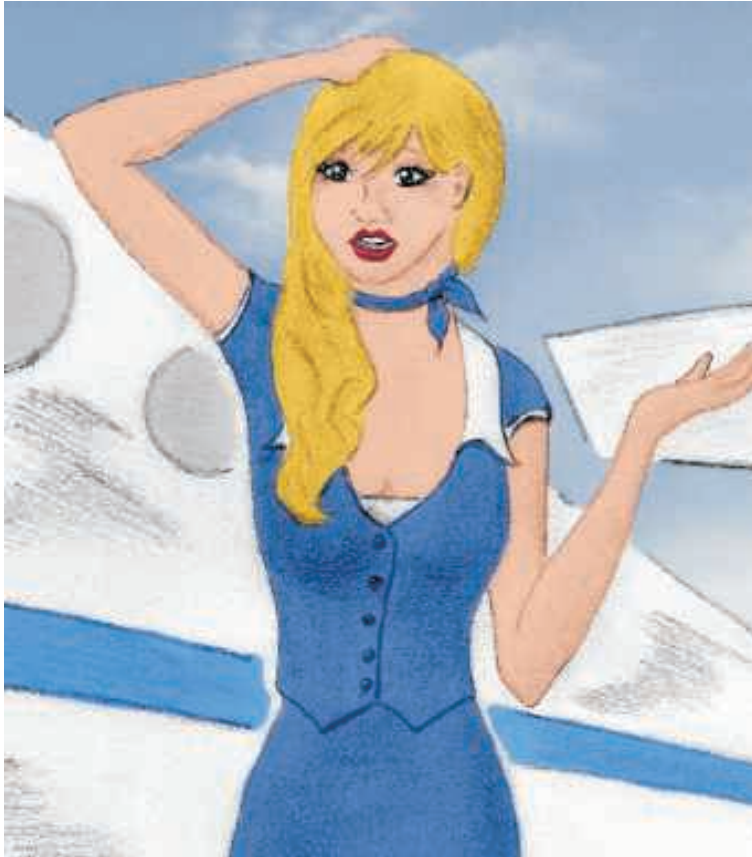




Reluctant Press presents:

Coffee, Tea, Or She?

Briana Vermont



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Coffee, Tea, or She?

By Briana Vermont

Chapter One Valerie, Darling

Captain Ryan Powell held up his scotch and water and considered it. To Ryan Powell, scotch represented the ultimate in perfection. The feel of the tumbler in his hand, the glistening caramel color, the clink of the ice cubes as it is swirled, the scent which hints at the taste to come. Nothing else could compare to a scotch at the end of the working day. Powell closed his eyes, and tipped the glass to his lips. Perfection.

Powell set the glass on the bar, and looked around the hotel lounge. It was completely deserted. "Good,"

thought Powell to himself. He had little interest in conversation. In a few minutes he would be heading up to his room to turn in for a few hours.

“One more, the same,” he said as the bartender wandered past his place at the bar.

“Orange juice for me, please.”

Powell turned at the sound of the feminine voice in time to see a young woman lift herself onto the barstool to his right. She crossed her long legs and straightened her short skirt, a combination he couldn't help but admire. Long blond hair, attractive face and figure. ‘Stewardess,’ he thought to himself as he noted her uniform, although ‘flight attendant’ seemed to be the preferred term for some reason.

“It's a little early to be drinking, don't you think?” suggested the girl playfully.

Powell tilted his drink to his lips again, finishing the last of the golden elixir. He set the glass back down, then spoke to her without turning his head. He could play games too.

“Not for me,” he said as the bartender arrived with their fresh drinks. “Just got off the night shift. Flew in from Minneapolis an hour ago. As far as I'm concerned it's late in the evening.”

“I know how that is,” said the girl. “Crazy shifts, living out of a suitcase, day and night a blur. Still, I expect most people might be a little disconcerted to see their pilot downing his second scotch at six in the morning.”

“There's nobody here to see,” he replied, gesturing around the empty lounge with his glass. “And you wouldn't tell on me now would you, Miss,” he checked

the name tag that was pinned to her jacket, "Valerie Darling? May I call you Darling?"

"Ooh, very clever," said the girl with a smile. "Imagine, all these years with this name and I've never heard that one before."

"Give me a chance," replied Powell, sipping his scotch. "I actually get more clever on my second drink."

Valerie laughed. "So you know my name, but I don't know yours."

"Powell. Captain Ryan Powell," he told her.

"Ah, a pilot. And at such a young age," Valerie flirted.

