



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# GLORIA: A WORKING GIRL

Philippa Peters



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An 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# GLORIA: A WORKING GIRL

by Philippa Peters

## I. WHAT THE MIRROR TELLS

Fluttering is the only way I can describe the feeling in my chest as I look down at myself and know that those shapely, hairless legs are my own. I parade over to the long mirror to see myself in all my feminine glory. There is no way to tell that those silky legs are not a woman's legs and, when I slip into my high-heeled, black court shoes, I get a sexual thrill. Yes, I am a man; my dress is caressing my womanly, sissified legs and the fluttering in my chest becomes quivering breaths as my smooth arms brush the upper part of my dress and the soft mounds that erupt from me.

I feel the pull of garters on my thighs, the tightness between my legs, the high-cut panties at my waist, and my bra, filled by me. I swirl and let my dress flare so that I can see it all, how I am dressed as a woman. As I turn, now scarcely able to breathe at all, my hair swirls about my bare shoulders. I tremble at the thrill of it all as I look at my face.

I have overdone the shaping of my eyebrows. There is no way they could ever belong to a male, an ordinary male that is. If I put on a suit, they alone would give me away. I wouldn't be wearing the light, softening foundation cream or the vivid lipstick and the thick, heavy eye makeup I'm wearing which has changed regular guy Bertram Jackson into Gloria, me.

I shudder at the thrill of every touch of the gold bracelet on my wrist, the matching earrings so tightly clasped to my ears. I love it. My arm touches my chest again and I feel it as a caress down to my stockinged toes. I can feel myself wanting to move, the slight swaying making my little, black dress swirl against my legs.

Then David comes up behind me and looks at me in the mirror. He is taller than me, even though I have four-inch heels on. I can never tell what he is thinking when he has that look on his face, his eyes locked on mine.

He puts his arm about my waist and I can't help it. I quiver and lean towards him even though I want not to. My hair brushes his face. My long, lovely mass of curls touches his cheek and he leans forward, still very serious, and kisses my neck gently.

David makes a point of imbibing my new perfume and his eyes close just a little. Now I am quivering all over, feeling so womanly, my nipples hard and erect and pushing against the new gel-filled bra I am trying out. I lean back against him and he sighs. He puts his arms around my waist and I lean back against him; his hands open and close, caressing my waist. I watch him as he kisses my neck, then my face, my hair. The fact that it is a wig and glued to me, is not inhibiting him at all.

One of his hands slides up to my breasts and I can feel his caressing through the layers of femininity that separate his eager hands from my feminized chest. His other hand slips down between my legs. I wiggle my silky backside against him, noting how aroused he is.

I feel like a cat. I want to stretch against him, feel him everywhere, and let these repressed feelings loose. I can't hold back any longer and I lean into his shoulder so that he can reach my lips with his mouth. He will make my face a mess, I know, but I can't hold back. I close my eyes. I always do. Only once or twice have I ever seen myself making love with David.

I turn to him and he gives me a crooked, knowing smile. Yes, David is a bastard. He knows that I am a man, underneath my dress and makeup and wonderful hair. But he makes me make love to him as if I am a woman. He strokes me as if I am truly a woman. I can't be too feminine for him. He always comes slowly, to the point that I am usually frantic with stress and repressed desire, willing to have him take me any way he wants. Sometimes I explode and end up spasming against him, everything still tucked away, which gives me the most awful pain you could ever imagine.

David always laughs at that and calls me affectionate names like prick teaser and such but he always cuddles and caresses me after an orgasm, so I feel womanly and girlish and do as he wants. He loves oral sex; he says that I should have been born a girl. If I ever did become a call girl with such a speciality of lovemaking, no one would ever know that Gloria Lloyd was really a man.

The euphoria fades quickly, and I am spent. Gloria has left and now I am just Bertram again, in women's clothes that pinch and hurt. While David wants to be serviced again, I can't do it. I feel male and repulsed by an act of love that seemed so right minutes before when I was a woman, when I was Gloria.

I'm getting better now. I can get the feeling back in a little while. Once, I couldn't and had to run away in my shame, vowing never, ever, to do it again. But Gloria will come back, in new, fresh stockings, a nightie and negligee, her makeup redone and her premature ecstasy conquered. She can now keep David entertained all night, and she will feel all woman as she makes him erupt again and again.

