

Just One of the Girls



Audrey Taylor

A "New Woman" Novel



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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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Just One of The Girls

By Audrey Taylor

Butterflies were churning in my stomach as I entered the front door to be greeted by the receptionist. She asked me to wait. A girl from personnel would be coming to get me in a moment. My first day on the job had begun.

I thought back to my conversation with Mrs. Rogers, the personnel manager, when she hired me. “Remember promptness and proper etiquette are most important.” I sat stiffly in the chair waiting for the girl from personnel.

God, getting this spot has been so exhilarating. They hired so few people fresh out of school. Chester, Cummings & Kiss was the premier advertising agency in the garment industry. I’m certain that my 3.86 GPA and summa cum laude achievements were important; the clincher was probably my marketing proposal which we’d discussed extensively at my final interview. I felt high even as I coped with my nervousness.

A young lady broke my reverie, asking if I was Mr. Fletcher. I nodded and followed her inside, going around several corners before reaching the personnel department which was familiar. It brought to mind the personnel manager's final words to me.

Mrs. Rogers had said, "Don't forget, Mr. Fletcher," looking at me seriously, "you'll be making some initial sacrifices when you begin with us. Believe me, they are necessary and contribute to a company atmosphere in which all our people feel at ease and are able to put forth their most creative efforts. I'm sure you'll come to realize how well our policies work, and that you're aware of how successful the company has been. I hope you'll handle it without any objections, so we can put your creative talents right to work."

Now as I entered her office again I wondered what sacrifices were in store for me.

Mrs. Rogers stood up and came around her desk with a broad smile on her face. She shook my hand warmly, leading me towards the door,

"Welcome aboard, Sandy. It's good to see you. Come, we'll walk over to employee uniforms and get you outfitted, then go upstairs and introduce you to your new supervisor."

We went down some long hallways and made several turns before stopping in front of what looked like a supply room.

"Hi Margaret. I want you to meet Mr. Sandy Fletcher. He's starting with us today in Felicia Baker's department upstairs and needs one of your standard uniform packages. Can you take care of him and call me when he's ready?"

"Sure, Mrs. Rogers. I'll be happy to handle him," she replied, smiling mischievously.

Mrs. Rogers looked at me,

“Here’s where the sacrifices begin. Trust me, go along with it and you’ll soon realize why it’s a requirement. See you shortly.” She turned and walked away.

Margaret opened the door to bring me inside a room with rows of shelves loaded neatly with boxes and bags.

“Let me get my tape measure and I’ll meet you in there.” She pointed to a small room off to the right. She certainly looked good walking away in her lovely floral A-line skirt and white silk blouse and I wondered what the standard uniform involved, since I hadn’t seen two girls yet who were dressed alike.

My eyes were always being drawn to women and their appearance. I know it was a fascination of mine, automatically evaluating and judging the styles, colors, and looks they presented. I was constantly on the lookout for advertising ideas that would induce a woman to buy, or at least try the product being offered.

I’d been so absorbed and surrounded by feminine products throughout my school years, it seemed only natural to join this exclusive agency that specialized in women’s clothing and accessories. Without hesitation I’d turned down more lucrative offers from some pretty impressive agencies. This was the place to develop my particular interest and expertise.

Soon Margaret entered and asked me to remove my shirt and trousers, assuring me she wasn’t getting fresh. “Relax. I grew up with two younger brothers at home so you’re not going to shock me.”

I hung my pants and shirt on the hook and stood still as she ran the tape around my hips, waist, and chest.

“It isn’t often that we get someone with a Twiggy-like figure. You are just perfect to be a model,” she observed as she put the measurements on a printed form and handed me a pink robe while she went to get some things.

Twiggy-like figure? A model? What could that mean? I wondered as I put my arms in the sleeves and tied it about my waist. It was chilly standing around in my underwear.

Soon she was back,

“Try these on and see how they fit. The panties go on first, then the girdle and I’ll be right back.” She left me the two items which I looked at curiously. She had to be kidding.

“Margaret?” I called out.

“Are you ready?” she called back.

“No. You’ve got to be kidding. These things are for a lady and in case you hadn’t noticed, I’m a man.” I smiled to myself waiting for her to realize her mistake.

“Of course, Mr. Fletcher,” she continued to talk to me from the other room. “I hate to shock you, but while you’re working at CCK you’ll be expected to wear panties and a girdle every day. It’s the standard uniform Mrs. Rogers was talking about. And that’s not all. When you’re on a clothing account you’ll also be expected to wear a bra and since you’re a man, you’ll need some inserts. Felicia’s department is currently doing a campaign for Exquisite Fashions so I have your new brassiere in my hand. Let me know when you’re decent.”

