

APRIL BOOK TWO



MICHELLE SCOTT

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by Michelle Scott



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Cast of Players

Kevin Black, AIA: Apprentice architect at Phillips and Waters Architects;

Wendi Yamens: Kevin's wife and college girlfriend;

Elizabeth Adams: ASLA, landscape architect at Phillips and Waters Architects;

Mr. Oliver Phillips, FAIA: Founder of Phillips and Waters Architects;

Peter Waters, AIA: Principle designer at Phillips and Waters Architects;

Helen Collins: the receptionist, secretary, and girl Friday at Phillips and Waters;

Noah Rashalem AIA: Illustrator and interior designer at Phillips and Waters;

Susan Marshall: A cosmetic laser technician;

Connie: A friend of Susan's;

Duke Martin: An out of town client;

Janet Martin: Duke's wife;

Robin Gardner: A home brewer; and **Jill Lovejoy:** An attorney

CHAPTER XIII: Wednesday Afternoon

Elizabeth dropped by Kevin's workstation and leaned close enough to be sure what she said was private. She saw Noah trying to eavesdrop.

"It went well, there are some things we need to discuss. Are you free for lunch?"

Kevin nodded.

"Good, let's go to the Goose at 1:00. It will be empty and we can talk."

For the next hours Kevin worked hard. He needed to keep his mind occupied rather than worrying about what Elizabeth wanted to talk about.

But, she said it was going to be all right. That means I don't have to resign and April can come-out in the office. Over and over, April kept reminding herself; she has good news.

Elizabeth collected Kevin for lunch on time. They walked in silence to the restaurant and took a booth in a quiet corner.

"So?" Kevin asked.

"What Peter and I talked Oliver into, is your making a gradual transition."

"Gradual?"

"Yes, Oliver needs time to adjust."

"Elizabeth, what does that mean?"

"It means, 'April', that you and I will meet and decide how far you go the each week. Oliver is firm, he wants it to be a while before he has to deal with you in a skirts."

"Can April start to wear her clothes?"

"Yes, and starting next week, maybe a little makeup. Oliver said after you pass the licensing examination would be a good time for April to wear a skirt in to the office."

"Can I wait that long to start wearing a bra?" Elizabeth nodded, "Yes, there are things you do to support your developing bosom, that don't involve a bra. There are camisoles with built in bras, and other garments that provide

support. Don't worry, April, I'm on your side. I promise, we'll make sure that you gain more presence in the office every week. The game is to push Oliver, just short of too hard. I'm good at that. Play it my way, pass the licensing examination, and April will be a junior partner in October."

Kevin started to cry, Elizabeth took his hand and squeezed it, April regained her composure; "Thank you, Elizabeth. You're wonderful. This is more than I hopped for. I'm more emotional since I started hormones. You've been great. I don't know how I'll make it up to you."

Elizabeth hugged the blonde. "Don't worry about it, April. Let's just say that you owe me a big one. Someday I'll tell you I want a favor, and I'll expect you to just say 'sure'."

April looked at Elizabeth, fearfully.

"Don't worry, April, it won't be terrible. Won't you trust me?"

After a minute, April nodded, "Yes, Elizabeth. I trust you. I can't think of anything I wouldn't do for you."

Elizabeth laughed, "Don't worry about it. I'll bet you ten bucks, that a year from now, you'll feel that what I asked was pleasant and interesting.

"Are you free Saturday?"

"Yes, all day."

"Good. We'll make a plan for the coming weeks, and then do some shopping.

They hugged, and after eating a small part of the huge lunch the "Goose" provided, they returned to work.

The following Saturday Elizabeth arrived at April's condo at ten in the morning. She was pleased to see that April was ready for shopping. The blonde was wearing a sleeveless yellow silk blouse and a light blue A-line skirt. Her shoes were straw sandals with two-inch wedge-heals. April's longish hair was done in a ponytail that was so far forward on her head that that it created a prominent bouncing spray of golden hair with her every step.

Elizabeth hugged the girl, noticing her makeup was flawless. Her light-pink nail polish was the same on her fingers and toes, and matched April's lip color.

“I’m glad you’re ready, April. Let’s sit down and lay out a strategy.”

