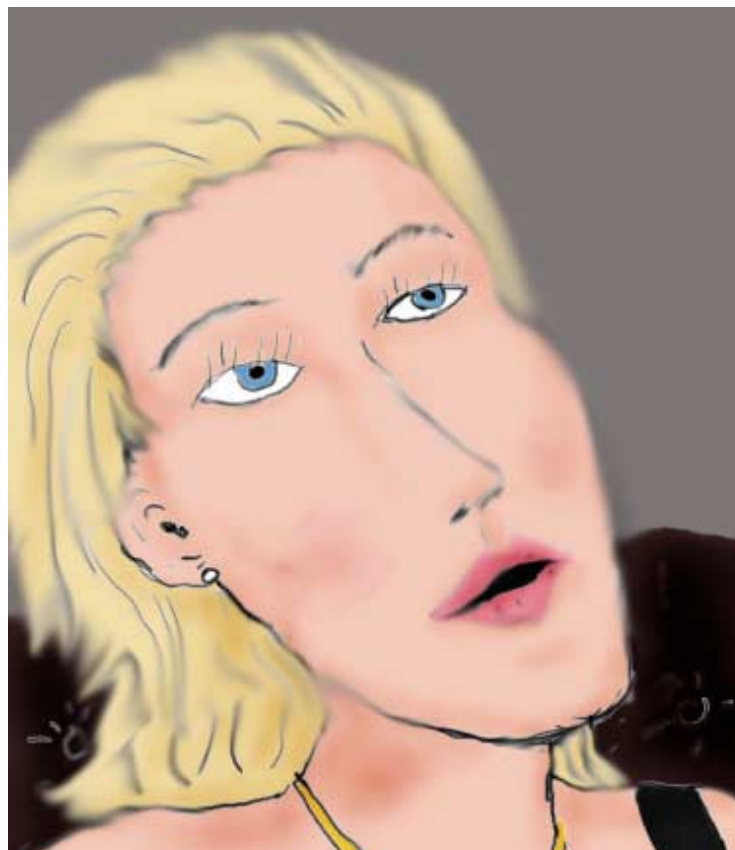




Reluctant Press presents:

The Seductress

Alisson Makkonen



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. HAIGHT

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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The Seductress

Alisson Makkonen

What a life: wake up, go to the same classes at the university every day. I love the dance classes I take in the evenings twice a week. “Who knows, maybe I can become the transgender version of Ginger Rogers,” I said, laughing, to myself as I poured another cup of coffee. It is a cloudy, rainy Sunday morning; I slept in late after a bizarre Saturday night. As I sat down, I began to stare off into space and recount the last five months and how my choices and decisions got me into the pickle I had gotten myself in.

“God, so much has happened. I don’t know if I can remember everything,” I think, shaking my head as tears formed in the corner of my eyes. It was January when I enrolled here at the University of New Mexico to finish my last semester of college. Being up here was my haunt, since I first came out dress as a female for my first real experience. Settling into my upstairs two-bedroom apartment, I decided I was going to make this one hell of a semester.

I was tickled to drive to the apartment in the car I had just finished putting together. “The Flaming Hornet,” I nicknamed her. It was a 1994 Z 28 Camaro, painted sunshine yellow with black rally stripes on her. I lovingly replaced the torn-up interior with a new black and gray interior. On the front fenders I had a graphic applied above the Z 28 emblem: a bumblebee with a long flame shooting out its rear end. I had a spark plug built into the exhaust pipe so when I threw a switch, flames would shoot out the exhaust pipes. I had no idea how this car was going to play into what subsequently happened and what attention this automobile would gather.

I plundered a large portion of my left over financial aid to build her, but I figured, “What the hell! I deserve it after that bastard repossessed my Explorer while I was laid up recuperating from surgery, just because the payment was late.” I thought my government check would help support me until I found a part-time job while going to school.

I went online to look for a job that would be exciting but wouldn't interfere with my class schedule. Looking over the ads, it was the same thing over and over. I wouldn't mind being a bartender at a club but I didn't have the time to get my bartender's degree.

Chuckling to myself, I thought it would be a hoot to work as a female bartender at a strip club, watching the men squirm in their seats, staring at the girls up on stage as they gyrated their stuff around the stage with their g-strings stuffed full of dollar bills. Recovering from my little fantasy, I resumed searching for a job.