I know that David will take advantage of her, and, when he has filled her up again, we will try to sleep in each other's arms.

Then there is a frantic race in the early morning to tidy up. My wife will be home from work and she knows about Gloria and David. She encourages us to be friends. She knows that we kiss and fondle and that her husband is David's girl friend. She's the one who no-

ticed him looking at me as we went in to that stupid Halloween party. She's the one who left me with him to see what I would do with a man deceived by the way I looked. She's the one who insisted I date him as a female. How could I tell her that he knew all along what I was? She thinks she knows everything and she does, most of the time. The only thing she doesn't know about me is that I, her husband, am more than David's girl friend. I am also his mistress.

I didn't want to go to the damned party at Michelle's.

"You have to," Brenda insisted. "My boss, David Towers, is going to be there! How would it look if you didn't go?"

"I haven't been to any of your office parties before," I began.

"It's been noted," she said acidly.

"And a fancy dress party?" I asked, pulling a face. "Ugh!"

"It's Halloween, for goodness sake!" Brenda yelled at me, tossing a small, red cushion at me.

"It's also money," I said. "All the staff have only a month left at Northern Assurance."

Her mouth dropped. "The rumors were true?"

I nodded bitterly. "I'll get a severance package, but after only three years, it won't be much."

Brenda stared at me. She was tall and thin, nervy, a nail biter, who covered it up with acrylics which I was forever finding in our bed. She didn't eat enough and was now fifteen pounds less than when we were married. She was three years older than me. She wasn't beautiful by any means but when she smiled, she seemed alive and dynamic. I was still in love with that smile.

"Then I'd better jump the reservation, hadn't I?" she said slowly. Brenda used the term that in her firm meant jumping from associate status to junior partner. She had been obsessed with it when we first met two years ago.

Did I mention yet that I am black? Oh, I'm not that dark. Most people don't notice at first but I do help to make quotas and so I have been very acceptable in the lower management circles in which Brenda and I moved. But give a partnership to a white woman with a black husband? I wanted to believe, as she said, that it wouldn't matter, "in this day and age."

But I'd believe in Brenda's partnership when I saw it. We went for a walk, window shopping, until we came to *Ye Olde Maskerade*, a costume shop along Ninth Avenue. "There," said Brenda, pointing to a Mae West outfit. "That's what I'll be for Halloween."

I didn't say a word. *Just like her to be so ambitious*, I thought. There was no way, without a great deal of help, that she could fill out that dress. In the shop, the assistant was really snarky, especially when Brenda objected to the exorbitant deposit the store demanded, never mind the daily fees to keep it until Halloween. But pay the fees she did and then had to buy everything to go with it, like hip pads, stockings, shoes, and the special bra with liquid inserts that the girl promised could be blown up to any size.

Brenda was laughing all the way down Ninth as we headed back to our town house condo. Finally, I broke down and asked her what the secret was. "That girl told me," she giggled, "that I was the first woman ever to wear this dress."

"I can believe it," I said. "The amount of money you've spent for one party would keep us in groceries for a month."

"No, silly," Brenda said. "It's that this dress is always taken out by a man. Can you believe that? A man wearing a dress like this? With fake boobs and wig and all?"

What Brenda had forgotten was that I was supposed to be going with her and I didn't have a clue what my costume would be. I didn't want to spend any more money. That's when Brenda said crossly, "Well, if money's all you're concerned about, you can just go in my clothes."

## II. THE MORNING AFTER

I make Brenda coffee as she comes yawning to brunch on this Saturday morning. She has spent the week out of town representing Hammond, Towers, and Morton in a commercial breach of contract suit.

"Gloria out with David last night?" she asks casually as she takes a boiled egg from the dish I have left for her.

"Yes," I agree. "He was pretty insistent on going out this weekend."

Brenda nods and smiles. "He's got Gloria on the brain," she says lightly. "He does nothing but talk about her all the time I'm in the office. You've really got him fooled, love."

"Any word on your promotion?" I ask. Brenda knows what I'm really asking her. She begged me to put a dress and wig on again and go out with her boss so that she could get an 'in' with him. I, that is Gloria Lloyd, am supposed to be putting in a good word for her with David Towers, ensuring her consideration for the partnership that Brenda is desperate for. When she gets ahead, I can give up the masquerade.

