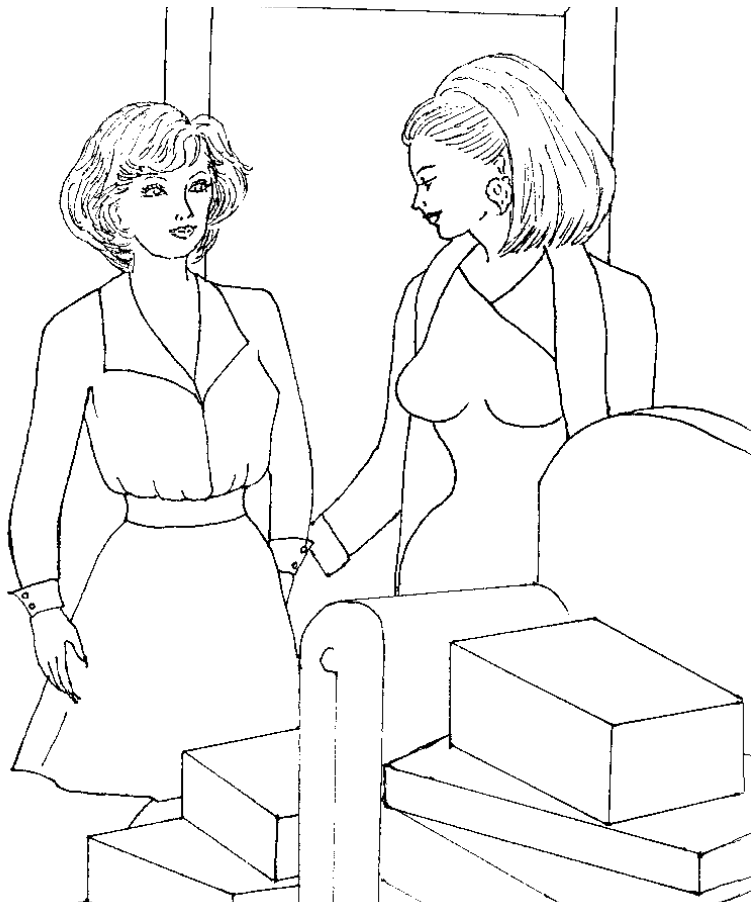


TOKEN FEMALE

By Annie Warren



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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TOKEN FEMALE

Book 1: Looking for a Stand-in By Annie Warren

In these days of “enlightenment” there are still the “islands of darkness”. I did not know that I was living on one of those until I was asked to be a “stand in”. See now, what happened to me; could I have done otherwise? Would you?

Chapter 1: A Tough Question Needs An Answer, Now!

It began several months after I came to work for the firm of Matheson and Brand, Realtors. Although I had been working for them for that period of time, I had not really been given the opportunity to show what I could do. I am proud to say that I had graduated at the head of my class, but was the sort of a man who did not evoke much of a reaction in those that I came into contact with. It was primarily on the basis of my resume and perhaps a fluke of a smashingly good interview that I got the job in the first place, but then I was never given the chance to show what I could do, even though I did know my stuff and knew the organization. These things turned out to be to my favor when a unique, really unique, opportunity arose; well, it was and it wasn't in my favor, depending on how you look at it.

What happened began with a call to Matheson and Brand from one of the city lawyers that we had “connections” with, one of many that Matheson and Brand had. As I was to find out, they were better connected than AT&T. Well, this connection said that they had received a complaint that we did not have any women on our payroll other than some secretaries and other “menial” positions and that rumor had it that many female applicants had been turned down. The call was taken by Rollo, my immediate boss. It would not have been so bad if it hadn't been true. To make things worse, they said that next week some investigators were going to be sent to us to check with the company about these conditions on a “surprise” visit. Rollo said that the caller had sounded apologetic but was nonetheless firm that the visit and the probe were real.

Since there were some relatively strong equal opportunity laws within the city's ordinances, violations could prove to be very, very expensive with fines and perhaps also some other penalties and possible restrictions. Rollo thanked the caller for the tip, for he knew well enough the truth of the accusation. Thus, armed with such dire threats to the company, he didn't hesitate in taking it to the top. It was hot enough that he decided not to send it “up the corporate ladder” but took it up to the top directly. It was what came back down from that topmost rung, so to say, that was to affect me.