I was speechless. *Panties and girdle as the standard uniform and even a brassiere? She wasn’t kid-*



ding. What do I do now? Mrs. Rogers had said there would be sacrifice, but this just seems crazy.

“Well, Sandy, ready yet?” Margaret’s impatience was starting to show.

“Almost,” I blurted out and hesitantly pulled down my shorts and stepped into the panties, carefully pulling them into place. *Pink no less.* The nylon felt so strange as I grabbed the girdle and carefully stepped into the leg openings.

“What do you say, Sandy? We haven’t got all day.”

There she was again, as I struggled to get the girdle past my hips getting my equipment out of the way so it wouldn’t get crushed. *Wow, was it tight.*

“Just about there, Margaret,” I answered breathlessly, the girdle squeezing in my waist and causing all kinds of breathing difficulties.

She poked her head around the doorway, saw I was decent, and handed me two more packages, “Here’s your brassiere and inserts. I suggest you wear them or suffer the consequences from your boss. I’ve heard she’s a bitch when it comes to being in proper uniform. Why don’t you finish changing before Mrs. Rogers calls wondering what the holdup is.”

She left me alone again before I could muster any objections. I remembered Mrs. Rogers’ advice about going along with it, that it would make sense eventually. This wasn’t easy.

I took off my undershirt and started putting my arms in the brassiere straps when Margaret returned and lifted the straps up my arms before joining the clasps together behind me.

“Not bad,” she was examining the fit. “Does it feel okay?” she inquired while she put an insert in each bra cup and adjusted it to lay naturally.

“Strange,” was all I could answer, feeling odd in her presence, wearing only ladies underwear.

She ran her hand familiarly over my rear end, ‘checking the fit’ she said, and was pleased as she told me to put on my shirt and pants and meet her in the other room. She gave me a bag for my underwear.

I joined her a few minutes later, feeling unbelievably weird. I could feel the tug of the brassiere and the tightness of the girdle, especially in my crotch. My clothes looked different too, with the two pointy bumps showing in my shirt.

She’d put an assortment of boxes and bags together in a large shopping bag and added my underwear bag to them.

“This gives you changes for the rest of the week. We don’t expect you to wear the same underwear every day. Oh, I almost forgot. I threw in some nylons for you. You’ll find they come in handy to keep your girdle from riding up. Do you want to try a pair now?” she inquired.

“No thanks. I’ll try them later if I need them.” I looked in the mirror, seeing the points in my shirt immediately. Realizing everyone else could see them too, an overwhelming sense of embarrassment enveloped me.

Margaret was on the phone to Mrs. Rogers, announcing I was ready, while I stood there mesmerized by these developments.

“Certainly, he’ll be right there,” Margaret said looking over at me after she hung up. “I’ll show you

how to get back to Mrs. Rogers' office. She's seeing someone at the moment and asked that you wait outside her office until she's free. She said it should only take a few minutes."

Two rights and a left seemed simple enough when I started, but I'd somehow made a wrong turn and was lost. I ended up in an area with several secretaries typing away.

Probably the typing pool, I thought, as they looked up and smiled as I passed. At the last desk I stopped and asked a pleasant looking blonde, Cynthia, by her desk nameplate, if she could direct me to personnel.

"Sure. You must be new here." she hesitated.

"Yes, it's my first day. I'm Sandy Fletcher," I smiled at her, "and I'll be working upstairs in Felicia Baker's area. Is this the typing pool?" I asked, noting her total lack of interest in the bumps protruding from my shirt.

"No," she smiled. "This happens to be the public relations department. We handle all the stockholder inquiries and all the requests for information from prospective investors." She was enthusiastic, "I've been here two months already and I'm so pleased with my job."

"I've glad to hear it." I said, feeling the pressure of having to find Mrs. Rogers office. "If you could direct me to personnel, I'd really appreciate it."

"Sure, Sandy. Just go down this corridor to the end." She pointed that way. "Make a right, then a quick left and you're there. Good luck with the new job." Her attention returned to the computer as I thanked her and went off down the corridor.

Seeing Mrs. Rogers outside her office looking for me was both a relief and a bit of annoyance for wasting so much time.

“Ah, there you are,” she spotted me. “Looks like you took the roundabout route.” She was poking fun. “But you made it. I see you’re in uniform. Please make sure you wear it every day.”

I wished I could find a hole to swallow me up.

“Come, let’s go find Felicia’s office so you can get started.” She led the way to the elevators.

“Mrs. Baker runs one of several client product groups which handle direct customer accounts. They plan the marketing strategies and media campaigns for the new brands as well as the established ones. Her staff is highly motivated. She happens to be one of our more creative account managers. You’re fortunate to be joining her staff as your initial assignment. You’ll learn a lot if you pay attention and put in the effort.”

We got off the elevator on 24 and went down several corridors—*I’d have to get a floor plan*—before arriving at a corner area with artists and designers working diligently at their drawing boards.

