

# CORPORATE TAKEOVER

*By Deborah Leigh Johnson*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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## **CORPORATE TAKEOVER**

**By Miss Deborah (Debi) Leigh Johnson**

### **One**

At the age of thirty-three, I had the world by proverbial tail. It had not been easy, and it had taken years of long hours, but my life was going very well by the time that I reached the age of thirty-three.

When I was in college, I had gotten involved in a part-time job that was selling home cleaning products. I had gone from door to door to every home in the town, till I had built a reasonable client base. After that, it took only phone calls every month to refill the orders. I only had to see the clients to deliver their products, and to show new products that had been developed. Most of the people I had dealt with, became friends over my three years of college.

This was the only way that I could get spare money when I was in college, as my parents certainly were not in a position to send me any money. They were dead.

Because my family were all deceased, I had no reason to leave the town where I had built my little enterprise. So, when college was over, I just stayed there. The part-time job was certainly paying me enough money to live on, though there was not a whole lot more than that coming in.

About six months later, an opportunity came up, to retail whole sale goods. These products sort of dovetailed with what I was already doing, and so I set out to canvass the town again, trying to sell the new lines. It worked too. I made quite a bit of money.

My business, over the next four years became so productive, that I found I had to rent a warehouse to stock the most commonly sold products. To save a time, I delivered the products when the clients ordered them, rather than going back a week later. I was able to reduce a great deal of the time that I had to spend with clients, and was still able to increase my sales volume considerably at the same time.

I found also, shortly after getting the warehouse facility, that I was no longer able to keep up with the phone orders that were coming in while I was out on the road, trying to drum up some business accounts.

My solution was, to hire Sally.

Sally was a cute blond girl, with a pixie-like face, a very happy disposition, and a marvelous telephone voice. It took me about six months to train her, but once she was trained, she was worth her weight in gold to me.

She was able to take over almost all of the bookkeeping, and keeping the office paperwork all up to date and in order. I was really pleased with her efforts.

Because I was able to start pursuing some business clients, which naturally paid lots more commissions, but took up a great deal of time, I found that I had to hire someone to look after my original client base.

That was how Stu entered my business enterprise. I liked Stu the moment I first met him. He was a very likable guy, with a wide grin that melted anyone's resistance. He was a born salesman.

Stu stood about 5' 9", and he had a mop of unruly blonde hair that could not be trained. It just sort of stuck up from his head, and it never looked neat, no matter how short it was, or how hard he tried to control it.

Stu was a local boy, and he was well liked. He'd made a sort of reputation for himself on the high school football team, but he was not good enough to get a scholarship to a university. When I hired him, he was only 22, and he was anxious to work.

It had always been my philosophy to work smart, and not just work. I was always looking for ways of getting more commissions and doing less work at the same time. Stu was bright enough that I could teach him how to do things, and I was able to just leave him alone.

In fact, after the first few months of training him, I hardly ever saw him. I knew he was working hard though, because I was signing some big commission checks for him, every month.

He was working hard enough, that there was a demand on the facilities that I had. I had to hire someone to start packing and delivering the orders for us.

That was how John came into the picture. John was Stu's younger brother. I was as pleased with John, as I had been with Stu. I had the world by the tail, and I felt I could not lose. Everything in life just seemed so rosy. Every new idea that I tried made more money for me.

The only fly in the ointment, so to speak, was that the year when I turned thirty, Sally decided to get married and move away. I knew that I would have a lot of trouble filling her shoes.

But Stu told me one day that his older sister, who had a college degree in small business management, was going to move back to the home town in four months. He sold me on her good qualities with glowing praise about her achievements. I decided to wait and see.

When Alice finally came into the office for her interview, I was almost knocked over. She was gorgeous. I spent nearly two hours interviewing her, then I took her out to dinner. When I asked if she wanted the job, she readily agreed to work for me.

It took me nearly eight months to get Alice completely trained. But once she was trained, I learned to trust her implicitly. We never went out on a personal basis, not for lack of trying on my part, but Alice had a hard and fast rule about dating people that she worked with.

