sat down on the sofa to watch the news. Angela went upstairs and took a hot bath. The warm water seemed to relax her physically as well as spiritually. Afterwards she told Kelly that she was going to take a nap and asked her to wake her in an hour. It had been a long day back at work and she fell asleep immediately.

Kelly awoke Angela after an hour and although she was still sleepy, Angela admitted that she was refreshed. She knew she would never have made it past 9 PM otherwise. She looked through her closet for something to wear.

“You should wear that cute little black dress of yours,” Kelly told her.

“You mean the really short one?” Angela asked.

“Yeah, and your black garter belt and silk stockings. You’d be a knockout!”

Angela held the black mini-dress in front of her and gazed into the mirror thoughtfully.

“Well, you may be right about the dress,” Angela admitted.

“But black pantyhose would be much more comfortable for tonight.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right.” Kelly said dreamily.

“There will be plenty of other chances to wear the really sexy stuff!”

Kelly changed into her nightgown and robe and went back downstairs to watch TV. Angela pulled on a new pair of black pantyhose and stepped into her trusty 3-inch heel black pumps. She didn’t want to take any chances with a higher heel. She pulled on her black dress and returned to the bathroom to apply her makeup.

She applied her eye makeup lightly. She wanted to achieve a natural, sexy look; most of the time, less was more. She did wear something different, though. Angela borrowed a little black mascara from Kelly and applied a light coat, giving her eyes an entirely new look. And she applied a ruby red lipstick which matched her nail color perfectly.

“Wow! Don’t we look foxy tonight?” Kelly smiled as Angela came down the stairs.

“Do I really look OK? I don’t want to look trashy,” Angela said nervously.

“You look fine!” Kelly reassured her.

“Go and have a great time!”

Just then the doorbell rang. It was James!

“Hi Angela! You look good enough to eat!” James smiled.

“Behave yourself, you silly bear!” Angela teased back.

“Hi Kelly!” James waved to Kelly.

“Hey good-looking!” Kelly nodded.

James looked very handsome in black slacks and a dark suit jacket, with a white shirt and black tie. Angela was impressed!

“See you, Kelly!” James called as they walked out. Kelly smiled and waved.

“You look very nice!” Angela told James as they headed to his car.

“So do you,” James told her. He opened the car door for her and she got in, smoothing the hem of her short dress.

James closed her door, went around and got in behind the wheel.

“So what did you have in mind?” Angela asked coyly as if expecting to be taken advantage of. “I thought we’d go to the Virginia Room. Do you like steak?” James asked.

“Sure, but where is the Virginia Room? I’ve never heard of it?” Angela inquired.

“You’ll see...” James said with a slightly crooked smile as he drove downtown.

He pulled into the underground garage beneath the Bank of America building where they usually parked for work!

“Here we are,” James told her.

He got out and opened the door for her.

“This is a joke, right?” Angela wasn’t smiling.

She was beginning to think what Felicity had told her was true!

“Trust me. You’re going to love this!” James smiled as they walked to the elevator. They boarded a different elevator than the one they usually took to the office. Angela decided to give James the benefit of the doubt and go along with his little surprise. As the elevator continued on past the 46th floor, she knew James had something in mind other than what she had first thought. She felt foolish, but said nothing.

The elevator opened on the 52nd floor, which was the top floor in the building! Angela took James’ arm and he led her around a bamboo partition to the restaurant entrance.

“Good evening, Mr. Clark! This way, please?”

They followed the hostess down a short flight of stairs, into the splendor of the large open dining room. It was like walking into the first-class dining room on the Titanic! A number of well-dressed, high society San Franciscans sat, enjoying the finest cuisine in the city. The view nearly took Angela’s breath away! Huge windows that ran from the floor to the ceiling seemed to open up into the night. The entire East Bay from Alcatraz Island to the Bay Bridge looked as though it were in miniature from their lofty perch.

James held Angela’s chair, noticing she seemed quite amazed.

“This is fabulous!” Angela whispered, staring out the window in awe.

“I had no idea this place was up here.”