Frustrated, I switched to an "alternative" paper and looked at its ads. Most of them were for photographers looking for females to model nude. The salaries were attractive but I didn't think I would fill their bill, although I had finally been able to shed the extra pounds the hormones stuck on me when I started taking them. I looked pretty good in those halter gowns I had purchased with my school money.

The next ad I ran across read, "Escorts wanted. Females only." Eyes widening, I read on. "No males need apply."

How could I fit into this scenario? With my implants and legal name change, I met fifty percent of the qualifications. There was another ad seeking not only escorts but also a driver/security. That sounded interesting. "What the hell, lets give it a shot," I mumbled to myself.

I dialed the number and waited. Finally I heard a female voice; all she said was "Hello". A little taken back, I first thought I had a wrong number. I decided to go with it anyway.

"Yes, I am calling in reference to your ad for a driver, is it still available?" I inquired.

"Do you have a form of safe and reliable transportation?"

Smiling to myself, I assured her that was no problem. I then informed her I was attending college and asked if a schedule around my classes could be arranged if I was eligible for the job. Betraying no emotion in her voice, she asked if I could come by and fill out an application the next afternoon. As I hung up the phone, it didn't dawn on me I had never given her my name nor discussed the salary. I figured it was going to be a very interesting interview.

The Big Interview

I had a hard night sleeping with the anticipation of seeing the expression on this lady's face when I walked in for the interview. I woke up, put on my bathing suit and headed over to school for my early aerobics class. I was going to enjoy this class, as it offered low impact on the back with exercises to tighten up my tummy muscles. I had two more classes after that, Algebra at ten and theater right after lunch. At two o'clock, I would run home, get dressed and head over to the interview.

At two, class let out and I rushed over to the parking garage, right across the compound from my theater class. Jumping into the Hornet, I was getting excited. I always appreciate the shock one gets when they look at me; I was hoping for nothing less from this potential employer.

I had the new stereo system “bumping,” as my son refers to it. With all my pent-up excitement, I couldn’t resist smoking my tires just a little on the slick surface. Laugh if you will, I was bumping to Tommy Dorsey’s song, “In the Mood.” The young kid at the gate just stared as I came roaring out of the garage, tires smoking and that weird music emitting out the windows.

Maneuvering through thick traffic like a professional racecar driver determined to win, I made it across town in record time in my Hornet, flames shooting out the rear end whenever I hit the button. I idled into the parking lot, trying not to annoy my new neighbors.

I decided a short pinstriped pencil skirt, thigh-high hose and a white button-up blouse with matching jacket would be appropriate to wear. With my skirt short enough to bare my thighs when I sit down, I figured I would use my long nyloned legs to either excite or aggravate someone. After laying out my outfit, I went into the bathroom and refreshed my make up from the day, slightly darkening my eyeliner to give my baby blue eyes a seductive look. I finished the outfit with a pair of ankle strap heels that had a small padlock tying the straps together around each ankle. I grabbed a black purse to match my outfit.

Checking the lock on my apartment door, I turned and headed down the stairs gingerly to keep from stepping wrong and twisting my ankle. With time a concern, upon reaching the bottom of the stairs, I broke into a quick jog. Checking the address I had been given me on the phone, I figured the drive would take about twenty minutes.

Reaching the South Valley, I pulled up in front of a quaint, discreet home set back out of view of traffic. I turned into the drive, which circled in front of the front door. Old emotions came back, causing me to question whether I really wanted to go forward with this interview. After sitting there a good five minutes, I raised my head to see the face of a lovely raven-haired, brown-eyed young lady who was about to tap on the driver’s side window. As I rolled down my window, she shot me a friendly smile.

“Hi,” she said. “Can I help you with something? You seem lost sitting there.”

“I am sure I’m not lost. I have the right place,” I said, returning her smile.

I found out her name was Roxanne; everyone called her Roxi. I told her that I had talked to a woman, whom I assumed to be the owner, about a job as a driver.

“Judging by the way you’re dressed, I would have assumed you were applying for a job as an escort, not a driver”, she commented as my dress hiked up and exposed the lace tops of my stockings as I stepped out of the Hornet.

“Beautiful car,” Roxi commented as we turned to go into the house. “What does the little bumble bee with his butt on fire represent?” she asked. I was able to explain my reason for nicknaming the car.