A quick conference was called during which the books, hiring policies, interviewing techniques and goals, etc. were examined. The equal opportunity clauses were in the books; only, no one had ever exercised them. It was the classic case of all entrants having been “equal”, only the male applicants were found to be “more equal”. Unex-

pressed rules of order can well be stronger than those on the books. There was then a flurry of activity to see about “sudden and immediate” rectification of the problem.

A review of the interviews in the last year indicated clearly that there had been female applicants, but all had been turned down for some reason or another, none of which now seemed all that very important. Was it one of them that had complained? Or was it one of the many customers, many times women, who had requested a woman Realtor to handle their business and had been politely refused on the basis that there were no women Realtors. It was then learned (through discrete inquiries) that passing the “test” would require a woman, now working, not one quickly hired. The problem seemed to be insurmountable until Rollo, dear, blessed Rollo, remembered me, good old Neil Johnson, Junior executive with an up to then VERY low profile. It was that low that when he mentioned me, it seems that almost no one even knew that I existed, much less that I was working for them. Before the day was over, a plan was formulated, a rather drastic plan, but nonetheless a probably workable plan, hatched at the top levels of management to bear ME as fruit.

I was blissfully unaware of all of these goings on as I worked quietly in my cubby hole office — large enough for a low level “executive”, but too small to put anyone else in, even on a dare. I could turn around without having to go outside to do it, but not much more. It also seemed to double as some auxiliary storage as there were lots of filing cabinets, but I don't know if anyone ever did anything with what was in them. Maybe it was for an annual backup or something? Anyway, as I was preparing to leave on that fateful day, I got a call. I was asked to come into a conference “at the top”. I couldn't take such a bidding lightly and so I went, wondering if my time had really come to do something for the company. Yes, it had come, but not in any way that I had ever envisioned it.

To begin with, the conference was like nothing I would ever have expected. There were very few people there, only the highest, uppermost management and, of course, Rollo who in reality was only one step above me. It looked more like a board of director's meeting rather than a conference with one of the underlings (me). As I sat down at their request, I recognized on the table before me what looked like all of my personnel records that the company ever had. I mean it looked like they must have collected every reference to me that the company had, even including some memos in which my name was merely mentioned. For some reason, someone had diligently collected them together and put them into several piles, and now they lay there for some unknown reason. I sat, looking from that heap of records to chiefs and back until they started the conference by haltingly explaining the problem and more specifically their plan for the solution.

There was a lot of hemming and hawing as they did not know quite how to phrase it, which was strange to begin with since they were the high powered movers and groovers in the company! They started out by mentioning the phone call (but not who made it) and then outlined just what the problem was (the lack of any female Realtors) and closed with what they hoped would be a solution (me!). There was no way to get out of the fines without coming up with a woman employee at a reasonably high level of employment. And, would you believe, I just happened to occupy such a “minimum”,

“high level” position. In the classic nut shell, they were asking if I would be willing to “refill” that position.

When I realized what was to be done, exactly what it was that they were asking, I was, to say the least, stunned. I, a previous “non entity”, was being asked to step into some “foreigner's” shoes, to take a place (actually my own, but that doesn't really count in moves of this enormity) as the company's “token” female. Before I was asked to commit myself, I was sworn to silence on the plan and then they went on to explain the range of what could and would not be done. All of my records would be altered to this new status so that record checks would all prove positive. I would be resettled in a new neighborhood in one of the company's better apartment complexes, given a new wardrobe, a new car, a raise in salary and even a bonus, though the latter would have to be done more surreptitiously. They then went on to explain that it would be much more expensive for them if they had to pay the fines and face possibly even more penalties. Some of the wives of the executives would help in my initial transformation. I would have to take the position as token and hold it for at least 6 months until a suitable “second token” could be hired to take my place. At that time, I could return to my male image, but at a higher level than now with more responsibility, depending on how well I had done during the “token” period.

