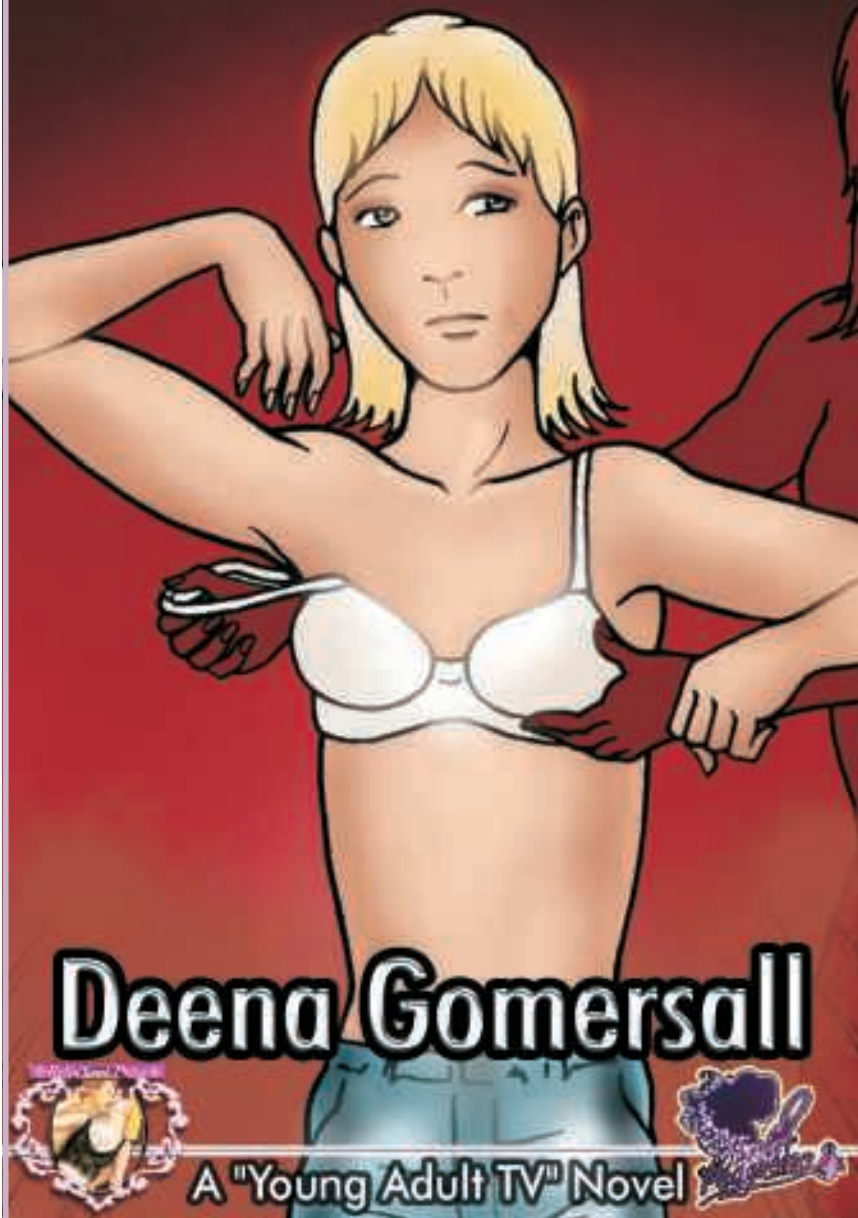


# A Series of Circumstances



## Deena Gomersall



A "Young Adult TV" Novel



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# **A Series Of Circumstances**

**by Deena Gomersall**

## **Chapter One**

At just nineteen years of age who would have thought my life could change so quickly?

Let me tell you a little bit about myself. My name is Adrian Rushworth. I was living at home with my Mom; Dad had died whilst working on an oil rig when I was just eleven years old.

Of course, as soon as I had left school, Mom wanted me out working to help pay the bills. I was an intelligent kid and would have rather gone to college and make something of my life but she was pretty damn adamant, as well as hard-up.

