

GIRL FRIDAY

By Robyn Anderson



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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GIRL FRIDAY

By Robyn Anderson

Chapter One: Kelly

Spoiled brat.

That was what Kelly Ian O'Brien was.

He was really used to doing whatever he wanted. He never had to clean up after himself, there were always the maids— Marion and Edna and Jeannie— back at the mansion to do that. He never had to drive, because the family had a driver— Monty— to do that. There was a gardener— Armin— and a professional cook— Sven— on staff.

Spoiled brat. Filthy rich. Kelly's favorite insult was, "I could buy you."

And his classmates knew that he was probably right.. That made the young men— it was an all-male school— dislike him even more.

His classmates at Brownmiller Academy all looked at him as the rich youth with a bad attitude. He didn't study, barely attended classes, and played his heavy metal music CD's loudly at all hours of the day and night, keeping his dorm mates from doing their studying.

He was a rich youth, out of place at the Academy. Instead of being at home, with his mother and sister, and half dozen servants, he was killing time in college.

The college life was far too boring for Kelly Ian O'Brien to bear a moment longer. His classes were boring, there were no girls to date.

Sending me to an all-male school is the height of tameness, Kelly decided. Without girls, there is no social life. Without a social life, life just isn't worth the effort. So Kelly decided to move on, and drop out. He called his mother from the lobby of his dormitory, his boxes behind him, packed up and ready to go.

His mother opposed the idea vigorously.

"If you drop out," she said, "You'll never be able to support yourself in the manner you are accustomed to."

That was wrong, Kelly told his mother over the phone. His sister, Jocelyn, hadn't had so much as a day of college, and she was doing just fine.

"Your sister," Jacqueline pointed out, "works for the family firm. I've been training her since high school to take my place."

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Jacqueline O'Brien — Jacki— had run O'Brien Secretarial for the last thirteen years, after her husband, Paddy O'Brien died and left her the President of the company. Paddy was a good man, and like all the O'Brien's, had flaming red hair and sparkling green eyes. That was all that his son Kelly remembered about him, green eyes and a big grin.

Just after WWII Paddy O'Brien established one of the first temporary secretarial and professional technical office support services called O'Brien Secretarial, with a trademark built around a sexy secretarial image known as Girl Friday.

During the post war boom period O'Brien Secretarial (OBS) quickly expanded from temporary personnel to total office support services including office buildings all over North America that offered a complete temporary office with broad based support for anyone needing one. (Remember his early slogan? "The four rules for success are Location, Location, Location, and Professional Services from OBS!")

With the advent of the personal computer, Paddy (just prior to his death) was quick to see its future impact on temporary services and office rentals. So he dreamed up the idea of the Girl Friday, his trademark sexy secretarial image, now, carrying a designer pink notebook computer with a built in modem coming to the rescue anywhere in the world.

I'm certain that you have seen his classic TV ad showing a wretched Robinson Crusoe crawling across a desert *ala Monty Python* towards a woman seated as at a desk. As he nears the desk he manages to whisper, "Coffee!" She trudges of in a huff saying, "I don't do coffee!" Leaving him with a look of despair. Then you see a Girl Friday in a land rover with a door panel sign O'Brien Secretarial Your Completely Portable Temporary Office coming to his aid as a friendly woman's *voice over* announces, "When you need temporary professional help, even willing to 'Do Coffee', remember O'Brien and our Girl Friday." In the last scene you see clean shaven and freshly uniformed Robinson Crusoe seated at a portable desk under a tent drinking his coffee, while his sexy Girl Friday is working her designer pink notebook computer communicating with the O'Brien Satellite System. Needless to say that ad created a feminist storm of protest and Paddy's **Girl Friday** became synonymous with the ideal nurturing sexy secretary, despite such protests...

Today, in the English language 'Girl Friday' means 'secretary' just like 'Xerox' means 'copy'.

Paddy had hired a young woman named Jacki Flynn as a secretary. She quickly moved up the ladder because of her aptitude with every aspect of the job, and eventually landed the job as *his* Girl Friday. She kept the position for six years. They fell in love, and were married. Nine months later, Jocelyn Amanda -Josie—was born to the happy couple, and four years after that, a son.