I found that with the way that family was working for me, I could start taking time off, and know that the company I had built was in very good hands. Since I had

worked so hard for so long, I decided to start taking some time off. Alice encouraged me to do exactly that too.

I found that Alice was very capable of running the business too. I left more and more responsibility in her hands.

I kind of liked the way she started to treat me. She would prepare coffee and breakfast for me to eat in the office, every day. I do not remember when she started doing that, but it was a very nice touch, and I appreciated it.

After a few weeks of that, she would start to ask me my opinion of various styles of clothes that she wanted to buy. Often, she would bring in pictures from ads or catalogues, and ask me what I thought about them. We actually starting to get kind of close, as friends, and I learned what kind of things she liked.

Gradually, I began to let Alice take over almost all of the business administration. I even gave her power of attorney over certain matters. I trusted her. I knew her family well, as both of her brothers worked for me, and I knew them to be trustworthy hard workers.

It was in the second year after Alice came to work for me, that I began to notice something strange happening with my body. It started out as just a general sensitivity in my chest, but it progressed and progressed, till I found that it really concerned me.

I could not deny that I was growing breasts, just like a woman. This was really worrisome to me. You see, I am a small guy, only 5' 4" tall. I am also slim, as I only weight 128 lb., soaking wet. I am also bothered with a very thick head of hair, that seems to grow much faster than the normal inch per month. Add to that that my eyes are big, rounded and a light blue, with a fair complexion, and you have a guy who has had to struggle all of his life, just to gain acceptance by other guys.

The fact is, I am cute, too cute for a guy. I also do not shave my face, excepting maybe twice a week. I have been harassed all my life about having questionable masculinity. I have gotten myself beat up numerous times for trying to exert a maleness that was just not there, according to every one around me.

But, this growing breasts... That was the icing on the cake. I had learned how to deal with all the other things, but having a woman's boobs would mean that I could never ever hope to fit in with normal guys.

It scared me. It was like the worst thing in the world that I could imagine happening, was happening to me. I had tried all of my life to identify with maleness, and now... I was growing breasts.

I tried to hide it for months, but Alice made the comment one day, that unless I liked pain, I should get myself a bra. Naturally, I was embarrassed by her comment, and I wondered how she had managed to perceive my breasts, under the bulky clothing that I had taken to wearing.

But, she had perceived it. She told me that for three months, she had seen the look of physical pain on my face, and she wondered what was going on. She told me that she was a friend, and that she would help me through anything that she could.

Finally, I confessed to her, that I had found I was growing women's breasts. In fact, what I did was, I broke down and started to cry, just like a sissy.

That was another thing that was driving me up a wall. I had started getting very emotional. Sometimes even the smallest things would make me go into a fit of laughter, or a crying jag. My emotions were becoming so strong, that they scared me. I had never had to deal with anything like that before.

Alice did not seem to be upset at all. Instead, she cradled my head in her arms, till I stopped crying, then she told me that we had to assess the damage. I did not want to, but she coerced me into taking all of my clothes off, right there, in my office. Needless to say, I had a powerful erection, being in naked proximity to such a lovely, and I had to admit, rather dominant female.

Alice spent a long time just walking around me, examining every little detail. Then she went to her desk and got a tape measure. I stood there, quietly, as she measured me. I was 36 3/4-27 1/4-36. She opined to me that if I was a woman, I would have a pretty good figure, a figure that would certainly attract a man's attention to me.

I screamed at her that I did not want to attract a man.

Alice just smiled at me, walked over and she gently began to fondle my breasts. It drove me crazy, In seconds, my nipples were so hard that they ached for release. My cock was so hard that it hurt.

Alice told me that that was the way women reacted to a man. She said that I may not want a man, but I was reacting just like a woman. She said that maybe the only way I would be able to get any satisfaction, was to learn how to attract a man.

By this time, for some strange reason, the fight was all gone out of me. I hated what she had said, but I found myself not wanting to upset her. Instead, I submissively suggested that she might be right after all. My face burned in embarrassment to hear myself say such a thing.

