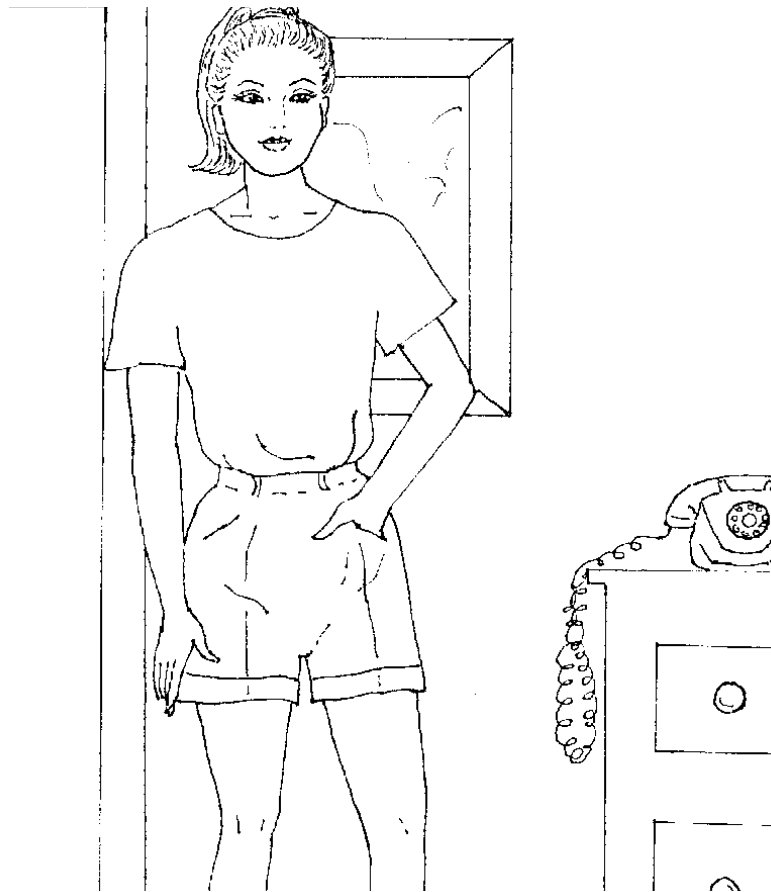


# HEIR TO THE THRONE

*By Olivia Evans*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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## **“HEIR TO THE THRONE”**

**By Olivia Evans**

“... and finally, I leave the entire company to my son, Gilbert.”

The lawyer looked up and smiled. *‘That would make the young Mr. Franklin worth somewhere in the neighborhood of 900 million dollars. Not bad for being only 22 years old,’* the lawyer thought. He resumed reading the late Gilbert Franklin Senior's will. Although Gilbert Franklin had been a brilliant business man, toward the end of his long illness he tended to ramble a bit when he wrote.

“... To be a good manager, Gilbert must know the inner workings of the business better than those who work for him. In as much as I firmly believe that the manager who not only knows the why, but the how a job is done, has an investment in the company rather than merely a high paying 'job' I consider advancement through the company a vital part of the learning process.

“A good manager must also be family oriented, should be married and, with the blessings of the almighty, have children. The commitments and responsibilities of having a family will help him in making the decisions that affect the workers who depend upon him for their livelihood.

“Therefore, before Gilbert will be able to inherit the company and take his place as President on his twenty-fifth birthday, the following conditions must be met: Gilbert will be required to learn the company the same way as I did; through hard work, starting on the ground floor and working his way up. In learning the business, he will no longer receive the generous allowance he has received in the past. He will, however, be entitled to the same salary and benefits as the other employees. And lastly... He must be married on or before his twenty fifth birthday.”

The speaker looked up at the small group that had gathered in the law offices of Green, Green and Watson. Because of the importance of the will and the amount of money it represented, it had been decided that it would be read by the senior partner John Green himself.

Mr. Green looked directly at the 22 year old heir for a minute and studied his long slightly below the shoulder length sandy brown hair, small stature and fine, almost delicate features.