James reached across the table and took her hands in his, leaning toward her.

“I thought you’d like it. The most magnificent view in the city, next to you of course,” James said warmly.

His thoughtful words took Angela by surprise. She wasn’t quite sure how to respond.

“Thanks,” she blushed. “You’re sweet.”

“I can be, with the right woman,” he responded, looking deeply into Angela’s big brown eyes.

“I have only two questions for you tonight,” he said as the waiter approached their table.

“Yes, James?”

“Do you like lobster and how do you like your steak?”

“Yes, I love lobster and I like my steak rare,” Angela replied, running a finger around the top of her water glass.

“Trust me?” James eyed her.

“Totally,” Angela quickly answered.

James turned to the waiter.

“We would like to have a bottle of your best wine, steak and lobster for two, both steaks rare.”

“Very good, sir,” replied the waiter with an English accent.

He returned with the wine and poured a little in each of their glasses, then sat the bottle in a bucket of ice next to their table. James took a sip, savored it, and then nodded to the waiter.

“Excellent!”

“Very good, sir.”

James took the bottle and filled their glasses, lifting his to Angela’s in a toast.

“Here’s to the beginning of a very special relationship.”

Angela smiled as they raised their glasses and took a sip. She realized how little she knew of this mysterious handsome young man. She wanted to learn more about him

“So tell me about you,” Angela queried.

“What would you like to know?”

“Tell me about your life, your passions, what you want for the future.”

James took a sip of his wine and glanced out the window as if he was in deep thought.

“Well, I was born here in San Francisco twenty-four years ago. I’m the oldest of four siblings...”

“No, I know that much,” Angela interrupted.

“I want to know what you’re looking for in life, about the things that matter to you, stuff like that.”

“I see.” He smiled knowingly.

“I graduated from law school a couple of years ago. Ever since I can remember, I’ve wanted to be an attorney. My Father would bring me with him when he came down to the office on weekends. He was always helping people in dire straits and told me the thing he loved most about his job was the fact that he was making a difference in other people’s lives. He used to tell me, no matter what I did in life, what was important was to learn a good trade and always do my best. I guess I’m a lot like him. I see so much injustice in the world and I want to make it right.”

Angela was so caught up in his words that she hardly noticed that the waiter had come with their meals.

“Oh, my goodness! I can’t eat all this!” she said in amazement as she surveyed the huge T-bone steak and enormous lobster tail.

“I won’t hold it against you if you take some home.” James smiled, giving her a wink.

She was famished. The aroma from the food was driving her crazy. It all looked so good that she had trouble deciding where to begin. She decided to take James’ lead. He opened his lobster tail first, cut a piece of steak, then stabbed them with his fork and dipped the two in the melted butter. He then took a bite with a sip of wine.

“MMMMM. Now THAT is what I call a steak!” James commented, savoring the taste.

Angela followed his lead, discovering just how hard it was to hold on to her feminine dignity with melted butter dripping down her chin! They both laughed.

“So tell me more...” she asked, taking a sip of her wine.

“Well, after I passed my bar exams and came to work at TLC, I began to work cases right away with Alan Thompson. Alan is a great guy and an excellent attorney. He taught me a lot about law in general and trials and courtroom politics in particular. He showed me the importance of small details and thorough investigative procedures. But most of all, he showed me that if I worked hard, the sky’s the limit.

“Someday I’d like to start my own firm and focus on criminal law. That’s where the money is. Although money isn’t everything, I believe it is the foundation for a secure future.”

Angela could see the passion in his eyes when he talked about his work. It was like hearing a sailor describe why he loved the sea.

“What do you like to do in your spare time?” Angela asked, taking a bite of her lobster, then sipping her wine as she had seen James do.

“*What* spare time?” James smiled warmly.

“Seriously...” he continued.

“I like to spend time in the wilderness hiking and backpacking.”

“Like Robert?”

“Yeah, somewhat. It’s just so peaceful and beautiful when you’re out there on top of a mountain, feeling a fresh breeze in your face and getting back to nature. It helps me renew my spirit and it revitalizes me, I guess.”