At the corner office Mrs. Rogers knocked and waited.

“Come in,” we heard a voice call out. Entering her office, we saw she was on the telephone and stood there while she finished.

“Make sure it’s ready by Thursday or else you can kiss this account goodbye.”

As Mrs. Baker was talking, I remembered I hadn’t spoken to Mrs. Rogers about the unusual underwear

I was being asked to wear. She hadn't stopped talking all the way here, giving me no opportunity to broach the subject.

Felicia (Mrs. Baker) was ending her conversation, "And it better be to our strict specifications. No short cuts. Call me Wednesday and set up a time for Thursday with my secretary. Goodbye." She hung up and turned towards us even as she buzzed her intercom.

She held up a finger to us while she instructed Ms. Snyder to expect a call from Pat Treadway for an appointment on Thursday, telling her to make it early in the morning, "just to get his lazy ass out of bed."

She turned to us and Mrs. Rogers started. "Mrs. Baker, I'd like you to meet your new administrator, Mr. Sandy Fletcher."

She held out her hand, "Hi, Mr. Fletcher. I'm sure happy you're here. This position has been open much too long and I'm sure you'll have loads of fun trying to catch up on the backlog. Thanks, Vivian, for delivering her."

"My pleasure, Felicia," she smiled closing the door behind her leaving us alone.

Had I heard correctly; a reference to me as a 'her'?

"So you're in uniform, I see," she said, taking in my appearance. "I expect you will make every effort to improve your image as you get more comfortable with your position."

What was this?

"I'm proud of all my girls. They each give their best to maximize the team's results. Come on, I'll introduce you to the rest of my group." She came over and

put an arm around my shoulder. “Try not to slouch so much,” she advised as we walked through the doorway.

I straightened up, not realizing how prominent my two pointed mounds became. Meanwhile the girdle was feeling even tighter as it scrunched my testicles and flattened my penis in its iron grip. I’d have to get to a bathroom soon and try to loosen it somehow. It was super uncomfortable.

“This is our administrative assistant, Irene Synder.” She stopped by a desk right outside her office. A blonde looked up from her work. “Meet Sandy Fletcher who’s going to be working for Carol as her assistant account manager.”

We shook hands and she frowned, noticing the roughness of my hand. I always had trouble keeping my hands smooth, working so much with crayons, paste and cutting knives on the art projects I loved to do.

“It’s nice to meet you,” she said obligingly, not really seeming to care.

“Same here,” I answered smiling at her, unsure why she wasn’t more receptive. I followed Felicia to a mini office.

“April Spencer, meet Sandy Fletcher who’ll be working as Carol’s assistant.”

She smiled up at me and nodded, “Welcome aboard, mate, it’s a pleasure to meet you.”

I nodded. “Likewise, I’m sure,” I said, feeling a little more acceptance.

“April’s our copywriter who comes up with many innovative ideas for our ad campaigns.” Felicia smiled at her, “She’s a real jewel to have around.”

I sensed a hidden meaning to her words, as we moved to another larger office and went right in.

“Cindy and Estelle are our two artists who do much of the layouts and storyboards for the campaigns. They’re both a pleasure to work with, even if Estelle has some difficulty meeting deadlines. Girls.” They both looked up from their art boards. “Say hello to Sandy Fletcher. She’ll be working with Carol.”

There she goes again referring to me as a woman.

Both artists came over to shake my hand and welcome me. They were both charming and quite attractive, especially Cindy whose warm touch made me tingle.

I hesitated but neither made any comment or seemed to notice my unusual appearance. I guess a uniform is a uniform and everyone had similar protuberances, so mine weren’t very significant. So far I hadn’t noticed another man. *Was I unique?*

Felicia led me next door.

This office had a small alcove off to the right, partitioned off from the larger space where another lovely woman was sitting reading a report.

“Carol, look who I’ve got for you. It’s your long lost assistant account manager, Sandy Fletcher.”

“Welcome,” Carol bounced up and walked over to shake my hand appreciatively. “You’re a sight for sore eyes. It seems like the spot has been empty for years and not just two months.”

“I’m glad to be here,” I smiled and felt her eyes examine me thoughtfully.

“Felicia, is she ready for training right now?”

“Not yet, darling. Give me a half hour with her and then she’s all yours.” She checked her watch, waved goodbye and we returned to her office.

As we sat down again in Felicia’s office I asked, “Why do you continually refer to me as ‘she’ and ‘her’? I am a man, you know.”

“Oh it’s too much bother to remember who the occasional man is who works here. We simply refer to everybody as she and her. Especially with everyone wearing the company uniform. You’ll notice that the personnel bulletins are directed to the female gender. When we’re so completely surrounded by feminine products and constantly dealing with the feminine perspective in our marketing campaigns, it’s just a whole lot easier to consider everyone a female.”