*‘He favors his mother's side of the family,’* Green thought. Gilbert's mother, Belinda, and her twin sister, Marian, had been both beautiful and sensuous women. The entire town celebrated the marriage of the twins to the young and handsome Franklin brothers. Everyone had high expectations that their offspring would be as handsome or as beautiful as their parents had been. It had been a shame that

Belinda had died so young, with only one child. The equally attractive Marian had remained childless due to a birth defect that rendered her incapable of having children.

“This means Mr. Franklin,” John Green said, breaking himself away from his mental wanderings, “that until you reach the age set forth, and have met the conditions of the will, you will not be able to obtain full ownership of the company your father built.”

“I understand, Mr. Green,” the young man said seriously.

Green noted in passing that young Gilbert had a beautiful tenor voice. It had been so good that he had sung as lead tenor in several college choirs. And in one instance, because of the high range of his voice, had even sung for the lead female actress in a play while she mouthed the words. Young Gilbert was bright, talented and soon would be very rich. *‘Truly a remarkable young man.’*

“Good. Your father also provided to have the company managed while you are in, uh... training. He indicated that your Aunt and Uncle, Charles and Marian Franklin, will act as ‘caretakers’ until all of the provisions of the will have been met,” Green explained to Gilbert.

The lawyer glanced up at the stone faced older couple sitting beside the young heir apparent. During the entire reading of the will, they hadn't uttered a word.

Green didn't care much for the couple. He had known them for about 10 years, ever since the firm had taken over the legal affairs of Gilbert Senior, and although they were both pleasant enough, had come to the conclusion that they were little more than a bunch of vultures, waiting to strike at the first sign of death. He had always considered that a little odd, he knew from handling his legal affairs that Charles was almost as wealthy as Gilbert had been.

“There are a few other items remaining in the will, but they are of relatively minor significance and do not effect those present, so if you all agree, I won't bother to read them.” He looked at the three individuals sitting across from him, as they nodded their approval.

“Good, I'll mail copies of the will to your homes.” Mr. Green stood up, the others following suit. “Now, if you will excuse me, I have another meeting I have to go to.”

“Mr. Franklin?” Mr. Green's receptionist said as the three Franklins walked out of the office past her desk. Both Gilbert and Charles turned around.

“I'm sorry Mr. Franklin, I meant Gilbert,” she apologized handing the younger Franklin a small stack of papers. “Gilbert, you need to read and sign these papers before you leave.”

Gilbert sat down and began reading the papers carefully, not wanting to sign away anything he was entitled to. Nothing on the first sheet made any sense to him. In fact the names that were on the document were total strangers.

“I don't think I understand,” he said handing the papers back. “These don't seem to pertain to me.”

The receptionist looked out the window at Gilbert's Aunt and Uncle as they got into their car. She turned and smiled at Gilbert. “Mr. Green asked me to keep you here for

a few minutes longer, until the others left. He said he'd like to talk to you in private. Please go in and take a seat, Mr. Green will be right with you."

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"Gil, I wanted you to stay for a few minutes longer alone. I have some information your father wanted me to pass on to you that I don't think would be wise for your Uncle and Aunt to here," John Green said.

Gilbert slightly alarmed, leaned forward. "What is it, Mr. Green?"

"You've been away at school until just recently, right?"

Gilbert nodded. He had been shipped off to a small private boarding school shortly after his mother fallen ill. Her illness had been worse than anyone had suspected for she had died a year later, just three weeks after Gilbert had turned ten years old. After graduating from the boarding school, he attended college, also living on campus, until he graduated with his Master's in Business Administration.

In the summer and on long holidays from both schools, he returned home to his loving father. They usually spent a few days getting reacquainted and then would go on a two month vacation at the summer cabin at the lake, just the two of them. As a result, few people in town even remembered he existed, and out of that small group, only a hand- full knew what he looked like.

"The terms of the will says that you must work in the company as a regular employee to learn the business," Mr. Green said. "Your father also included a clause that I didn't read during the rest of the will. I'll read it to you now. `...If he quits or is fired for cause, he forfeits all inheritances...!'" Mr. Green looked expectantly at the young man.

"There shouldn't be any problem keeping my job, not with 900 million at stake, don't you think?" Gilbert replied. "All I need to do is show up and do my work."