Powell laughed. "Maybe not so young as I appear," he told her. "My boyish good looks make me seem younger than I am."

"And modest, too," she smiled.

"What can I say?" he said, raising one eyebrow in self-mockery. "I'm just a charming guy. And what's your story?"

"Flight attendant, obviously," said Valerie, gesturing along the length of her uniform (or what little there was of it). "Although I'm trained as a pilot as well. Just can't seem to pass the damn test. The written part kills me every time."

"Not to worry," Ryan told her. "You'll pass it. You've got what it takes to be a pilot."

"Oh, and you can tell this how, from my uniform?" she asked.

“Parts of it,” he said playfully as he eyed certain parts. “But the truth is, I can see a little bit of me in you.”

“Wow!” laughed Valerie. “That second scotch really does make you clever!”

Valerie looked at Ryan. She sipped from the straw in her orange juice, smiling, not taking her eyes off him. She swivelled her bar stool back and forth, considering.

“You know,” she finally said. “I have my room for another four hours until I need to leave for my flight. How would you like to take me to breakfast, and then see what happens from there?”

Ryan smiled. “I believe I would enjoy that very much.” He raised his scotch, and clinked Valerie’s orange juice. They both finished their drinks, and Ryan pulled a twenty from his wallet which he set on the bar. He stepped down from his barstool, then took Valerie’s hand to assist her as she stepped down from hers.

Valerie smiled as she stood, then looked into Ryan’s eyes. She looked down into Ryan’s eyes. WAY down. Valerie was tall for a girl, but not overly so. And she was wearing three-inch heels. But still...

Ryan no longer looked like the dashing, mature, sophisticated pilot she had thought she was speaking with. He was just, really, short. He suddenly looked like a little kid, a twelve-year old boy, wearing his father’s coat and hat which were much too big for him.

Ryan watched the expression change on Valerie’s face. The expression was one that he had seen so many times before. It articulated her disbelief, and then her horror. It was the frenzied look of a trapped animal,

looking for a way out. He had thought that this time might be different. Of course, he always thought every time might be different.

"If you want to change your mind, that's all right," suggested Ryan miserably.

"No!" said Valerie a little too loud. "I still... you know, breakfast and, uh, whatever would be great. Except, I really should get ready for my flight. I need to get back to my room, do some ironing, you know?"

"Sure, I know," said Ryan, masking his disappointment. "I should get back to my room as well."

"Right!" said Valerie as they exited the lounge. "You just got in. You must be exhausted. I'm really sorry. It was thoughtless of me. I'm really sorry."

"Not a problem," Ryan lied. They walked in silence to the banks of elevators that went to the many floors of the hotel.

"Well, this is my elevator," said Valerie holding out her hand. "It was nice to meet you."

Ryan looked embarrassed, and didn't take her hand. "Um, this is my elevator as well," he told her. He pushed the button and they waited, together, in an uncomfortable silence, scanning the numbers above the elevators, mentally attempting to coax them to move in their direction.

After what seemed like ages, an elevator finally made its way to the ground floor. The doors opened and an elderly couple got out, pulling several pieces of luggage behind them. Ryan patiently held the door as they exited, then continued to hold it for Valerie as she entered.

Ryan stepped in, and the doors closed behind him. He pressed the button for his floor.

"Nine, please," Valerie requested.

"I've, uh, already pressed it," said Ryan awkwardly. "That's my floor too."

Ryan and Valerie stood in opposite corners of the elevator, watching the numbers above the doors as they scrolled by. Slowly. Very slowly. Every second seemed like an eternity, as the floor numbers counted up in excruciating thoroughness from two through nine.

At long last the doors opened. Ryan held them as Valerie stepped out, and turned to the right. Ryan stepped out of the elevator and followed her.

"My room is this way," he explained.

"Yes, mine too," Valerie replied.

They walked together to the end of the short hallway, where it joined another hallway at a T-junction. Valerie and Ryan both turned left. They continued walking, side by side, without saying a word, the embarrassing tension weighing on them both.

Finally they arrived at Ryan's door. "This is my room," said Ryan in awkward relief. "See, 937. My room."

"Yes," said Valerie painfully. "My room is down there, just a little further."

"I figured," said Ryan. Then, into the extended silence he offered, "Well, it was certainly nice to meet you, Valerie Darling."

"Oh! Yes," said Valerie. She stuck out her hand once more, extending it down toward him. "Nice to

meet you as well, Captain Little. Powell! Captain Powell. Captain Little is my, uh, was, some other guy."