Mom's personality had changed since the death of Dad; she had become bitter and had terrible mood swings. I loved her and wanted to support her, so I looked for work, which was not easy in the then-present climate. My school grades were really good so

many prospective employers believed I was above some of the backstreet jobs I was being forced to apply for as, without any college graduation, I had nothing to show I was good enough for any of the better, more lucrative jobs.

I ended up working in a factory, which was horrible... full of common, vulgar people who I could not get on with and who had no time for me, either. I wasn't good at building friendships, being, I'll confess, quite shy and timid, and so, had none to speak of. At least I was bringing in some money, which eased the pressure at home, and I held the job down for over a year. That was until my error.

Well, I say *my* error... It was the obnoxious Mel who told me which batch of dye should go into a particular vat. It was, of course, the wrong one; I destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of produce. Of course, Mel denied any part of misinforming me when the inquest was underway. I was fired instantly.

That didn't go down too well with Mom who, after several months of my trying to find new work; not easy now that I had a blemish on my work record, told me she could no longer afford to keep me at home and that I should find lodgings and move out.

I did, having now to rely on benefits and government handouts to pay for lodgings in a grotty apartment block in a notorious, rundown part of town. The apartment block was full of druggies and glue sniffers; total down and outs. Crime in the area was rife... and I was living amongst them, hardly able to put food in my belly.

I wrote plenty of spec letters looking for work but with just one job on my C.V., a job from which I had been fired, things were bleak. I supposed that even would-be employers would take just one glance at my address before throwing my application form into the garbage bin.

I tried keeping in touch with Mom through this period but she had now found a new man in her life with whom she seemed besotted and her interest in

me diminished, like she had no time for me anymore. I began to see less and less of her. I wasn't mad at Mom or anything, I was pleased for her, she needed to find happiness in her life and move on. I mean, Dad had been gone for seven years at that point.

It came as some surprise, one morning, when I awoke and checked my mail, to find a letter that was franked with the name of a company I had applied to for a job. Most places didn't even show the common courtesy of writing to say I had been unsuccessful, so at least this company had had the decency to write back to me.

I fumbled to open the letter with the expectation of finding a kindly worded but negative reply... my eyes opened wide as I began reading, however.

Dear Mr. Rushworth.

Thank you for your recent application for a job at Denham's. We would be pleased if you could attend an interview with us on the 21<sup>st</sup> of this month. Please bring along a copy of your current C.V. and any references or other documentation to support you in your interview.

I can't say I was elated... pleased yes, but... I would be going to attend an interview with the shittiest C.V. ever and no references. It was an opening but my heart was already telling me I would fail.

On the morning of the 21<sup>st</sup> I got myself as clean and ready as I could. I had no suit, not even a smart shirt; I really could have done with a haircut as, not being able to afford a hairdresser, I'd just let my hair grow, several inches past my shoulders, tying it back in a ponytail. It had never been so long. I was just going to have to rely on my personality and speak well for myself.

I was shown to an office at Denham's, a large high street store that sold just about everything from household goods to electrical, to toys, gardening tools and clothing, by a pretty receptionist by the name of Mandy.

I expected to be greeted by a stuffy, overdressed middle-aged woman to interview me but instead, she was a woman probably in her mid- to late thirties, slightly overweight, with short dark hair, black glasses and wearing a faded blue top and a pair of black leggings.

“Good morning, Adrian, I’m Lesley Gerrod, deputy manager here at Denham’s,” she greeted.

“Good morning, Ms. Gerrod.” I mumbled back, not sure of how to address her... was she a Mrs., a Miss or just an Ms.?

She studied me with a half-smile. “Don’t be nervous, we don’t bite. You can call me Lesley... and how do you prefer to be addressed?”

The question threw me. “I err, well, most of my friends call me Ade, not that I have many friends,” I mumbled. I immediately cursed myself. I wanted to have a positive background and already I was telling her I was practically a loner. Hell, with my work record and social background, I wouldn’t employ me.

She didn’t seem concerned with my fumbled response though. “Ade, I’ve been looking at your application form. You have had just one employment since leaving school and you were dismissed from that job... would you like to tell me about it?”

I felt my cheeks heating but at least she was giving me an opportunity to explain myself. I told her all about Mel and how he had given me the wrong information, on purpose, for a laugh, which led to a huge loss on money for the company.