"Well, yes, you could do that. But think of the intent of the will's provisions. How much would you actually learn about the business if you went to work using the name `Franklin'?" the lawyer asked. "As soon as everyone found out who you were, half the management would be either carefully guiding you around by the nose, or trying to get you fired."

"Why would anyone want to do that?" Gilbert asked bewildered.

"Consider the potential payoff for them, Gil. If someone wants something they're not entitled to, what better way to get it than to make the future owner believe that they should get it. Or, on the other hand, if he can't be bought off, cause him to leave or be fired while he's still powerless." Mr. Green smiled, then looked serious again. "No, if you really want to make the most of this, then you shouldn't let anyone know who you really are."

"Sort of working undercover?" Gilbert said, becoming intrigued with the idea. "It makes sense, but I don't even have the slightest idea how to go about it."

"Your father and I had some long talks about this. He came up with the suggestion of doing exactly that and the way to achieve it."

“Really?” Gilbert said. “How?”

The senior partner reached into a desk drawer and withdrew a large envelope.

“In here are all the papers you will need for the next three years. There's a driver's license, a lease agreement to an apartment, title to an inexpensive car and other things you will need, all made out in your assumed name. There are only three people who know what it is.”

“Is it legal to do all this?” Gilbert asked, suddenly suspicious.

Green laughed. “If it wasn't, I would have never agreed to go along with it. Yes, it's all perfectly legal. A citizen of the United States may take any name he or she wishes, as long as its not for fraudulent purpose.”

“How do you change your name legally?” Gibert asked.

“In a number of ways, if you were a woman all you would have to do is get married, or as in your case, petition the courts for a name change.” Green explained. “Once you sign this,” He handed Gilbert a form with a red “X” next to a signature block, “it's almost automatic.”

“But I still don't see why...”

“Gil, in your case, it's a necessity, a matter of self protection. And, I suppose, as your father believed, an essential part of your growing experience. It won't be easy, your father gave strict instructions that we were not to loan you any money against your future inheritance. And once you leave here, you will no longer exist as Gilbert Franklin, you will only be known by your new name until your twenty-fifth birthday.” Mr. Green smiled, “Want to know what your new name is?”

Gilbert nodded, and after signing the form, opened the envelope. He removed the first thing he found, a check book.

“And the winner is...” He announced, opening up the book and reading the name imprinted on the checks.

“Jamie Lynn Smith? Jamie Lynn? Isn't that a girl's name?” A startled Gilbert asked looking up at the older man.

“Yes, but it can be a man's name too. It's the name your father picked out. He said he had his reasons, but never bothered to tell me,” Green confessed.

“And just remember, as strange as all this seems, your father felt that it was for your own good.” Gilbert removed the rest of the contents of the envelope. It wasn't much, a driver's license, title to a five year old car, a lease agreement for an apartment, a check book imprinted with the name Jamie Lynn Smith complete with several entries for checks that had already been written, a small key ring with three keys and some rent receipts. It appeared that his rent had been paid for the next three months.

He studied the Driver's License for a few seconds, wondering how they had managed to obtain a real one with a recent picture of himself and his new name. The name on both the car title and the lease agreed with the name on the license.

"Might as well start using my new name." Gilbert sighed. He stood and shook the lawyer's hand. "How do you do, my name is Jamie..." He looked at the name on the driver's license again. "... Jamie Lynn Smith. God, I feel so stupid doing this."

"Pleased to meet you Mr. Smith," Green said formally.

"These fit the car and my apartment, I assume?" Jamie asked.

"Yes, the car's in the parking lot in the back of the building. And the directions to your new apartment are in the glove box," Green said. "It's not a bad place, really."

"You've been there?" "

Twice. Once when the decorator got through and later when all your clothing was put away."

"My clothing?"

"Yes, your father thought of everything. All you have to do is walk in the door and start living the life of an ordinary employee of the Franklin Pharmaceutical Company."

Jamie shook his head in amazement. "I suppose that I've got to empty my pockets of everything that would blow my cover before I leave."

Mr. Green held out his hand, nodding. "And with the exception of your under-shorts, the clothing you're wearing. I've got a pair of disposable coveralls for you to wear to your new home."

"My clothes too? Isn't that a bit much?" Jamie asked surprised.