Sensing my reluctance to go in, Roxi grabbed my arm and said, “Come on in, girl. The boss awaits your presence; she mentioned to me and the other girls that someone was coming for an interview for the job. I am to let her know when you arrive.”

She literally pulled me through the front door into a smartly furnished living room with several girls sitting around watching a big screen wall-mounted television. None of them were paying attention to Roxi and I as we came in. She led me down the hall to the first room on the left. Rapping on the door, Roxi stuck her head in the door and an-

nounced that a person was here for an interview. With that, she smiled at me and retreated to the front room.

A stern female voice invited me in to take a seat. She was a lady I figured to be in her early fifties. She had short smartly styled blonde hair and was dressed in a pinstriped pants suit; she sat behind a desk. Her name was Mary, I assumed, by the nameplate sitting on her desk. She was coy and sized me up before looking down again, busying herself.

After a moment she spoke. "You are very lovely and I see you went out of your way to dress very smartly. However, I am assuming you are a transitioning transsexual woman. Unfortunately we do not deal with that type of escort. Thank you for coming in, Excuse me if I don't show you out."

Shocked over having one of the fastest interviews in my life, I recovered quick enough to say, "I am not here for an escort job, but the job as a driver. I talked to you by phone yesterday afternoon."

Looking up and staring at me through her half glasses, she paused a minute and then spoke again. "I am sorry I mistook you for a male by your voice on the phone, however, I am still afraid I can not use you. That position is reserved for males. Again, thank you for coming by."

Looking down once again, she used her finger to motion me to the door to leave. Anxiety over being rejected was quickly replaced by anger. Refusing to leave without an explanation, I bothered her with one more question before leaving.

"I am an extremely busy woman who does not have the luxury of time to fool around with someone like you. However, I will make your day and allow it," she said, tossing her glasses on her accounting book.

Enraged by her pompous attitude, I roared, "It seems I am not woman enough to be an escort for this agency and not male enough to be a driver for it either. Just what do you think I am?"

Stopping to think for a moment, she opened a drawer and took out a job application. She handed it to me and told me to fill it out. As soon as I finished, we would talk. Quickly filling it out, I handed it back to her; she sat looking directly at me the whole time.

"Now, let me see. Allison, would you care to enlighten me as to why you chose to work at an escort agency when your ambitions are to become a therapist in the gender field? I don't see how the two tie together."

I informed her I wanted to experience many things in life and working at such a place intrigued me, as opposed to hawking lingerie at one of the mall department stores.

"Hawking lingerie?" she repeated after me, mocking me. As she returned to studying my application, I began to think that maybe selling lingerie was not such a bad idea after all. The concept of the employee discount raced through my mind and I began to think that maybe I should get up and leave.

As I was about to excuse myself, Mary began to speak, saying, "You know, Allison, I do not tolerate any insubordination from my employees."

I replied, "I guess it doesn't matter because I am not an employee nor do I intend to be," as I headed for the door.

"On the contrary, Allie, as you will be referred to from now on, welcome to the family," Mary said with a smile on her face, motioning me back to my chair in front of her desk. She said the job only paid eight dollars an hour, however she was willing to work around my class schedule. I figured that would suffice until graduation in May.

Still recovering from the interview, I got up and followed her to the front room. As we walked in, Mary clapped her hands to get the other girls' attention.

"Ladies, I would like to introduce Allie, our new escort driver. She has met all the requirements. Since you young ladies must ride in Allie's car to and from your appointments, you will decide if she passes the final test."

Young Roxi beamed knowingly since she had already been introduced to the Hornet. She just sat in her chair as the others formed at the door. One of the young escorts named Barbara smarted off."

"Watch it be some worn-out four-door, old person's car that will embarrass us to tears when we pull up to meet our clients."

All the other girls began to laugh as I flushed with anger from her snide remark.

"Well, is it as Barb described it to us?" Mary asked as she turned to look at my dismay.

"I am afraid she hit the nail on the head," I said as I pushed past everyone to leave in disgust. As the front door opened, the sun hit the Hornet perfectly, causing a beam of light to temporarily blind the girls. Quickly, I unlocked the door and tried to get the car started as the girls ran out to ogle the Hornet. Surrounding me, they began to plead with me not to leave and said how sorry they were for Barbara's smart aleck comment.