You can believe me when I say that I was stopped, cold. I had to ask if it meant that I would go out on sales or just be a showpiece. When they asked me what I wanted, I replied that I wanted to be useful to the company, to be able to show what I could do and not just be a showpiece to be put on display. If it was going to take this kind of deal to get that kind of “action”, then I would, albeit reluctantly, as it were, but nonetheless would, take the new position as offered. I thought it was a bit of mumming for half a year and then I'd be established and could get on with business. Little did I know what all it would entail and how much pain, trepidation, and worry would go along with the whole process.

Once I had accepted, there was then a flurry of activity as one of the group scooped up several of the piles of my records and went off to do the changing. Some of the records that required signatures, had already been prepared for my signature, in the event that I did make up my mind to do it. I was slightly taken aback when those sheets were shoved under my nose. A quick look told me that I was now “Nell Bronson”, close but oh so different! As I signed them, I realized that I was committing myself. There was only one that I signed Neil... It was one that was an agreement to take this action. It was a “just in case” document, but it was also witnessed and counter-signed.

Chapter 2: Action at the Top

When I was done, the group, the top members of management, shook my hand and congratulated me on my choice of becoming “Miss Bronson” and told me that if all went well, I would be handsomely rewarded. Of course, if it did not go well, then I would be the one to suffer by being hired “under false pretenses”, though the company could also come into a scathing, but not as badly as if I had not “pretended”. It gave them their cover either way. There had been pressure on all sides, and I had given in to one pressure only to be put in another.

When I left, outside the room were two women waiting for me, one was sort of middle aged “plump” and the other was younger and quite pretty, with a smashing figure. Both were impeccably dressed. I was introduced to Florence and Ruth, wives of two of the chiefs. They had been called and had come to help with the initial phase of change. It didn't occur to me at that time, but how did they know I would agree? Or, did they have other prospects in line in the event that I did not agree? Whatever, I was to go with them, but not before giving up my wallet, the keys to my apartment, checkbook, actually emptying my pockets. I was told to take the money out as it was the identification that they wanted to try to duplicate, where possible. I then stuffed the money in my coat pocket and left with the women.

They were sort of bubbly (despite their husbands lordly positions, well as bubbly as the wife of a high executive can be) over the prospect and were full of praises for my bravery and loyalty to the company. I was admonished as to how from now on I had to be Nell in all that I did. I had to become a crash-course female, enough to pass any sort of examination, short of gynecological, that the examiners would throw at me. If I had the poise and looks down well enough, I would pass, but if not, then it could spell trouble for all, especially me. That the company would help me in every way possible, whether I passed or not, they also passed reassuringly along to me.

I was taken to Florence's house, a rather elegant multi-bedroomed affair, where I had to strip to shorts. Once they had taken a sheaf of measurements, Ruth disappeared while Florence took me in hand. She gave me a depilatory that had to be rubbed on arms, legs, chest and even belly. I was not hirsute but did have a light covering of hair. It all had to go. While I was showering the stuff off after waiting the prescribed “working period”, she prepared some intermediate clothes for me.

When I was done, all hairless and pink, I couldn't help but notice a heightened sensitivity in my skin. To almost emphasize it, she gave me a waltz length nightgown and peignoir to wear when I came out. I donned them in the bathroom and then stepped out. The swirling of the nylon about my legs was dancing mini waltzes on my overly sensitive legs and thighs that I could not ignore! The peignoir also had full bell sleeves that seemed to be doing pas-de-manys on my sensitized arms that had my whole body in a spin of feelings that were not only new but also exceedingly exciting.

Florence watched me emerge and knew that she could fulfill her part of the bargain. I was slight of body and slender. There were no hips to speak of, but a padded panty-girdle would take care of that for the time being. I was also slender of chest and shoulders, a real plus for their plans. Some more padding would feminize the chest sufficiently. My hair was about collar length and straight. It could easily be fixed into a

curly mass to help me pass. Yes, the raw material was there; all she had to do was to help work it into the final product that the company could and would be proud of — as long as I went along with it.