"Not really, if you showed up at the apartment wearing that hand tailored suit, then went to work as what will be little more than an unskilled laborer, people would become suspicious," Green said, rationalizing the necessity.

"That sounds reasonable, I guess," Jamie said starting to untie his tie.

"I've contacted the personnel office at the plant, They will be expecting you Monday at 8:30 sharp. That will give you the weekend to get settled. Good luck, Mister Jamie Lynn Smith." Mr. Green said holding out his hand for Jamie to shake again.

**-0-0-0-**

Jamie pulled the small Chevy into the parking space marked with the number 17, his apartment number. Apartment 17 was, according to the directions, the very last one in the apartment complex. The apartments were located in a lower middle class neighborhood, and looked well maintained.

*'At least it's on the ground floor,'* Jamie thought to himself, remembering the huge house his father had owned. He stuck his key in the lock and opened the door.

Still wearing the woven paper coveralls, Jamie spent the next few minutes exploring the small four room apartment.

The living room and kitchen were connected by a built in counter with three stools. There was no dining room or dining room table. *'The counter would have to serve double as his desk and where he would have to eat,'* he thought. At the rear of the room was a sliding glass door that lead out to a small private patio. The living room furnishings were inexpensive and plain looking, almost as if they were purchased from a company that sold furniture to cheap motels. The only expensive looking item in the whole apartment was the small used looking color TV.

The bathroom, was the bathroom, and had nothing extra- ordinary about it. The bedroom, was also equipped with standard cheap motel style bedroom furniture, a queen sized bed, dresser, chair and small night stand with an alarm clock and lamp.

He looked in the closet, discovering a small supply of clothing, mostly jeans, a few pair of slacks, shirts and a number of colored T-shirts. A pair of new white leather mid hi jogging shoes were laying on the floor. In the back and slightly to the side of the closet, were half dozen unopened shoe boxes.

He didn't bother to check any of the sizes, he knew that if they could get him a real driver's license, then they would be able to buy his clothing in the right size. Wondering what other clothing he had been provided with, he opened the first drawer in his new dresser.

He flushed with embarrassment when he discovered that in place of the expected men's undershorts and T-shirts, there was a large supply of women's panties and camisoles in both nylon and cotton fabrics.

He held up a pair of pale pink nylon panties, looking at the wide lace trim around the waist with disgust. He couldn't wear these! There obviously had to be some kind of mistake!

He hurriedly searched the other drawers, discovering much to his growing embarrassment and anger, more women's under garments, including nylons stockings, a dozen pair of pantyhose, thin sports socks, some slouch socks and several night-gowns.

One of the nightgowns seemed to be nothing but satin and lace. It was quite sexy looking, even folded up neatly in the drawer. He didn't bother looking at the dozen or so bras he had found. *'At least the jeans and stuff in the closet were men's,'* he thought. *'Or were they?'*

He quickly checked. Much to his relief they were, or at least they looked like they were men's. It's not always easy to tell what sex a pair of jeans are designed for at first glance or for that matter the second glance, even when they're being worn. The only way he could tell for sure was to try something on. Jamie pulled off the coveralls he had been wearing and pulled on a pair of jeans. They seemed to fit all right, exactly like his own had. He was satisfied that at least the jeans were men's. Now more comfortable in jeans and his undershirt than the hot coveralls, Jamie returned to the living room. He was began to grow angry.

*'What did they take him for?'* Granted, he wore his hair long, and unlike his late father, wasn't terribly tall or large at only five foot seven and a hundred and forty



pounds. But still, just because he was small for a man, it was no reason to make him wear women's underwear.

**-0-0-0-**

“Green, Green and Watson.” The receptionist said when she answered the phone.

“This is Gilbert Franklin. Get me Mr. Green.” Gilbert said.

“Mr. Gilbert Franklin did you say?” The woman's voice asked obviously startled. “One moment.” There was a silence as he was placed on hold. “Is this some kind of joke? Mr. Green says that Mr. Franklin died of a heart attack three weeks ago.”

“What?” Jamie said, startled. Then he realized what was going on. “Wait. Uh, tell him that it's Jamie... Jamie Smith. I've got to talk to him.”

He was placed on hold again.

“Ah, Jamie..., everything to your satisfaction I trust?” The now familiar voice of Mr. Green asked.