Ryan looked at the hand, still hanging there awkwardly in front of her, and shook it briefly. Valerie then turned, and walked quickly down the hall toward her room. Ryan continued to watch, then called out, "Good luck with your pilot exam."

"What?" said Valerie, intent on her getaway and not really listening. "Oh, right. Yes, thank you." She turned again, and continued quickly down the hall toward her room.

Ryan slid his key card through the lock and stepped into his room, closing the door behind him. His thoughts were an infuriated, muddled mess, impossible to decipher, let alone record. He took off his pilot's cap, looked at it for a long moment, then threw it against the wall. The dull thud that resulted seemed enough to calm him without the need for further demonstration. He took off his jacket and laid it over a chair. He loosened and removed his necktie. Then there was a knock at the door.

Ryan looked through the peep hole, where he saw Valerie standing nervously. He opened the door.

"Miss Darling, what a pleasant surprise," he said sarcastically. "What can I do for you?"

"Hi Ryan. Um, Captain Powell. Can I call you Ryan?" she asked.

"Sure, we're friends now," he said flippantly.

"It's just, I feel bad about what happened," she offered.

"Don't waste another minute on it. It happens all the time," he told her truthfully. "You go to your room,

get ready for your flight, and don't worry about me. I'm a big boy." He knew this was the wrong thing to say the second it was out of his mouth.

"Okay," said Valerie, turning away from the door. But as the door began to close she turned back again, catching it and holding it open.

"It's just," she said hesitantly. "I wanted to ask, how tall are you?"

Now Ryan was annoyed. He would have normally lied by a couple inches, but instead told her the truth. "Five foot four, as if it's any of your business."

"That's the same as me," Valerie told him. "Except for my heels. I mean, without heels I'm five foot four as well."

"Well, thank you for stopping by and sharing that," said Ryan. "I feel so much better about myself now. So if you will excuse me, I'm going to take a short nap. Maybe read a short novel. I have things to do, shortly!"

Valerie caught the door as he tried to close it again. "It's just..." Ryan looked at her with exasperation. He would never get rid of her!

"When I saw how... not tall you were," continued Valerie, "and I must have had a terrible look on my face, it wasn't that I couldn't picture us, you know, 'being together'. The thing is, I did picture us. You know, you and me, 'together'. And it scared me."

"Of course," said Ryan. "You were terrified. 'Me and that little guy' you thought, 'in bed together!' The horror."

"No, it's just..."

"Look, would you please just leave?" Ryan finally said.

"It scared me, because I suddenly wanted you so much," she confessed quietly.

Ryan was ready to shove the door closed, forcefully if necessary, but this stopped him. He wasn't sure if he had heard correctly. "I'm sorry, you suddenly what?" He asked.

"For the longest time, as long as I can remember, I've had a fantasy," Valerie continued. "And when I saw you I thought, so here's this guy, you know? And you were perfect, everything I needed. Everything I wanted. Except fantasies aren't supposed to be real. They're just crazy things to think about, right? If they actually come true, what kind of person does that make you? So I got really scared.

"But then I thought, well why not? I don't know him, and he doesn't know me, and we'll probably never see each other ever again. And so what if he came to my room and we played out my fantasy, and then I could rock his world? You know, just to thank him for being so understanding, by giving him everything? Then we could go our own ways. I mean, what do you think?"

Ryan's mouth hung open for a very long time. Eventually he managed to say, "Sure. I mean, sounds great. Why not? Just... what did you say this fantasy involved?"

Valerie leaned down, took Ryan's face in her hands and kissed him, her tongue gently licking his lips. "I can't talk about it in the hallway," she whispered. She turned his face in her hands, looking critically at him and said, "Why don't you shave? Shave real close and smooth, then come to my room. Room 942. I'll tell you everything then."

Valerie turned, and the door closed behind her. Ryan could still feel her warmth on his lips. He dashed to the bathroom to shave.

* * *

Ryan knocked on the door to room 942. He didn't have to wait long before it swung open. Valerie stood in the opening wearing a short, white hotel bathrobe. He had one in his room as well, but it looked much better on her.

"Hi, I'm glad you came," she said. "Come on in."

Ryan stepped into the room, and the door closed behind him. Valerie kissed him quickly, then led him further into the room. She had taken off her high heels and was standing in her bare feet, so they were level when she kissed him. He might even be just a tiny bit taller than her. Ryan's confidence was growing.

