



Reluctant Press presents:

Complete Transition

Maureen Glasgow



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2005, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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

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

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

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

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

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

Complete Transition

By Maureen Glasgow

I watched Bobbi, my secretary. Gorgeous! Slim body in a tight blue woolen skirt, impossible legs sheathed in nylon and ended in lovely high heels. Beige satin blouse, sculpted blonde hair, perfect makeup, and a minimal amount of makeup. Alison. My wife had been secure in her knowledge that I wouldn't come on to Bobbi, but little did she guess how much I pined to exchange wardrobes – and go over those perfect knees for a good spanking! But? Being a male submissive has terrible drawbacks – there was no way I could approach Bobbi, than fly in the air. I neglect to add that my shell of masculine bravado works only too well.

She gave me a nice smile. "Anything for me to do?"

"Not at the moment, Bobbi," I replied. "I'm afraid this writing block has got a hold of me."

She sighed a little, although she hid it very well. "Guess I'll get back to my knitting. If that's all right by you?" she asked.

"Of course dear! You go right ahead!" I smiled.

In reality, I don't need a secretary – nor an office, if the truth be told. But winning a LOT of money on the lottery allowed me to do just about anything I wanted. I'd tried being a writer at home, but Alison soon got fed up with me hanging around. It made sense for me to have an office of my own, and it made SOME sense for me to have a secretary, although it really was a complete waste of time. Alison was well aware that I was incapable of starting sex on my own – but didn't know the real reason. She was only slightly surprised at the level of good looks that Bobbi possessed but, other than that, paid no attention. As she was the one who initiated our sex – and not too often at that – she felt safe, I guess.

Anyway. Bobbi had been my secretary for some time now. She'd learned, with the passage of time that I didn't need much of her time so had learned to do other things in stead.

She was a firm believer in keeping her hands busy, so did a lot of knitting and embroidery. She was also taking extension classes so studied a fair amount. I looked at the rain spattering against our window and felt very restless. Decided to call it a day. Have some of the fun that appealed to me. "Why don't we just quit?" I asked her. "Feel like calling it a day!"

She shook her head. "Honestly sir! I feel like I'm taking advantage of you! If I were the boss, things wouldn't be so easy around here!"

Little did she know, how much her words thrilled me. Oh. What a great little office girl I'd make her! My mind boggled at the thought and I dropped my eyes in case she saw the naked lust shining there. "Well Bobbi? You're not – so you'll just have to dream on!" I said, though jovially. She laughed and gave me a look that turned my heart to mush. "You're SO naughty!" she said. "Want me to lock up?"

"Thanks Bobbi! You're a doll!" I said, all of a sudden in a hurry to do my 'stuff'. Grabbed my coat and umbrella and made for the door.

In the mall, I had no problem parking. It was a new one and the rain was pretty bad, so there were limited customers – something that suited me just fine. In the large lingerie section of the upscale department store there were absolutely no customers – something else that suited me just fine. The lady who came to attend to me was tall and blonde. Quite cool, but pleasant. I put on my face for her. "I really DO know what I want. Just don't think you have it and would hate to waste your time. Let me browse around – and if I see that I need your help, I'll call. Okay?"

She gave me a distant but domineering look that I enjoyed internally a great deal, but didn't show, naturally. She smiled distantly. "As you wish, sir." Then she took off.

For a while I was in seventh heaven.. Couldn't show it naturally but as I drifted amongst all of the nightwear, discreetly touching and rubbing the sensuous and exciting fabrics I could feel my mind wander delightfully. Once, it was SO delightful, I actually slid my hand secretly up the sleeve of a pink, satin robe. Breathed in delightfully as I felt that lovely feeling. Being alone in a ladies lingerie store was even more delightful than I'd dreamed possible!

But I wasn't alone, as I was to discover – where HAD she come from? She was at my elbow, smiling more broadly now. "I'm positive we can help you sir? Why don't you allow me? That material you are currently holding in your hand sir is a nylon tricot. It feels *lovely* on." She gazed on me lovingly. Then, she surprised the life out of me! Actually took my little hand (I'm actually quite dainty) in her large one – and had me stroke the garment a few times. "Isn't that *lovely*?" she smiled.

I blushed but managed an embarrassed "Well, I don't *know*. Being a chap and all? Am afraid that I'm not too good at that sort of thing!"