Jacki had had her heart set on having another daughter. She even gave the imaginary daughter the name Kelly Kathryn O'Brien. But when a youth was born instead, he was named Kelly Ian O'Brien. Like his father and sister, he possessed the same red hair and green eyes. Unlike his father and sister, Kelly was an impatient, impulsive,

and impudent. He was unpleasant to be around, and saw everything he was asked to do as a waste of his precious time. When Paddy died, Kelly was only seven years old. He became very aggressive, and resented the fact that his father had died on him.

Josie still had Mom, he thought, and that just wasn't fair.

In high school, he rarely if ever expended any energy on his homework, and would rather spend time with the girls. He knew he was very handsome, in a boyish way, and had no trouble dating girls at all. It was the only thing he was good at.

In his junior year of high school, he learned that Josie would take over the reigns of their father's company when Mom retired. Kelly had assumed, since he was the man of the family now, that it would be he that ran the company when Jacki stepped down. He was furious.

On his date that Saturday night, he took out his aggressions out on his date, Allison Andrews. They were necking in the front seat of the car he had "borrowed" from his mother, in the Starlight Drive-In, seeing Pretty Woman. It became apparent that Allison had no intention of "going all the way" with him. So he slapped her.

As it happens, one of the drive-in's owners was walking by as he did it. The Police were called, and he was taken into the station. His mother was called, and she came to the station, enraged beyond belief. Kelly was released into the custody of his mother in the morning. Jacqueline made her son go into therapy.

Kelly was totally astonished with the fury of Jacqueline O'Brien's wrath. He was watched virtually twenty-four hours a day by a company security guard, who insured that Kelly behaved properly, and completed his high school studies regularly. He saw his lot in life as undeserved and harsh.

To keep Kelly away from girls, it was decided he would attend Brownmiller Academy, an all-male college, to study business administration.

During that same period of time his sister, however, had become her mother's Girl Friday, which didn't seem to be work by any stretch of the imagination. All Josie did, it seemed, was follow Mom around, and look pretty. In fact, she was studying to succeed her mother; and what better way to learn what she did than by seeing first hand how it was done?

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Now, he decided that it was time to leave college. So, as we noted, he called home, and let's pick up where we left off...

"Training?" Kelly exclaimed. "All Josie does is follow you around and look pretty. She doesn't do any work."

"Don't be ridiculous, Kelly," his mother said, "Your sister does more work in a week than you do in a year."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, Mom, I've heard all of that before. I have a year of business administration classes, and Josie doesn't," he pointed out. "Who's more qualified?"

"There's a whole lot more to running a business than taking classes."

“You gave Josie a shot,” he pointed out. “Which was more than you gave me. That's all I'm asking, Mom.”

There was a sigh on the other end of the line.

Kelly thought he heard voices, but the youth knew that was impossible.

“Come home, then,” she said, “I'll see what we can work out. But please be aware that Josie is now no longer my Girl Friday. I've promoted her to Vice President. If you want to get the same training she has had, you must accept the same job she had.”

Kelly smiled. *That would be easy enough. He could do nothing every bit as well as his sister Josie could. And already she was a Vice President while he was a college drop-out. It wasn't fair, and he knew that his Mom knew it.*

Jacqueline O'Brien switched off the speaker phone.

Josie O'Brien, who had been listening to every word exchanged, broke the silence.

“So, mother,” she asked, “What are you going to do?”

Jacki sat back in her chair.

“He really does have a point, dear,” she said, “I haven't given him the same opportunities that you have had.”

Josie tossed her long red curls petulantly.

“Well, it's not exactly like he'd fit in. Despite the move toward sexual equality, the secretarial pool is still a pretty much all-female world,” Josie pointed out. “Even if my darling little brother has managed to get through high school and college, he still has a bad track record respecting the female sex.”

“You'll hear no argument from me there,” Jacki agreed, “And he thinks that secretarial work — your old job, in particular - - is just tagging along with me, waiting for me to die.”

“Well, you no longer have a Girl Friday now that you promoted me, mother,” Josie observed matter-of-factly, “You're obviously thinking of giving him my old job. But you don't need a Girl Friday any more, now that you're reducing your work load, because of your doctor's orders, to being here part time. You wouldn't be able to challenge him very much at all. If he were to work for me, however, he would learn the ropes a lot more quickly,” Josie observed, “No offense, mother.”

Jacki stood up, and looked out the fifteenth-floor window of O'Brien Secretarial and looked out over the city.