“It’s certainly different for me,” I confessed. “This underwear, is it really necessary to wear every day? I can tell you this girdle is starting to cause me some real discomfort. In fact, if you don’t mind, I’d like to use the bathroom. Can you point the way?”

“If you’re not wearing nylons, I would suggest you try them. They will certainly keep your panty girdle from riding up, if that’s what’s bothering you.”

I’d heard that before. I reached in, found some stockings and followed her directions to, of course, the ladies room. There were no men’s rooms, so I had better get used to the ladies room unless I could hold it in all day. I tentatively opened the door and, spotting no other occupants, quickly scooted into one of the stalls, locking the door behind me.

Pulling down the girdle and panties as quickly as I could, I just managed to sit down in time. The extra pressure being applied by the girdle was affecting my bladder. As I sat there I adjusted the bra straps and pulled it down. I had no idea how to stop it from riding up. Stockings wouldn't work.

Soon I was pulling off my socks and ran the nylons carefully up each leg, attaching them to the garters. Again I arranged my equipment, sliding my testicles into their pockets where they fit so naturally while pushing my penis between my legs before releasing the girdle and feeling it keep me snugly in place. I pulled my pants up and couldn't see the nylons at all, but they sure felt slinky on my legs.

As I walked back to Felicia's office I could feel the pull on the garters.

She was right, they definitely held the girdle in place, eliminating any more crunching.

Can you believe it, I was actually thankful for wearing nylons. This place was making me crazy.

Felicia gave me an overall review of the department and how the team handled each client's requirements. She went over each person's individual responsibilities, then she complimented me on being such a good listener, telling me I was ready for Carol.

I grabbed my bag and headed to Carol's office. I was happy about the compliment and continued to feel more comfortable in the panty girdle now that it wasn't riding me.

Carol showed me to the desk in the partitioned area and asked me to familiarize myself with the computer system by working my way through the self-teaching course which she brought up on the screen. Hopefully by Wednesday I'd be ready to get

involved with the monitoring system of the department which would be one of my initial job responsibilities.

I was there almost thirty minutes before the system started to make sense while I got distracted several times by the two mounds so prominently displayed in my shirt. The girdle wasn't bothering me as much, although I felt it holding me in tightly and I could feel the tug of the garters on my nyloned legs.

My thoughts strayed to apartment hunting. The room I was now renting by the week was much too costly. I'd start looking this evening after work.

I felt Carol looking over my shoulder to see how far I'd gotten and she asked if I was hungry and wanted to join her for lunch. "We have a terrific lunchroom downstairs on 20 which most of the girls prefer to fighting the noontime crush in the outside world. Come on, I'll show you."

We stopped by the ladies rooms and once again I used the facilities even as women were all around me. I got the girdle back in place and checked myself before rejoining Carol who was combing her hair.

"You could really use some makeup, darling. You're so pale." Her rosy lips smiled through the mirror at me.

"No thanks. Pale suits me fine." I could feel the tension grip me and I told her I'd wait outside for her. *Nice joke.*

Soon she was grabbing my arm and we took the elevator down to 20. I felt so self-conscious as we crowded closely together in the elevator and I could feel the other women pressing into me with hardly a concern. There wasn't another man in sight. This was unnerving. *Was I the only man in the company?*

Mrs. Rogers had never said anything about that. *Were they in other departments?*

Suddenly the doors opened and we joined the crowd as just about everyone got off. Carol was talking to several women. They all smiled at me when she told them it was my first day and a chorus of 'good luck' hit me as they went off in another direction. I forced a grin and followed Carol into a large dining room where we grabbed some trays and got on line for lunch. There was a standard charge which was deducted from your paycheck each week.

The food was delicious and I enjoyed listening to the conversation of the three women at my table. Besides Carol there was Susan and Ellen, both from accounting, who were talking mostly about the sale on at Maxim's, a department store around the corner.

Nobody was paying any attention to me and I started feeling more relaxed as my bumps seemed to blend in so naturally. I was slowly getting comfortable with them, if you can believe it. I still had no inkling of why I had to wear a brassiere, with inserts no less.

I noticed again on our way back that the girdle wasn't riding up anymore and I was starting to get used to the constant pressure. *Maybe I can manage this.*

The afternoon went by quickly. I became deeply engrossed with learning the program and its capabilities for my future use. When Carol nudged my shoulder telling me she was leaving, I was shocked that it was already 5 o'clock. I cleared my desk and followed her to the elevators. I mentioned casually that I was looking for a new apartment and she suggested I check the employee bulletin board in the din-

ing room. Many of the girls used that for various reasons.