"Any word on a new job?" Brenda asks with a predatory smile. I've been out for over two months and I am starting to get rather desperate. I had to borrow from Brenda this month just to make ends meet. That's not counting the makeup, perfume and new shoes she had to buy for Gloria. She knows I can't do much else than support her campaign to win a spot in the firm by influencing the son of the major partner, old Benjamin Towers himself. As she's said on more than one occasion, what else do I have to do?

So, by night time, Brenda's off with her friends on some drinking binge, and I'm, that is, Gloria is, sitting in the back of a limousine that David has sent for her, for *me*. I'm all dolled up in Brenda's one and only evening dress and am on my way to a charity 'do,' as David calls it, where he can show off how hip and chic he is with his loving, slightly coffee-colored girl friend perched on his arm like a trophy.

I get a lot of attention. Well, I *have* spent a lot of time on my makeup and hair, even if it is a wig. My figure has curves that make the bulimic set David hangs out with look like

they are boys. It's a little unreal when the black guys in the group try to hit on me. I feel really strange then. Can't they see that I'm just stringing the man along? Can't they tell I'm just imitating the compliant black woman? "Yes, master, sir, anything you want, master, sir."

They get quite angry with me when I bat my false eyelashes at them and coo, "But David brought me and I should go home with him." A couple of guys even give me their cards with their phone numbers which David tore up when he heard about it. He is very possessive of Gloria, of me.

Tonight, though, there was a surprise. David had looked kind of pale as he approached me. I smiled, seeing myself in the glass-panelled wall behind him, with my hair a tangled mass at my shoulders, my lips bright and red. The taping of my chest gave me the appearance of real breasts.

"Darling," I said in the husky voice I had practised now for over three months and offered him my soft cheek for a welcoming kiss. I sidled my body intimately into his to let every girl present know he was mine.

"We have to go," David says taking my arm. He looks panicked. But we don't get more than turned around before we are caught by his father who gives me a look that would have curdled milk.

"I hear you are my son's girl friend," Benjamin Towers says to me, his expression thunderous.

Oh dear, I thought right away. Poor Brenda. There's no way a man looking at me the way he is looking at me is ever going to let a woman married to a black man have a partnership in his firm. I could go out with David forever and it wouldn't happen. I could see by the way David was trying to run away that he was scared of his father.

"More like his woman," I said to the father, without thinking. I moved my long jade earrings over my bare shoulder with my long hair. I turned to smile at David who loved it when I said such things. I half-expected him to put his arm about me and hug me as he liked to do in front of his society friends. He was frozen, however, his face showing his open disapproval of my words.

I turned back to the father and Benjamin saw something in my face that made him smile suddenly. "Quite a disappointment, isn't he?" he said dryly. He reached out and took me by the elbow and steered me away from the open-mouthed David.

"He's quite a coward, too, as you've just seen," Benjamin Towers said quietly as he led me into the gallery where the really important people were weighing in on the merits of different pieces of impressionistic and pop art. He put his arm about my waist and I felt tingly all over. I was ushered into a group of very well-dressed people.

I saw a frown or two at my being there on the arm of Benjamin Towers. I was as confused as everyone else as I was introduced as Gloria Lloyd, an old family friend. I had to take a fluted glass of champagne, Benjamin insisted, as he talked finance and yachts to a group of old fogies. Then he drew me off to look at a Seurat in the back of the gallery.

"The only piece worth looking at," Benjamin said. "Present company excepted. Let me try again. You're as pretty as a picture, Gloria. No, that's not right. You're the most attrac-

tive woman I've seen all year. Why on earth did you ever get hooked up with that wimp of son of mine? And don't say for his money."

"Oh, David has many fine qualities," I murmured in my stressed, feminine voice.

"Name one," David's father growled. I was aware that he was looking down the front of my dress.

I felt hot all over. I fidgeted and felt all the feminine things I had attached to me, my jewellery, my hair, my skirts, my stockings and garter belt and I remembered that I was Gloria. "He can make me feel every inch a woman," I said, just as Gloria would have said it, smiling, and pulling in my arms a little to feel the bounce of my breasts in front of me.