“Putting him to work would be a start. Maybe he'll even be civilized, sometime down the road, if he is put to work. I really don't think that he should start off immediately as your Girl Friday. After all, you did start out in the clerical pool. You earned your promotions step by step, even if you were my daughter.”

“Humbling work,” Josie mused aloud considering the implications of her mother's compliment. “He still perceives secretarial work as women's work. He would be a very...cooperative young man if he were required to do a little of that women's work.”

A wicked smile came over Josie's face.

“Mother, I think we can kill two birds with one stone, here. If Kelly were forced into working at a woman's job, as a woman, he would begin to see exactly what women deal with, every day. He'd begin to respect women, because he would have been there. Also, he would understand the problems that the vast majority of our employees share. It would give him better perspective.”

Jacki was befuddled.

“Exactly what are you proposing?”

“We have the clout, by the threat of throwing Kelly out on his ear, to force him to accept the position of an entry level Girl Friday.”

“Don't be silly, Josie,” Jacki said, “He can't take a Girl Friday position. He's not a girl.”

“He will be, if we make him dress the part.”

Jacki smiled.

“Dress him up like a girl? He'll never agree to that.”

Josie laughed.

“Oh, yes he will. It is part of the contract Ms. Chadwick, in personnel, drew up for the position of Girl Friday. At least it was a part of my contract,” she announced, looking for her old contract. She found it in a file drawer near the office door, and paged through it until she found what she wanted.

“Here it is. And I quote: '14A. *It is understood that,, since O'Brien Secretarial provides professional secretarial placement and service support the position known traditionally as Girl Friday requires an employee who must maintain a professional, traditional, ladylike appearance at all times, as a role model for all O'Brien Secretarial staff. Well tailored dresses or jacket and skirt outfits are acceptable; slacks and pants are not. Make-up must be tastefully applied, and jewelry must reflect OBS standards; always present, never gaudy.*' end quote.” She paused to look at her mother. “I'll bet that you made her put that into the contract so that I would be required to ‘shapeup’ as Daddy use to say. And now, each Executive Secretary, or Administrative Assistant in O'Brien Secretarial is considered to be a Girl Friday and that clause is in her Employment Contract.”

There was an amused silence in the office. The mother remembering the truth of her daughter's observation, while the daughter pictured her poor unsuspecting brother in the clothes of a young woman.

“There's more. Quote: '*Additionally, since the Girl Friday position is an on call client centered public relations position, the employee..*' note the lack of a specific gender mother ... '*the employee must be both willing and enthusiastic about promoting the image of traditional feminine values twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.*' Further down in the employee agreement, there's a place for a signature.”

“So if he signs it, and refuses to go through with dressing up,” her mother observed, “he can be fired, just like that.”

“Exactly,” Josie said triumphantly, “If he refuses, he's out on the streets. If he reads the contract, and refuses to accept the job, you can make him go back to college, after letting him fend for himself a while. It's definitely a win/win scenario.”

Jacki laughed.

“Now I know why I hired you,” Jacki exclaimed, “You're not my daughter, you're a shark!”

“Well, then it looks as if Kelly is about to get caught in my jaws, mother.”

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Kelly strode in the next day, fresh off of the plane from Brownmiller Academy. He smirked, and handed his mother and sister the completed job application they had him fill out in the lobby of the office. He sat down, knowing he would automatically get the job. On his application he had been instructed to state that he was applying for an entry level Girl Friday vacancy.

The secretary, who had been informed of her supervisors' plans, administered the basic computer, typing, short hand, and related clerical skills tests and marked down his grades before she took the filled out application into the office and made the young man wait.

If they want to play games, the youth thought, I can play along.

“You may go in, Miss,” the secretary announced automatically as she reentered the reception area, apparently unaware of her mistake in his gender.

The two women were sitting behind the desk, trying to look intimidating to Kelly.

It didn't work. He played along, answering their questions gamely.

“I see you have applied for the position of entry level Girl Friday,” Jacqueline O'Brien announced, “That entails some rather unusual commitments from our employee. Are you willing to adhere to them as stated in your Employee Contract Agreement?”

“I don't see why not.”

“Excellent,” Josie observed, examining his application form to note with some surprise his test scores, which put him within the top twenty percent requirement for job candidates. It was clear that she couldn't deny him employment on the basis of basic job skills, even if her mother would let her. “I can see from your test results that you can type. And you have knowledge of Palmer short hand. Are you familiar with any computer software programs and can you perform basic receptionist and clerical duties?”