"Okay girls, go back into the house. I am satisfied that the car meets your approval," Mary said, clapping her hands together. Opening the passenger door, Mary sat down next to me in my car.

"As I said in my office, Allison, welcome to the family. By the way, I do not take walking out on me lightly, when I make the decision to welcome someone into my organization," she said sternly. "Now take me for a ride," she said as she closed the door. Returning from the ride, Mary told me to go home, gather my schedule, get some rest and report back to work after my last class ended the next day.

The Restful Night

I didn't know if I should celebrate or reconsider coming back tomorrow. Mary was a different kind of person. I prided myself on being able to read someone's attitude and personality. She had done a complete one-eighty from being ready to toss me out the door to welcoming me to the family. Speaking of the "family," I was unsure as to why she kept referring to everyone that way. Laughing to myself, I thought maybe I should refer to her as "The Godmother." Little did I know how true this passing thought would eventually prove to be.

As soon as I got home, I checked my messages on my computer and sent a quick message to my ex-wife, filling her in that I had gotten the job. I went in and changed into my new tights to go to dance class, something I had dreamed of doing for a long time. I grabbed a bottle of water and left for class.

I felt out of place walking into the studio with all the women being much smaller than me. I reminded myself that I was going to do it and I should stop making myself so self-conscious. I sat down on a bench to wait for class to start. The instructor, a tall thin, muscular-looking woman with shoulder-length auburn hair pulled up into a bun smiled and greeted all her new students. She introduced herself as Rita, and then she sat down on the floor in front of all 10 students. She said that before everyone left, they would be versed in ballroom, cha-cha and a country swing dance steps.

Looking up, I noticed ten males walking in behind her. She said, "You don't think I would expect you ladies to dance with each other, would you?"

My heart sank; I would really look out of place dancing with an individual several inches smaller than me. Standing in the back, however, was a handsome sort, six feet six inches tall. I found out later his name was Peter, or Pete, as he preferred to be called. He was several years younger than me. Age didn't matter as much as having someone to look up to while learning to dance.

Rita looked at me as she saw me let out a sigh of relief and she giggled. "I hope you like Pete, I grabbed him especially for you. I knew you would need a big guy when we met at registration."

After everyone was paired up with their male partners, who were already well versed in all the steps, Rita announced the dance, walked over to her stereo system and started the music. Pete took it slow with me at the start, coaching me as he put me through the paces. Never having danced in the role of a female, I had to learn to follow instead of lead. I felt clumsy and awkward at first. With each glance into Pete's reassuring eyes, though, I began to move more graciously to the music.

"There you go, now you're getting it," he said, followed by, "I am leading, relax, Allie."

All in all, I really enjoyed the next hour and half of dancing. Walking out the door, I stopped to thank Rita for finding me such a wonderful dance partner.

She smiled and said, "I figured you would feel more comfy with a big guy. He is one of the best so just follow his leads and you will be dancing like a pro before you know it."

Everyone was discussing what they were going to do since it was only seven-thirty. Some of the girls asked me if I wanted to join them for a drink, but I had classes again tomorrow and was starting a new job, so I had better take a rain check. Normally I am a night owl and do not get to bed much before two AM. Tonight I promised myself I was going to make an honest attempt at getting into bed at a decent time.

Walking into my apartment, I noticed an instant message on my computer screen from Jan, my ex-wife. I sat down to read it and as I had expected, she was chastising me for taking a job working at an escort agency.

"What are you thinking? You have a lot more talent. You could get a job other than working for an escort agency," she wrote.

“Sounds like Jan,” I thought to myself and then started laughing. I tried to contact her, however, she must have fallen asleep. My friend Neil popped up next, saying hi, welcoming me to Albuquerque and commenting that he would like to meet sometime soon so he could finally get a look at the street rod I had been boasting about. It was now almost eight-thirty and I was still feeling rather spry, so I asked him, “What’re you up to now?”

“What do you have in mind?” he wrote back.

“Well it’s still early, why don’t you come on over, we’ll make some coffee and we can meet in person,” I responded. He liked the idea and I gave him my address. He said he lived close by and would be over in about a half an hour. I signed off and went into the kitchen to get some coffee started.

I changed from my dance tights into a gown and my big white fuzzy house robe and got the coffee ready by the time there was a rap at the door. I went to shake his hand—old habits die hard. He reached up and gave me a hug hello. Walking into the living room, he asked me if that was the Camaro tucked away underneath its cover. I told him I hated to see it get dirty so I kept it under wraps at night.