"So can I," Benjamin said abruptly, causing me to look at him again. I had noted his white hair and wrinkles the moment he stepped over to us. There was a family resemblance to David. He had the same thin nose, blue eyes, tanned skin, but the set of his jaw was firmer than David's; he seemed altogether fitter, harder than David, who had a little more flab on him than any girl would like.

He smiled at my appraisal. "Yes," David's father said. "I'm not dead yet." Then he frowned. "But why is a classy girl like you going out with a crumb like my son? It's all I've been hearing for the last month. My son is going out with some gorgeous black girl and I'm soon going to be up to my neck in piccaninnies."

He could tell by my face what I thought of such a racist remark. I was trembling all over at the implications of 'gorgeous black girl.' My shaking turned to indignation as I heard the terrible putdown of black children.

"You are *not* going to marry him," Mr Towers said, looking me directly in the eyes.

"N-no," I said, the shake of my head sending quivers of femininity through me.

"You will have to stop having sex with him," David's father said, his face very hard. I must have shown my shock and outrage at that. "I don't want there to be any accidents and have you sponge off him for the rest of his life."

"I can promise you, sir," I said through gritted teeth, "that I could not get pregnant even if I tried my hardest. I feel compelled to add that if I ever did have the misfortune to bring a Towers child to term, I would drown it before I allowed another bigot like you to walk the earth."

I felt as if every eye in the place was on me as I stalked across the gallery looking for my boyfriend. I strode as much as my long skirt and high heels would allow me to. I found David working on something stronger than champagne. "Come on," I said, taking his tie and pulling him out of the group, which got a laugh from his lawyer friends. "You were right. Let's go back to your place."

David's eyes were gleaming. He put my wrap about my thin shoulders as the limousine arrived. "I love it," he whispered, kissing my neck. "You acted exactly like a sexy woman. I'm the envy of everyone back there."

"Including your father?" I asked. I slipped into the limo, recalling how a woman does it. David clambered in after me. Normally, he was all over me in a car, kissing and fondling me and making me feel romantic and womanly. But thoughts of his father seemed to



contain his ardor. He wanted to know everything his father had said to me before I stalked off.

"Good for you," David said, kissing me and fondling me. "Daddy is going to be so disappointed in his son tonight."

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Brenda was disappointed in me. "You spent all night with David and you never once mentioned me!" she said furiously.

"David doesn't want to talk about the office with Gloria," I said, yawning, wanting to go back to bed and sleep.

"What *do* you talk about then?" asked Brenda suspiciously.

"After the charity do, we went for a drink, and then watched some of his old movies. He's got a library of old black and whites. We watched Barbara Stanwyck in something classic," I invented. "Then he called the limo for me and I came home."

"That was five this morning," Brenda snapped.

"I knew it was late," I said with a sigh, wishing I could go back to bed for another couple of hours.

"When are you going to see David again?" she asked abruptly, looking at me very sharply as I tried to down the cup of coffee she had poured for me. Brenda glanced at my hands and I noticed that I hadn't taken off the nails that David loved to see on me, long and shiny red, like my lipstick.

"He said he'd phone," I said.

"Next time," Brenda said, "you have to work on him. I want that offer from Hammond, Towers and Morton. It's very important to me."

### III. BRENDA'S ULTIMATUM

Michelle's Halloween party had been at the Royalty Inn, a swank hotel downtown. Brenda had me put on one of her black cocktail dresses over my underwear, then laughed at me.

"That will never do," she said. "This is too posh an affair to have you looking like a char lady."

I didn't care. "I don't see why I can't wear my tux," I said. "It cost you enough to buy it outright last year and we've hardly gotten any wear out of it. Besides, Mae West should be escorted by a handsome male lover."

"You're right," Brenda said thoughtfully, staring at the suit and white, frilled shirt I'd taken out of our wardrobe. "But we can't afford any more money. So, I tell you what, you wear the costume and I'll wear your tux."

I protested. I couldn't see how it would be a 'hoot.'

"Well, let's try it out," said Brenda, "and if it doesn't look good, we won't do it."

I thought I'd just be putting the dress on over my masculine underwear but Brenda wouldn't hear of such a thing. She insisted that I bathe, in her scented bath water no less, and remove every scrap of hair from my body and legs, not that I had very much. She called me a baby for objecting when she came in and helped me shave my legs. She was pretty good and didn't cut me. She threatened my manhood at times with the safety razor when I made a fuss of the heated wax she put on my face, about my mouth and around my eyebrows.