"I'm sure that you could learn!" she said and, not having released my hand, took it and again stroked the garment, this time the Peter Pan collar and the puffed, frilly, sleeves. Kept a gentle hold of my hand. "Now! Isn't that just lovely?" She was firmer now and, still having a hold of my hand, I was scared of what she might do next. "Lovely." I said. Lamely. "I can see now, why women love the feeling of that stuff!"

She took that nightdress and matching robe, still on their hanger and draped it over her arm. "Now there is some other lovely stuff over here!" she said, starting to lead me.

I coughed and licked my lips nervously. Trotted out my timeworn story – absolutely not true – to her. She listened with an amused smile on her face.

"Well, you see?" I explained. "I have this robe. A sort of Kimono style, you know? Nice and warm – but definitely masculine materials – you know? Anyway? Alison, my wife took to wearing this occasionally. I didn't mind at first but it's got to the point where I have to fight it for her! Thought I'd look around in a ladies store – see if I can find something of that nature for her – you do understand? Make a nice present."

She looked at me pleasantly, but blankly. As if I'd been saying something to her – but absolutely non-apropos. "Very nice dear! Now *do* come along!" she said once I'd finished, her turning around and leaving. I wanted to believe that she'd been listening to me, but it was hard to believe. Not knowing what else to do, I followed her as she went to another area of the racks.

She nodded approvingly as I reached where she had stopped. "Now these are also nylon – but of a much nicer mix and feel. The colors also hold extremely well. Now, don't they also feel nice?" She turned cold eyes on me.

"I guess. guess. ... so," I muttered.

"Feel them! Touch them!" she said with a commanding tone more obvious in her tone. I reached out my right hand and touched a pale yellow set, then withdrew as if it were red hot. She made a tutting noise. "Not like *that*! Touch and feel them properly! Matter of fact, why don't you slide your hand inside that sleeve properly – like you were doing back there?"

She'd seen me! I blushed but couldn't move my eyes from her face. "Do it properly now!" she told me. And there I was, fitting my small hand into the opening of a nightdress, feeling the material my eyes still on hers, as if I were a hypnotized rabbit. She smiled, much more natural now. "Like that pale yellow, do you?"

I tried for a noncommittal male tone. "Quite nice, I guess."

"I'm not sure about that," she said. "Why don't you pull the hanger down?"

"Eh?" I said. Not quite believing what she'd said.

"Pull the hanger off the rack," she said patiently as if talking to a dummy. "Then hold it up against yourself – then see how it looks on that mirror over there!"

She was serious! But for the first time in my life I seemed to be under the thumb of a woman who *expected* me to do as she told me. Without argument! Head down now, I took the nightdress and walked down to the full-length mirror built in to the column. Held the garment up against myself the way I'd seen women do hundreds of times.

"Well? What do you think?" she asked behind my shoulder.

"Looks kinda pasty on me?" I whispered.

"Exactly! Now why don't you try this jade green one instead!" she said, taking the yellow gown from me and handing me a green one. Holding it up against myself and checking in the mirror I had to admit that she was right – the color DID look a lot better on me-

and, with a smile of contentment now, she added that to the first one still over her arm then led me to more racks.

I followed her like an obedient little bunny, with absolutely NO idea of what was going on. But finally, when she had about five gowns over her arm and seemed headed away from the racks, I managed to bolster my courage. "What's going on?" I asked.

She stopped and gave me a beatific smile and lifted the pile of gowns on her arm. "These are all different manufacturers my dear. We'll need to see what is the best fit for you. That's why we're going to the fitting rooms. Come along now!" With that, she turned her back on me and started walking away again!

"But . . . but . . . The gown is for my *wife!*" I explained – "and I don't know her size!"

She stopped and turned back. "But didn't you say that she wears yours?" she asked acerbically.

"Well, yes." I admitted.

"So? If yours fits hers, then it stands to reason that hers will fit you?" she asked reasonably.

"But these are *women's!*" I said weakly as she took my arm and started to lead me into the fitting rooms.

"Well? Of *course* they are!" she exclaimed happily, explaining every thing as she would to an idiot. "This IS a woman's area is it not? What *else* would we be selling? Come along now!"

As I was led into this woman's holy of holies, I saw that we were no longer alone. Three other salesgirls were all following us in!