“That sounds kind of lonely, though.” Angela said, avoiding his gaze.

“It can be at times, I suppose.”

“What about love?”

“What about it?”

“Have you ever been in love?”

“You are very direct, Angela Bradford! You’d make a good attorney,” James evaded.

“Well...?” she pressed, smiling coyly.

“Yes, I was in love once. Her name was Nina and we met in college.”

“What happened?”

“Well, we were both in our first year. We seemed to have a lot in common, but we were heading in opposite directions.”

“How so?”

“I was pre-law and she was studying language. She wanted to go to China to teach English after she graduated. I loved her very much and I told her I was willing to put my career on hold and follow her to another continent. She told me that she thought I would be making a mistake, giving up my love of law for her. Then one day after graduation, she just vanished. I got a letter from her about a month later, telling me she had gone to China to take a teaching position and that she thought it was better for both of us. I haven’t heard from her since.”

“Wow, it sounds like she really loved you, James,” Angela told him.

“Why do you say that?”

“Just the fact that she was willing to let you go so you wouldn’t lose your dream of becoming an attorney.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

“She sacrificed herself for you. That’s very admirable.”

“I can’t eat another bite, I’m stuffed!” Angela said, leaning back in her seat.

“Me too. Looks like it’s leftovers for lunch tomorrow,” James said.

“Yes, but with leftovers like this, who needs to go out to lunch!”

“That certainly is true.”

James ordered coffee and they settled back in their chairs, enjoying the view.

“That was the best steak and lobster I’ve ever had. Thank you, James.”

“You’re welcome, Angela. That’s saying a lot from a girl who came from Boston.”

She smiled softly, feeling his gaze upon her.

“You know…” James began, taking a sip of his coffee.

“Maybe someday I’ll find the right girl. One who would be willing to spend the rest of her life with me.”

Angela took a cigarette from her purse and James lit it for her. She had one more question for James.

“What kind of girl do you think the future Mrs. James Clark would be?” she asked, gazing into his deep blue eyes.

“That’s the easiest question you’ve asked me all evening!” James smiled back at her.

“She would be beautiful. She would be very resourceful, intelligent, and career-minded. She would be loving, passionate and sexually articulate. And last, but not least, she would be direct and straightforward.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yes. I appreciate a woman who is direct and to the point. No vagueness or beating around the bush. At least I’ll always know where I stand.”

Angela and James finished their coffee and savored one last look from the top of San Francisco’s tallest building. James helped Angela with her coat. He took a hundred dollar bill from his wallet and left it on their table. As they strode over to the elevator together, Angela realized just how tall James was! Even with her in heels, he towered over her.

On the elevator ride down, James took her hand in his. Maybe Felicity was wrong about him, she thought to herself as they walked together to his car. Maybe he *was* ready to settle down.

“Would you like to come to my place for a little nightcap?” James asked her as he pulled out of the parking lot. Her heart began to pound.

“Maybe another night. Work tomorrow, you know?” she sighed reluctantly.

“Yeah, I guess you’re right.” James sounded dejected.

“Friday night would be great, though,” Angela added casually.

“Alright, it’s a date!” James told her, trying hard to mask his enthusiasm.

As James drove on through the night, he placed his hand on Angela’s stockinged knee and rubbed it gently. Angela could feel the sexual energy between them as he pulled up in front of her apartment.

“I’m glad you wear stockings and not pantyhose.” James told her, reaching over and touching her cheek softly. His touch was electric and Angela’s pulse quickened.

“How did you know I was wearing them?” Angela asked, bewildered.

“Because they’re silk, right?”

“Uh huh.”

“Pantyhose look and feel differently. Besides, my sister wears them when she’s trying to get her boyfriend’s attention,” James smiled.

“Oh, really?” Angela blushed.

“Well, I’d better go,” she said, feeling a little awkward.

“Oh, and Angela?” she heard him ask.

“Yes?” she turned to face him.