It seemed like a good idea, so I stopped off on twenty to check it out. There were several people seeking roommates and I quickly took down the numbers to call them later. Initially I thought I'd be better off with a roommate until I learned more about the city. It would also cost a lot less.

I took the bus crosstown and then walked a few blocks to my place, bringing my shopping bag full of goodies home with me. I had almost forgotten what I was wearing. I did close my jacket which kept the brassiere from being seen. The nylons peeked out below my pants legs when I crossed them so I sat very straight. I brought some Chinese food back to my room.

I said hello to Mrs. Reilly who was watching TV. in the living room and closed my door tightly. I hung up my suit and removed the feminine underwear, throwing the items in the corner. I left the shopping bag near the dresser and sat down to eat.

It felt good being able to breathe again without a pinched feeling. I could see the marks from the bra straps as I put a robe on. Mrs. Reilly wasn't too generous with the heat. After I ate I went across the hall for a shower. I figured I'd go see a movie later when I finished my calls to prospective roommates.

I washed my hair thoroughly, trying to get the city soot out of it. Living here would sure take some getting used to.

I still had no idea why I had all the feminine underwear and debated with myself whether to cheat a little tomorrow by leaving off the girdle. Let's not rock the boat too soon, I cautioned myself.

I was feeling good as I left the room and passed Mrs. Reilly on my way out.

“Oh, Mr. Fletcher. I noticed that your room could use some straightening out. Would you like me to tidy it up a bit for you? Won’t be any trouble.” She looked at me as I quickly thought ‘why not,’ completely forgetting about the new additions to my wardrobe. Cleaning up wasn’t one of my strong suits.

“Sure. I’d appreciate that. I’m going to the movies, so I probably won’t see you later when I get home. Good night.”

“Good night. Enjoy yourself.”

Mrs. Reilly’s had been so nice since I took the room two weeks earlier, arriving here from my small Midwest home town. I was thankful for the recommendation from the personnel department. This big city was such a muddle for me, being accustomed to a town of less than 3000 people. My being away at college near Chicago had shown me what a big city could offer. I was determined to get comfortable in my new surroundings.

In the theater I suddenly remembered the female underwear and hoped Mrs. Reilly didn’t pay too much attention when she straightened out.

‘*Shit, now she’ll think I’m some kind of weirdo,*’ I thought. Well, I won’t be there too much longer. I had some success reaching a Ms. Kelso about sharing her apartment but she’d hesitated about taking in a man as a roommate, not that I really blamed her. It had been a silly idea in the first place. We did arrange to meet in the lunchroom tomorrow by the water fountain so we could meet in person and see if there was any further interest. She’d sounded vaguely familiar.

Munching my popcorn, I became totally absorbed in the new action-packed Rambo movie that had just come out. Walking home later, I stopped for an ice cream cone and hung around outside, enjoying the hustle and bustle of the cars and people going every which way, always in a hurry, regardless of the hour. The pace was so relentless. I hoped everyone stopped occasionally to catch their breath.

Opening the front door, I saw that Mrs. Reilly was already asleep so I quietly went to my room. She'd cleaned up and I enjoyed getting into a freshly made bed for the first time in days.

CHAPTER 2

Mrs. Reilly had fresh coffee prepared when I entered the kitchen so I grabbed a cup and sat down a moment.

“So, how are you feeling this morning, Sandy?” Mrs. Reilly walked in from the dining room.

“Fine, Mrs. Reilly. Thanks for straightening up my room yesterday. What did you do with my dirty stuff?”

“Oh, I put them with mine since I'm doing laundry today. I don't mind and besides you're a working man now. You'll need some help with these things.” She was so motherly and never mentioned the ladies stuff so I left the topic strictly alone, departing shortly afterwards for work.

I was in stockings again. They worked so well I decided I'd be stupid not to wear them. The pink girdle fit tightly, restricting my breathing but I was slowly getting used to the pressure and was relieved that my crotch was not being scrunched. The items matched my panties and bra. I carried the inserts in a coat

pocket, expecting to put them in just prior to getting to my desk.

It was strange putting on the pink panties, enjoying the feel of nylon containing my penis so snugly. What a difference from my boxer shorts. Once the girdle was in place, the feeling was lost as I'd adjusted myself accordingly. My behind looked so smooth in my pants and the nylons rubbed against my pants legs as I walked.

Putting the inserts in, I listened to several women chatting while fixing their makeup. Finally I stepped out of the stall and maneuvered quietly past them, wanting to vacate the ladies room without being noticed.

Estelle saw me in the mirror and grabbed my arm, "Hi, Sandy. You're in so early."

"Hi, Estelle," I smiled trying to appear calm, yet feeling sweat breaking out on my brow. "Yeah, I'm really a morning person."

"Hey, maybe you'd like me to fix up your face a little. It'll only take a minute," she coaxed me.