My tormentor hung the nightdresses up on a rack. "There you are love. Coat, and umbrella over there. Take your jacket off too – hang it there." She pointed.

"But why my jacket?" I asked.

The other women who were settling down on various chairs tittered and laughed quietly amongst themselves. Repeated me, as if I'd said some great big joke. My blonde laughed quietly. "Please dear? Jacket off – if you don't mind?"

With my jacket off, I felt strangely vulnerable. My blonde turned to me. "I think that names are in order. What name do you go by, dear?"

"I'm Kenneth," I said, astounded by the fact that all the women laughed out loud as soon as I spoke. Even my blonde let out a guffaw or two. "No dear! A *proper* name for you!"

"I'm Kenneth," I repeated. "That's the name I've always gone by. Alison calls me Ken sometimes, but I go mostly by Kenneth."

There seemed to be some hilarity on the part of my audience and I heard names such as Dolly, or Karen, Sissy, and Melissa being thrown about. But I really didn't know what they were talking about, especially as the blonde was talking. "Well, a name can be picked later. But it's good form for you to know OUR names, I guess. You should always preface our names with Miss of course, but I'm Iris. That dark haired lady is Joanne, The redhead

is Doris and the other blonde is Edith. Why don't you repeat them? Help you to memorize them?"

"Iris, Joanne, . ." I started.

She actually cuffed me behind the ear! Wasn't too hard, mind you, but it was a definite reprimand. Spoke to me. "MISS!" I said. "Maybe later you can drop that if the ladies want to later, but for now, it is *Miss*. So why don't you just shake hands? Me first?" She held out her hand. I shook it. "Hello Miss Iris," I said, feeling strange – almost like a supplicant – but rather nice to tell the truth – she was SO domineering!

"Nice small hands," she said approvingly. But not letting go. "But do it again – and a small curtsy might be nice this time."

"A curtsy?" I said in disbelief.

She smiled. "I won't be mad at you if you don't perform it too well – but a curtsy is – well you know – kind of polite? Really nice amongst ladies."

I expected the other ladies to titter and laugh as I went around each one and took their hands, calling them all *Miss*, and curtseying a little. Edith opened her mouth in pleasant surprise. "See how nice he curtsied on that last one? I'll swear he's learning already! Iris? I don't know how you do it! Pick these lovely little chaps right out of the thin air!" She patted my backside as she said this and I blushed – something that raised another titter in the ladies. Iris was embarrassed by the praise I think, but turned to me. "What set do you want to try on first?" she asked, pointing to the rack where the gowns hung.

Somehow I knew that I was going to do as she said and put on these feminine garments, but I did try. "Miss Iris?" I said. Even curtsied a little which drew happy sighs from the onlookers. "I really don't feel that this is – quite right?"

She smiled and drew me gently towards the hanging clothes. "Nonsense dear! This is a room for trying on clothes – a nice pretty one for pretty clothes. And you know that a size has got to be determined, don't you? Now, it's not like you have to strip down to the nude or anything like that, is it? Not really *too* embarrassing, is it?"

The threat that I was to strip down before putting on that nightwear wasn't close to being uttered, but it was there. I think she saw the fated expression in my eyes, but it was there. "Just kick off your shoes dear, you'll be able to walk much better. If you don't make a fuss? This will be over in a matter of minutes."

I was made to put the nightdresses and robes on over my existing outerwear. In most cases, by the time I'd finished, it was very difficult to see that I wore much masculine garments at all. To make matters worse, I had to walk a fair distance down the fitting room, my arms fairly straight at my sides, my hands held out at almost right angles a very dainty method of walking that seemed to please the women very much. But, as Iris had promised, it didn't take too long for me to try on the various garments. After some quiet lively discussion amongst them all, it was decided that a pale blue suited me most of all – with the jade green being a very close second.

Of course I was embarrassed but once Iris allowed me to get back into my street clothes again and the women had all thanked me for my 'performance' it was as if nothing had happened. I was quite surprised – maybe even disappointed a little – when I wasn't

pressed to buy anything. I had already been scheming about I would hide nightwear from Alison – because I knew that I could deny Iris nothing. But? I wasn't asked, so didn't offer. Said my goodbyes and went off into the rain with only a small disappointment in me.