Ryan looked around the room, almost identical to his own. The pieces of Valerie's stewardess uniform which she had just recently been wearing were draped over a chair, the same chair that held his jacket in his own room. Except her chair also held a bra, panties, and stockings. The same ones she had been wearing, he had to assume. Ryan looked back at Valerie in her bathrobe.

"So, maybe you should tell me about this fantasy of yours," suggested Ryan.

Valerie sat on the bed. Her robe slid up her thighs, and gaped slightly at the top providing a view of her modest breasts. With a shy smile she patted the spot next to her, encouraging Ryan to sit down. Ryan sat without ever considering any other option.

"I know this is *my* fantasy," Valerie began. "Not yours. So if you want to leave when you hear it, that's okay. It's kind of kinky, so if you're offended I won't mind if you just want to leave."

Ryan watched her lips move as she spoke, mesmerized. He looked down at the two inches of Valerie's thighs that remained unrevealed by her robe and said, "Hey, don't worry. I'm up for anything."

"Thanks, you don't know how much that means to me," she said. Then she took a deep breath and told him, "I guess it all comes down to, I really hate my name."

"Hate your name?" Ryan said in surprise. "But you have the most beautiful name I've ever heard. 'Valerie Darling,' it's perfect. It's like poetry."

"I know, but that's part of the problem. Everyone thinks I'm a character from a romance novel. Or they just make fun of me. The boys have always called me by my full name. They'll say to me in a breathy voice, '*Valerie, Darling!*', or just '*Darling*'. No one has ever called me just Val, rhymes with pal, you know what I mean?"

"Sure, I understand," said Ryan. "But how does this lead to your fantasy?"

Valerie blushed all the way down to her bathrobe. "I've just always wished someone else could be Valerie Darling. And I could be the one who meets her in a bar, and I would be the one picking her up and looking so suave, calling her '*My Darling*', and sweep her off her feet back to my hotel room."

Ryan looked at her oddly. "And so, what does this have to do with me?" he asked.

Valerie smiled shyly, glanced over at the pile of her clothes on the chair, then back to Ryan.

“What?” said Ryan. “You can’t be serious! You want me to dress up like a stewardess, then go down to the bar?”

“No!” laughed Valerie. “No, of course not! We would just stay right here in my room. I just want to dress you in my clothes, and use a little makeup on you, but we won’t leave this room. We’ll just pretend to be at the bar, sitting at that table over there, and then I’ll bring you back here,” she said as she stretched out on the bed.

Ryan looked at the beautiful, semi-naked girl rolling on the bed next to him. “We won’t leave the room? You swear?”

“I swear,” said Valerie. “Two hours from now you’ll be cleaned up, back in your own room in your own clothes.”

Ryan thought about it. He looked at Valerie, rolling on her bed, her robe riding up ever higher. She was gorgeous, but was she worth all that? Yes, she really was. She was a little weird, but Ryan found himself saying, “Sure, why not? I’ll be your Darling.”

Valerie rolled over and sat up, hugging Ryan. She kissed him again as she said, “Oh, thank you! This will be fun, you’ll see!”

* * *

“And so, after two years stuck in the continental United States, today is my big break,” explained Valerie as she applied some finishing touches to Ryan’s makeup. “Today I start with a new airline that special-

izes in South American flights. I'll be in Costa Rica tonight!" She picked up a thin brush and dark powder to do some touch-ups on Ryan's eyebrows.

"That's fantastic," said Ryan through his luscious, red hot-chili lips. "You know, I'm starting a new job today as well. No more Midwest milk runs for me. Now it's major routes only, and it's possible I may pick up some intercontinental flights as well."

"That's great! You go girl," said Valerie, still not happy with his brows and working hard at correcting them. "I'm really happy for you. Except what do I keep telling you about your voice?"

"Sorry, Valerie. I'll try to do better," replied Ryan, a few tones higher. It bothered Ryan that it was so easy for him to sound like a girl. Because of his small size he had always overcompensated in other areas. He developed masculine mannerisms, developed tastes for sports and other manly pastimes, and whenever he spoke he always lowered his voice. It bothered him to find out that this was still his natural voice.

Valerie had promised this would be fun, but that may have been wishful thinking on her part. The two of them had struggled to come to agreement on almost everything she wanted from the start.

The first thing Valerie requested was that he should take a shower. Ryan was agreeable to that, but when he was finished he found she had removed all his clothes and left him nothing but a matching lacy pink bra and panty set to wear. Ryan couldn't see why he should wear anything other than his own underwear, and he didn't want to sit around looking ridiculous in *her* underwear for an hour getting his makeup done. They finally agreed he would wear the bra and panties, but

could wear a hotel bathrobe over them while having his makeup done.