"She certainly needs it," a girl next to her piped in.

"Thanks, but I've really got to be going." I smiled, turning towards the door.

"Sure, see you later, darling," Estelle smiled to my retreating back.

I was sweating as I removed my jacket and sat at my desk, reaching across to turn on the computer. I'd forgotten my coffee so I went to get a cup, feeling my two mounds were leading the way. By the copy room I met April and gave her a quick good morning before ducking into the coffee alcove.

She followed me, “Hi, Sandy. Boy, you seem in a hurry this morning. Going to a fire?”

“Nah. I’m just having difficulty with having to wear the standard uniform. Do you know the reasoning behind it?”

“Sure do. Guys generally have trouble with that rule, but they adjust fairly quickly. You see, all new employees are expected to help out whenever any modeling is required, which happens fairly regularly. You’ll most likely be called today. Usually a session can take an hour or so and then everyone returns to their regular duties. Even guys must participate and it’s so much easier to change when everyone looks the same in their undies.”

Just then, Irene came in saying good morning to the two of us.

“Thanks for the info,” I said as we separated, going to our desks.

Modeling? She had to be kidding. It did sound plausible, though, and accounts for the feminine underwear. Oh well, I’m sure I’ll find out soon enough, I thought, and turned my attention to the computer and its programs.

By lunch time I’d almost completed the learning program and felt pretty confident about using the system. This had always been one of my strong suits. I’d talk to Carol later. She had come in late and been busy all morning at her desk.

It was a little past noon when I told Carol I was going to lunch and took the elevator down to twenty. I stood by the water fountain, wondering if I shouldn’t have let Estelle put some makeup on me to help convince Ms. Kelso I’d make a perfect roommate.

I saw the public relations girl from yesterday coming towards me and smiled. "Hi Cynthia. Your directions were great yesterday. Got me there in under an hour," I said sarcastically.

She looked at me carefully than broke into a smile. "You're not the one who called me last night about the apartment, are you?"

"You're Ms. Kelso?" a look of surprise came to my face. "Now I understand why you sounded familiar on the phone. Well, you guessed it. I'm the Mr. Fletcher and I really could use an apartment in the near future. I'm living in a single room I rent by the week from a pleasant enough old lady but I'm really ready for something more comfortable."

She smiled, "I've been searching for a roommate for more than three months. My old roommate moved out suddenly, following her boyfriend out west, leaving me with the full burden. But it's just not easy finding the right person."

I could see the pressure was getting to her.

"I'm kind of hesitant about sharing with a man, although I am a 90s woman and up on all the 'now' stuff. Why don't we meet after work and have some dinner, maybe get to know each other better. If that goes well, we can check out the apartment. No promises though."

"That sounds great." I was in a bit of shock, definitely mesmerized by her. "Let's have lunch and we can figure out where to meet later. Tell me more about yourself and what you do here."

We got on the lunch line together, selected salads and sat by ourselves in a corner.

The next thirty minutes flew by.

I listened intently to how she was from a small town in Nebraska and had been in the city for the past two years learning the ropes, eventually hoping to become a talent agent. She had joined CCK only two months ago after being with another agency specializing in jewelry for close to two years. She was very impressed with how this company was run, although somewhat perplexed by some of the strict rules.

“Now, why must all the men wear female undergarments to work? Why don’t they just leave them out of the modeling sessions? Give them something else to do. That requirement is so strange.” Her quizzical expression looked so adorable.

“Well, I certainly don’t have an answer. I figure I’ll give it a chance for awhile, since Mrs. Rogers assured me I’d understand it soon enough. I certainly can’t see why a woman would want to wear a girdle every day. This is only my second day and I find it almost impossible to breathe. I think women could use a lot more time on the psychiatrist’s couch.”

I finished my tea and we got up to drop our trays off by the kitchen.

“There are just no couches available, Sandy. All the men are filling them,” she retorted.

I smiled realizing I’d inadvertently embarrassed her,

“I didn’t mean it that way. I’m sorry. I was only voicing my own frustration with having to deal with this discomfort every day.”

Her face softened and I felt relieved. As we neared the elevators, she suggested we meet right after 5 P.M. on the first floor by the newsstand. I agreed and we felt ourselves squashed together on the elevator

as everyone seemed to be returning from lunch at once.

There were giggles and laughter as the doors closed and I could feel Cynthia's arm against my chest. She was being leaned on heavily by someone behind me. I looked at her, silently apologizing. She grinned and then broke into a chuckle which caused me to laugh out loud. When the doors opened on her floor, I had to get off with her. We were both laughing so hard her makeup was running down her cheeks. We went to the ladies room and tried to get ourselves under control.

She sat and redid her eyes while I got her extension number and then took care of other matters.