I got home without incident. Alison was her usual, competent self and did not show any great interest what I'd done that day. I suppose that over time she had learned that I didn't do much of anything so got bored with pretending interest. For some reason I was very sexy that evening. Was at my very best to get her interested but to no avail. I suppose that it's only fair to mention that one thing that drives Alison nuts is me 'handling' myself. Don't ask how, she just does – she just does and it is pretty awful how she treats me. Not in a *nice* way that I'd appreciate, just in a very cold manner that takes all the enjoyment out of living – so I've learned to live in a great deal of frustration until she gets over it.

A few boring days went by. I actually thought of going back to that store but held back. Knew myself and was scared of what dangers I might put myself in. Knew that inside I was just too weak to be trusted. Held on to that idea though – it DID give me a great deal of pleasure. One morning, I'd heard the phone go a few times more than normal. Wasn't too surprised. I'd a date on with an editor of a group of women's magazines that wanted me for a low level kind of job. She was young, and kind of bossy - which I enjoyed – but the more I thought of the job, the more I disliked it. I always thought that the phone was her ringing to cancel her meeting in my office but Bobbi never said anything, so I just assumed they were crank calls.

About ten o'clock, she brought in my coffee. "Lot of calls this morning?" I commented.

She grinned. "Yes, one's a real nut! Keeps asking for 'Dolly'. I tell her that there's no one by that name here, but she persists! Tells me to ask my boss! As if I'd waste your time!"

I laughed. "The nuts you get on the phone these days!" And the moment passed.

I heard the phone go once more – and Bobbi didn't call me, but something – you know, a vague doubt? Was starting to wiggle in my brain. I found an excuse to go into Bobbi's area. "That nut case? It IS a 'she'?"

"Most definitely!" she said. "Don't think that it's anyone in your chess club."

"She drop a name?" I asked innocently.

"Yes. Says her name's Doris – but always asks for Dolly. I think we're both getting pissed off by now."

I felt my jaws tighten. Could it be? Kept my tone jovial. "I think I know who it is! A joke! Put her through the next time!"

"Okay! I hope I haven't screwed anything up?" she said.

"No. No. Just a silly joke!" I murmured.

It wasn't too long. "This is her!" Bobbi called as she patched the call through to me.

"This is Kenneth, can I help you?" I said formally into the mouthpiece.

"Well Dolly, it's about time!" an acerbic female voice was speaking. "I've been getting more than a little pissed off! Where have you been?" She sounded VERY confident.

"Who is this?" I asked carefully.

"It's Doris, you dumb dodo! Now get your ass over to 244 Heald Lane! I've got some work for you to do!"

"Have I met you?" I asked carefully now. Starting to get an idea that she was one of the ladies I'd met in the store. Felt a quiver in my loins, my voice go dry.

She didn't answer me except to say. "244 Heald Lane. And if you're not here soon? I'll come and get you, my dear!"

"How long will you want me to stay?" I quavered the dreadful thought of her coming into my office almost paralyzing me in fear, but she'd hung up.

"Don't know when I'll be back but shouldn't be too long," I told Bobbi as I hurried from the office, "But if that female editor calls and wants to put things off? Tell her not to worry about it. I don't see me taking that research job of hers anyway.. Lock up the office if I'm not here."

"Got a forwarding number I can reach you at?" she said. She looked a little disappointed about the editor thing, but I didn't have time to discuss it with her at that point.

"Nah. I'm pretty sure that you can handle anything that comes up. I may be back. See yah!" I said, and was gone. Thought I did pretty well at disguising my hurry.

I didn't have too much trouble finding the address on Heald lane. Quite a nice district I thought, wondering what Doris wanted of me. Had already figured out that Iris must have got my name, address, and work phone number from my wallet when I'd been wearing the nightwear for them – I did blush as I remembered that. Parked the car in the cement driveway. Walked to the door. Before I got there, she was standing in an open doorway, her arms akimbo and even though her expression was stormy, looked rather pretty there in her yellow dress, the sun shining on her red hair. "About time!" she greeted me. "Get IN here!"