Next, Valerie opened her travel case and pulled out her ladies' combination trimmer and shaver, then expected him to just sit still while she shaved his chest and legs! Ryan informed her that there was no way this was going to happen. Valerie pleaded, and eventually convinced him that a lot of guys shaved their chests these days. Ryan finally agreed to shave his chest, but only down as far as his bra. He completely refused to allow her near his legs, however. They finally compromised again, having Ryan wear a pair of dark blue pantyhose to disguise the hair on his legs. Valerie didn't like this, as anything other than sheer skin-tone stockings was not allowed under the Flight Attendants' Dress Code for her new airline; however those were his final terms.

Their biggest disagreement by far was over Ryan's eyebrows. Valerie wanted to thin them of course, while Ryan didn't want to allow the girl anywhere near them with her tweezers. They finally agreed that a minor 'cleanup' was acceptable, but each and every hair to be removed had to be decided by committee. By the time the cleanup was complete, Valerie had decided on a way to achieve the effect she wanted with makeup, anyway. At this point, she didn't even bother to ask him about painting his nails.

The rest went relatively smoothly. Valerie had Ryan arrange two chairs in the small space of the bathroom, where the light was best and she could work on his makeup. She used generous amounts of concealer, foundation and powder to smooth out his skin tones. Fortunately, they had very similar coloring and so most of her usual makeup was perfect for Ryan. It was easy

for her to blend the foundation with a sponge until it covered his entire face, giving him a flat, pale appearance. She worked the foundation into his eyebrows, causing them to all but disappear. Then she used a brush to apply powder, setting the result.

Next she worked on his eyebrows, since for some reason this seemed to be the feature which concerned her most. She applied a dark powdered shadow with a thin slanted brush, creating a thin line along his brow, exactly at the height where she wished she had been allowed to thin his actual eyebrows. The result was actually quite nice, although not exactly what she had in mind. No matter, she would move on, while she thought about what to do with them.

For his eyes she had three shades of eye shadow, the same as she used every day on herself. The darkest was almost black, and this she applied in a line along his upper lashes. The medium brown was still quite dark, and this she applied to his lids as high as the crease. The medium brown was also applied beneath his eyes, along the lower lash line. A third, lighter shade of brown was applied above his lids to his brows. She then used a sponge to make sure the colors blended well, without any harsh edges. She smudged the coloring beneath his eyes to give them a subtle, glamorous look.

Valerie selected a black eyeliner pencil and used it to line the outer two-thirds of Ryan's lower lids, a thin line just beneath the lashes. Then she lined the upper lids, all the way across and even a bit beyond with an upward slant, giving him a look of long, thick feminine lashes. Everything she did she explained to Ryan, making sure he understood not only how but why. As if he would ever need to do this to himself!

Two coats of mascara on both upper and lower lashes completed the eyes. His eyelashes were dark, long and lovely, the effect of clever use of makeup, but also due to naturally long lashes. Valerie complimented him.

Next was the blush. Valerie made Ryan smile in order to find the curves of his cheekbones. Then she used a large soft brush to apply powder blusher, dusting along the cheekbones to his hairline. She used her fingers to blend the powder in with his foundation, giving his face a perfect, flawless complexion. Finally the flat, pale appearance from the foundation was gone and his face began to pop!

And then his lips! Valerie ensured his lips were soft and supple by applying moisturizer with her fingers. Then she applied foundation and powder to smooth every line and crevice. Next a bright red lip liner was used to outline his lips. Valerie drew a perfect cupid's bow on his upper lip, then extended it across to the corners. The lower lip was lined as well, but slightly below his natural lip. Ryan's lips were thin, and Valerie had in mind something a little more full. Her favourite bright red hot-chili lipstick filled in the outline beautifully. Ryan's lips were perfect. Lush, full, and invitingly kissable.

Valerie worked a while longer, touching up, performing a bit of contouring, filling out his lips, and always coming back to those eyebrows, but finally the result was perfect.

"Valerie Darling, you are an absolute doll," Valerie said to Ryan. "Now let's get you dressed!" Valerie led Ryan out to the bedroom, where they found his stewardess uniform on the chair where Valerie had left it.

Ryan removed his bath robe, and was once again standing in the hotel room wearing nothing but Valerie's bra and panties, feeling ridiculous. Valerie sorted out her blouse from the clothes on the chair and handed it to him. Ryan quickly put it on, but fumbled with the unfamiliar buttons.