The squashed crotch situation was a thing of the past. The nylons were working although I still felt weird with my testicles up in their pockets and my penis pressed downward between my legs.

Sitting at my desk later that afternoon, I thought about Cynthia and the apartment and how much fun we had at lunch. I even fantasized about our taking a shower together. Don't all roommates do that? That's when I got up and went to get some coffee.

Cindy met me in the hall and told me to join her at a modeling session. She and several of the other girls were gathering at the elevators.

I tagged along, forgetting my caffeine need, wondering what this would entail.

We went up two floors and into a large dressing room already cluttered with clothes and women who all looked similar in their bras and panty girdles and nylons. When we entered, we were each given a dress and I followed the others to a row of lockers where they took off their outer clothes, putting them in an

empty locker. They dressed and went over to fix their makeup.

I was at a loss as to what to do when Cindy took me by the shoulder and told me to hurry so they could get done quickly and return downstairs. I looked into her eyes and saw no mercy, realizing she expected me to participate with them now. She helped me open my shirt buttons and loosen my belt buckle to get me moving. Soon I was standing in my ladies underwear, appearing exactly like one of them from the neck down. She held the dress over my head and I raised my arms and felt it drop over my body.

There was a makeup specialist, Peggy, who sat me at a table and insisted on doing my eyes and lips while April was locating a pair of 3" heels that fit me.

A third girl was brushing my hair into a ponytail and tying it with a yellow ribbon.

When I stood up and looked in the mirror, I was amazed. Staring back at me was someone I didn't know. Estelle broke my trance, pulling my hand and making me walk around the room for practice. Learning to walk in heels isn't easy.

Five minutes later we got the word and went into the next room where they immediately placed us in position. I was petrified but followed the other girls and held the position I was placed in. It was strange seeing another man there but the photographer didn't seem to notice I was a man too.

Another makeup girl was walking around, putting last minute touches on all the smiling faces. She put rouge on my cheeks, forehead and neck and I could hear April whispering to me, "I hope they don't notice your hairy legs."

I changed my position ever so slightly, hiding my legs a bit more behind a chair, thankful for the little hair on my arms.

Suddenly Chuck was calling out, “No moving please. Yes, you in the pony tail.”

He was talking to me. I was mortified.

“Please move to your left,” and I complied ever so slightly.

“A bit more darling,” he encouraged me. I was further away from the chair than before. “How come your legs are so dark? What’s your name?”

“Sandy,” I answered.

“Perhaps you should trade places with April and we’ll see how that looks.”

We both obliged him but he was still dissatisfied.

“I really liked your blonde ponytail by the table,” Chuck insisted. “Why don’t we take a ten-minute break so you can clean your legs, and you darling,” pointing to Estelle, “please take off those earrings. They just don’t work. Everyone back here at 1:45.”

I returned to the changing room where Peggy had me remove my stockings and spread Neet up and down my legs while I just sat there for everyone to see. Fortunately they were interested in other things so I was left relatively alone. This was getting intense.

Peggy came over and put the Neet on my arms too, “We’d better take care of this now, before he complains about it,” she advised.

Later, Peggy ran a wet wash cloth over each leg and I watched my hair disappear. Then my arms which

were as smooth as the rest of the models. I pulled my nylons back up, attaching them to my garters. I felt so self-conscious I almost died. *How did this situation get so complicated? Is working at CCK really worth all this embarrassment?*

When I was standing again in position, Chuck sighed, “That’s an improvement. Try coming prepared in the future, Sandy, so you don’t waste our time.”

My cheeks turned bright red underneath the rouge.

After maybe thirty shots with different poses and clothes, he called it a day, after more than two hours.

I felt so weak, being totally unaccustomed to heels and having to stand in the same spot for such long periods of time. When we changed back, April suggested I leave my blouse on. It was white and looked so much nicer than my shirt. I agreed, feeling too tired to argue, pulling my pants back on over my smooth nyloned legs.

Returning downstairs with the others, I was completely oblivious to my makeup and hair and sat down at my desk, thoroughly worn out. Carol greeted me with a message from Cynthia saying she’d be about 20 minutes late and hoped I could wait for her. I pictured her as I got up to get the cup of coffee I’d been after earlier.

This time Felicia saw me, “Sandy, you look terrific,” she said, breaking through my reverie and re-directing me to her office for a moment. “You certainly make a convincing young lady.”

“I still can’t believe I participated in a modeling session as a woman.” My dismay was apparent as I spoke. “Dressing up as a woman really isn’t my cup

of tea. There must be a way to arrange for me to do something else instead, like maybe helping set up the props or the lighting. I'm really not trying to cop out or anything I just think this is one step beyond reasonable," I concluded and watched her consider my proposal.

"Sandy, you must understand that we request all males to participate at these modeling sessions for several important reasons.