She raised an arm as if to cuff me and I cowered away from her as I went in through the front door. "I'm sorry Doris!" I mumbled but I didn't know you'd be calling – and my secretary didn't know who you were. Sorry!" She shut the door behind me and I saw the rather elderly lady standing there. "This is Jan, my next-door neighbor," Doris said. I shook hands and introduced myself as Kenneth, at which Doris hooted. "Don't believe him Jan. His name is Dolly!" Then she turned to me. "But you're obviously not dressed properly. Get those pants, shoes, and socks off. Take off that silly tie and loosen your shirt. Put this on!" With that, she handed me an apron – a full half apron, full and floral with patch pockets. "You've a floor to scrub!"

In my hesitance I looked from one to another. "If you don't hurry up, Dolly, I might have to do your changing for you?" Doris added silkily.

Red-faced, I did as I was told, and Doris explained to Jan. "You see, every so often we find a transvestite submissive. They just LOVE to wear pretty clothes and do as they're told. Iris? You've met her – works in the Ladies Clothes department? I don't know how she does it, but she has this GREAT eye for them. We'd just lost one a few weeks ago – a lovely boy – even though he was a bit big. This one should look really nice once we've finished with him, he's a proper size." She turned to me and pulled the skirt of my apron and

spoke quite kindly. "Come along Dolly. You can't be gossiping all day with us ladies, can you?"

"Please Miss Doris?" I said, remembering to take the skirts in my hand and curtsy a little. "I'm not really called Dolly."

"Of course you are, darling. Which reminds me. I think I have a pretty maid's cap for you somewhere. Come along now."

She found a muslin cap and there I was, a little while later, down on my knees scrubbing and rinsing her kitchen floor. At one time, she came by with Jan and saw an area I hadn't done correctly. With that, she pulled a thin cane and whacked my on the backside. As I let out a squeal, she laughed. "Once they're in panties? They're SO much more obedient!" she said.

"You put a man in *panties*?" Jan asked a deep question in her voice.

"Oh yes. Nice lacy ones. And well, I don't really consider them as *men*," Doris said, laughing after a pause in which she thought for a short spell.

"I'm beginning to see why you think that way!" Jan added, sipping from her drink and eyeing me up in a lascivious way..

They lazed around for a while during which Jan got a great giggle out of seeing me actually change Doris into something 'cooler' – a pair of shorts and a sleeveless blouse. "You treat him just like a maid!" she tittered.

"And why not?" Doris retorted. "Dolly? Brush out my hair a little when you're done, would you?"

I was starting to get a little nervous by this time. Yes, to be honest, the idea of being at a woman's beck and call had always titillated me – but this was turning into work, and I was getting tired. Not only that, there seemed no end to it. When was I going to be able to



return to my proper life? After I made lunch for both of them – during which I got the cane again for being on the slow side, I cleared up.

“Good!” Doris said. “Now dust the sitting room – and then you can polish the brass work.”

“Miss Doris?” I asked, curtsying as prettily as I knew how. “May I use the phone?” (Intending to call both Bobbi and Alison to give me an alibi for the rest of the day if necessary).

“No.” Doris said. “I have work for you.”

I couldn’t help it. Both Doris and Jan giggled as I curtsied and thanked Doris very much like a good little maid.

Later on that afternoon, well after Jan had gone, Doris had me stand in front of her. “Now Dolly. I want you to know that I’d have maybe let you go a lot sooner if you’d answered the phone at your office a lot sooner?”

This thought had not escaped me during the day. I bobbed a quick curtsy. “I’ve figured that out ma’am. I won’t be so slow the next time.”

“Guess it’s time for your reward then. Bend over, away from me if you don’t mind?”

“Reward ma’am?” I said, seeing the cane in her hand.

“Yes dear. I know how you sissies look forward to demonstrations of power. Do as I tell you now, please.”

A few seconds later I faced her, my face all streaked with tears. Did not feel appreciative of the six cuts she’d taken at my practically unprotected backside. “Now darling? Come here please,” she said softly and I advanced on her, suddenly wide eyed at the perfume bottle in her hand, “Just a little touch now darling!” she said, applying some behind each ear. “Can’t have the other girls thinking you’re a slut now, can we?” And to my own shame, I nodded submissively as she touched behind each ear. “Off you go now! I’ll be in touch with you sooner or later!”