“No, it is not! Someone screwed up royally when they bought my clothing. All of the underwear in the dresser is women's clothing! I can't wear panties and bras!” Jamie said.

“I don't understand how that could have happened, Jamie,” Mr. Green said smoothly. “Well, the solution is simple enough, just buy yourself some new underwear. I'd have it done for you myself, except that there isn't any money left in the special fund and, as you know, under the provisions of the will, I can't loan you any.”

Realizing that he wouldn't receive any help from the law firm, Jamie thank Mr. Green and hung up the phone, sighing.

He stared at the phone for a few minutes, until his stomach started growling with hunger. Jamie decided that he had time to get something to eat first and then go shopping for new underwear.

He opened the refrigerator and noted with some satisfaction that they had stocked his larder for him. There was enough food to last him the entire month. He fixed himself a sandwich and made a pot of coffee.

After he had eaten, he slipped on his penny loafers, grabbed his car keys and checkbook and started to the door of the apartment. He was just about to open the door when a horrible thought crossed his mind.

He opened his check book to check the balance in the account and received another shock, almost as great as the one when he discovered the panties.

He had exactly \$23.87! He would be able to buy a couple of pair of undershorts only and that would be it. The small combination washer and drier sitting in the cor-

ner of the kitchen would see a lot of use over the next few weeks. He looked again at the record of checks that had been written and discovered an obvious math error. He quickly recalculated it and realized with a sinking feeling that he had less than five dollars in his account.

He knew that he was trapped, five dollars and three weeks to go until pay day. There was no way that he could afford new underwear, he would just have to find the least feminine looking panties he had and wear them. As long as he didn't take off his pants in public, he thought he would be all right.

A few minutes later, he was going through the dozens of panties in the drawer searching for a pair he could force himself to wear.

The panties seemed to be in the three basic styles, full briefs, hip huggers and bikinis. Most of them were in soft, silky nylon and soft pastels, a few were more brightly colored, also in soft nylon. The selection was typical of what you would find in an ordinary woman's wardrobe he decided. He sorted out the most feminine panties, ones that were obviously unwearable, at least by his standards.

When he was done, he discovered that out of all the panties that had been in the drawer, there were only five that he thought he could have passed off as men's undershorts. But only if the observer didn't look too closely.

He reluctantly set them aside, and selected the pair of pink panties with lace trim he had previously rejected. He would have to wear these, or something like them during the weekends to save the others for work.

Jamie tried to forget the panties and watched TV until about ten. He shut off the TV when he discovered that he had been dozing and had missed most of the program. He yawned and stretched, thinking that it had been a long day. Right now all he wanted to do is take a shower and go to bed. The queen sized bed had looked inviting, even when he hadn't been tired.

Jamie stripped off his jeans and underwear, tossing the jeans on a chair and the undershorts in the dirty clothes hamper. He knew that it would be a while before he could wear his male undershorts again.

Looking at his nude reflection in the mirror, he decided that he could wait until the next day to shave his sparse beard. Besides, he wasn't too anxious to use one of the dainty pink disposable woman's razors he had found.

The pink razor turned out to be the least of his problems, and not the only feminine toilet article in the bathroom. Whoever had purchased the underwear and the razors had also selected the soap. It, as did the shampoo and deodorant, had a sweet feminine perfume smell that he would have loved, had he smelled it on some sexy looking girl.

There was no question about it, who ever Green had contracted with to act as buyer for his clothing and supplies, had obviously mistaken his assumed name for that of a woman's and had bought most of his things accordingly. He mentally added soap, shampoo and deodorant to his list of things to buy with his first pay check.

Not having any pajamas, he reluctantly slipped a short mid thigh length white nylon nightgown over his head. Despite the obvious feminine look of the white gown with its lace and little pink flower trim, he tried to think of it as a well washed night shirt.

He ignored the fact that the “extra” fabric intended for a woman's bust line hung slackly against his chest. He was also determined not to let the thin shoulder straps bother him either.

He took the matching mid thigh length negligee and threw it over a chair sitting in the corner of the bedroom. It could just lay there, he had no intentions of wearing it, ever!