“Sounds good, Elizabeth. I hope it won’t be long before I can feel pretty at the office.”

“Call me ‘Beth’, please April. Eve been thinking about the stages of your transition. I think you can wear something pretty Monday.”

“Goody!

“Would you like some coffee, Beth?”

“That would be nice.”

The older woman could tell that April was barely able to keep herself from peppering her with question.

Only after coffee, cups and saucers, scones, napkins, cream and sugar, knives, butter and teaspoons were on the coffee table did April allow herself to ask; “Beth, how much can I get away with?”

Elizabeth nodded, “Eve given it some thought and I think something new in your appearance should become decidedly feminine every Monday morning. Also I don’t see any reason why you should wear Kevin drag to and from work. Eve been watching, and between cut and color, there is a lot you can do to feminize your bicycling outfits, beyond wearing a sports bra.”

April was suddenly grinning, “There is this cute Lycra crop-tops that I’ve been dying to buy. Not only is it feminine, but they’re cooler.”

“That’s it. And, if Oliver sees you arrive or leave in a hot pink crop-top, but then you change into something more Kevinesk, I don’t see how he could complain.”

“What about this Monday, at the office. Do you really think I can wear something feminine?”

“Yes, April, I was thinking, if you want, we can get your right ear pierced today, and get you several pairs of earrings. Not real dangly or big, but a lot more interesting than those little gold hoops you and Peter wear in your left ear.”

April grinned, “I’d like that. But is that all, or is there something else I can change?”

For the first week I also thought you might get rid of Kevin's belts and get some nice thin girlish belts, maybe in something other than brown. I'd suggest not pushing farther the first week." "OK, Beth, if it's alright, I'd like to make a schedule. It will help me shop, and give me something to look forward to." "Good idea."

April got out an engineer's pad and a mechanical pencil. For the next two hours the two discussed April's transition. The list ended with 'dresses', and the transition included twelve stages. April looked it over smiled. By the time she was to step seven, everyone seeing her would know she was a girl.

The two went shopping, and in addition to belts and earrings April purchased, on her new credit card, everything she needed for first four weeks. They also stopped at the Bike Gallery and April picked out five crop-tops, two pairs of calf length Lycra pants, and two pairs of shorts. There was no black among the purchases. The shorts were electric blue and hot pink, the calf length pants were red and a shade of Orange that matched her bicycle and the crop-tops were electric blue, hot pink, red, orange and bright yellow. April also purchased five pairs of brightly colored ankle sox to wear with her new biking clothes. Later that afternoon, as she put away her purchases, April enjoyed the feel of a pair of three-inch gold loop earrings moving with her long hair. Shopping with Beth had been fun. She looked forward to showing off her earrings Sunday when she saw Susan. She thought of calling up Susan and seeing if she was free, but remembered.

Susan's boyfriend took her sailing today. She called Wednesday and asked if I was interested in a blind date with her sailor's best friend. I was so preoccupied by events at the office that the conversation slipped my mind.

As April finished putting her new things away she thought about the offered date. She was still feeling lonely, and the idea of a day on the river sailing with Susan and friends sounded fun.

She said I wouldn't be expected to do anything, she remembered Susan's assurance, 'I've met him. He's a nice guy. If you have a good time you might give him a-kiss when we drop you off, but I promise that although he's very studly, he knows the rules. No girl is expected to put-out on the first

date.'

But she'd decided. *If I went sailing with him, and it was fun, he might ask me out again. That would be the second date, and the rules change. No, I'm a long way from knowing if I'd want to have sex with a man. I'm even farther from knowing how I'd explain my limited options for sex.*

Confident she'd made the right decision, April spent the afternoon and evening studying.

The next morning, after a leisurely bubble bath she dressed in her new bicycling clothes and went for a long ride. It was sunny and she wanted to get in her miles before it got hot. She'd selected the hot pink shorts and yellow crop-top. She grinned as she thought about her first bike ride dressed as a woman. She got out her new pink sports bra, two pairs of panties, hot pink sox, and the three- inch loop earrings she'd worn the day before.