“Sometimes you have to either know what you are doing or go ask a supervisor, rather than relying on the word of a co-worker,” she responded. “Why are you hoping to get employment at Denham’s?”

This was the tricky one. I couldn’t just come out and say I was desperate for work and I would work anywhere; I knew I needed to massage their ego.

“I have shopped in the store many times and I have always been impressed with the layout, easy access

to what you want to buy, the clean and tidy appearance of the place, friendly staff and the obvious good management. I have always found the staff to be courteous and helpful. I am obviously looking for work in order to get myself back on my feet and I would love the opportunity to work for the company,” I responded. What a load of bullshit, I had never set foot in the place before.

The rest of the interview went well. There were some tricky questions and some less informal ones. Lesley seemed like a really nice, pleasant lady. I knew if I could only be successful, I could really get along with her and enjoy working for her.

It was days later that I received another letter from Denham’s and my heart pounded as I opened up the envelope. My eyes were doing a quick scan rather than reading the contents and they found what they were searching for, or rather, hoping for.

You have been successful.

I could hardly believe it. I read more. I apparently had been offered a job in the warehouse which was below the store, taking in delivery and stacking goods and bringing merchandise to the shop floor after closing, to re-stock shelves.

Not the greatest job in the world but a job nevertheless. I could do this, I could get back on my feet, and I wouldn’t have to rely on social handouts. I was slightly disappointed that I wouldn’t be on the sales floors with all of those smoking hot sales babes I’d seen when I went for my interview. But then, even if I was, all I would ever get as far as, maybe, would be just to feast my eyes on them.

Eighteen years old and I had only ever taken two girls out and neither relationship lasted more than a week or two. I’d gotten my end away just once... and came prematurely at that, much to my embarrassment and her annoyance. My track record with girls was as dismal as my work record.

My problem was, I guess, I could never match up to the brawny beefcakes or the tall, dark, good-look-

ing men that the girls usually went for. I was five nine, pretty scrawny and no matter what I ate or how I tried to bulk myself up, I just stayed the same. I was regarded as good-looking, but in a pretty boy kind of way rather than handsome... light-skinned, long straight blond hair... well, a kind of dirty light brown, I guess. Blue eyed... Like I said, pretty, but not a rugged handsome man.

But hey! I had a job and who was to say I wouldn't touch base with some lookers, say in the staff room or wherever? There were openings, possibilities... if I could hold my nerve to ask a girl out. And hey! I'm not being shallow. I mentioned babes and lookers but I would be just as happy to pull a plainer girl.

My big day started the following Monday. I was excited. I was on a three-month trial, un-contracted, which was pretty regular these days. I met Lance who was the warehouse supervisor. He organised for me to get work clothes and safety shoes.

There were around nine or ten men working in the warehouse as well as Larry, some probably in their late teens, some in their twenties and two that were a little older. They all had formed obvious friendship amongst themselves and spent much of their time bantering, ribbing and joking; all in fun, of course. I laughed along with them as I was hoping to make some new friends from my new work colleagues.

But that never seemed to work out. I had been working in the warehouse for three weeks with hardly a friendly word from any of them. Some of them were already resenting me as work in the warehouse could be heavy at times, what with stacking boxes and crates. The other guys seemed to manage easily enough but I was not as physically strong for much of the heavy lifting and complaints were being whispered about me. Some of my new work colleagues even questioned my sexuality or believed I was some sissy.

Lance had a word with Lesley about me and my inability at stacking some of the heavier boxes. She suggested that I was given just the lighter tasks and that I be trained for using the forklift.



It was two days after I had passed my forklift training that I was unloading a large delivery on pallets. I was told by Paul, one of the team, to put a certain consignment up at the top left corner of the warehouse. This I did and marked the boxes as he had said.

It was only days after that when complaints were starting to come down from some of the shelf stackers that wrong goods had been taken up to the shop floor. They had been stored in the wrong place and labelled wrongly. I was brought to the office and sat in front of Lesley. I knew it hadn't been my fault but I was expecting my cards.

“Having things stored in the wrong place, Adrian (She was using my full Christian name... not a good sign), causes all kinds of confusion. It sets the shelf stackers back hours... having to take the wrong loads back to warehouse and bring the correct ones back up before they can get on with their job,” she began.

