Office Story

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

As a successful transwoman, I find the whole idea of forced feminization – shall I say – distasteful. For me the idea of being forced to appear as the opposite sex is a reality, or it was. For the first 22 years of my life I was forced to live as a man, when to my very core I knew that I was a woman.

Because of that I never would have dreamed of forcing anyone to live in the gender they were not, that is until I met James. There are some people who are just such monumental pricks that they bring out the worst in you. People who a so low and venal that you find yourself compromising your principles to teach them the lesson they deserve.

I never made any secret of what I am and who I was. It was just that my past before transition was uneventful and unimportant to me. For some reason James thought that everybody needed to know. If he was hiding the fact that it was him, then he did a very bad job. I had clear evidence of his abusive behavior towards me, even while he was so pleasant to my face. It would have been sufficient to get him fired.

To make matters worse, when we both worked on the deal floor, I had slept with him. It was bad judgement on my part, I admit. I am a sexual being – a woman who needs to be satisfied. Like many women, I chose the wrong partner. Maybe I am little less fussy than I should be. Sometimes is not easy for girls like us.

It was more grist to his mill of private hate. He kept making comments about what we did in bed – some complete lies. I did nothing that any other woman would not do in bed. He took as much out of our sexual endeavors as I did.

He was a man without honor. I was hard not to show my disgust. But I held it in check. Transwomen learn to hide their anger and frustration. It is a survival mechanism.

It probably began when I was promoted to lead the team. He was annoyed, so that might be part of the reason he was bitter. He seemed happy to be my friend with benefits before the promotion. Then he congratulated me warmly. I did not know it then, but suddenly he had become my enemy – a bad move on his part.

It came to a point where, as I said, it was time for him to take some punishment for his behavior towards me, and I felt that the punishment should be appropriate for the crime. Losing his job would have been very serious. I did think that it was too serious, but I felt that he should stay in the office so that I could see him suffer.

What could I embarrass him with? Nothing. It takes a lot to embarrass a man. I could find no secret vice, or event in his past that might be worked to humiliate him. I needed to invent one. And I had the tools under my very nose. In my medicine cabinet in fact.

I had plenty of spiro’ from before my operation, and more female hormones than I needed because of it. I thought about dosing him surreptitiously, but why bother? It seemed so much better just to blackmail him. He wanted to keep his job, but more importantly with the evidence I had he would be unlikely get another elsewhere; and he knew that.

“This is to give you a taste of life as a transwoman,” I explained to him. When I told him, my face must have been more serious than a heart attack. He knew that It was going to happen. It was just a question of deciding how he should go about it.

This is just another issue that we face. Should I start hormones first or go public first? I told him that he could decide, but I pointed out that his immediate boss was a transwoman, so he could expect full support.

“Being a woman is already a demotion,” he grumbled. If he thinks that, and he probably does, then he needs to understand the demotion to transwoman. If there is one thing I learned through my transition about women being treated like shit, transwomen get it twice as bad.

The tablets were a daily ritual that I observed closely. I probably gave him doses well over what was recommended. I did not care about his liver. I wanted to see change and see it happen fast.

I wanted him to make the announcement. I wanted to see his face. But yet I found myself going through some of my old stuff and offering him the use of things that had been important for me at the time – shaping garments, waxing strips, lotions for shaved legs and hard skinned hands, hair treatments.

“I could wear a wig,” he suggested.

“You are blessed with hair,” I pointed out. “No transwoman with that much hair would settle for a wig.” The truth is that I had to make do with less.

But he was afraid. People like me would say: “Not man enough to be a woman”. I told him that if he did not out himself I would do it. I called the office together before coffee break to make an important announcement. I asked him to step forward. I would give him the chance to speak.

He was so shy and uncertain I wondered if the hormones were already having some effect. If so, it would not be how they affected me. I had become a little emotional sure, but not bashful like this.

He cleared his throat, and in a deliberately small voice he said: “From Monday I want all of you to call me Madeline. I am transitioning to live as a woman. I have a wonderful example to follow.”

“She” looked at me. I was not quite sure if it was intended as irony. I thought it must be. But I just smiled and gave her a big hug.

“Everybody knows that, for very obvious reasons, I have a zero tolerance for discrimination based on gender identity,” I announced. “I expect everybody to be fully supportive of … Madeline”.

It gave me the opportunity to survey the room and the disbelief on people’s faces. After all, many of them would have known that he was behind the attacks on me. Even more would have known that he had been my sexual partner. It would have left some of them guessing. Then the “zero tolerance” remark. Could it really be so?

After I led him to my office, I complimented him on his conduct.

“How long will I have to do this?” Madeline said.

“Don’t worry,” I said. “Not all transwomen make it through transition. But I will decide, based on how well you succeed. So, I suggest that you put the effort in. I will give you some help. We transwomen have to stick together.” I smiled – a smirk I suppose.

“Good,” said Madeline. “Because I have nothing to wear on Monday.”

It was to our new girl’s good fortune that she was the same size as me, and I chose never to throw out my clothes. She could even wear my shoes which were only a size too large and could be padded. I was also happy to give her free advice, but she would have to pay for the hairdresser herself. It turned out to be a very good investment.