"Number one. It helps to get the feel of the products you'll be marketing. And of course you realize that we're exclusively involved in feminine products." *As if I didn't know.*

"Two. Participating intimately in these photography sessions will stimulate your mind and hopefully generate new ideas for improving the presentation of the products. That is once you've gotten over your embarrassment."

She smiled compassionately at me as I thought of my freshly shaved arms and legs.

"Three. Hanging around with the girls in your underwear makes all of you equal. It helps to deal with a women's feelings of inferiority when working with men. Subconsciously the woman's self-confidence soars when she sees this equality. I'm sure you realize this is in direct contradiction to the massive subliminal messages given to women every day of their lives. Our society has some major changes to make before a woman is accepted as an equal. This is our way of hastening the process and why we don't allow the man to do other chores instead."

"Fourth and perhaps most importantly, it helps the team members develop a closer kinship, which we have found vastly improves the effort of each team

member and generates astonishing results. Did you notice today how the other girls gladly helped you with your appearance without a hint of laughter or fun at your expense. Not a soul mentioned anything to you about the effect you had on everyone with your 'dark leg's problem."

She'd gotten the word.

"The women working here are really exceptional. Improving the end product is their primary goal. They'll do just about anything towards that end."

I just sat there, absorbing her words and having difficulty finding ideas to counter her points. A feeling of numbness invaded my mind when I realized she expected me to continue with these sessions whenever I was needed. *My contribution to the team.*

This was going to take some serious thinking and I was much too tired to consider it properly right now. I thanked her for explaining it and returned to my computer, nodding 'hi' to Carol before I sat down.

Her face looked surprised and several minutes later when she completed her call she was at my shoulder whispering a compliment to me about my appearance. *Did I really look that good?*

5 o'clock came pretty quickly and I mentioned to Carol on my way out that I was ready for more.

"We'll tackle it the first thing in the morning, Sandy," she said and wished me good night.

In the ladies room I examined my shaved legs and arms while I sat, amazed at how soft and smooth they felt. I'd never been too muscular. I adjusted myself quickly, already used to the required position as I pulled up my panties and girdle. When I saw my face and the bumps protruding from the lovely blouse, I

smiled and wondered if Cynthia would recognize me. We'd soon find out. I just didn't have the energy to deal with it now. April had told me I needed cold cream to get my makeup off so I was going to pick some up on the way home.

Standing by the newsstand I watched the many people rushing by, admiring their variety of coats and hairdos. Yes, the vast majority were women and I wandered over to check the building directory. CCK occupied seven floors, 20 to 26 and I could see that many of the other companies were similarly involved with female products, including two famous perfume houses and several prominent intimate apparel companies. I also noticed two leading swimwear brands.

Cynthia was looking all around when I returned and smiled when she saw me, "There you are. Wow, you've changed so much since lunch. I'll bet you went to your first shoot."

"So what if I did?" I challenged, feeling defeated by my disguise. "I never dreamed this job would entail this much sacrifice. I hope you're not angry with me. I don't have the stuff to take it off."

"Don't be silly. You look adorable. Come on, let's head up to my apartment and we'll find someplace along the way for dinner." She grabbed my arm and tugged me along with her.

We ate at a Greek restaurant around the corner from her place. It went very well and soon we were standing in front of her apartment. It was a third floor walkup and she cautioned me as she turned the key in the lock, "Remember I wasn't expecting company. Don't look at the mess."

She gave me the cook's tour which didn't take long. She had a medium-sized kitchen with a table and two

chairs that led into a comfortable living room. Big drapes covered the windows looking out on the street below. When she showed me the bedrooms, hers was okay but the second one was small and I started losing interest immediately. It was even smaller than what I had now. And the bathroom was also tiny and much too crowded. I held my feelings in.

She told me it cost her about \$800 a month with utilities and of course didn't include the phone. That sounded good, definitely an improvement over the \$135 I was paying weekly for my one small room. Laundry facilities were available in the basement.

We sat around awhile over tea discussing the various sections of the city to live in. When I asked her if she had decided about me, she said she needed more time to consider it. "I'm ready for my beauty sleep and you look like you could use some too," she smiled slyly at me while walking me to the door.

We briefly kissed good night and I walked downstairs.

Because of my appearance I took a cab home. It was late and I didn't want any further difficulties. Thank goodness the local drug store was still open.

Mrs. Reilly surprised me. It was after 10 and she was still watching TV. She said 'hello' without looking up. Good thing, I might've shocked her badly. I closed my door and got ready for a shower, bringing along my recently purchased cold cream. Leaving my clothes strewn around, I grabbed a robe and scooted over to the bathroom. I rubbed the cold cream thoroughly into my face and neck. Soon I was under the hot spray of the shower, letting the heat soothe my neck muscles and wash away everything accumulated during the day.