Alice suggested that I may want to take the rest of the afternoon off, to help myself get myself focused again. She told me that she would come over to my apartment that night, around 8:00 P.M., and that she would bring me some things that would be helpful and useful to me.

As for me, I was in a daze. Some of her words rang in my ears, like a death knell, while others did not even register at all. I did not know what to do. I felt her helping me get my overcoat on, and sort of push me out the door. I am not even sure how long it took me to get back to my apartment, but I ended up there.

I was in an emotional fog, as I flopped onto the couch. I must have turned the television on, because, when the door-bell jarred me awake, the first thing I heard was the television. I don't remember turning it on though.

It was Alice at the door. I had to admire the way she looked, regardless of how I was feeling.

## Two

When I opened the door, Alice stood there, towering over me. I looked down to see why. She was wearing knee high leather boots, that had four inch heels on them. I knew that she was already 5' 7" tall, so that made her close to 6' foot tall.

I was in my stockings, so I had to bend my head back to look up at her face. Her face was made up to look a little bit menacing, with it's dark colors around her eyes, and the bright red lipstick she was employing that night. I felt small and vulnerable. I also had the strange sense that she had done that on purpose.

Her outfit was made of a burgundy material that looked like leather. It consisted of a form fitting skirt that rode her thighs a good four inches above the knees, a vest that accentuated her tiny waist and her ample bosom, and a sports coat that had a fringe going from shoulder to cuff. She wore a white silk blouse with it, and she was hot.

If I had been a foot and a half taller, she would not have gotten out of my apartment without getting herself raped. That was how hot Alice looked that night.

Her arms loaded down with bags, hanging by their plastic handles, from her fore-arms. She must have had two dozen bags hanging from her arms. I hurried to let her in and start taking some of those bags from her arms. I could just imagine how her arms must feel, carrying that much stuff. Some of the bags were heavy too.

When she was unburdened, she sank to the couch with a grateful smile, and in a sexy graceful fashion, asked me to get her a glass of white wine, for all of her troubles. After I had produced two glasses of wine, my curiosity was kindled. I asked her what was in the bags, and why she brought them to my place.

She smiled at me, with a smoky expression in her eyes, from over the rim of her glass. I heard a delicate tinkle of a laugh. I had a huge erection, thinking about her sitting there, looking the way she did. I could not believe how women were able to get a guy fired up, just by looking at them. Wow... That was power. Her presence drew me like a moth to a flame.

I was amazed at my own thoughts. I could never remember thinking thoughts like that before. But her femaleness just seemed to be overpowering to me. I knew that she knew exactly how to get her own way too.

"My dear boy... I was shocked, absolutely shocked when I saw what had happened to your body, today in your office. My poor sweet man, it must be terribly hard for you to have to deal with such an utter catastrophe in your personal life.

Why, I... I just would never have the courage to carry on the way you have been carrying on, if I suddenly woke up one morning and found that I had a big penis dangling from between my legs. You must have an amazing constitution, Douglas... Just amazing.

When you left, I got to thinking about what has happened to you. I have read about people who had their bodies change sex on them, before. They are called hermaphrodites, I believe. I heard about them in my abnormal psychology classes at college. But I never imagined that I might ever meet one, myself."

“You... You think that is what is happening to me, Alice? You think that something has just kicked in, and I am turning into a woman now?”

“Well, you may not want to admit it, but your measurements are very similar to many teenage girls, you know. In fact, if you wanted to, you could walk into any Misses' or Junior's shop in the city, and walk out wearing off the rack clothes with your current measurements, did you know that? They'd fit you very well too, I might add.”

“No. I didn't know that.”

This conversation scared me. I felt like I was being hit with an invisible two by four.

As for your turning into a woman, well... That may not be entirely true, if you think about it a bit. You have to admit that you have always had strong characteristics, what are referred to as the secondary characteristics, of a typical female. And your male secondary characteristics are weak, at best.”