She started in immediately with my hair, putting it up in curlers, giving me my first permanent. I wondered at the smelly lotions that she was applying to my hair, wondered what they would do, and if it would be sufficient. I had the company in a tight position and knew that I could gain a lot from my actions, if I could pull this thing off. I also knew that while my position was strong, I also had to go along with what they wanted to do with me if I was to succeed. Thus I played rag doll to Florence's ministrations.

It took time to do the permanent. But there were moments when she was free to start my instruction. I had to learn a lot and she apparently knew more than enough to teach me. We spent several hours in practicing make-up on my face. She would show me and then I would practice. There were pauses for unrollings, rollings, rinsings and treatments of hair until my hair was in its final wrap. By then my face was beginning to feel a bit raw. I had learned the rudiments of lipstick, eye shadow and make-up base and was getting tired. Just as I was about ready to scream “enough!”, Ruth came back with some packages. It was now time to shed the soft caressing gown and peignoir for clothes, real clothes.

One of the advantages of position is connections. Ruth had them when it came to clothing. She had gathered a complete outfit for me without being overly obvious. Should anyone check, it had to be Nell, wherever possible, who bought the things, but the starter had to be assembled first. She had my ensemble ready for me just as I was about ready to quit the whole make-up gambit, though at that time I did have relatively complete make-up on.

When she came in she smiled at me with a trace of mirth. I looked very feminine from the neck up with the hair net full of curlers and reasonably full make-up. My lips were a bright crimson and my eyelids were a light but quite noticeable blue. My brows would need some help but did not detract from the basic womanliness that I showed. They decided that they had made a good choice for the new token; they agreed, smiling, that I would pass.

Ruth immediately dumped the boxes and then started opening them. I stood, a flat-chested, hairless, and hipless yet slim “being” who came over to her at her bidding. She handed me a pair of lacy panties, telling me to put them on. I blushed a bit, turned my back and then stepped into them, pulling them up under the peignoir-gown combination. From another she pulled out a padded girdle. She had to tell me how to put it on and smiled in mirth as I struggled to pull it up. When up, however, I suddenly had hips and a butt. The padding was strategically located to accentuate these insignificant parts of my anatomy while minimizing my maleness. Things were definitely looking better.

From a bag she took out a bra and handed it to me. I struggled to put it on until Florence came to my rescue and helped me. From out of two matching boxes came two jelly filled, flesh colored bags. I did not need much imagination to know what they were. Thus, when she came over to me, I stood still while she put them into the cups

of the bra. They were “B” cup sized to match the bra size. I was to be a female but not exaggeratedly so. While the bra was further adjusted, she got a slip and dress which were subsequently dropped on me and adjusted, zipped up, and hooked firmly into place.

How can I express the feelings that the slip and dress aroused in me? I was feeling things that were foreign to me through a skin that had been heightened to sensitivity by the depilatory to begin with. This was different from the peignoir or gown. They had been wraps but this was different, felt different and I knew looked different. When I looked down I saw my toes apparently sticking out from under the skirt of my dress, but only by looking past those twin mounds that now adorned my otherwise flat chest. About my thighs was a swirling sensitivity. Wherever my arms touched was also sensitive. My waist felt tightly bound by that girdle that also gave my hips the curves that my maleness would never have allowed. On my head was the tightness of the curlers and the sensations caused by the applications of make up. All was strange but yet delightfully alien.

As a finishing touch they helped and showed me how to put on pantyhose and a pair of midheel, 2 1/2 inch, patent leather shoes. The overall image was complete. When taken to a mirror, I could not believe the woman that stared at me. She was fairly pretty but quite ungainly. She did not know what to do with her hands. Her waist was not slim enough. Her hair was hidden but looked feminine under the bonnet since it was all in curlers. As I was looking at this slightly awkward woman, the phone rang, and Florence went to answer it while Ruth gave me some pointers and suggestions on how to stand and move. My old, usual ways were just not adequate or fitting for this image.