“But... but I was told to put that shipment where I did,” I tried defending.

“By whom?”

“By Paul,” I confessed whilst not liking to drop a work colleague in it.

“If I remember rightly, Adrian, when you came here for your interview, you said you had been dismissed from your first job by another person's fault or ill advice,” she challenged, raising an eyebrow.

“But it's true Lesley... er, Mrs. Gerrod.”

“True or not, didn't I advise you to either know what you are doing or ask the supervisor rather than relying on the word of a co-worker?”

I hung my head as I mumbled, “Yes, you did. I'm sorry.”

“We work on a tight schedule and we cannot afford for errors such as what you made, plus, Adrian, you are proving not to be physically suited to the ware-

house job. Much of it is hand lifting and moving, and whilst proper lifting techniques are just as important as physical strength, you do need to be... well, more muscular when working in the warehouse. This job is not working for you.”

My blood began to run cold. “Please, Lesley, would you give me another chance? I’ll make sure I consult Larry in future. I really need this job.”

Lesley looked at me. There was some compassion in her gaze but also some thoughtfulness.

“No, I’m sorry; I need dependable and able personnel in the warehouse. I guess I could transfer you to the cleaning staff but I need you to step up and prove yourself to me. Mrs Sinclair (The big boss, I hadn’t met her yet) suggested I just dismiss you, so don’t let me down, Ade.”

My eyes lit up. “Oh, thank you, thank you so much, Lesley. I promise I will work vigilantly, I’ll prove my worth to you,” I promised. Cleaning! It wasn’t top of my agenda and I truly believed I was worth much more than that but a job is a job... right? And it had taken me long enough to get this one.

“Of course it is going to change your working hours. Whilst the cleaning staff can do things like the basement, toilets, staff room, warehouse etc, during the day, most of the work is done after the store closes at 10:00 PM, so if you are prepared to move onto the cleaning gang, you need to go get uniform from the stock room manager, go home and come back on shift for 9:00 PM. Your hours will be 10:00 until 6:00, eight hours a day over five working days. There will be a slight drop in pay.”

“That’s fine, Lesley, and thanks for the opportunity,” I told her.

After picking up my new uniform from stores; trousers and a smock-type top which were in a khaki colour, I left work and set off for home. One thing I had not bargained for, however, was the amount of daytime noise when I tried getting off to sleep a few hours later. I already wasn’t particularly tired as I’d

had a full night's sleep but the roar of traffic out on the main road, the sounds of children playing and screaming, neighbours banging and clattering and even the call of birds, all prevented me from getting off.

I'd probably managed an hour and half by the time I was setting off for work. I was going to be meeting a whole new bunch of workmates. They all turned out to be female, ranging in age from late 30's to late 50's.

The cleaners were all quite rough, both in appearance and personality and swore more than I'd ever heard any woman swear before. Madge, who was the team leader, quickly told me what was where and what items were used for what purpose, where supplies were kept and where I would be working... almost like she resented giving me the time of day.

I smiled and tried getting on with the job, doing my best to work things out for myself as I felt apprehensive about burdening Madge with questions. I mean a brush is a brush, a mop is a mop, dusters are dusters and vacuum cleaners are vacuum cleaners, right? Though of course, various types of detergent went into the industrial cleaners, different sprays for different stains.

The 'girls' kind of worked in pairs whilst I was put by myself with instructions. They would laugh and talk about their lives outside work, were forever brewing coffee and tea or going out for cigarette breaks, while I just pressed on. But I was determined to do well and keep my word.

I had been doing the cleaning job for over a week when I first saw one of the cleaners, Sue, loading small saleable things, into carrier bags and taking them down to the staff room. Nothing big, nor much, but it put me on the alert.

After a few more days I realised that all the cleaners were helping themselves to stock that they could get away with... mostly lingerie, or cheaper jewellery. They also were taking home cleaning products for their own home, toilet rolls, dusters... that kind of thing, which they would put into the trunk of their

car, or their hubby's car when he came to pick them up at end of shift.

It bothered me. I wasn't a thief nor did I like dishonest people and I was worried in case it was ever discovered that things were going missing and we were all implicated, or, because I was not part of the group, they all aimed the blame onto me.