James pulled her to him and kissed her passionately. She closed her eyes and felt her heart start to pound again and wondered if he could feel it too. He wrapped his strong arms tightly around her, pulling her across the console. He flashed his tongue into her mouth and she instinctively sucked on it, moaning softly into his mouth. Her breasts felt as if they were on fire as they strained against his barrel-like chest and her nipples began to harden. Their tongues du- eled wetly, exploring each other’s mouth like wanton lovers who had been apart for an eternity.

Angela slowly lowered her hand and rested it on his muscular thigh. He brought his hand up and cupped her right breast, feeling the hardness of her nip- ple beneath the material of her bra. His touch was electric! Little involuntary whimpers began to escape from her lips as he stroked her breast. Her hand moved slowly up his thigh until it nudged against his throbbing manhood. She moved her small hand up onto the growing bulge in his pants and began to squeeze and rub it, feeling it become larger and harder.

“Oh my God!” she thought as her passion overcame her with a desire she never knew existed.

“He’s got a really big one!”

Passionate moans escaped her lips and his mouth crushed down over hers, muting her cries of delight. She wanted him. More than anything else in the entire world. But this wasn’t the right time. Not here. Not in his car!

“Please, James. I want you too, but not here, not now,” she heard herself mur- mur as if in a trance.

“I know. I want you so badly, too,” James admitted, kissing her ear and reluc- tantly releasing her.

“I’ll see you tomorrow and thanks, James. I really had a great time!”

She got out of the car, strode up the walk and into the apartment. She was glad that Kelly had already gone to bed because she wasn’t really up to explaining

herself tonight. She went upstairs and changed her clothes, noticing that her panties were moist from her passion. She pulled on her nightgown and got into bed, feeling very unsatisfied. She wanted James to make love to her so badly and stopping their love play was the most difficult thing she ever had to do. She knew that the next time they were together, wild horses wouldn't keep them from making mad, passionate love all night long!

CHAPTER TWO

The next morning, Angela and Kelly went into work early. They both had some work to get caught up on since they missed a week's work recovering from their SRS procedures. Angela also wanted to pack up her personal items from her desk in Felicity's office in preparation for the move into her own office later that day. Kelly made coffee and began typing a letter from Mr. Clark to one of his clients.

Suddenly she heard a noise in her bosses' office. Startled, Kelly got up and went to the door and listened.

"Oh, Jenny! Oh, Jenny! I just didn't know. I had no idea..."

Kelly quietly opened the door a little and peered inside. Mr. Clark was sitting at his desk with his slacks pulled down around his ankles and Jenny was kneeling between his legs! She was giving Mr. Clark a blowjob! The front of Jenny's dress was pulled down and he was fondling her breasts as she bobbed her head up and down, taking his cock deep down her throat.

"Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah," Mr. Clark moaned, watching Jenny with lust-glazed eyes.

Jenny pulled the large penis from her lips, grasping his hardness at the base.

"Please fuck me now, Mr. Clark. I need to feel you inside of me again," Jenny begged.

"Again? Then this wasn't the first time?" Kelly thought to herself as she watched the spectacle from the door.

Mr. Clark stood and pushed little Jenny onto her back across his desk. Her stockinged legs were splayed in the air and Kelly could see his manhood waving between them.

"Please use a condom, Mr. Clark. What if I get pregnant?" Kelly heard Jenny say.

"Don't worry, I'll pull out before I shoot," Mr. Clark rasped, grasping his immense erection and guiding it between her legs.

He pushed the seeping tip of his cock around the crotch band of her panties and began to rub it up and down the length of her already wet vagina, lubricating it lavishly. Then he moved into her slowly and a low groan came from deep in his

throat. Kelly stood mesmerized by the lustful sight before her eyes. She couldn't believe what she was seeing!

Jenny wrapped her legs around him, pulling him deeply within her. Little wails of passion escaped Jenny's lips as Mr. Clark began to stroke into her. He crushed his mouth down over hers, muting her little cries of passion.