When Florence came back, she indicated that the call was from her husband. He would be there a bit late but that Rollo, good old Rollo, would be over to take me out. What? Take me out? I felt as petite as a bull moose, as comfortable as an ant hill sitter, as graceful as car wreck, and as beautiful as a muskmelon. I knew I could hide in a crowd as well as a nudist and would probably be arrested on the spot. But, business was business and he was coming. It had been decided, however, that there IS safety in numbers and that he, his sister, Florence, and Ruth were all going out with me. At best, I could try to hide somewhere amongst them. With this assurance, I felt better about going with them but was still very nervous. What is one step above neurotic-paranoiac-panic?

Almost immediately I was put under a portable dryer that gave me a terribly, uncomfortable hot head. But I could move about somewhat. For an hour I was drilled, and drilled hard, on sets of mannerisms, modes of moving, standing, sitting, etc. that I would need. I found several things that I could do with my hands when not eating, sewing, or shaking someone else's hand. I was just getting used to these things when Rollo came by with his sister. They waited and watched, Rollo with somewhat of a smirk on his face, as my hair was uncoiled and then combed and brushed into place. It was not a bad job, but it wasn't me. The face in the mirror was someone else who just happened to look something like me. “She” was quite feminine, much more than I had ever been. However, there was not much time to waste, and so we were off almost immediately!

Chapter 3: There's a World Out There!

I'm not saying that they had to pry me out the door with levers, but there was a large portion of reluctance on my part to leave that relative haven of safety. How could I do such a thing? The shoes felt funny, my legs were cold from being semi exposed to the “raw” air, the skirt and slip were downright distracting and limiting my step size to say nothing of the unaccustomed weight and size of those bumps on my chest. Only the remembrance of the image in the mirror coupled with the “good of the company” (or perhaps the problems I would have if I refused after having committed myself) caused me to finally release my death grip on the bedroom door and allow myself to be escorted (dragged?) out, out of reach of any other objects that I could grab and hold on to. Well, you get the idea even if it wasn't that bad in reality.

The five of us had a good time, in spite of my beginning paranoia that slowly changed over to a mere panicky hyper-nervousness. Well, it wasn't all that bad. It was a good restaurant, and I was hungry! Besides, the company was good. We were in view but out of most ear shots. By speaking softly I could easily get a feminine tone since I was more or less a natural tenor to begin with. But there was a chorus of admonishments on doing either “this” or doing “that” or more like NOT doing this or NOT doing that.

Selena, Rollo's sister, proved to be quite a woman. She took my appearance in stride as Rollo had told her what to expect, more or less. Rollo, actually came off being out of place among all the women. But there was laughter, and not at my expense, well, not too often, and general good times. I almost forgot that Florence and Ruth were the wives of chiefs.

As the evening wore down and we decided to leave, I ended up with Rollo and Selena. Ruth and Florence were dropped off at Florence's house. As we drove, I did not know what to do with my hands and so clasped them in my lap. We were driving in an area that I had not been in before, for we did not seem to be heading towards my home. Suddenly, Rollo turned into a parking lot in a posh apartment complex and stopped. I looked at him quizzically but he only nodded for us to get out. By this time Selena was out and waiting. I slid out, almost pulling my skirt to my waist, showing a lot more than was ladylike, much to Selena's amusement. I stood and brushed my skirt and slip back down. I was only too glad that Rollo had been on the other side of the car when I was exhibiting my legs all the way up to the bottom of my pantygirdle. But, I was out, brushed back to a better level of decorum, and suddenly following Rollo. I knew that I did not want to meet more people just yet but also knew I had no real choice.

At the door he paused to look at the names then reached for one of them. He did not push the button but stopped, his finger pointing at the name. I looked and gasped lightly. In the little slot was the finely printed name, “Nell Bronson”. He smiled and then dangled a set of keys before me, and then put his hand down to the door that opened easily to the touch.

The building was very posh, as I said. The yards were exquisitely trimmed and manicured. Inside was a well furnished waiting room with thick carpet and tasteful pictures on the walls and several more well trimmed house plants and flowers. We

looked in briefly and then went to an elevator. My new apartment turned out to be on the top floor, affording a grand view of the city, the lake, and the mountains off in the distance. As we entered I was taken aback by the grandeur. The furniture and decor were all in good taste and the view, as mentioned, was only a bit short of being spectacular. I would never have found an apartment like this on my own without looking long and hard with multiple consultations as to the fatness and ease of emptying my wallet. My own apartment by most any measure was no slouch, but was in no way anywhere near as fine as this one.