I felt weird as soon as I got out of the bath. Brenda had her soft bathrobe waiting for me. The touch of the light silk against my bare legs was particularly exciting. She had me put on the bottom of one of her bikinis, one that she could pull tight. When I bulged still, she had me sit in cold water until my male parts retracted. Then she put the bikini bottom on me which held everything tight in place.

"We don't want anything to show, do we?" she asked.

"But I'll have that dress on," I spluttered.

"Please, dear, whisper," she said, "or you'll give the game away."

What game? I should have asked. I should have known that my devious wife had some plan up her sleeve.

Then I had to put on red, silk panties and she complimented me on the fact that I had hips and a rounded backside. That meant that I would only need a little padding. Then she had me put on the bra she had rented and adjusted it and filled it, gushing over how it made my body look. The boned, red corset she pulled really tight on me. I squawked at the pressure, but one look in the bathroom mirror was enough. I did have a girlish figure with the inflated breasts, the nipped in waist, the flat, red-silk panties hiding a tightness I felt growing.

The garters dangled on my thighs and I felt shivers going through me. "Starting to like it?" asked Brenda mischievously. She had me sit at her makeup table and put on her dark stockings. I had to admit that I was. The feeling of the stockings going over my legs was excruciating, but nice. So *this* was how women felt as they wore underthings like this, I thought.

Then she had me put on the long, black, silk slip, the slit in front lace-edged and swirly about my airy legs. I sat down at the table and felt pleasure through my body at the soft touch of such light materials. "Really starting to like it?" laughed Brenda.

"Now I know why it takes you so long to dress," I whispered. "Your clothes feel so smooth."

"Don't start liking them too much," Brenda said in mock indignation. "Here's the hard part now. I have to make you look like a woman."

I didn't like the tweezing, but she soon stopped. "The wax worked really well," she said, putting on some astringent that tightened my skin everywhere.

Brenda put makeup on me to hide my beard, then took it off. "You've no beard to hide," she said as she did my makeup again. It took her a long time, particularly with my eyes. She was experimenting with one shade of makeup after another, commenting that I needed a completely different coloring.

When she was done, she insisted that I put on the blonde wig before she let me see how I looked. I couldn't believe it when I saw the woman in the mirror. The hair at my neck felt light and sexy as it moved. A laughing Brenda gave me the long, dangling earrings and the heavy 'diamond' necklace, a choker she called it, and choke me it did. I couldn't get over the way my chest looked nor the way standing and swirling in the slip made me feel.

If this was the way women felt, no wonder they were so happy when we took them dancing. I did look like a woman, which I found a relief. I wasn't going to be regarded as a freak at Michelle's party, not right away at least.

The dress fit me perfectly, as did the wide-brimmed red straw hat, matching the earrings swinging constantly from my ears. Brenda pulled my corset even tighter before she fastened me. She almost showered me with perfume and cologne then and I hugged her, much to her surprise.

"Now, now," Brenda said. "Don't go spoiling your makeup after the time it took me to do it. Try on your shoes." She laughed as I tried to walk in the high heels. She made me practice on the stairs as she put on my tux and gelled her hair flat to her head. She used her mascara pencil to give herself a moustache and grinned at me, wobbling in my high heels.

"Short steps. Mince," Brenda ordered. "You've seen enough gay boys on TV to know how it's done. One foot in front of the other. That's it."

Brenda was correct about the way I had to walk. She then coached me about how I had to sit in the car, how I had to get in. I hadn't expected the taxi when she escorted me downstairs, her fur stole wrapped about my bare shoulders.

The cabbie whistled and I suddenly realized what I was doing, letting other people see me like this. I almost turned back and ran in from the embarrassment of being discovered to be a man.

"So where are you girls going?" asked the cabbie, helping me get the train of the red dress about my stockinged feet.

"The Royalty," said Brenda with a grin.

"Half the city's going there tonight," said the cabbie, pointing to his radio where several messages were coming in of cabs heading downtown.

"I can't do this," I whispered to Brenda as we sped downtown. My earrings hurt, as did my waist, and my shoes were like stilts.