My cell wasn’t working so I had to call from a gas station. Naturally, I didn’t have any change so had to go into the office. The guy that served me was no problem but I saw a woman sales assistant sniff, then look at me suspiciously. Luckily, Bobbi had gone home so I went to the office first – had to spend a fair amount of time in the Men’s room washing behind my ears before I felt safe enough to go home. I still felt the sting of the cane on my backside. To be truthful, I’d always had fantasies of women spanking or debasing me physically. There was some sexual excitement as I thought how Doris had abused me, but I had to admit that I didn’t care for the actual pain that much.

Nothing happened that night as Alison seemed busy on one of her projects. I went over and over in my mind about what I should tell Bobbi the following day about the existence of ‘Dolly’ but could not come up with anything. I did make a practice of grabbing for the phone every time in an effort to cut off any of my lady friends from the department store who might call. I tried to give Bobbi the excuse that I felt she was doing far too much work but this was so patently absurd that she looked at me strangely and shook her head disbelievingly, but we left that alone. She had been impressed by Miss Murger. There was something about some research job that Bobbi felt she had time for. I had other things on

my mind though and just shooed her thoughts away. Told her that I had to thing on the matter but didn't see us having any need to take on any more work. She seemed quite disappointed, but I just ignored her.

Her ignorance lasted about another day. I wasn't stupid enough to figure that my 'gang' of ladies were done with me, but must admit that the respite I received did make me start to feel more comfortable. I went in to work that morning to find Iris and Edith already there, waiting for me in my office. Bobbi had already made them coffee and they all had settled down in my absence. From Bobbi's demeanor, I guessed that they had not told her about me being Dolly and hoped that this would continue to be the case. Wasn't to be, however.

"Good morning Dolly." Iris said, followed by Edith..

"Good morning ladies," I said affably, trying not to look at Bobbi as I acknowledged the name. But worse was to come. "We said good morning Dolly! You know better than to answer us like that," Edith said to me.

"And say good morning properly to Bobbi as well!" Iris added. "Say it properly to all of us now!"

"Good morning Miss Iris," I started, curtsying.

"Not deep enough!" she broke in immediately. "You can curtsy nicer than that!"

In front of Bobbi's disbelieving stare now I curtsied deeply to each of the ladies, including her, and wished them 'good morning'.

"Much better Dolly!" Iris said immediately, nodding. "Now come and sit on my lap like a good little girl. Put your thumb in your mouth and don't speak until I tell you to do so. Okay Dolly?"

"Yes Miss Iris," I said bobbing and placed myself on her lap, my thumb in my mouth.

"That's better," she said comfortably. "Now Bobbi? If you don't mind, I'd suggest that you take the chair normally taken by him. The one behind the desk." She patted my head. "That's what you want, isn't it Dolly?"

Obediently I nodded.

"I don't know what's going on!" Bobbi laughed, but she went and sat on my chair, her eyes curious as they took me in, cuddled into Iris's lap and sucking gratefully on my finger. (To be quite honest, I was actually happy at being forced to be speechless – there really was nothing I could say). So I sucked diligently and kept my eyes on Bobbi's face as Iris started to talk. "You'll understand why I've asked you to sit on the seat of authority so to speak. You see, Kenneth here is actually nothing more than a scared little submissive transvestite. We discovered that he is actually the boss of a woman and," she patted my cheek possessively, "this is patently ridiculous. He is built to do what women require of him. Isn't that so, pet?" She gave me a nice smile as I slowly nodded in agreement.

Edith broke in. "A bunch of us work in a ladies department in a department store. Iris has a wonderful knack for identifying male submissives. As it so happens we've got used to having one around – they're SO handy! We'd just lost our most recent one and in this little lamb walks last week! Iris picked up on him right away! Just what the doctor or-

dered!" She looked at me coyly. "I hear that you were Doris's little maid the other day? She said that you have definite talent!"

I didn't answer, which was answer enough I guess. "But I don't get it? Why are you telling ME all this?" Bobbi blurted out.

"Well dear? Obvious!" Iris said. "Can't have a little submissive like him going around being the boss of a *woman* now, can we? Don't know what his relationship is with his wife – but he obviously thought he was YOUR boss! Can't have THAT!"

Bobbi laughed. "But he IS. He's the one that pays the paychecks. Not much of a job to tell the truth, I don't have much to do – but it gives me lots of free time to do my handi-crafts and studying."

"Fine. If that's the way you want to keep it," Edith said. "It's just that we wanted to warn you."

"Warn me? About what, exactly?" Bobbi said, looking puzzled.