In my little dining nook, Neil spied a Katana sword displayed on the Entertainment center.

“Nice sword,” he said enthusiastically.

“Go ahead and take a look if you want,” I encouraged him. I remembered Neil telling me about all the martial arts he had studied. After he put the sword back up, we sat down and chatted for about an hour and a half. I enjoyed talking to him; he was almost twenty years younger than me, but we had a lot in common when it came to automobiles. As he was leaving, I asked him if some day if he would give me some pointers on how to use my katana. I told him about my dance classes and how I thought it might be fun to combine the two for a routine I could perform in some of the drag shows in town.

He said, “Sure, we’ll see what we can work out.” A quick hug and he left.

It was ten-thirty; a quick shower and I would be ready for bed. Dried off, I redressed in a silky red baby doll and started to climb into bed when the phone rang.

“Damn, it’s eleven. Who would be calling?” I mumbled to myself.

“Good evening Allie, this is Mary. I was calling to make sure you were in bed,” she quizzed me over the phone.

“I was just getting under the covers now, Mary,” I responded.

“I expect you to be in bed by ten every night unless you are working, then I will make an exception. Now get some sleep, we have a busy day tomorrow and I don’t need you yawning around the office.” I sat on the edge of my bed with my mouth open in awe that she had the nerve to set a time for me to be in bed. I bid her goodnight and reassured her I was now going to sleep.

Rather than let it bother me, I lay down and it wasn’t long before I was going into a light sleep. The buzzing of the doorbell awakened me. Slipping on my robe, I stumbled to the door in the dark, not turning on any lights. I peaked through the peephole in the door, saw Mark and slapped my head.

"Damn, I forgot I told him he could stop by after work," I reminded myself. Mark became more aggressive, knocking on the door.

I pulled the door open and told him, "Damn, sweetie, don't wake up the whole neighborhood please!" Pushing in, he swept me up into his arms and kissed me really hard.

Breaking his kiss, he asked, "Did you forget I was coming over after work?"

"I'm sorry honey but it's been a strange day and I completely forgot you were coming over," I said in a little girl's voice.

"No problem," he said. "I'm here now and we have the whole night to play."

"Uh, I am afraid not, sweetie," I said as he headed towards the kitchen to see if I had a cold beer in the fridge. Grabbing a beer, he came strolling back into the living room where I had crawled into my recliner.

"Look, I waited over a year for us to be alone. I went nuts waiting for you to get settled down so we could be alone," he said with a perturbed look on his face. "What is it, Allie? Are you playing mind games with me?" he said in a voice that sounded like he was refraining from yelling at me.

I told him to sit down between my legs and I would rub his back while he drank his beer. I explained what had happened to me that day. When I said words like "family," "in-subordination" and "required bedtime," he would tense up. When I finally told him I was supposed to be in bed by her orders, Mark pulled away and turned to face me,

"Screw that, Allie, I won't tolerate some stranger dictating if we can see each other or not by imposing a bedtime on you," he said, trying to refrain from exploding. "I don't want you to work there, Allie. I don't like it," he said, pulling me down to the floor with him.

Instead of aggravating Mark any more, I just submitted to him as he laid me back with his arm supporting my head. He leaned down and began kissing me softly, saying, "I am not going to have someone come between us, not now after waiting all this time." He reached down, untied my robe and gasped as he saw my semi-transparent red baby doll draped over my new breasts.

"My God, they are beautiful," he said as he reached down to fondle one. As he did, I involuntarily let out a little moan of pleasure. Needing no encouragement, he pulled the straps of my nightgown down and took one into his mouth.

"Oh my God, Mark," I said as I ran my fingers through his hair. While he was sucking on my nipples, he moved his hand down between my legs, grabbed me and began to masturbate me. I was getting so turned on, my hips began to move up and down in time with his movements. Lifting his head from my breast, he smiled at me and stopped touching me.

"Don't stop, please don't stop, that's not fair," I began protesting.

Mark reached down, took my hand, pulled me up into his arms and kissed me deeply.