"You're going to be perfect," said Brenda. She hopped out of the cab and almost ran around to help me out under a canopy, crowded with other fancy-dressed people. A liveried bellhop came forward to help us, too.

"This way, Miss West," he said with a smile. I felt my nerves fluttering as I tried to mince after him up the few steps. My heels were clattering as we entered the hotel and the

bellhop pointed out where the Hartigan party was. I clung to Brenda's arm but she was already looking through the crowd.

"There's David Towers," Brenda said with the brightest smile she had given me all evening. "He's my boss, the one who can make and break me. David!" she called waving across to a crowd of people. A Harlequin in a black mask broke from the group and came over to join us as Brenda handed her invitation to one of the footmen.

The Harlequin stared at me. "Wow," he said, smiling. "Introduce me to your gorgeous friend, Brenda."

Brenda had her arm through mine. She took my long, gloved hand and handed it to David who smiled broadly at me.

"David Towers," Brenda said, smiling even more broadly at me. I thought she was going to say, "I'd like you to meet my husband." That would have been embarrassing enough, but she didn't. "David," she said. "I'd like you to meet my best friend, Gloria Lloyd."

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I went to a job interview on Monday. I noted several people of color in various cubicles in the massive office of Turing Investments. I thought the interview was going well until I was left alone for a while. I sauntered over to the open, glass doorway of the interview room and looked about the busy offices. I went over to a cubicle and sat down for a moment, thinking how good it would be to get back to work in a busy place like this.

"Did you see the applicant for Jody's old job?" asked a voice from behind me. Two people, a man and a woman, had stopped briefly at the interview room and looked in.

"Did I ever," said the woman.

"Is he as swishy as Peter said he was?" asked the man. I tried not to move as I blanched.

"He walked like Daphne and looked like Bonny on a good day," said the woman and the two of them strolled off laughing.

"Well, he could fill two minority hiring positions," I heard the man say. Then they disappeared into the far end of the room.

I was quivering as I slunk back into the interview room. It was no surprise when Peter Smith, from Personnel, came back and pleasantly thanked me for the 'very good' interview and promised that I would be hearing from Turing Investments 'very soon' about the position.

I played it straight and tried to walk out stiffly, head up, feet wide apart, as I left the place. It was a bit of a struggle which led to a revelation how my efforts to walk sexily as Gloria had entered other parts of my life. I checked my look in the glassy veneer of an underground walkway in the busy center of town. I knew my eyebrows were too arched and thin, so for the interview, I had made them almost non-existent. I had seen men's eyebrows like that. I had gelled my hair, too, though part of it had come loose.

I knew I had European features. I wasn't obviously of African extraction. My late mother had said that she was an octoroon, whatever that was. She said my daddy, whom she had never married, was a white guy, but she never told me anything about him, not even his name. I had her last name, Jackson. I had her hair, thick and black and liable to crinkle in wet weather or when I let it get too long. Nappy hair, I remember my mother calling it, between bouts of coughing on the cigarettes that gave her lung cancer and an early grave.

I looked in the reflective surface of the passageway and tried to see myself as others might see me. As I was staring, a group of teenagers swept by on either side of me.

"Oh, excuse me, Miss," said one. At that, the whole group, six or seven of them, started laughing at me.

I couldn't do anything. I flushed and headed across town to my bus. No one else seemed to pay me any attention on the way home.

"David called," said Brenda as I walked in. "He asked to see Gloria tonight. Nothing special, he said. Why didn't I and my husband come over to see some new movies he has."

"What did you say to that?" I asked.

"I told him that Bertram was out on a job interview and wouldn't be back until tomorrow," Brenda said shortly. "I told him Gloria would be delighted to see him to watch a movie."

I made a face.

"How did it go at Turing?" Brenda asked, forcing herself to be pleasant to me. She was like that when she wanted something.

"They'll phone and let me know," I said neutrally.

Brenda looked at me and thought for a moment. "That bad?" she asked.

I nodded in agreement.

"I've been looking at my banking account," said Brenda abruptly. "I can't go on supporting three people. Either you or Gloria has to find a job."

"Gloria?" I asked with a gasp.

"Why not?" asked Brenda. "It's Gloria who's running up all the bills. Look at the dresses and skirts she's bought. No, that *you've* bought. Look at the bills from La Senza and don't tell me they were presents for me. We both know who's wearing the panties in this house."