Edith blushed. She actually got red to the roots of her hair. "Well? Most of us – some of us? Like to have our little submissive look and act the part. The last one was a bit gawky and had an awful time even looking like a girl. . Dolly here? Once she learns the ropes? I'd imagine she makes a good-looking little girl – and some of us? We like to . eh . . eh . . well you know! "

"Want the little boys to act like little girls." Iris explained dryly. "Which means that you'll probably notice some changes in what he wears and how he looks over the coming months. Until we know his wife better? We'll probably have him keep some clothes here."

"Clothes?" Bobbi asked.

"We haven't got him too much yet," Iris apologized "As we like to break them in gently." She smiled at me and pointed to some small parcels at her feet. "You can buy more – if you feel you should," she said to me.

"I still don't get it. Clothes?" Bobbi repeated.

Iris shrugged, putting her eyes back on her. "Well, we can't ask him to do maid things without being dressed properly, can we?"

Bobbi sat back in my chair a sort of knowledge breaking over her face. "You mean – like *girl* clothes?"

Iris beamed. "Exactly!" She looked at her watch. "Naturally, us girls would like you to join us, but it's up to you. We just figured that you of all people should get the chance."

"Join you?" Bobbi said.

"Well, here's four of us at the store just now, but generally a girl who does hair – or nails will join in – and his wife is always an unknown of course." She looked at Bobbi and shook her head. "You still don't have any idea of what I'm talking about, do you?"

Edith laughed and butted in. "He's like an *asset* dear. Kinda difficult at first having a man who does your bidding. But wonderful in it's own way. Housework is less of a problem – and it's SO nice having a sex toy – if that's what you like of course! If you're one of

the *originals*? You can pretty well call on his services any time he's free. If not? You may have to wait in line."

I felt my mouth form into a perfect zero and my eyes lock into Bobbi's as I sucked my thumb desperately. "You dress him up like a girl? And have him do girl things?" She asked, with some horror in her voice, I thought.

"Well? Dressing him, and doing him up is strictly an option," Iris said. "Depends on the user of course."

"But it's really what the little darlings want!" Edith added. "They don't feel right, unless they're being bossed around properly! Isn't that *right*, Dolly?" she asked me.

I was saved the embarrassment of answering her as Bobbi broke in. "But you've brought some clothes for him already? How can you possibly know his sizes and stuff like that?"

"Oh," Iris said. "To begin with, some of us specialize in women's clothes and can take some pretty good guesses. On top of that, having him try on some nightgowns and robes gives us a pretty good idea."

"You had him in nightgowns and robes?" asked Bobbi in amazement. "Where and when?"

"Oh. Never told you that bit." Iris said. "That was the day when he came in to have a look. I recognized him for what he was almost immediately. Once he knew that I knew him? He modeled everything for us very nicely." She gave me a fond grin.

"That where the 'Dolly' name came in?" Bobbi asked.

"Not really. That was after we let him leave. We all thought that Dolly was so appropriate. Most sissies want to be called Melissa or Tiffany these days – but we thought Dolly was just SO nice. And he doesn't have any say on it, so he's Dolly now." She chuckled me under the chin. "But we've taken enough time now. We'll have to be taking off now. You want to be part of us?" She addressed her last comments to Bobbi.

My spirits, such as they were took a sudden lift when Bobbi said. "Make my boss Dolly? I don't really know." Then they sank again as Edith said, getting up. "Well, it's up to you dear, but put your name in now. You may want him before too long."

Then Bobbi looked at me. "What do you think, Kenneth?"

"You can take your thumb out of your mouth and answer her Dolly," Iris said, but as I did so, Bobbi smiled at me. "I'm sorry dear – I meant *Dolly* of course."

I blushed, and she said. "Don't forget to thank the ladies for their nice presents now dear!"

And in front of the three women, I curtsied and thanked Miss Iris for their presents. Saw them to the outer door then curtsied them goodbye and shut the door. I walked back into my office. Saw immediately that Bobbi hadn't moved from my chair and was looking very thoughtful. She put her chin on her hands and regarded me. "Well? I must admit that all that comes as quite a shock. I think we might want to discuss Miss Murger again? So Dolly? Why don't you put a coffee on for both of us? We can then sit and have a nice chat. I like mine black – with two sugars please?"