“I have not... That's just not true, Alice. I'm... I've always been... Uh...” I raged back at her. As quickly as the anger had come, it left.

“Yes you have. Just look at you. You have a head of hair that a lot of women would die for. You have a complexion that is just beautiful, and you do not even use treatments for it. Even your beard is very sparse, and from what I have seen of it, it is delicate, not at all like a male's beard, and it's almost non existent. You cannot deny these facts, can you?”

For some reason, I once again felt as though I were a balloon, and had just gotten all of the air let out of me. I sagged, shoulders slumping, as I realized that what she was saying was true. There was no point in spending the rest of my life fighting the obvious, not when I had hooters growing on my chest.

“Now don't be like that, Baby. You can learn to enjoy this, and have a lot of fun with it. It's not like you are all alone, after all. I am here, and I will always be here for you, Baby.”

As she said those words, Alice left her seat and came over and sat beside me. She wrapped her arms around me, and pressed the side of my head into her pliant warm breasts. I wondered if some guy would ever think thoughts like that about my breasts. I shuddered.

I had never been a person who needed any one. I had always taken care of myself. If I hurt, I healed it by myself. I always made my own luck, my own success. But, suddenly the idea of being comforted was a very attractive idea. I knew that women loved being comforted. I wondered if my whole personality were changing into a woman's personality. I knew that this was something that sissies liked, and I liked it, too much.

If I was changing into a woman, I wondered who she was, and what was she like? I tried to shake off these very disturbing thoughts, but I could not. Instead, I began crying, just like a lost little girl. Alice told me that a good cry always did wonders for a girl, and told me that I should let myself cry till I was all cried out.

I followed her advice too. I did not want to, but I found that I just could not stop crying. It was like it was cleansing me in some way. I was losing all the pent up emo-



tion that was involved with what was happening to me. I finally calmed down enough to start to wonder what was in all of those bags that Alice had brought with her.

“Well... firstly, I have to ask you a question. Do your regular clothes fit you any more?”

“Uh... No. They don't. Not even the underwear fits any more.”

“Well, that is what I thought. So, I knew you would never do it, so I went out and I bought you some new clothes, clothes that would fit a body with your shape. I... I put it all on your Visa card, by the way.”

“New clothes?” I was stunned. I wondered what she meant, “Clothes that would fit a body with my shape.”

“Now don't get all mad at me when you see what I bought you, but you have to face facts, dear. Your body is no longer able to wear men's clothing comfortably. You just don't have the shape for it anymore.”

“You... You bought me ladies clothes, Alice?” I stared at her, incredulous. I could not believe that it had come to this.

“Yes. And the sooner that you start wearing them, the better off you will be. Now, you've had a good cry. The next thing that a woman needs is a hot soak. You go and get ready for a bath, and I will run the tub for you.”

In a daze, I responded, robotically. It me took nearly fifteen minutes to get myself undressed, and then to walk into the bathroom. I was like sort of dazed.

It was steamy, and I could smell a delicate floral scent in the air. The bath was covered with a frothy white foam. She took my arm and helped me to step into it. She told me to just soak, and to stay in it as long as I wanted to. She would wait for me to finish. She said she had some things to do in the meantime.

So, I soaked. The emotional roller coaster that I had been riding for a few months seemed to be slowing down. I actually dozed off in the tub. I ran hot water into it, and just sat there soaking. I felt so relaxed that I did not want to move.

I was amazed at how soft and silky my skin was feeling. I could hardly believe how sexy it felt when I rubbed my legs together. I could not resist reaching for my cock. The totally feminine atmosphere that I was in, was terribly erotic for me. I came with a wonderful bliss that seemed to fill my entire being. It was beautiful.

The problem for me was, that just as I was coming, the picture that filled my mind, was of me wearing a long flowing dress. It was seeing myself in the dress that did it to me, and pushed me over the edge, into orgasmic bliss.