After a moment, he tore his lips from hers, caught one of her nipples with his mouth and began sucking on it while Jenny wriggled beneath him.

"Oh, Mr. Clark! I don't believe it, it's so big..." Jenny murmured as he continued to drive hard into her. She began to climax and the tightness of little Jenny's pussy was too much for him.

"I'm going to cum," Mr. Clark announced, feeling her shudder and squirm spasmodically.

He stiffened and came, filling her tight, wet pussy with hearty spurts of his raging semen. Kelly closed the door silently and returned to her desk, not knowing whether she should stay at her desk or make herself scarce. She decided it would probably be better if she wasn't there when Jenny came out, so she took her cup of coffee, retreated down the hall and into the women's restroom.

She had barely sat down in one of the stalls when Jenny walked in and sat down in the next stall. Kelly wasn't sure whether or not to say anything.

"That you, Kelly?" Jenny asked quietly.

"Yes," Kelly answered tentatively.

"You're here early this morning."

"Yeah, I wanted to get a head start on a letter for Mr. Clark."

"He is one horny bastard, you know?"

"What do you mean?" Kelly asked.

"Well, he just fucked the living daylights out of me in his office. Has he ever messed with you?" Jenny inquired as she cleaned herself up.

"No, he hasn't." Kelly lied, shocked at her statement.

"He promised to pull out before he came, but he didn't. I only hope that I'm not pregnant," Jenny divulged.

She stripped off her gooey panties, stood and flushed the toilet. Kelly was at a loss for words.

"Well, the janitor will be in for one hell of a surprise when he dumps the trash tonight," Jenny said casually.

"See you later, Kel."

"All right, good luck!" Kelly called as she left.

That was a stupid thing to say, Kelly thought. But Jenny's statement had caught her off guard and she figured just about anything she said in response to that would have sounded dumb.

Kelly returned to her desk and started typing the letter for Mr. Clark. She couldn't get the image of Jenny and her boss out of her head. She thought back to the time she had worked late with Mr. Clark and how he had taken her out for a late supper afterwards. She had only worked for the firm a month at that point and it had been a long time since she had been with a man, a real man with a man's needs and desires. Mr. Clark had taken her back to her hotel and they were talking in his car, when he suddenly pulled her into his arms and kissed her like she'd never been kissed before.

In his arms she discovered that she was a woman to the core of her being. It was the defining moment that made her realize how important it was for her to have her surgery. Intense feelings and emotions surfaced when she understood how much he wanted her sexually. Her heart pounded in her chest when he had her open his pants and take out his hefty penis. She shivered at the thought of how big and hard he was. And when she went down on him, right there in his car...!

Suddenly the phone rang, bringing her back into the real world. It was time to focus on her job and get back to work.

Meanwhile, Angela was moving her things into her new office next door to James. It was a smaller office than the one she had shared with Felicity, but it was her own. A large window next to her oak desk afforded a spectacular view of the East Bay. She sat down in the comfortable leather executive chair, feeling the warming rays of the morning sun on her skin. She thought about how far she and Kelly had come in the last few months. Their new careers were challenging as well as exciting and her love life was taking a turn for the better.

She allowed her mind to drift back to the previous night. The wonderful dinner with James. The things he said. The way he said them. That magical moment they shared in his car. As hard as she was trying not to let James into her heart, she found herself falling for him. They both seemed to want the same things: a promising career, family and a home. One thing she knew for certain: The next time she and James were alone together, there would be no stopping the passion that seemed to be raging between them.

A knock on her office door brought her back down out of the clouds. Ms. Clark stepped in and closed the door.

"Well, what do you think?" she asked, sitting down in a chair beside Angela's desk.

"It's fabulous!" Angela smiled broadly, looking about the room.

"You deserve it for all your hard work on the Pearlman case."

She laid a folder down in front of Angela.

"What's this?" Angela inquired, opening the brief.

"It's all we have on a man named Seth Carrington. As far as we know, he was the only witness to a mob-style killing of a San Francisco police officer two

months ago. Felicity tried to locate him, but we think he skipped town and we don't have a clue about where he may have gone."