"Here, let me get those," said Valerie, doing up the buttons for him. She did up the bottom four buttons but left the rest undone, exposing breasts and just a bit of bra in the 'V' of his blouse. Then she handed him the short skirt he had so admired on her just an hour or so earlier.

Ryan stepped into the skirt and pulled it up to his waist. He wouldn't admit it, but it was such a relief to be wearing the skirt, to be wearing anything to cover those panties. He reached around behind and did up the zipper. Valerie had to help him with the tiny clasp at the top, then he did up the belt. It came to the exact same notch that Valerie herself always used. They really were the same size.

Valerie held the vest for Ryan as he slipped his arms through. Ryan did up the buttons himself this time, while Valerie explained how a stewardess ties the scarf around her neck.

The final item was the shoes. When her shoes fit Ryan, Valerie was ecstatic.

"I can't believe they fit you! I always thought I had small feet, and worried that any guy who would fit my clothes would have big man-feet. But your feet are so tiny; they look so cute and dainty in those shoes!"

"Okay. Uh, sure. Thanks," said Ryan. Valerie had him try to walk in the heels, which was difficult at first, but not as bad as he had thought it would be. She in-

structed him for a few minutes, and he was walking steady and confident like a beautiful young woman in no time.

“You’re so pretty, Darling,” said Valerie. “Close your eyes, I’ll take you to the mirror!”

Ryan closed his eyes and allowed Valerie to guide him to the bathroom mirror. When he opened his eyes, he saw himself for the first time with full makeup, dressed as a stewardess, standing next to Valerie in her bathrobe.

“Do you see, I did your makeup to match mine!” she said in excitement.

Ryan could see that was exactly what she had done. He stared at himself, and couldn’t believe it was him. “This is amazing. It doesn’t even look like me. It looks like you. I look like you. I can’t believe it.”

“That’s the magic of makeup, Valerie my Darling,” she told him. “I thickened your lips, widened your nose, rounded your cheekbones. You really are Valerie Darling, all-around gorgeous girl and Flight Attendant extraordinaire!”

Ryan continued to stare, looking back and forth between himself and Valerie, comparing. They weren’t identical twins, obviously, but the makeup and contouring made their features similar enough that someone might mistake them for sisters. She would be the younger, prettier sister he thought, with an unexpected twinge of jealousy.

“It’s amazing,” he said. “It’s too bad my hair is so short, not at all feminine, or I would really look like a girl.”

“Ahh!” screamed Valerie. “Argh, stupid me. Just a minute.” Valerie ran out to the next room, rummaged

in her luggage for a few moments and returned with a plastic bag.

“I forgot to give you this,” she said, opening the bag and pulling out a wig of long blond hair. She shook it out and handed it to Ryan.

Ryan looked at it. “Why do you have a wig?” he asked.



“For bad hair days,” Valerie explained. “Mostly. I guess I bought it thinking it would be handy if I ever got anyone to come to my room and dress up like me. I do wear it sometimes. It doesn’t matter why, just put it on!”

Ryan put on the wig, flipping the long blond hair up over his head and then shaking it out down his back. Valerie helped him to straighten it and comb it out until it looked perfect. Ryan looked in the mirror again, comparing himself to Valerie. It was no contest; now he was the younger, prettier sister! This realization gave him no sense of satisfaction, just a weird feeling in his stomach.

Valerie hugged him and laughed. “Oh, thank you for doing this Ryan! You’re absolutely perfect, totally adorable! I can’t believe what a pretty girl you are!”

“I look like you,” said Ryan, slightly stunned.

“That’s what I said! Totally adorable,” said Valerie.

“So, what do we do now?” he asked.

“Okay, now you sit at this table. You’re Valerie Darling, sweet and delectable stewardess, and you’ve just flown in for the weekend. And I’m another girl just passing through the bar, and see you, and fall in love like everyone who ever sees you... No, not like that, keep your legs together when you sit. Maybe cross your legs. Yes, much better! Your legs are too much, really sexy!”

Ryan felt more than a little ridiculous, but he played along...

“Well, hello there gorgeous,” Valerie said, sitting next to Ryan at the table. “What’s your name?”

“Valerie,” replied Ryan. “Valerie Darling.”

“Valerie Darling? That’s a bit long. How would it be if I just called you Darling?” sad Valerie, unable to hold back a huge grin.

“Well, I usually like someone to buy me a drink first,” said Ryan.