In my third week I began realising that certain cleaners I would see at the start of shift would not then be seen again until we were clocking off. I began to realise that they had a little scam going where they took it in turns to clock on and go home whilst the others carried them. Not being in their clique, I was not a part of the set-up, agreed to by all the others, nor was I informed of their operation. Not that I would have wanted to be involved... I wanted to keep my nose clean.

And so it was that I decided it best to inform Lesley as to what was happening so that I was not implicated. I had completed my fourth week on the cleaning gang and had the weekend off. I knew Lesley was on duty the following day, Saturday, and so I went in to see her.

At first she asked me how I was getting on and if I was settling into the job. I wanted to talk privately to Lesley, but Judith, the office administrator, kept on coming in to use the copier for her paper work as hers was out of toner.

"I don't want to come across as a tell-tale," I began, "but there are a few things I think you should know..."

I tried to keep Madge's name out of things and not even complain about the lack of instruction or support she gave me as I knew she had worked at the store for years and management was soft on her and respected her. As I revealed the goings-on, I was aware of Judith listening in whilst pretending not to. I didn't know at that point that Judith was Madge's niece.

Lesley took everything in that I told her before looking at me. “You do know these are serious allegations you are making and could result in certain staff being dismissed if they are found out to be stealing from the company?” she told me.

I nodded my head.

“Well, it is going to require you giving a statement and naming names of the main perpetrators,” she told me.

I smiled ruefully to myself. ‘Give names? I would be the only cleaner you have left,’ I thought.

There was an investigation. I don’t have a clue how it was conducted, after which, Bev, Wendy and Hilda suddenly stopped coming in for their shift. Nobody informed me of anyone being fired but it seemed obvious.

Shortly after that, things suddenly changed. The other cleaners had only ever talked to me in passing and never in any kind of friendly way; some only talked when it was necessary to do so regarding the job. Suddenly I felt a kind of hostility aimed towards me.

Nobody actually said anything, nobody accused me of being behind the firing of three of their friends. I just knew that they knew it was my fault... the feeling was there. I hadn’t meant for anyone to lose their job, I just didn’t want to be implicated. Once I discovered the relationship between Madge and Judith, it was clear to me that Judith had told them it was me that had snitched on them. It seemed I was now up the creek without the proverbial paddle.

Madge started giving me the very hardest jobs to do, like shampooing an entire shop floor by myself when normally three worked together and giving me other, dirtier, tasks afterwards. I always had the toilets to clean. My tasks were impossible to get done in one shift as the carpets took so long. A report from Madge to Lesley, telling her that I couldn’t keep up with the work tasks, of course followed.

I was being given more and more work to do. Madge said it was because we were down on staff numbers. She said this very pointedly but nobody else seemed to be getting extra work to do. Then one time I was asked to clean all the glass panelling around a floor, given a spray and a cloth. It looked okay at first but when I looked an hour later, all the glass was smeared where the spray had dried. Many other things were also done in order to set me up and get me into trouble.

Alas, I found a message when clocking in one evening, that I was required to report in to see Lesley early the following morning. I knew it was not going to be good. I was screwed.

I hadn't time to go home, change clothes, get a shower or anything, after I had finished yet another very difficult and tasking shift, so I found a twenty-four hour café and sat in there until it was time to face the music.

I felt dirty, dishevelled and very tired when I came in through the staff entrance and approached our receptionist, Mandy.

“Hi Mandy, Is Lesley in her office? She's called me in to see her,” I said to the pretty receptionist, wearily.

Mandy gave me a rather sympathetic look, one that suggested she knew a few things.

“Hi Ade, I'll give her a call on the tannoy, I think she's up on second.

I took a seat whilst I heard Mandy's reverberated amplified voice, echoing upstairs. “Lesley Gerrod. Lesley Gerrod to reception please.”

I had an eight-minute wait until Lesley pushed through the door, not coming in but looking at me. “Follow me, Adrian,” she said. I looked at Mandy as I got up from my seat and followed. Mandy kind of screwed her face a little in a pained expression and mouthed ‘Good luck.’