“I've been a great typist since the eighth grade. The only A, I ever managed to get in high school,” he stated, “I also took a short hand course to help in my note taking during lectures at college. And, I do have a year of business administration with coursework in computer sciences. Besides, I have been playing around with computers since I was eight.”

The two women looked at each other and nodded.

“Now, I want to be certain that I understand exactly why you want this particular position,” his mother, Jacqueline, noted as she looked down at his application form with a wry smile on her lips. “You have felt that I have dealt with you unfairly by making your sister my original Girl Friday?”

“I can do anything she can do,” he countered, wondering why his mother seemed determined to drag his long standing argument over family injustice back up. “You just gave her the inside track because she is female. You know it's true.”

“I think you may be right,” his mother agreed with a shrug causing him to realize that she had probably known her unfairness. “Josie and I agree that you should be on an equal footing with her if you can prove that you can do her job as well as she has. Agreed?”

“Sure, why not? That is why I am here. To prove that I can fulfill the duties of this Girl Friday job just as well as she has. I'm willing to do the job, so fair is fair.”

“OK. Just so that you understand that we agree. You'll do just fine, Kelly,” his mother stated with a smile of satisfaction. “Of course, you do understand that Josie will be your ultimate supervisor. However, you will be under the direct supervision of others, like any other entry level clerical staff member within our Girl Friday program. You do believe that they will judge your conduct and performance by the same standards used to judge her's?”

“Sure. I guess so.”

Josie handed him a contract, and Jacki advised him to read it carefully.

He didn't. He just leaned over and signed it.

The two women smiled as Josie called her secretary in to witness his signature.

“You have read the contract you have just signed and agree to all of its terms,” her secretary asked, to see his nod of agreement, before she signed as witness and affixed a notary seal. She handed him his copy and took the basic contract forms when left without further comment.

“Congratulations, Kelly O'Brien. You are now an official employee of O'Brien Secretarial. You start as soon as practical. If you read clause number Fourteen-A in the agreement you just signed, you will have a good idea what is to be expected of you in the future.”

The youth looked at the contract, and his jaw dropped open in disbelief. He had been tricked!!! The contract specified, in no uncertain terms, that he was expected to dress as a female!!!

“You can't be serious about this,” he protested. “This contract is unenforceable. You can't require me to dress up like a woman.”

“Nonsense, the job title is for a GIRL Friday,” Jacki countered, “Despite the rather sexist title for the position there are various 'grandfather' clauses that legally protect titles for traditional positions such as "nurse maid", and so forth. The job title, Girl Friday, to denote an Executive Secretary, or Administrative Assistant, is a trademark of O'Brien Secretarial. As long as the employer is willing to hire either gender, or sex, to

fill the position the employer is empowered to expect certain fair standards for employment. As a matter of fact, we have hired transsexuals for our Girl Friday program."

She paused to smile, noting his almost frightened reaction to this last bit of information.

"We have never had a male applicant for the Girl Friday Program. Most normal men with the prerequisite skills, can demand higher pay, and prefer full time professional secretarial employment.

"In short, if I do not refuse to hire you because of your sex, or gender, you have accepted such employment with the full knowledge that I may require you to fulfill certain standards of dress, or physical conduct, as specified by our contract; which, I must remind you, you read and agreed to as witnessed by your signature.

"Therefore, we have not refused to hire you; because, there really is nothing in the contract that you physically, or socially, cannot do without proper training, that would bar you from employment. Under different circumstances, such as the male based physical skill and duty uniform requirements for fire fighters, has been upheld as legal in this State; so long as the candidates are equally tested and hired. But, the key difference is that we have not refused you employment.

"Of course, if you wish to be terminated so soon after your employment begins, that is your prerogative, *Miss O'Brien.*"

He stood up, and was about to leave.

"And if you turn down this employment - - this five year exclusive contract, which you have just signed - - I will, as your mother, toss you out on the street and let you fend for yourself, without so much as a dime from me."

Kelly whined, pleaded, and cried for another chance.

But the two women would not hear of it. He would be made to wear dresses if he were to be their Girl Friday for the next five years. They agreed that Kelly Ian O'Brien would become Kelli Kathryn O'Brien, and that they would help the new young lady along in the first six months of "her" employment as the latest daughter to join the company.