I had no idea of how long I had been in the tub, but I figured that it must have been around an hour or so. I got out, dried off, and wrapped a towel around me, knotted at my breasts. I figured that since I had them, I was just going to have to learn to live with them, like any other woman on the face of the planet.

I felt utterly foolish as I went out of the bath room, wearing the towel in that manner. Alice was sitting on the couch, sipping white wine. She looked up at me, and

smiled a glorious smile at me. The first thing that I noted was that all of the bags were gone.

“Where are all those bags you brought in, Alice?”

“Oh... I had nothing better to do, so I thought I would open up all the packages, remove the tags and put the new clothes away for you.”

“Oh.”

I walked over to my bedroom door, and pushed it open. The room looked exactly as it had just a few hours earlier. I went over to the dresser to get clean underwear. A shock awaited me.

The drawer was full of silky lacy lingerie. I stood and stared at it, stunned. After a long moment, I opened all of the drawers. All of my old underwear was gone. In its place, was ladies' lingerie. I hated it, but my cock sprung to instant attention again.

I slowly walked across the room, and threw open the closet doors. The only thing that I saw in there was a mass of pastel colors. I knew that there was nothing but skirts, dresses, blouses and coats in there now. On the floor, in a neat row, was a line of about twelve pairs of high heeled shoes and one pair of knee high brown leather boots.

The sight stunned me. I looked for my own clothes, and found no trace of them.

“Alice???” I could not keep rising panic from my voice as I screamed for her.

“Yes honey?” Her voice was sickly sweet as she entered the room.

“What are all these things, Alice?”

“They are your new clothes. Why?”

“Where are my old clothes?”

“You told me that they did not fit you any more, right?”

“Yeah? So?”

“Well, if those clothes really did not fit you anymore, then what was the point of keeping them around? I threw them into the incinerator shaft.”

“You what?”

“I threw them down the shaft, that was marked incinerator.”

“When?”

“About two hours ago. Why?”

I sank down to the bed. If she had done it two hours ago, they would have all been incinerated by now. Thousands of dollars worth of clothes, up in smoke.

I started to shudder, as sobs racked me again. I had no male clothing in the house... at all. If I wanted to leave the apartment then I would have to do it... Wearing women's clothing...

Once again, Alice sat beside me and wrapped her arms around me, cooing in her soft warm and maternal voice, encouraging me to have a good cry. I cried till all that I had left was the dry heaves.

## Three

I will never forget the first time that I wore ladies' clothing. I had sobbed my broken heart out. One hour, I felt that life had been so terribly unfair to me that I could never hope to recover from the blows that had been dealt me.

The next hour, I was feeling for the first time, the wonderful sensations afforded by the silk and satin of lingerie. I could hardly believe how wonderful it felt, once I actually started to put it on.

Alice stayed with me, encouraging me, and helping me to get dressed. Many of these items were things that I had never put on before, so I had no idea of how to get them on.

I remembered especially, the sensation of putting on the nylons, how the soft silkiness caressed my legs. Then the wonderful sensation of tautness that covered my whole legs, as I stood for the first time, in a pair of nylons. She had started my dressing with a garter belt and nylons.

Then she went behind me, and raised a lacy white satin bra up my arms. I felt the pulling around my chest, and the tugging of my breasts' weight on the thin shoulder straps. I also felt the relief of the weight, when the bra was in place. The cups had small pads in them and they pushed my tits up, making them look bigger than they really were. Looking down at them, sure was very sexy to me.

Alice knelt down in front of me, and held the panties for me to step into. The first thing I felt was the gentle grip of the elastic around my legs. Guy's underwear did not have elastic around the leg holes. Then the soft silk whispered in a most exciting way, as she pulled the panties up, and adjusted my panty waist. She stood up, and softly caressed my cock through the front of the silk panties. It almost drove me wild, it was so erotic and sensual.

Then she knelt again, and placed a pair of white shoes on my feet, with three inch heels on them. They had delicate little straps that went around my ankles. When I stood without help for the first time, I could not believe how sexy they made me feel, as muscles that had hardly ever been used, now had to work overtime.