Angela glanced through the folder containing a deposition and a photo of a young man who appeared to be in his late twenties.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to investigate further, see if you can locate his whereabouts. I've assigned Felicity and her trainee to another case, but you'll find her notes and Mr. Carrington's last-known address in the back of the brief. This case is very important to me, Angela," Ms. Clark continued.

"The police officer was my nephew."

"I'll get on it right away." Angela read the concern in her voice.

"Alright, but watch your step. There's a good reason to believe others will be looking for him as well."

"I understand."

"Alright. Take however much time you need and keep me advised."

Ms. Clark stood and walked to the door.

"And Angela?"

"Yes?"

"Be very careful. I don't want to lose you, too."

Angela opened the brief and began studying it intensely. Ms. Clark's nephew was a rookie police officer who had been with the San Francisco Police Department only eight months. He was acting as backup on a narcotics sting operation. He and his partner, a veteran with over ten years on the force, had been assigned to cover the rear entrance to a waterfront warehouse. While narcotics officers raided the building from the front, the young officer was left in the patrol car while his partner investigated a noise he heard in a nearby alley. When he returned, the young officer had been shot in the head at close range and was dead.

Two of the suspects had fled, but the veteran officer questioned a young man who had been sitting on the fire escape of an adjacent building. He told the officer that two men had hurried out the rear door to the warehouse and one of the men was carrying a duffel bag. He said that when the men spotted the patrol car parked in the alley, the other man walked over to the car, drew a gun from inside his coat and coolly fired two shots through the driver's window. The men then ran off down the alley.

He had given the officer a description of the two men. When questioned further, he admitted that he would probably be able to identify the suspects if he saw them again. But during the preliminary investigation at the scene that night, the witness had vanished after overhearing a homicide officer remark that the drug operation had been run by the local Mafia. A further search for the witness came to a dead end when they discovered he had fled his apartment near the scene of the crime.

Angela had very little to go on. She had the witness' name, where he used to live and the name of the video store where he used to work. She was not a trained homicide investigator. She knew that the police had investigated the case but had come up empty-handed. And the three other men arrested in the warehouse weren't talking. The only thing she had that the police department didn't was time. She decided to make a couple of phone calls, get permission from the District Attorney's office to check out the witness' apartment, and talk with his former employer at the video store. It was a start, anyway.

Angela called Ms. Clark over the office intercom and explained her intentions.

"Do you have your cell phone with you?" Ms. Clark asked.

"Yes I do."

"Good. Don't be afraid to use it. Keep me advised on your location and watch your backside. Those mob boys don't fool around."

"Don't worry, if I have any problems, you'll be the first to know." Angela told her.

She gathered her coat and purse and headed for the elevator.

"Good morning, Angela." She heard a voice behind her.

She turned and saw a smiling James standing in the doorway of his office.

"Good morning," she stammered, finding it hard to meet his gaze.

"Where are you off to?" he asked, stepping out into the hallway with her.

"I'm off to investigate a special case our Mom asked me to look into."

"Would that be the case involving my cousin?" James inquired.

"As a matter of fact, it is. I'm sorry about your cousin. Were you two close?"

"Not really. We were different in a lot of ways."

"Look, I have to be in court most of this week. Can I see you Friday night?"

Angela smiled coyly. He sure looked handsome in the dark Italian suit he was wearing.

"I'd like that."

"Good. My place at 7 PM?"

"It's a date!" Angela added, feeling her pulse quicken.

"See you!"

As she was walking away, she could feel James' eyes upon her. All she could hear was her heart pounding in her chest and the sound her silk stockings made as she walked. She got into the elevator and headed down to the parking level. It was going to be a long week.

Angela spent the next few days trying to learn more about Seth Carrington and where he may have fled to. She went to the video store where he used to work and interviewed the manager and his coworkers. It turned out that he was held in high regard and had an excellent work record. In almost two years he missed only

one day of work. He was friendly, knowledgeable and efficient and was being groomed to take over as assistant manager. His coworkers told Angela that Seth didn't talk a lot, but when he did, he always seemed to have something positive to say.