"This," Jacqueline pronounced, "is for your own good, darling. We've tried to make you an upstanding member of society as a male, and you washed out. Now, we are giving you a chance to make it as a female. If you make it, for the rest of your life, you will have no financial troubles at all. If you fail to impress us as a girl, we will both take pleasure in throwing you to the wolves."

Chapter Two: Kelli

Bright and early Saturday morning, Kelly was awakened early, and made to shower. In the shower, he was told to depilate his entire body with some white cream, which left him entirely hairless from the neck down. Not a hair was on the youth's chest, legs, or under the arms. He was instructed to use a woman's roll-on deodorant. His hair, which was fairly longish for a male, was pulled back from his face with one of Josie's old hair ornaments. He was assured that it would grow out rapidly with the

right care. As it was, a good beautician could work wonders with his slightly-too-short red hair.

Kelly— or rather Kelli— was given one of his sister's old running outfits; a pair of luminescent pink tights and a pair of white women's tennis shoes. Red leg warmers were next, as was a red pullover tunic.

The women looked at their creation and unenthusiastic ally. Josie's old clothes didn't fit Kelli very well being slightly too large, and Jacki's would be way too small to fit the youth.

Jacki put a pair of old clip-on earrings on him, but there was still something a bit out of place. Josie pointed to the rather embarrassed youth's groin, which stood out plainly in the tights he wore, destroying the illusion of femininity utterly. Without hesitation, Jacqueline tied a short white aerobics skirt about his waist.

Kelli was forced to accept all of this quietly. He wasn't good-looking, his sister told him, but that would change, once he had a decent wardrobe, and learned to apply his own make-up. That is what they would be working on today; getting him ready for becoming a girl.

He nearly froze up when he was handed a small brown suede purse.

“Silly girl,” his sister told him. “You're little outfit has no pockets...most dresses don't either. So get used to the idea of carrying a purse. It'll save your life if your make-up needs repair or your nylons develop a run.”

“Nylons?” the youth asked, confused.

“Of course,” his mother laughed, “You'll have to wear nylons with a dress. High heels, too, I would imagine, but you can work up to that, darling. Flats will do just fine for the time being.”

Without further ceremony, he was escorted out to the car. Much to his surprise, the usual driver, Monty, a servant of the family, was behind the wheel.

“Good morning, ladies,” he greeted, plainly amused, “Miss Kelli ”

“Good morning, Monty,” Josie replied, handing him a map. “I've marked out the day's itinerary.”

“Very good, Miss Josie,” he responded. He was acting as if Kelli had been dressing in his sister's warm-up suits since the day he was born! They had told him, too!!!

The three passengers were seated in the back of the white limo, and Monty drove off, into the city's downtown area.

Kelli was made to sit up straight, and to cross his legs at the knee. What tortures were the two older women planning to expose him to?

He found out when they arrived at the Fluttering Fancy dress shop. It was a place that usually catered to less formal tastes, but they did have a wide selection of women's suits, he was told, and he would be required not only to choose a number of both, but he would be obliged to try them on, in the store.

As they were leaving the store, a pair of women were leaving, waving to the manager, a small Oriental woman in a very fancy white lace dress.

“Good-by, Julia,” the Oriental woman called out, “you and Kimberlee have a good time tonight.”

“We will,” the two girls replied, “we will.”

Kelli was taken aback at the sheer daintiness of everything in the store. There were racks and shelves filled with dresses, skirts, suits, shoes and so forth in the shop. Glass cases displayed lovely lingerie, a wide assortment of jewelry items, and feminine accessories. Most intimidating of all was the mural which dominated the entire rear wall of the shop, depicting a scene from the ballet Swan Lake. The fairy princess in the center of the painting looked somehow familiar. Perhaps he had seen the model before.

The two women escorted the youth to the front counter.

The oriental woman looked at them curiously.

“My son here,” Jacqueline began without preamble, “would like to be fitted for some dresses, Miss...”

“Kai,” the oriental woman responded with a smile. “Ms. Kai.”

She stepped out from behind the counter and looked over the youth critically.

“I would say that he's about a size twelve,” she noted. “We have a good selection to choose from. Will you be wearing make-up, Miss?”

Kelli swallowed, “I guess so.” His look of reluctance told Nobuku Kai volumes.

“And what kind of dresses would you like to try?”

“Oh, all kinds,” his sister piped in. “Some for the office, some for at home, or out to casual gatherings. That kind of thing. He will be living totally as a girl from now on.”