I looked down and saw the graceful curvature of my nyloned legs. I had always thought that was a sexy sight, but it seemed even more so, when it was my own legs that looked that way. Slowly and carefully, taking mincing cute little steps, I made my way over to the mirror. I examined my profile. My pantied bum seemed to have more roundness than it had had before. I also saw the huge bulge in the front of the panties. I could feel the soft silk caress my cock, as I took each dainty step.

“Now, you are mostly a girl's shape, but you still need to have more control in your tummy area. You should always wear a tummy nipper, or a corset. This kind is called a merry widow corset. As you can see, it is not long, and is used mostly for the waistline. This one laces up the front. I thought that might be easier for you to handle. In the bottom drawer on the left, are some really lovely corsets from Victoria's Secret that will make you look delectable. They lace up the back, and you will probably need some help when you try putting those on.”

As she was telling me this, she was wrapping the white satin boned garment around my waist. It too, like the rest of my lingerie, was trimmed in delicate lace. I sucked in my tummy, and she tightly laced the garment up, which effectively gave me the proverbial hour glass figure.

Alice then lowered a lacy white silk slip down over my head. I felt the silk slither across my skin and whisper across my panties, as it was settled into place. She adjusted the thin straps, explaining that the straps were for getting a good fit from my slip.

All the time, I was eyeing my reflection in the mirror. Except for the obscene bulge in the front of the slip, I looked every inch a real lady. The idea floored me. What was worse, was that I also knew that I liked this lady in the mirror, far more than I had ever liked the guy I had been.

“Uh... Alice?”

“Yes Um?”

“Did... Did you buy me any pants or stuff like that?”

“Why no, silly girl. Now that you are turning into a beautiful young woman, why on earth would you ever want to wear pants? I know that lots of girls these days wear pants and jeans all the time. Some of them even look pretty good, if not just down right sexy in them, but you just do not have the hips yet, to look sexy in pants.

I have never been able to understand why any woman would wear pants, if she has the choice not to. Dresses and skirts are just so much more feminine, not to mention sexy, and they also provide easier access to a ladies' charms, if that is desired."

In a way, I was kind of glad to know that I did not have one single pair of pants in the house. If I wore anything, it would have to be a skirt or a dress. I was kind of being forced into this. I really did not have the decision to make.

All I was doing was to respond in an intelligent manner, to circumstances that were beyond my own control. I felt a strange freedom inside of me, as I thought those thoughts. I would have to give Alice a raise, and a bonus, for her commitment to me, over and above the call of duty, so to speak.

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Little did I know or even suspect that this was just the third step in her family's plan to take over my very successful business. I was to learn much later, that the first step was when Alice had first come to work for me. After she had been with me for two months, and had learned the basics of how the company functioned, she had formulated a plan to take over the company.

She had arranged a secret meeting with her brothers, and she had convinced them that I was along for a free ride. She convinced them that they were the ones making all of the money for the company and that I was just reaping gravy from their hard work. They ended up agreeing with her.

Once that seed had been sown, it was easy enough to convince them that they could run the company, and take the profits for themselves, if they had enough balls to go through with a plan that she had formulated.

She told them that she had spent a long time searching for the perfect plan to get me to give the company's corporate assets over to their control, so that they could get me out of the picture. Then she had explained her plan to them, and they had wholeheartedly agreed to go along with it.

Her idea was this, simply.

She would start to put massive doses of female hormones into my food. She said that she would get me to eat it, because she would start to make breakfast for me every morning. She knew that I would not refuse to eat her breakfasts, as that would have been rude and unappreciative. I was too much of a gentleman to do that to her.

She told her brothers that she figured the female hormones would work, because I already looked like I had questionable masculinity. Then she explained all about secondary sexual characteristics to them, and they agreed that it was a good plan.

They wanted to know how she could get me to sign over the company to them. She told them that the first thing was to become such a trusted employee, that I would give her limited power of attorney over things like signing contracts, or dealing with the bank. She told them that that would probably take from six to eight months.