There was a living room, dining room, kitchen, bathroom, and bedroom. I was not surprised to see a vanity in the bedroom. It looked kind of bare but was nonetheless very serviceable. The refrigerator was empty but there appeared to be sufficient pots and pans and china and silver. When I looked closer, I noted that they were mine. Someone had moved much of my stuff out of my apartment into this apartment. The closets, however, were bare. I dashed around looking and finding, except for my masculine stuff which was not to be found anywhere, not that I had expected it to be. I had been more or less moved in except for clothing and those things that were deemed by the powers that be (i.e. the chiefs) to be masculine.

As I was looking around, Selena came into the apartment with some bags and boxes. I had been so busy looking around and nosing into things that I hadn't even seen her leave. These turned out to be some things that had been put in the car before we left Florence's house. She took them into the bedroom where she unpacked them into some of the empty drawers. They were some lingerie and some make-up; namely, all of that with which my face had been assaulted. Before they left, however, I was told that I was not to be dropped like a hot potato. I had a lot of work to be done before I could even go into the office, much less out on a job or into the clutches of any examiners. Ruth and Florence had started me out on my way and now she, Selena, was to carry it further. At this she smiled warmly. She was going to be there tomorrow morning to give me a sort of intensive charm type course. She came over and gave me a light, feminine kiss on my cheek and, with that, they left.

I felt let down, not by the kiss that surprised me even though I had seen many woman kiss one greeting and parting; I was let down as I was at the start of something that I did not have the measure of, and it was here and now! I didn't know what I should do; so, for a while, I wandered about the apartment a bit, feeling totally out of place in my dress, heels, and make up. Was my decision the right one to make? I went into the bedroom and found a full length mirror on the closet door. I looked into it and wondered. I had the rudiments of womanhood but still felt I was a man in dress, lingerie and padding. Yes, I may have LOOKED very feminine, but I certainly did not FEEL feminine. On the other hand, what can a few hours prove?

Instinctively I went to the dresser for pajamas. Of course, there were none, but I did find their replacement, the gown and peignoir that I had worn that afternoon had been neatly folded and placed in my drawer by Selena. I took them out and put them over a chair. It was with a bit of difficulty that I got the dress unhooked and unzipped. I then stepped out of it and pulled the slip off. In the mirror was this thick waisted man with bulging hips and full bra. Off came the shoes and hose and girdle. The relief was great even as the sensitivity made me ever aware of what I was wearing and doing.

When the girdle came off, along with it went my panties. I glanced at the mirror and chuckled at the image. My abdomen and thighs were marked by red lines from the pressure of the garments, but the basic shape again said “me” to me. The bra was then inconsistent and so I took it off. From the neck down I was again me, all of me. But, from the neck up was this semi-stranger. This woman seemed to be wearing MY body. Again I had to chuckle a bit, but not too much; I knew that the curled hair did not come off.

I retreated to the bathroom to wash. My wash cloths came away smeared with reds and blacks and blues. I finally got my face more or less clean though the flush on my lips and the blackness at my mascaraed lashes did not want to come off. So I went back into the bedroom.

I could stay naked as I was, I suppose, but the draw of the gown was too strong. I remembered my experiences earlier in the day and what sort of sensations it had given me, and so I put it on followed by the peignoir. I looked almost the same as I had when I had first put it on except for the curls of my new hairdo. I shrugged and went out into the living room where I watched some TV. As I watched, however, I found my gaze often drifted to the women, to what they were wearing, how feminine they were, and what kind of make-up they were wearing. In spite of myself, I found I was doing some sub level comparisons.

After enough watching, not all that much after what the day had brought me, I went into the bedroom, stripped the peignoir off and got into bed. It was fascinating, feeling the softness of the gown against my legs in bed. I drifted easily off into a restful sleep with thoughts of women, make-up and mannerisms bouncing around in my thoughts.