After carefully dressing, April checked her appearance in the mirror. She looked carefully; there were no telltale signs of her male part - even though the spandex biking shorts. Her budding breasts were noticeable and her exposed midriff, back and smooth legs added to her feminine image. She carefully applied sun block to all her exposed skin and a sun blocking lip-gloss.

She slipped her latchkey in a pocket inside her shorts and picked up her shoes, helmet, and bike. Two minutes later she was sitting on the steps in front of her building putting on her shoes and helmet. She mounted the bike, locked her left foot into the pedal and was off. Working her way out of the neighborhood and up into the hills took twenty minutes. She was lightly sweating but feeling good when she hit the ridge top and Skyline Boulevard. The long hill was over and April easily moved into a twenty mile an hour pace that ate the smooth rolling hills as if she were flying. The feel of the wind on her exposed skin was intoxicating. The cool air penetrated her top, and bra, and April took her breath in as she felt her nipples extend. She pulled over to the side of the road to compose herself. When her feet were firmly on the ground it was all she could do to not use her hands to continue the wonderful stimulation. Skyline is popular route for bicyclists and those wanting a scenic drive.

April laughed. *A fine sight that would be, me fondling my breasts by the side of the road, she thought. Some man would probably stop and offer to help.*

April pulling back from the thought; the image of two large masculine hands caressing her little mounds caused her nipples to throb and her breathing quickened. Suddenly she wasn't sure that wasn't exactly what she wanted. She tried to focus her mind on the view and the birds she could see in an adjacent pasture, seeking to identify them. *Yes! Do anything, but get your body under control, Girl!*

Just as she felt she was calming down, two men on bicycles pulled up. One was clean-shaven with dark hair sticking out from under his helmet, the other had a thick red hair. They were bigger than April. She figured they were each over six-feet and 200 pounds. She felt small as they stepped off their bikes.

“Mechanical trouble?” the one with the red beard asked. April shook her head and tried to reply in the soft feminine tones she'd practiced. “No, nice of you to ask, but I was just enjoying the view and trying to figure out what type of bird that big one across the pasture is, on the far fence post.”

The clean-shaven one looked and then smiled, “It's a Red-tailed hawk. They're common around here.”

“I thought it might be,” April replied. “But from this angle it looked very gray and I can't see the tail. I thought it might be a Cooper's hawk.”

The guy with the red beard smiled, “Tom here is always real quick with the answer. But it's too far for me to tell. My name's Dave; we ride up here a lot, but I don't remember seeing you before.”

“I'm April,” she shook a little as she held out her hand. She was a little frightened, but she was enjoying the men's flirting. She was so happy they assumed she was female, she wasn't upset at the way they were looking her over. And they were; after they'd looked her up and down both sets of male eyes focused on the protrusion in her crop-top her nipples made.

“I ride up here a lot. I have to admit this is new, and somewhat daring, outfit for me.”

Dave almost licked his lips, “Well, I hope you will wear it often.”

“I might.” April laughed; “But, I do come here to ride.” Tom asked, “How far are you going today?”

“I figured out to Rocky Point Road, then back into town on the St. Helen’s Highway.”

Dave whistled, “Wow, that’s fifty mile!”

“Yea, I like the exercise. We’ll if I’m going to get home before dark, I’d best be off. It was nice meeting you guys.”

“Wait - what if we form a pace-line, and the three of us ride your route?” Tom asked.

“Sure, if you want, but I don’t know if I can keep up.”

Dave grinned, “We’ll cross that bridge when we get there.”

“OK,” April commented and swung onto her bike and headed north.

She glanced over her shoulder and the two men had mounted up and were behind her. She was in front so she set the pace. Watching the computer on the handlebars she came up to 24 miles an hour and maintained it for twenty minutes, she slowed and let Dave and Tom pass her, then pulled in behind them. She was pleased when they continued at the pace she’d set. After 15 minutes Dave pulled out of the lead and fell in behind April.

Tom forged ahead, but slowed to 22 miles an hour. He dropped behind ten minutes later and April picked up the pace. A few minutes later she glanced back and saw Tom and Dave a half mile behind her.

April went around a long curve and never saw the men again. Ninety minutes later she pulled onto the sidewalk in front of her condo. The moment she got off the bike sweat poured off of her.