After she had done that, she would just start to use that power of attorney, to take over a lot of my work, so that I could spend less and less time in the office. My staying away from the office would keep me somewhat in the dark about what was going on.

She figured by time, I would have such massive doses of female hormones in my system that two things would have started to happen. One, my body would change a lot. It would change so much that I would not be able to wear male clothes to work, without a lot of trouble to conceal my growing femininity.

The other thing she figured would happen was that the massive amounts of female hormones in my system would cause a lot of emotional turmoil in my life. That meant that I would stay away from the office even more, as I tried to sort out what was happening to me. That meant that I would turn more and more responsibility over to her.

She figured that the time would come, when she would have as much legal authority over the company assets as I had, and then, she would start to make decisions that would remove control of those assets from me, and put the control into her hands.

Her brothers agreed to act as though nothing out of the ordinary was going on. They would not look or stare at me, when they started to notice things like my butt getting bigger, or bouncing tits on my chest. She warned them, that because of the way I already looked, that I was probably going to turn into a really cute looking woman.

She warned John especially, since he was at the ware- house all day, to leave me alone. She knew how he was around cute women. When he'd been a teenager, he'd been charged twice for indecent assault, but the charges had been dropped after her father had made financial restitution.

John had apparently agreed to go along with her plan for me. I had thought it odd that I had not seen him as much as I used to, but as long as no complaints were coming in from the clients, I knew that he was doing his work in a satisfactory manner.

That was all that I had cared about anyway. If he was doing his job, I did not care what else he was doing.

And so, Alice and her brothers had begun to set into motion their plan to take the business from me. It was the business that I had spent so many long years building up, to the point where they could earn a livelihood from it. It was certainly not fair, was it? But, as the saying goes, in business, 'There is no such thing as fair, only winning.'

Then, the third step in the plan, would be to get me to start to wear ladies' clothing, all the time if that was possible. Alice told her brothers she knew that if she could get me to do that, I would not want to meet with my clients, or even want to come into the office at all. She said she could take care of that little detail. She sure was right about that point. There was no way that I would want to face a client, while I was wearing a pretty dress.

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"Are you ready to try on your very first dress, honey?" Alice had walked over to the closet, and had returned. She held up a coat hanger. On it was a shimmery soft, light blue dress. It was mind boggling to me, to look at it, and know that it was my dress, and that I was going to be wearing it very soon. I hoped that I would not look like some kind of freak. I'd seen the television shows about drag queens. I did not want to look like a man wearing a dress, as most drag queens looked. I wanted to look like a real woman. This desire, once realized, surprised me.

I stood in front of the mirror, half-admiring and half-fearing the feminized reflection that was looking back at me. I did not have real long hair, I had no make-up on, but already I looked more like a cute girl than a boy, or a young business man.

The delicate slip material clung to my feminine curves in a most appealing way. I saw the lace bodice, and it was enhancing real breasts. I was turned on by my own reflection. I saw a girl that I thought was very sexy, and I wanted to date a girl like that.

"Well, I guess I have to do it some time, don't I?"

"Hey, if those are the cards that mother nature has dealt you, you have to learn to go with the flow, eh?"

"Yeah... I guess..."

"Now dear, dresses should always be put on by lowering them down over your head, just like this, sort of like a pull-over sweater. You'll find that most dress designs will not allow enough room for you to step into them and pull them up over your shoulders. If you try that, you will rip the material. You will find that most materials that women's clothing is made of, is not anything like men's clothes. It is far more delicate.

That's because we are far more delicate than men, eh? And thank God for that. I would never want to be a man, if I had a choice. They say it's a man's world, but don't you believe it. It's us ladies that call the shots."

I did not miss her constant reference to me as belonging to the gentle gender. I was surprised that this did not bother me. I guess that I was just accepting the fact that if

nature was turning me into a woman, then that was what was happening, and that was all that there was to it. I could fight it or accept it.