"Come on, lets move this into the bedroom where it can be done properly," he said as he steered me into bed. I dropped my robe, pulled my gown off and jumped into bed as Mark began shedding his clothes also. As he reached the edge of the bed, I stopped him at

the edge of the bed; I took his swollen penis into my mouth and worked him into a raging lather. Not being able to contain himself, he pushed me back onto the bed, spread my legs and he entered me. Gasping from his rough entry, I began to protest, electricity began shooting through me. It didn't last long before he and I climaxed simultaneous.

Smiling at him, I asked, "I thought we were going to take our first time slow?"

"I figured I could contain myself, but you brought the animal out in me, you little minx," he said, panting heavily.

After cleaning ourselves up, it wasn't long before we were both sound asleep in each other's arms. Last thing I remember was looking at the clock and seeing that it was quarter to one.

Mark had to be off to work by four thirty AM so he didn't get much sleep; he woke up yawning and stretching as he climbed out of bed. He quickly dressed, leaned over and kissed me before leaving.

"Will you be ready and waiting for me just as you were last night when I get off work?" he asked, rubbing my arm.

"I will be if I don't have to work late tonight," I said, still half asleep.

"I thought we decided that matter last night," he said, perturbed again.

I woke up and pushed past him to make a pot of coffee. "Look Mark, I need the extra income right now to keep this apartment," I said, aggravated with him. "Let me go check it out and if it gets any weirder than it was yesterday, I will quit and call you to let you know, OKAY?"

Taking a cup from me, he shook his head in disgust. He finally agreed to let me go ahead and give my new job a try. Mark left for work and I sat down to drink a cup of coffee. At five AM, my cell phone rang.

"Good morning, Allie," Mary greeted me. "Did you have a full night's sleep, my dear?" she asked in a very pleasant voice, one I had not heard from her.

"Yes I did, thank you, is there an important reason for this predawn wake-up call?" I inquired.

"No, just checking up on you, making sure you are up and ready for school and work," she said nonchalantly. She wished me a good morning and hung up. I sat down and began to wonder if my choice to chase after something on a whim was a good idea after all.

The Dawn of a New Beginning

Since I was up, I decided I needed a shower after last night. Before showering, I decided I should be dressed and ready to go to work right after my lab class. I chose a navy blue button up coatdress. I figured I should wear a slip so I chose a dark blue one with a black lace bodice. Instead of thigh highs, I picked out a simple pair of black panty hose a black push-up bra and a lacy thong. It took me not quite an hour to shower, pin my hair up and apply my makeup. I made my bed, and then got dressed.

It was a little after six when I decided to turn on the computer and see if I could catch Jan to talk to her before she left for work. As usual she had been up and chatting in her Christian chat room. Being a worrywart, she was not happy with the idea of me working in the escort business. I kept assuring her I was no more than a delivery girl for the agency and I would not have any direct contact with the clients. Her primary concern was with the legitimacy of the agency and whether the things going on were legal. By the time she had to go, she was still not happy with my decision. I told her to have a good day; I would have to talk to her tomorrow morning since I was not sure of what hours I would be working yet.

Mark had gotten to work, saw I was on and text messaged me. He was still on Cloud Nine after our little sexual encounter last night and having me sleep curled up next to him all night. I told him Mary had called right after he left for work. Big mistake on my part! He was outraged and demanded to know what her game was, keeping tabs on me. I told him jokingly, "Maybe she is hot for my body." That, too, was a bad thing to tell him. He started acting like a jealous lover at the idea this woman would be so bold as to chase me.

He demanded to know what I planned on doing if this was the case. Not wanting to waste any more time discussing this issue with him, I decided to reassure him I was just joking. I told him to go home after work and have a roll in the hay with his girlfriend and everything would be better.

Still argumentative, he typed, "After experiencing sex with you finally last night, I want to come home to you."

I wanted to stop and pick up some breakfast before going to class, which meant that I had to leave soon. I texted back, "At this point, I don't know what will happen and I will call you when I do know something." I signed off and left.

I dropped in at an all-you-can-eat breakfast bar, since I would probably not get to eat anything else that day. I made it to class and sat half asleep in the back of the room. I was not looking forward to the two-hour lab from noon until two. I was bored and tired; I kept watching the clock, hoping it would hurry up and end. Work was looking more and more attractive as my day moved ahead.

By the time class was over, my eyes were red and strained that I knew my butt was going to be on the block with Mary unless I did something fast which meant dropping into a store to pick up a bottle of Visine.