Poor Kelli could only blush, because he knew that they were just testing his willingness to keep his side of their bargain. If he refused to cooperate, he would lose everything!

“I see,” the owner mused before she asked, “is the young lady to be allowed slacks or pants?”

“Stirrup pants, perhaps, but nothing with flys,” his mother replied with a little suggestive wink, “maybe culottes in a darling little floral pattern, if you have something like that. Otherwise, probably not.”

Some other customers were looking over at the exchange.

A woman giggled. A little girl did, too.

The three women took no notice of them, and discussed the transformation openly, ignoring any reactions, especially Kelli's.

“I can see he has good looking legs,” Ms. Kai observed, “At his age girls now-a-day wear rather shorter skirts which should flatter that nicely.”

Kelli was wide-eyed with panic. Not only would he be made to wear skirts, he would be wearing short skirts!!!

This can't be happening, he thought frantically.

“Have you given any thought as to gaffes and breast forms?” she asked Kelli directly, “Many crossdressers already have their own. Recently, I have begun to keep them in stock just for occasions like this. The mastectomy prostheses are naturally realistic and adhere in place perfectly, even if worn braless.”

I'm not a crossdresser, Kelli wanted to scream, *They're forcing me to do this!* But he knew no one in the store would believe him. They would know that no man would allow himself to be paraded about in make-up and a pretty dress unless he wanted to.

“I have a pretty good idea about what a 'breast form' is,” Jacki asked with amused interest, seeing his growing embarrassment. “But, exactly, what is a 'gaffe'?”

“A device used to conceal the shape of your...daughter's... privates,” the oriental woman responded as delicately as she could. “A man wearing a gaffe can wear fairly tight slacks or skirts without fear of discovery. I have a new model, which would probably fit him. It is a high waisted firm figure natural flesh-toned brief that provides quite realistic hip and derriere padding. Like our mastectomy breast forms the panty is washable, very natural looking, and very popular with our young ladies who are less endowed, so to speak.”

She looked directly at Kelli to watch him swallow hard in embarrassed silence as his mother nodded her delighted approval.

“By all means,” Kelli's mother suggested. “Bring it out. And breast forms, too. Tell me, Kelli, do you fancy a large or small pair of bosoms?”

“Small,” Kelli replied in a humiliated whisper, wishing that she wouldn't talk so loud that everybody in the store could hear her awful questions.

“Small it is, then, darling. I am ever so pleased that you are not one of those transvestites that want big boobs. I agree, a nearly B cup would be less obvious,” she countered with enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, Kelli's sister was going through the Size 12 dress racks, choosing only the most feminine dresses.

As Kelli half watched, Josie slung a rose-patterned floral dress over her arm. It was quite short-skirted. Kelli frowned, and shook his head from side to side. His sister smiled, and pulled another dress off of the rack. It was a bright yellow jacket and skirt set; Kelli could see the shine of its' short chiffon skirt flounce about over his sister's arm. Apparently, showing displeasure would have a price, he decided.

Ms. Kai returned from the back room with two boxes. She handed them to the embarrassed Kelli, who was instructed to go into one of the changing rooms and don the strange garments.

His mother warned him to be quick about it, though, because they had a lot of ground to cover today, and they didn't want to be falling behind.

Kelli entered the dressing room and took off the running suit and little white skirt he had started out wearing. Totally nude— his hairless condition heightened his feeling of nudity — he fumbled with the gaffe, and finally got it on correctly with little trouble. It hid Kelli's genitals nicely beneath a smooth natural looking front, and wasn't uncomfortable at all. However, his wrists tended to bang into the balloon like hip

padding while, in contrast, his waistline was rather compressed by the brief's high waist. Almost instinctively he lifted his wrists in a rather `prissy' way to avoid this additional ten inches of obviously sexy padding. As he did this he felt a strange sexual arousal over the thought of his new image and mannerisms, but there was no visible proof of this rather embarrassing reminder of his true sex.

The breast forms were plastic coated, filled with some kind of liquid. Kelli had no idea what the liquid was, but they moved just like real breasts when they were put on by removing the adhesive covering and pressing them firmly into place until they adhered tightly to his chest and looked like perfectly natural breasts complete with feminine nipples. He looked in the full -length mirror in the dressing room to see an all-too-female body. He thought he looked silly; but, his distressing sexual arousal, so well hidden by the gaffe, gave testimony to his natural reactions to this new `body'.