Valerie was about to respond, when they were both startled by an enormous racket coming from the hallway.

“What on earth is that?” shouted Ryan over the repeated ‘Clang! Clang! Clang!’ sound.

“I have no idea!” Valerie called back. Still wearing nothing but her white bathrobe, she went to the door and looked out in the hall. The moment she opened the door, the muffled ‘Clang! Clang! Clang!’ became a deafening “CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!”

Within moments, Valerie noticed doors all up and down the hallway opening, with concerned heads popping out. Some of the people began filing into the hallway, making their way toward the floor exits. Valerie stopped a couple who passed her room.

“Do you know what’s going on?” she shouted over the noise.

“No idea!” screamed the wife. “Sounds like a fire alarm!”

“Is there a fire?” Valerie yelled.

“I don’t think so!” shouted the husband. “Probably just a false alarm, or a fire drill! We’re going down to the lobby to check it out!”

“Okay, thank you!” shouted Valerie, having only heard about half what he said. She went back in her room and closed the door. It was a relief to have the

alarm muffled once again, to a point where it was tolerable.

“What’s happening out there?” Ryan asked.

Valerie found a pair of panties and put them on under her robe. Then she dropped the robe and quickly fastened a bra. She spoke as she got dressed.

“They said it’s just a fire drill,” she told him as she grabbed the most convenient clothes in the room, Ryan’s shirt and pants. She stepped into the pants and did them up as she continued, “You stay right here and I’ll go downstairs to check it out, okay? Don’t change one thing, promise?”

Valerie stepped into a pair of her shoes at the door. She grabbed Ryan and kissed him then said, “I’ll be right back!” She left the room, still buttoning the shirt.

Ryan stood in the room, wearing his stewardess uniform, high heels, makeup and long blond hair, listening to the muffled clanging from the hallway.

“At least I can take off these shoes,” he said, removing the high heels and setting them near the door. He was so tired, having just finished a night flight and expecting to go to bed well over an hour ago. The nervous energy he had burned through during his makeover had exhausted him. With nothing else to do, Ryan lay down on the bed and closed his eyes, waiting for Valerie to return.

Chapter 2

Miss Taken Identity

Valerie exited the stairwell, having finally arrived at the ground floor. Most people were leaving the building through a doorway into an alley behind the building, but Valerie turned in the other direction, toward

the hotel lobby. She cornered the concierge and asked what was happening.

"It's likely nothing, Miss," he told her. "We've received an alarm from the seventh floor. Please just leave the building and cross the street. Someone will let you know when it's safe to come back inside."

"Okay, thank you," said Valerie, turning back toward the stairwell.

"No, Miss," said the concierge. "You have to leave through the nearest exit. Please use the front doors."

"Oh, I'm not leaving yet," she explained. "I'll leave soon. I just need to go back to my room and tell my friend what's happening."

"Ma'am, it's a fire alarm," he told her. "You can't go back. You have to leave. Now. Through the front doors."

"But my friend is waiting for me," Valerie persisted. "In my room. I don't want her to worry."

A fireman passing by heard their conversation. "Did you say there's someone still upstairs? What room?" he asked.

"My room," said Valerie. "Room 942. I just have to go tell her what's happening and then I'll leave."

The fireman pulled a radio from his belt. He pressed the button and spoke, "Do we have anyone on nine? Anyone on nine, come back."

The radio squawked. "Mike here. Just checking nine, all's quiet. Appears to be cleared out, over."

The fireman spoke into the radio, "Mike, Steve here at ground. We've got a report there may be someone still in 942, can you check it out?"

“Roger that, Steve,” squawked the radio.

The fireman turned to Valerie. “We’ll take care of your friend, ma’am. I’m sure she’s fine; the real action is on seven. Now you need to leave through those doors immediately.”

“Yes sir,” said Valerie, doing as she was told. She left by the main doors, crossed the street past all the fire trucks, and moved down the block to watch.

* * *

Ryan woke and looked around his hotel room. It couldn’t be time to get up yet, but something woke him. The alarm! He tried to shut it off but it just kept going.

Not the alarm. There was an alarm, but it was not the one beside his bed. And someone was pounding on his door. Ryan stumbled to the door and opened it.

“What?” he managed to say before his senses were overwhelmed. A deafening alarm was clanging, and an enormous man in a yellow fireman’s uniform was filling the doorway.

“Miss, you have to leave the building,” shouted the fireman over the alarm.