Lesley led me to her office without looking at me, went in, again without turning and said, "Take a seat, Adrian." She clasped her hands together, on top of the desk. "Well, I guess you are aware of why I have called you in?" she put to me.

"Because you are going to give me my cards even though I have not done anything wrong," I retorted back to her.

"Well, that's not quite what I am hearing from Madge, Adrian. You are struggling to keep up with the work she asks you to do and you are using the wrong cleaning agents for the tasks set upon you."

"I'm struggling because I am being given a three-man job to do alone and guess what? I am being 'given' wrong spray cleaners to do those various tasks. And the person who is giving me them... is my supervisor."

Lesley looked hard at me before speaking again. "Adrian... Ade, Madge is one of our longest-serving and hardest-working employees. Are you actually trying to blame her?"

"Yes. I know how well-in she is here, how you all think she is the bees' knees but ever since I reported some of the things that were going on... things you obviously investigated and found to be correct as it led to three people being dismissed, I have been given impossible tasks and being set up. They know it was me that tattled on them," I told her. They were going to fire me anyway, so I may as well put the record straight.

There was another lengthy silence.

"Oh Adrian, what are we going to do with you?" Lesley finally responded with a sigh.

"I'm telling the truth. I promised you I would work vigilantly and prove my worth but I am cleaning entire floors whilst the other cleaners are making themselves coffee, going out for cig smokes or even napping on beds through the night in household."

“Mrs Sinclair is very fond of Madge and I doubt she would tolerate anything being said against her... so I suggest you do not fetch Madge into this,” Lesley warned.

“I kept her out the last time when I reported what was going on during nights, but either she was as guilty as the rest on some things, or has turned a blind eye to things like staff going home, then coming back to clock off.”

“I know she isn’t as squeaky clean as she is made out to be,” Lesley answered, surprising me.

“You know? So why am I being pulled in here and not her? How come she is believed and I’m on the carpet for working harder than anyone else?” I asked.

“Like I said, Mrs Sinclair is fond of her. She has made a complaint against you and I have to follow it up.”

“So what happens then? I lose my job all because Madge has sunshine coming out of her butt?”

Lesley grinned, then straightened her face again. “It’s a predicament, Adrian. You have failed in the warehouse and, on paper, you have failed with the cleaning gang. I could and would be justified in dismissing you as you have not completed your three-month probation... I could also stick my neck out here, put myself on the line and not terminate your employment... *if* you do me a huge favour.”

For once I was lost for words. I stared at Lesley dumbly. Had I really just heard what she had asked me to do?

I had to rewind her words in my head, replay her words to make sure I had heard correctly.

“I will keep your employment with us open and find you an alternate position, off cleaning and off storeroom. But there is something I want you to do for me. I have a nephew whose best friend has won four tickets to an exclusive party night at a top night



club. His friend is taking his girlfriend and he wants Robert to come along with his own date.”

I’d been stupid enough to ask how that involved me.

“I want you to go along as Robert’s date.”

Yep, that was what she had said, I was sure of it. I finally found my tongue.

“His date! Lesley! I’m sorry, I don’t quite understand. Is Robert gay or something? I can’t do that. I am normal. I mean, no offense to Robert but I’m heterosexual.”

Lesley chuckled. “No, Robert is not gay, in fact he is quite manly but he doesn’t have a girlfriend presently and Sally, Tom’s girlfriend, wouldn’t be happy going along to the party in the company of two boys.”

My expression remained one of confusion. “I still don’t understand.”

“You, Adrian, you would go as Robert’s girlfriend, or female companion.”

“I’m not gay, and I’m certainly not a girl, either,” I protested.

“You don’t need to be either. You just need to look like a girl. I mean, you must admit yourself that you have a slight build, quite dainty-looking hands. Your light brown hair is over your shoulders and you have a nice smooth skin and pale complexion. I think it would be relatively easy to make you not just look like a passable girl, but a hot one.”

That was a massive blow to my masculine ego. Yes, I knew I wasn’t the beefiest of guys but no guy wants to hear he could be made to look like a girl... especially a smoking hot babe.

“I can’t. I’m sorry but I would feel totally foolish,” I told her.

“You would rather lose your job and have another black mark on your work record? You have only been employed with us for just under twelve weeks, your

first job was just over a year. That's not what would-be employers are looking for," she put to me.