He nearly jumped out of his skin when he heard the knock at the changing room door. It opened, and his mother handed him a pair of ivory-colored nylons, a garter belt, a matching white lace bra and a pair of white satin panties.

“Slip into these, Kelli, dear. And be quick about it. We haven't got all day, girl,” she insisted, only to note his perplexed gaze at these new dainties as she further observed how natural his new `breasts' looked. “Well, I guess that there is always a first time for such things. I'll help you. The garter belt should go on first so that its garters can be slipped through the gaffe and attached to your nylons. This way you can simply lower your gaffe and panties together while you sit on the toilet without having to remove the garters or mussing up the fit of your stockings.”

She watched with amusement as he meekly slipped down his gaffe with an embarrassed blush before she helped him with the garter belt, which only shamed him more because he had not stood so naked before since he was a small child.

“Sit down and carefully roll up your nylons until they are nice and taunt. Girls your age are ever so lucky that they don't have to wear hose with seams. You were forever spending time on straightening them.”

Kelly sat on the little bench to do as he was told. Much to his surprise, the nylons actually felt kind of nice, as he rolled them carefully up his legs. In sheer relief he pulled his gaffe back into place and covered it with his white satin panties to totally conceal his true sex only to realized how sexily his hips appeared to flare out while he sat on the padding of his now plump rear

“Now, although many girls your age prefer the braless look,” she began, only to see the look of pure terror in his eyes, “I think that a nice bra will provide better control over the natural jiggling I have observed.”

She paused to hand him the little white satin and lace bra to notice his trembling hesitancy. “You can hook the bra in front and then slip it about your waist so that the cups are in front. Then as you slip your arms into the shoulder straps you should lean forward so that your breasts will natural flow into the cups. This way you will have a more comfortable fit when you adjust your shoulder straps and stand erect because the cups are lifting the full weight of your lovely breasts and showing them off to their best advantage.”

Poor Kelli looked with pleading eyes towards his mother, but seeing no release from this new torture, he followed her advice to feel the snug comfort of the lovely bra as it controlled his lovely obvious breasts.

He accepted a full slip from his mother, and he donned it haltingly. As it draped over him, its silkiness seemed to gently caress him, unlike any item of male clothing had ever done. The hem of the slip reached only to about midway down his thighs, and was trimmed in a delicate lace. He felt this new humiliation acutely at the moment that he saw how much he was to publicly expose with the obvious charms of his new breasts (which actually revealed a very sexy natural deep cleavage), full hips and plump rear barely concealed. He also noticed that his mother's eyes were focused with satisfaction towards his now smooth crotch and emerging thighs almost highlighted by the flowing lines of the slip with its lacy hems. Then to his chagrin he realized that women's lingerie and dress were designed to enhance their obvious physical charms, rather than conceal them!

And, it was to going to become more obvious.

His first woman's suit was handed to him. The jacket was a deep jade color. The U-shaped neckline left much of his natural cleavage exposed, perfect to show off a neck-lace. The shoulder padded jacket had sleeves that only went midway to his elbow, and was inexplicably decorated with gold buttons, which matched the double row of buttons down the front of it. The hem of the jacket ended just below the hip.

The worst part, however, was the skirt. It was an abstract-patterned, pleated skirt that ended a full three inches above Kelli's knees. As he moved, it brushed against his legs, feeling every bit as soft and flirtatious as it was. Kelli saw himself in the mirror. He appeared to have the body of a young woman, decked out in a very appealing dress, but the feet and face of a youth!

“Come on out now, Kelli dear,” his sister insisted, “Let us all see you in your first dress.”

The door opened, and the three women apparently liked what they saw.

“You look wonderful, Sis! ” Josie said teasingly. The youth was made to step out of the dressing room and into a pair of light tan pumps; with a one inch heel that tilted his pelvic enough to actual lift and thrust out his all too female rear!.

Ms. Kai had gone to help some other customers, but Kelli was fully aware of their glances and stares. They had probably never seen a young man being made to dress as a young lady before, and the sight was understandingly quite interesting to them.

Kelli was made to change into seven other outfits, and his mother bought all but one of them. Only one of his new outfits had a skirt that ended below the knees, and that one was a casual dress, for wearing, “about the house, or out to the local convenience store,” as Ms. Kai explained.