“Miss?” said Ryan, still trying to wake up. He looked down at himself, noticing for the first time his long blond hair and stewardess uniform, and it all came back to him. “I was asleep. I just woke up,” he said as if that explained anything. He tried to close the door, but the fireman held it open. The fireman entered the room. Ryan backed away onto the bed, trying to stay out of the man’s reach.

“Miss, there’s no snooze button on a fire alarm,” the fireman said. “You can’t go back to bed. You need to leave immediately.”

“I’m waiting for a friend,” Ryan tried. “I’ll leave when she gets here.”

“Your friend is out of the building by now,” yelled the fireman over the alarm bell.

“Okay, thank you for letting me know,” Ryan said, figuring that being polite and cooperating might buy him some time. “You go ahead, I just need to collect a few things.”

The fireman decided not to waste any more time. He grabbed Ryan by the arm, and dragged him toward the door.

Ryan was frantic. He couldn’t go out like this! “Wait!” he shouted. He looked around the room – what happened to his pants and shirt? “Please, give me a minute. I just need to find a couple of things!”

The fireman stopped long enough to look Ryan over, then quickly scanned the room. Finding what he was looking for he picked up a pair of Valerie’s shoes and her purse and shoved them at Ryan. “This is all you need. Let’s go.” He shoved Ryan into the hallway. “Put on your shoes!”

Ryan looked at Valerie’s high-heeled pumps in his hands. Slowly he put on the left one, then the right. When he finally had Valerie’s shoes on his feet, the fireman began dragging him down the hallway.

“Okay, please wait!” said Ryan, trying to stop the huge man with little success. “I need to go back! There are just a couple other things in the room I need to bring!”

The fireman had had enough. Without so much as breaking stride he grabbed Ryan and lifted him, throwing Ryan up and over his shoulders as if he were putting on a scarf. Ryan squirmed, but he was like a doll in the huge man's hands. The fireman carried Ryan across his shoulders to the end of the hallway, and didn't put him down until they were in the stairwell.



"Do you think you can walk the rest of the way?" the fireman asked.

"Yes, I can walk," said Ryan. "But you don't understand! I can't leave like this. I just need ten minutes..."

The fireman had had all he was going to take. He grabbed both of Ryan's hands in one of his own enormous mitts, then sitting on the stairs he dragged Ryan across his lap. From this position he delivered three sharp smacks to Ryan's bottom. Valerie's fitted skirt and pink satin panties provided little protection against the stinging spanks Ryan received.

"So, are you going to be a good little girl?" asked the fireman.

"No!" said Ryan. "Five minutes... No! Just two..." The next three smacks brought tears to Ryan's eyes.

"I can do this all day," the fireman said. "You should know I've raised three daughters, and I'm completely immune to all forms of feminine arguing, pleading, and tears. So are you going to be a good little girl, or do you need another spanking?"

"No! I mean yes," said Ryan in defeat.

"Yes you're a good little girl, or yes you need a spanking?" the fireman asked, raising his massive hand.

"Yes I'm a good little girl!" Ryan screamed.

"That's better," said the fireman, lifting Ryan to his feet. "So tell me again, one more time because I like to hear it. What are you?"

Ryan hesitated, frowning adorably as he rubbed his stinging bottom, but said with a pout, "I'm a good little girl."

“You see, that wasn’t so hard now was it?” said the fireman. “Now you get out of this building as fast as you can. Tuck in your blouse and dry your eyes. You want to be pretty when you get downstairs.” Ryan turned to go down the stairs, but the fireman caught him taking a look at the ninth floor door. He grabbed Ryan and spun him around, then pulled Valerie’s purse out of his hands.

“Hey, what are you doing?” Ryan asked, trying to pull the purse away as the fireman pawed through it.

“When I’m on your airplane and there’s an emergency, we’ll do things your way,” said the fireman as he searched the purse. “When you’re in my burning building, we do things mine.”

The fireman found what he was looking for – Valerie’s hotel room key card. Holding it up in front of Ryan’s face the fireman folded the plastic card in half with one hand, *twice*, then unfolded it and ripped it in two. He put the pieces back into the purse, and handed the purse back to Ryan.

“Now I *know* you won’t be sneaking back to your room,” said the fireman. “Not that you ever considered doing such a thing because we both know what a good little girl you are, right?” Ryan nodded, his stomach feeling worse than his bottom with the knowledge that he was not getting back into that room.

“After you get the all clear, you can get a new key at the front desk. Now get that pretty little backside of yours moving!” yelled the fireman.

Ryan ran down the stairs before the fireman decided to do something else to him.