At first he was annoyed by the slinky feeling of the smooth nylon, as the night wore on he found, much to his surprise, that the slinky nightie was actually quite comfortable.

**-0-0-0-**

It was a little chilly when Jamie awoke the next morning. Not wanting to get dressed quite yet, he changed his mind about the negligee and slipped it on. After all, he reasoned, he would be inside his apartment and no one would be able to see him, or what he was wearing.

“All I need now is a pair of matching high heeled bedroom slippers to make my outfit complete.” He laughed as he caught sight of himself in the large mirror attached to the dresser.

He laughed again, knowing that if he didn't laugh at the situation, he would end up crying. On an impulse he looked in the closet. He wasn't at all surprised to find a pair of high heeled marabou trimmed bedroom slippers in one of the shoe boxes half hidden in the back of the closet. He had managed to learn how to navigate in the three inch high heels fairly well, just by walking back and forth in the kitchen as he prepared his breakfast. And in spite of his lessening embarrassment of the clothing he was wearing, Jamie actually liked the added height. For the first time in his life, he was seeing things from a 5' 10" level.

At first he had been more bothered by the clicking of his heels on the hard linoleum of the kitchen floor than his wobbly attempts at walking. By the time he had finished cooking his pancakes, the clicking sound no longer bothered him and he thought he had discovered the secret to wearing the high heeled bedroom slippers.

By taking short steps and rotating his hips slightly, he found that his walk became more sure and he would have been chagrined to learn, a lot more graceful. It was actually quite easy, if you just set your mind to it as Jamie had. He wondered in passing, why women thought it was so difficult to learn to wear high heels, he didn't seem to have much problem doing it.

Jamie tucked the skirt of the gown and negligee under his legs as sat down at the kitchen table. At first his feet were sitting flat on the floor, or at least as flat as the

slippers would allow. Feeling a little awkward, he tried crossing his legs and allowed his foot to swing gently back and forth naturally.

By the time he finished washing his breakfast dishes, he had almost forgotten he was wearing very feminine nightwear.

The nightgown was the least of his worries. Right now his biggest worry was what he would be doing when he started work on Monday. He'd never really had a job in his short life. It was ironic, his first real job and so much depended on it!

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the apartment's door bell.

*'Company so soon?'* he thought, as he walked the short distance to the door and opened it without thinking.

Standing in the doorway was a very attractive blonde that was as tall or rather as short as he would have been if he hadn't been wearing the high heeled slippers. She was wearing a dark blue pair of wide legged shorts, white top and a pair of blue flats, and was stunningly beautiful.

"Hi!" she greeted cheerfully. "I'm Sueann Picket, your next door neighbor. I thought I'd come by and intro..." Her voice trailed off as she realized that the person standing in front of her in the doorway was not another girl, but a man wearing a woman's nightgown and robe.

"Uh, I'm sorry," she apologized, blushing. "I didn't know that you were that kind of guy."

Jamie stood speechless at the open door, too embarrassed to say anything.

"Pretty nightgown and negligee, by the way."

She turned away, obviously disappointed.

"Wait, stop! It's not really what you think," Jamie said desperately breaking his embarrassed silence. He didn't want this good looking woman to get away before he'd even a chance to try to explain.

She paused at the sound of Jamie's voice and looked back toward the figure in the doorway. He was kind of cute, she decided, even if he was wearing a nightgown and high heeled bedroom slippers. She stood watching him curiously, waiting for him to speak in his soft tenor voice again.

Jamie, sensing that he may have a chance to explain the unusual circumstances of his wearing apparel, moved outside of the apartment a step. Realizing what he had just done, he glanced around and quickly stepped back inside.

"Uh, I'm really not dressed for company. Could you come back in half an hour? I'd really like a chance to explain," Jamie said, almost pleading.

He hadn't realized that he had been holding his breath until she nodded.

"Thirty minutes. One explanation. all right." She agreed.

Jamie almost slammed the door in his haste to get back inside to take a shower and get dressed. He managed to shave, using the pink razor, shower and shampoo his hair in almost record time.

He was half way to his dresser, when he suddenly remembered that all he had for underwear were the soft feminine panties. He hesitated for just a second, debating.