But no one seemed to know where Seth had gone. Even the police didn't have a clue. It was as if he had vanished into thin air. Resisting her urge to call Ms. Clark and report, she decided to go speak with his landlord and, if possible, check out his apartment.

Mrs. Lansky, the landlady, was very cooperative and told Angela that Mr. Carington was a good tenant. He always paid his rent on time and was neat and quiet. She said that he had lived there almost two years.

"Can you tell me where he lived before?" Angela queried.

"I already told the police all of this."

"I understand, but I'd really like to know myself."

Mrs. Lansky took a cigarette from a pack on the coffee table and lit it, eyeing Angela warily.

She walked over to a cabinet and opened a file.

"His previous address is listed as 320 Madison Street, Sacramento, California."

"Thank you," Angela said, writing down the address in her notebook.

"Could I see his apartment?"

"I don't see what good that will do. The police have already gone over it closely and hauled away all his things."

"Please?"

"Well, all right, but please be brief. I'm really very busy."

She took Angela up the stairs and they walked together down the hallway to the last door. Mrs. Lansky took a key from the pocket of her housedress and opened the door.

"You can have ten minutes. I'll be downstairs. Please lock the door on your way out."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lansky," Angela sighed, stepping into the room.

"Just do me one favor?" Lansky asked with a strange look on her face.

"What's that?"

"Don't ever come around here again."

Angela nodded and the lady departed, ambling down the hallway.

Angela closed the door quietly and glanced around the small barren room. She went into the kitchen, opening drawers and cupboards as she went. The apartment appeared to have been cleaned but not painted, as Angela could see where pictures used to be hanging on the rather dingy walls. Finding the drawers in the kitchen devoid of any articles, she removed the bottom drawer and knelt down.

There in the dust and lint was a cream-colored card leaning against the rear of the drawer frame.

She could see how it could have been missed by the police investigators because the card blended in quite well with the wood. As she reached in to retrieve it, a large black cockroach scurried into a crack in the rear wall, causing her to shiver. She hated bugs. Snatching the card, she stood and shook the dust off and turned it over. It was a business card. It read: **Tiny's Tavern, 1650 Madison Street, Sacramento**. The name on the card read: **Jim Jansen, Manager**. It also contained a phone number.

Angela put the card in her purse and continued her inspection. Finding nothing else, she left, locking the door as Mrs. Lansky instructed. She called Ms. Clark and reported that she'd interviewed his former manager and coworkers as well as checked out Mr. Carrington's apartment, with negative results. She decided not to say anything over the phone about the business card she had found in the apartment. That would be something that she'd discuss with Ms. Clark in person the next day.

By the time Angela returned to the firm, it was quitting time. She picked up Kelly and they drove back to their apartment. Angela thought it might be better if she didn't share any of the details of her investigation with Kelly. But Kelly had plenty to tell Angela about her day at the office.

That evening, she told Angela about what she'd seen and what Jenny had told her about her encounter with Mr. Clark.

"Wow! That's unbelievable!" Angela said in amazement.

"Yeah, it blew me away. Jenny's worried, too."

"What about?"

"Well, she asked Mr. Clark to wear a condom, but he told her not to worry, that he'd pull out before he climaxed. But he didn't, and now she's concerned about becoming pregnant."

"Gee, it sounds like a soap opera," Angela told her.

"You're telling me," Kelly replied with a sigh, twirling her finger in her hair.

"Well, I'm going to hit the hay. Goodnight," Angela yawned as she headed upstairs.

"Goodnight," Kelly replied, stifling a yawn herself.

"See you in the morning." Kelly sat back on the sofa and put her bare feet up on the coffee table. She closed her eyes and her thoughts turned to Robert. She wondered what he was doing just then. Suddenly the phone rang, causing her to jump.

"Hello?" Kelly answered, glancing at the clock. It was 11 PM.

"Hey, how's my best girl?"

It was Robert! Kelly's heart skipped a beat.