"I'll stop," I said, a tremor passing through me.

"Maybe," said Brenda in one of her most reasonable tones. "I know you like it. No, don't protest and say it was all my idea. I know it was. I just got fed up with David and his fantasies of a pretty, black mulatto woman, as he called her, being what he really wanted in his love life. It was a stupid idea, wasn't it, to pass you off as a woman? You do it so well, though. I know you like it as well. And your wearing my panties in bed *has* brought a lot of spice to our nights, or haven't you noticed?"

“Anyway, if you don’t get a good word from David tonight, I think Gloria gets to drop him. Either that or she gets a job. That is, you get a job, as a woman or a man. You’re going to have to pay something towards this hobby you’ve got going.”

Brenda didn’t normally make speeches at me. Her style was acid, little comments. This was an ultimatum. I could think of nothing to say. I nodded and thought of myself going to work as Gloria each day and my heart began to beat fast. I couldn’t do that. I *couldn’t*.

Brenda watched me make up and get ready to go out on a date with another man. “How far do you go with him?” she asked moodily.

I could feel my hand beginning to shake more and more as I considered. I hadn’t told her the full truth from the start and now seemed like a bad time to start. What would she say if she knew her husband was sleeping with another man? That her husband was enjoying being another man’s woman? It would hurt her. She couldn’t just shrug that off as a hobby she had a hand in starting.

“Oh, when I leave, he starts getting amorous,” I said, looking anywhere but at her. As I spoke, I applied mascara and eyeliner to my fake eyelashes so that they would look more real. It was the way Brenda had insisted I do them the first time I had gone out alone on a date with David.

“You just kiss him?” she asked.

“Basically,” I said.

“He claims a lot more in the office,” Brenda said, eyeing me as I gummed the front of my wig and pinned it to my own hair.

“Men,” I said. “They do like to brag about their conquests.”

“Then he is bragging loads,” Brenda said caustically.

I stopped and looked at her. “What is he saying?” I asked slowly.

“He says he has sex with you,” my wife said. “Wonderful, fantastic sex. David says that you are the best lay he has ever had. I’ve heard him talking to the guys at the water cooler when I’m not supposed to hear. He says that he has to screw you three or four times at least before you slow down. He was complaining last weekend that his thing was so sore that he couldn’t sit down properly all weekend since he’d been in you so much.”

Brenda thought that she was not supposed to hear David talk at the water cooler? Ha, I bet David didn’t do any of his boasting unless he saw my wife around ready to listen to talk about her husband. I flushed with anger, though, at the bastard that my male lover was proving to be and uttered a few choice words about Mr. David Towers.

Brenda suddenly smiled. “I knew it couldn’t be true,” she said. “He still doesn’t know that you’re not a real woman, does he?”

It was the smile that changed Brenda and made her the woman I loved. “I-I’ll stay home tonight,” I said. “He can watch his own films without maid service.”

“No,” said Brenda, getting up and coming behind me. “Mmm,” she sighed as she smelled the new Chanel perfume I had charged to our Visa account earlier that day. “He’ll really want to feel you up when he catches a whiff of this. You should let him, you know.”

“And get my head bashed in?” I asked as I put on my low-cut, yellow top which clung to my curves and made my fake breasts more prominent.

The only time we’d talked about the fact that David might want to kiss me was when Brenda had brought it up as a likely outcome of my letting him get a hand up the short skirt I loved to wear to show off my so smooth and shapely legs. I couldn’t tell her that I was well past that, that I wanted him to do that, that it thrilled me in a way that I had not ever been thrilled while making love to her. I expected the sensation to die away but it hadn’t. Not yet anyway. But all I said to her was that I would be very careful.

“If he does find out...” Brenda said slowly, raising her thin eyebrows.

“You intend to blackmail him?” I asked in surprise.

Brenda wrinkled her nose in disgust. “No, it would be certain to rebound on me,” she said gloomily. “You just have to be good enough tonight, seductive enough, to get a promise out of him.”

“He’ll want something in return,” I said as I stood up and tightened my mid-thigh length, little black skirt. One look in the mirror at the soft featured girl with the shapely body and long legs and I knew what David would want. I took a comb and fluffed out my Afro, then put on the huge, yellow button-type earrings at my ears and a yellow bangle at my thin wrist.