I was learning that accepting it was far more pleasurable than fighting it had been. I watched as Alice went behind me to pull the zipper up my back. As she did so, the front of the dress came up and formed around my new shape. With the tiny waist and the jutting breasts, I was all woman now.

She came around to my front, and did up the small half inch wide belt. She flounced the skirt out a bit, then took my hand and led me back to the bathroom. She sat me on the toilet seat, and she told me that I would have to get a vanity, as she started to go to work on my make-up.

It only took her fifteen minutes. She said that it was because I already had such beautiful skin, that I would never need much make-up. She'd show me later on, how to do it for myself.

Then she took my hand and led me back to the bedroom, and stood me in front of the mirror. I was astounded. The blue colored highlights around my eyes, the thin lines of my eye brows, the faint pink blush on my cheeks, and the rose pink lipstick, left no mistake or doubt about what gender I belonged to now.

I knew that there would be no way I could ever hope to pass for being male now. I knew that if I tried to wear men's clothes now, I'd get the shit beat out of me for being a fairy.

But, what bothered me most about it, was that I no longer cared if I could wear men's clothes on the street. Seeing what I now looked like, made me somehow glad that I was turning into a girl.

I glanced at Alice's reflection as she stood by me. I could read a number of different things written on her face. One, she was proud of the way she had gotten me to look. She was fussing like a mother hen.

One other look that I saw was a kind of gloating. I did not know what that was all about, but I saw it there in her eyes. I did not really care, because I felt so nice being a girl now. I found that I was strangely not so intimidated by her domineering ways any more either. I was glad of that, as it had bothered me before.

We went out to the living room, and sat down on the couch. We had some white wine to help me relax, and Alice asked me what I was going to do now.

I admitted that I did not think it would be a good idea for me to go into the office for a few days, as I had to try and get used to the idea that I no longer had any pants to wear. I also admitted to her probing, that I kind of liked wearing the ladies' clothes. I still also had a huge bulge in the front of my dress.

Alice leaned over and lightly kissed my cheek. As she did that, she reached out, and she placed her hand on that bulge. She asked me if I would like her to take care of it for me. I did not know what she had in mind, but I said that I would like her to take care of it for me.

She pushed me onto my back. I felt coolness as she pushed my skirt and slip up. She smiled and sighed when she saw my panties. She told me that a girl that looked as sexy as I did, could turn her into a lesbian, if she was not careful.

Her finger tips lightly caressed the front and the crotch of my panties, and made me shudder in anticipation. I could feel every single stitch of the female clothing. I was acutely aware that it was I who was in the passive feminine role. It released a deep satisfaction inside of me.

I felt cool air on me, as she lowered the front of my panties. Then she lowered her head, and in seconds, I felt the moist heat of her mouth as she took my whole penis into her mouth. I gasped. I had never felt anything like that before. It was so wonderful.

It only took a few minutes of her expert ministrations, to make me cum in the most sensuous orgasm that I had ever felt in my life. All the while that I was cumming, I knew that it was so wonderful, because I was the girl being made love to.

I desperately hoped that I would be able to meet an understanding woman someday, who would just make me feel the way that Alice was able to make me feel. I also realized that I hoped it would be a woman who was the same size as I was, so that we could wear each other's clothes.

Alice kept me in her mouth till I got soft. Then she raised my panties, and she pulled the skirt of my dress back down to cover my upper thighs. She told me that I was by far the prettiest girl that she had ever given a blow job to. For some reason, that just cracked the two of us up, and we ended up with sore sides from our laughter.

Alice took me back to the bedroom, to show me where she had put everything, then kissed me, and told me to take a week off, to try and get used to my new life. She said she would take care of everything, and that if something came up that she could not handle, she would get in touch with me.

She also told me that she felt strongly that I had to learn to adapt to what was happening to me. For that reason, she would not come to my apartment again, unless I invited her in person. Then she smiled and said that meant that if I wanted to see her, I would have to dress up real pretty, and go to the office to see her.

She told me that she thought that I looked like a Deborah, so she was going to call me Deborah, or Debi from now on. I did not argue. What could I say anyway?