A little before three, I pulled up in front of that discreet house down in the south valley. I walked up to the door and began to knock when Roxi pulled the door open and gave me a big hug hello. "What was that for?" I asked as she grabbed my hand to lead me in.

"I didn't get a chance to congratulate you on getting the job yesterday before you left so I wanted to be the first today to do it."

Barb walked up behind Roxi, pushed her out of the way and also gave me a hug. I kind of pulled away and gave her a stern look after little smart comment.

"I am really sorry about embarrassing you yesterday, will you forgive me?" she said sincerely. I accepted her apology but also told her that when I had to take her anywhere, she would have to sit in the back seat.

Not backing down, she said, "Oh, but you will love me before we are through. What you don't realize is that we will be working together for a long time, Allie."

Mary stepped out of her office and said, "Allie, good. I like to see an employee who is punctual."

She motioned me into her office with that same finger that was used to motion me out the door yesterday about this same time. I knew at that point that her finger and I were going to have issues before we were through. As I walked into her office, I attempted to hand her my class schedule. Instead, she handed me my work schedule.

She said, "I am way ahead of you. I called a friend at the university who faxed me your schedule this morning so we could save time hashing through it."

She then led me to the room across the hall from hers which she informed me was where I would conduct my scheduling of the girls and take some of the burden off her, screening calls before handing the serious clients over to her to deal with.

"Besides answering phones, you will collect the money from the clients when you drop the girls off," she continued.

I looked at her and asked, "I thought I was just going to be a driver?"

"After you left yesterday, I decided I needed an assistant and I liked your attitude, just don't make a habit of it," she said.

I looked my work schedule over as she took a seat in front of my desk. She had me working three PM to midnight five days a week and all day on Saturday and Sunday.

"Is there a problem?" she asked.

"A rather hefty schedule, isn't it?" I asked.

"Complaining already?" she asked, glaring at me.

"Oh no, just as long as I get Saturday nights free so I can perform in the occasional drag show downtown and have a chance to run for queen of the local court," I said, filling her in on my desires.

"We can work around it," she said.

I thought it would be funny to see what the boss would do, so I picked up the drop off schedule. I busied myself with it and shook my finger at her, motioning to the door as if saying, "You may leave now."

Taken aback with my little jest, she said, "I can see I am going to have my hands full with you." and she left.

The schedule showed I had to take Barb and a girl named Cyndi to the airport Hilton at five and meet the clients in their room. I had to come back in time to pick Roxi up and take her to the Hilton downtown at six PM. The girls were scheduled for three hours each, so I figured once I had them safely at their designated places, I could come back and do some homework assignments between screenings phone calls for Mary. At four-thirty, I rounded the girls up, inspected them and loaded them into the car; I put Barbara in the back seat as promised.

At my first stop, I met with the clients and had them give me an itinerary of their plans for the evening. I collected the fees from both men, who were probably in their late thirties. They told me they were junior accountants from Phoenix, in town to audit some of their corporate office books. Although I wasn't asked to do it, I figured I would make a little black book with clients' information so if there were callbacks, I would remember them.

Looking at my watch, I saw it was time to get Roxi to her appointment. I was glad I had decided to go ahead and bring her along instead of going back to pick her up. At this drop off, things went much the same as with the previous one. This one was an older man, closer to my age. He was from Dallas and owned a small cattle feed lot and meat packing company. He was very friendly towards me and as he walked me to the door, he asked if I was one of the girls. I smiled and cordially informed him I was just a lowly assistant and gofer. "Pity," he said as he closed the door as I left.

Driving back, I was feeling pretty good about this job; it was pretty much what I hoped it would be. I figured I had better call Mark and tell him I wouldn't be able to meet him after work since I was going to be busy until midnight. It would be better to call before getting back to the office so I would be out of earshot of Mary. As I expected, Mark was not happy with the news but he didn't know exactly what time he was getting off, anyway.

As soon as I got back, I took the money in a bank bag and handed it over to Mary who smiled and asked me how I liked it. "It was pretty much as I hoped it would be," I said as I excused myself and went back into my office to get some studies done.

The phone started to ring and I got busy screening and forwarding the serious inquires to Mary. Soon she called me in and handed me a new list of clients' times and locations. "Mary wasn't kidding when she said tonight was going to be busy," I thought.