“Tell him you’ll marry him,” said Brenda, sitting down on the bed. “Tell David what a good girl you are and that he has to wait till his wedding night for what’s in your panties. Tell him what you want for me, your very best friend, as a wedding present. We’ll find a way out of you marrying him,”

I thought of David’s father and what he had already said to me about marrying David. David already knew that I wasn’t any kind of a good girl. I wouldn’t have to wait for more than five minutes after I got to his apartment before his hands would be into my panties. I wouldn’t stop him. No, I would be encouraging him.

I got a taxi over to David’s, charging it to his account. I got out, sliding my two-toned black and yellow-striped pumps onto the sidewalk. I could see that the cabbie was fascinated by my legs. That induced me to walk as sexily as I could up to the smiling doorman who held the door for me. He looked me up and down appreciatively and told me to go right up as ‘he’ was expecting me.

I loved the looks of admiration I got. It was so wonderful to be smiled at and to be spoken to nicely, to be teased, rather than eyed suspiciously wherever I went as a black man. Gloria soaked up the admiration and smiled all the time, whereas Bertram scowled a lot. I was laughing inside at the contrast in how people treated me. It made Gloria vamp everyone she met as they were all stupid not to see through her disguise.

I went up to David’s penthouse apartment and there was a party in full swing. He pounced on me as I arrived. I was in his arms kissing him within seconds of crossing from the elevator doors, his arms behind my lower back, pressing me to him. I could taste the liquor on his tongue as he squeezed me tightly.

“Man, are you a sight for sore eyes,” David said as we unclenched. “I thought you weren’t going to come. The party started hours ago. You were supposed to be the hostess.”

I looked over his shoulder at the noisy, dancing, partying crowd beyond him. "You said movies to Brenda," I said, leaving my arms about David's neck and letting him kiss me and tell me how pretty I was and how much he liked my new perfume. I felt outstaringly girlish as he held me tightly about my thin waist and my dress fluttered about us both.

I knew some of the people there but David had to take me around and introduce me. I made special note of the Hammond, Towers and Morton people. I saw some of the men's eyes widen in speculation as they looked at me. To one sandy-haired guy who colored when he saw me, I leaned forward, giving him a good look down my taped and swelled out cleavage and my black, lacy bra. I told him not to believe everything he heard at the water cooler.

David turned away from a girl he was talking to and put his arm about my waist, leading me into a mass of gyrating dancers. "Love those black panties," he said into my ear as he cuddled me in his version of a slow dance. I had leant too far into the sandy-haired guy. I hoped his girl friend didn't mind. I looked back and he was in animated conversation with several others I had marked as HTM people.

We went out on the patio as the noise was so intense inside. David had a catered bar and grill going there on the roof. I knew why he wanted me out there.

David knew I didn't like heights. He knew how wheezy I felt looking at all the building tops about us. He knew how clingy I became. I had almost jumped all over him once when a helicopter unexpectedly came roaring over the top of the building.

I stayed very much in the center of the patio. I didn't mind looking out from the curtained windows of David's apartment, but the people out at the railings terrified me. David smirked and kissed me, trying to persuade me to mingle. I told him to go ahead by himself.

David was hardly gone for thirty seconds when a black dude cruised up to me. "Foxy lady," he said, smiling at me. He looked out of place for David's in his wide pants, black muscle shirt, goatee'd chin, cornrows and enough 'bling' to empty a moderate-sized gold mine. I told him so and he threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"Sugar, you are *so* right," he said, leaning on one arm, neatly trapping me and excluding anyone else from talking to me.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" I asked, smiling at him. It was unbelievable how Gloria chatted to guys. She would sass them and be as direct as the first thought that entered her pretty head whereas Bertram hardly ever talked to anyone and could never think of anything to say.

"I'm Jonas Fry, my real name," said the black guy. "And the moderate-sized gold mine, as you called it, is my cover. I represent a hip-hop recording company that's trying to move into developing some real estate with one of HTM's clients."

"Oh, you're a lawyer," I said. I wrinkled my nose. I can't help it. I've always done it when I'm disgusted with something. I mean, a lawyer, for goodness sake. A black dude dressed like him. He should have been a hip-hop artist himself.