Much to the youth's astonishment, his mother asked if it was all right if Kelli wear the last dress he tried on out of the store.

The owner smiled, and nodded, taking Jacki's credit card, and putting the running suit in the garish “Fluttering Fancy” store bag.

Kelli left the dress store between his sister and mother. It was a mixed blessing, though. His mother and sister left the store in their slacks and sweaters, but Kelli was made to wear a banana yellow, double breasted blazer, with padded shoulders and a large, white buttons. The V-neck collar plunged down even further than the green jacket he was made to wear earlier, and a white crest was embroidered onto the left breast of the jacket, in the shape of a heart encircled with olive leaves.

His skirt was a matching yellow color, in flounced chiffon. As Kelli walked, a bit awkwardly in one inch heels with his wrists held up to avoid bumping into his swaying hips while the skirt seemed to prance about his legs teasingly, with a life of its' own. The skirt had such a light texture, Kelli nearly felt naked from the waist down, but the brushing of the skirt against his nylon encased legs reminded him constantly that he was not.

Neither the jacket or the skirt had pockets, so Kelli was forced to carry his suede purse over his shoulder.

There were more people on the street now, and quite a few of them noticed immediately that despite the dainty yellow dress, the person wearing it might not be female. For the suit, body shape and movement was right, but the face was that of a youth. A few guys laughed, and one whistled meanly as the three of them entered the limo.

Monty couldn't help but look back.

"So," Josie asked him, putting a pile of boxes on the floor in the roomy back seat, "How do you like our creation so far?"

"Miss Kelli makes a capital girl," Monty stated in his English accent. "You must be very proud of your new sister, Josie."

Kelli noticed the way Monty addressed his sister as "Josie", but himself as "Miss Kelli". He wondered if it were natural, or whether it had been arranged beforehand. But that was minor. He had known Monty since he was in kindergarten, and now was appearing before him in a yellow dress!!! He was humiliated to the very roots of his being.

But this was to be only the beginning.



Monty stopped the limo a few miles into the suburbs, at Violet's Beauty Salon!

Kelli had been here before, he realized, and remembered when. As a youth, he would be forced to wait as his mother or sister would have their hair and nails done, bored out of his mind. As he was brought into the beauty parlor, he was ashamed to know that this time, he was the customer!!!

There were only two beauticians present; Violet herself and her assistant, Nicolette. Both of them smiled when they entered.

“Good morning, Violet,” Jacki greeted, “I would be very appreciative if you would be so kind as to give my son, Kelli, a beauty makeover. From top to bottom, so to speak.”

“He's decided to live his life as a woman,” Josie added.

Violet and her assistant exchanged glances. The O'Brien women were very good customers, and Violet didn't want to turn them away.

Nicolette smiled brightly, and exclaimed, “Far out! Let me do it, Vi! I've never done up a guy in drag. It'll be a blast, a real challenge. ”

Violet smiled.

“How can I argue with enthusiasm?” Violet agreed. “Very well, Kelli. Follow Nicolette, and she'll make you prettier than you ever imagined. Frankly, though,” she added, “it won't be that much of a problem. I can see that there's a girl in you fighting to get out, Miss O'Brien. Nicolette will make her come out and blossom.”

“Excellent, Vi ” Jacki said happily, “I knew you wouldn't let Kelli down. The poor thing has been practically begging for us to do this ever since he...I mean she...came back from college.”

As his mother and sister told the owner their lies about how he had pleaded with them to let him dress up as a girl, Nicolette escorted him to the rear of the beauty shop.

“I think it's just great,” she noted confidently, “that you have the courage to do this. Most men in your position would rather die than admit to having a desire to dress up.”

Kelli was dying to say that he wanted nothing of the kind, and that his mother and sister were making him do this against his better judgment...even against his will...but the words just wouldn't come. He was too embarrassed, too emasculated to speak.

“Take off your lovely suit and stockings and put on this little smock,” she suggested, handing him a clear pink plastic smock to protect his slip. “You can use the ladies room.”

In a few minutes a rather nervous Kelli returned to sit in a salon styling chair, to note that had to tug at his slip hem to cover his lap as he sat down.

She didn't need him to talk; so novel was the idea of changing a young man into a young woman that she just chattered on. “I don't imagine that you want to ruin that pretty dress. My, you have nice legs. If mine were that nice, I'd be wearing miniskirts all the time.”