He realized that he wouldn't be taking his pants off, at least not yet, so it didn't really matter what he wore. He pulled on a pair of bright pink panties with a wide, lace, waist band and because he had always felt half naked without an undershirt, slipped a matching camisole over his head.

He had just buttoned the waist of the jeans he had worn the day before when the door bell rang again.

She had returned about ten minutes too soon! He still hadn't put on his shoes or a shirt!

The shoes would have to wait, he thought as he quickly removed a light blue T-shirt from a hanger and pulled it over his head. Pulling his still damp long hair out from under the back of the shirt, he walked barefoot to the front door.

The blonde girl stood motionless at the door, coolly looking him up and down. "Better, much better," she murmured.

"Uh, could we try again?" he asked, smiling hopefully.

"Okay, why not? Hi, I'm your next door neighbor. As I said earlier, my name is Sueann Picket, and I want to welcome you to the complex," she said smiling. "I was going to warn you about the wolves that live in the complex, but I don't think that its necessary now."

"Uh, thanks. My name is... uh, Jamie, Jamie Smith. Won't you come in and have some coffee?" he asked, stepping back.

Sueann stepped inside and followed Jamie to the counter that divided the kitchen from the living room. She sat on one of the end stools and watched Jamie curiously as he prepared a pot of coffee.

While it was perking, he sat down in the stool on the other end of the counter from hers, leaving the middle stool empty. Jamie had felt that, under the circumstances, the attractive blonde might feel more comfortable with the little extra "space" the extra third stool provided.

"I guess that I owe you an explanation why I was wearing that nightgown." Jamie said.

"That would be nice," Sueann agreed.

Jamie told her a story that was mostly true, carefully omitting the information that he would inherit a company worth \$900 million in a few years. He explained that he would be working at the Pharmaceutical Company starting Monday.

"...after I lost everything in the fire, the insurance company had someone rent the apartment and buy some clothing for me while I was driving back from Riverdale State College."

"But if you were given all new clothing, how did you end up with a nightgown?" Sueann asked.

Jamie shrugged his shoulders. "Unfortunately, there must have been some mix up at the department store and someone mistook my name for that of a girl's and using my measurements for a guide, bought a woman's nightgown."

His explanation of why he had been wearing a nightgown was simple, and almost true.

"I didn't have anything else to sleep in, so I was forced to wear it. And since I won't get paid for nearly three weeks, I can't afford to replace it just yet."

Sueann nodded, accepting the story. It was just too fantastic not to.

Jamie glanced at the coffee pot.

"Coffee's done. How do you like it?" he asked standing up and taking some cups from the cupboard and pouring coffee in them.

"I'd like some milk, if you have it?" she asked watching him thoughtfully. Jamie was a strange person, but she found herself being inexplicably drawn towards him. She wondered if he had a girl friend back at RSC or even worse, a boy friend. She hoped the answer was "no" to both questions, especially the second.

Jamie looked blank for a second when the attractive blonde asked him for some milk for her coffee, he already knew that he had some sugar, but had no idea if there was any milk. He opened the refrigerator and bent over to look at the second shelf. There was a small milk container in the back.

Sueann stirred her coffee for a second watching Jamie as he sat back down on his stool. "I guess that explains it," she said.

"Explains what?"

"The reason why you were wearing a nightgown this morning, and why you're wearing pink panties and women's jeans and top now." Sueann smiled.

"What?" he whispered paling. "How did you know that I was wearing panties? And why did you say I was wearing a woman's top and jeans?"

Sueann grinned good naturedly. "As for knowing the jeans are women's, the tip off was that the rear pockets are fake, just sewn on pieces of fabric for decoration. They don't do that with men's jeans, you know. That, plus the fact that I've got a pair just like them. I just guessed about the top, but as to how I knew you're wearing panties... well, women's jeans or not, you've got to learn to zip the fly up before you greet company."

Jamie blushed furiously, realizing in his haste to open the door he had forgotten to zip up the jeans or check the back pockets. He hurriedly corrected his error.

"Either that," She giggled, watching his frantic struggle. "or start wearing jeans without a fly. You know, the kind that pull on and women wear?"

Jamie looked pained at her humor. "Sueann, please don't make fun of me. It's bad enough that all I apparently have to wear is women's clothing without being laughed at."