"But..."

"Come on, Ade, we can help each other out here. All it requires is a little makeup and girl's clothes. That's not going to kill anyone and you get to go to a lavish party with lots of food and drink."

"What if what's his name tries coming on to me... tries kissing me or something?"

"Robert! Robert is quite shy amongst girls, he would never try anything like that in fear of rebuke. Plus I will tell him that it is not correct to try kiss a girl on a first date and that you are a sweet girl of moral standing..," Lesley promised.

"What... so he is a virgin?" I asked.

"I don't know about that. Maybe, maybe not but he hasn't taken many girls out before and like I say, although he is quite manly, he is shy."

I felt like I was being crushed inwards from two sides. I really, really did not want to dress up and pretend to be a girl but I really didn't want to find myself on benefits again either and struggling to find work.

"So... what if I *do* agree to do this thing?" I hesitantly asked, not wanting to commit in any way.

"I will take you off cleaning and find another position for you, even if there isn't really anything going. Like I said, I'm going out on a limb here for you and it would be far easier just to give you your cards but I really need this favour. So, are you in?"

"Can I think about it?" I asked.

"Yes, of course. Go home, don't come in for your shift tonight but report back tomorrow morning. If you agree, I will look into putting you to work somewhere else in the store. Okay? So, 7:30 tomorrow. Otherwise just let us know you have decided against

it and I will have Judith sort your wages out and send you your cards.”

That was that. I hadn't done any wrong, but I now either did something almost too unbearable to even think about or I was back on the dole. I was miserable all the way back home and, by the end of the evening I was no nearer to a decision. I didn't sleep too well that night.

## **Chapter Two**

What was I thinking? Was I really prepared to go along to some party as some guy's girlfriend?

But here I was, in town, one and a half hours before the store opened, waiting to see Lesley.

Lesley smiled at me when she saw me. “So, you have decided against joining the unemployment queue? Wise decision, Come along with me to my office so we can talk before the staff start arriving,” she offered and I found myself scampering after her without even saying a word.

“So, I've got you a new job to start on,” Lesley began just as soon as she had taken a seat behind her desk and I had sat opposite her. “It's in women's fashions and accessories department and, you'll be pleased to know, it comes with a wage increase from your cleaning gang job. Also you get very good staff discounts on any clothing you wish to purchase and there is a quarterly uniform allowance; you choose from men's fashions that are currently on sale to wear to work. It is a new start so it comes with a new three-month probation period.”

I was a bit shocked. I had seen that floor often when cleaning, though always when it was closed... but I do remember also, on my first day when I was being shown around that all I saw of the sales staff were pretty young girls and a few older women. I had tried to remember the uniform that Lesley had men-

tioned but couldn't recall seeing any certain type of uniform. Now I knew why.

"Women's fashions? Aren't all the staff on there, female?" I asked, recalling my tour round. "Isn't there any other department I could work on?"

It was a job, and I felt I could do it... I mean, I may not be a girl or wear girls clothes but I know what they wear... Dresses, skirts, tops, pants, knickers and bras., shoes of course... and a few different types of lingerie. But if I was the only guy amongst lots of young and pretty girls, I was going to look like a fish out of water.

"No, Adrian, there isn't any other jobs going and I'm only managing to fit you into this one because one of the girls has just started maternity leave. You can be her replacement until another, more suitable job becomes available. There are two other males that work on that particular floor. I am going out on a limb for you here, you know. Now, are you accepting the job or not?"

I nodded my head dumbly. At least there were two other men working with me so I wouldn't feel like I shouldn't be there if the girls had already become accustomed and acceptant of other men working in their female environment.

"Of course, it also depends that you can nail the job down... I won't be able to tolerate another thing going wrong, you understand. The rules are very simple, three strikes and you are out. I am going to start you off for the first month as a hanger... bringing fresh stock to the floor, labelling them, putting price tags on, size tags, and hanging them on the rails as well as keeping the area clean. Customers tend to drop items on the floor a lot, so you will pick them back up and re-hang them."

That didn't sound too difficult. "Okay, I can do that," I said.

"You'll need to learn the different types of clothing," she added.