Looking at the outfits I had selected for her, they appeared out of date and far too flouncy and feminine. It reminded me that in the early days this was how I dressed – hyper feminine you might say. Over the years I had found my own style and dropped some of the frills. But for Madeline she would start as I did – trying too hard.

If I was pleased with myself then I have to say that I was taken aback when she stepped out of the salon on Saturday afternoon. I was not expecting to see what I did. She looked spectacular. To make it worse, all the women in the salon were fawning over her, telling her that she was a success story for them. This was the salon I used, and I cannot remember this stuff ever being said about me.

She was so pleased that she suggested that we go out. I was going to suggest it anyway, but when I saw her, I changed my mind. No woman enjoys being on the town with her better-looking friend. It hardly mattered that I had a vagina and she didn’t. How could I relay that information without betraying my origin, something I always avoided doing?

She pestered me, and in a stupidly immature teenage girl way, as if the hairspray had somehow dissolved the rational part of her brain. It irked me, possibly because anything that reminded me that I had not enjoyed my teenage years as a girl rankled. What could I do? I agreed that we could go out.

She was hopelessly unprepared. It took me years to moderate my behavior so as to appear to be female with appearing to be imitating one. Perhaps I tried too hard. Perhaps she was just a natural, or simply to attractive for anyone to notice.

All the guys wanted to talk to her first. But I am not new to that. The truth is that serious women such as me, draw serious men to them. The conversation was engaging and diverting, if not fruitful.

I had thought about pushing on through the night. How would it turn out of I ended up being fucked by a guy while she had to admit to the others, all three of them, that the sex they were expecting was impossible? But it was not going to happen. I suggested that we call it quits and that she stay at my place.

In the morning she spent ages in front of the mirror trying to replicate her last night appearance. I had to explain daytime makeup. She was enthusiastic. Afterall, she had learned in one even what a girl learns from a very early age: Pretty girls get favored. Even I learned that before I started this whole thing, but still I had to go forward.

Madeline collected some of my old clothes and shoes and she said that she was prepared to appear on Monday in women’s clothes and take her pills and do so every day for at least six months.

But it was not long before I wished it had been shorter.

I remember my transitional moment vividly. There was some bemusement, some confusion, but mostly thinly veiled disgust, if not downright derision. Surely she would suffer in the same way?

Well, for a start she had somehow been able to modify the clothes ever so slightly, so they looked totally in vogue. And while the shoes never looked good on me, on her legs they looked great. But mainly it was her attitude. If she gave a damn about what anybody thought, she didn’t show it. She just stuck her nose in the air and went about her business.

I suppose I had some support from women at work when I came out, but it seemed to be pity dressed as empathy. With Madeline, female members of the staff seemed seriously interested in her. But so too, were the men. That included some men who had worked alongside me when I went from male to female – men who shunned me.

Instead of experiencing this as an ordeal, Madeline seemed to treat it as an adventure – an experience to be relished. It was extremely annoying.

To make matters worse, she kept getting better and better. I mean prettier and more feminine, but also more popular and better at her job. I wonder if the last thing was even possible and whether she might be getting others to do her work. But it could just have been that she was starting to work more like a woman – cooperatively. That was one thing that I never really mastered. I still retained a work style that was essentially masculine - it had got me up the ladder.

She was buying her own clothes, and clearly had a flair for color – again, something I never totally mastered. Her makeup skills were improving, and as her hair grew, her ability to style that in different ways was marveled at by many women. For practical reasons I have always preferred a one-style cut.

The whole thing had taken the gilt off, and just left the guilt.

I told her that the pills had run out although the hadn’t.

“Don’t worry, I have moved to patches,” she said. “There are no liver issues and I am getting a more powerful dosage. Just have a look at my breasts.”

Standing in my office, she lifted her top and I could see a pair of perfect breasts filling C-cup bra. It had taken me three years to get something that size, and she had done it in less than 6 months.

“Big breasts are in the family,” she said. “They are still growing.” There was no mistaking the pride in her voice. She loved her breasts. Who wouldn’t with boobs like that?

“I think this has gone far enough,” I said. “In fact, I think that I owe you an apology. It was a very nasty thing for me to do. I will hand to you the incriminating material and we can put an end to this.” I unlocked my draw and put a thumb-drive on the table.

He delicate manicured hand shot across the table and grabbed it. As if to rub my face in them she slipped it into her cleavage, with a look on her face that was now universally known as “The Madeline Smile”.

“I realize that you have a job to do going back from all of this …,” I began, but she stopped me by raising my hand.

“Oh, I’m not going back,” she said. “You know Paul Hunterfield, of Leviathan Consolidated, our biggest client? Well he and I have been, well sort of an item, lately. He has offered to pay for my confirmation surgery if I accept his offer of marriage. And, considering that I find myself hopelessly in love with him, I am going to say yes. I was just waiting for this.” She tapped her breast.

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| “But you and I?” I was stunned. Can you blame me. “We … you … you are a man.”  “Evidently not,” she said. That smile again. Infuriating me.  “You’re going to marry a man?”  “I am sure you will find one eventually,” she lied.  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2020  Author’s Note:  My friend Julie, the master of the captioned image (as Tiffany, Tina and others) sent me some of her story ideas including one called “Demotion” where the office prick gets blackmailed into becoming a T-girl secretary. This is a completely different take on what is a common theme, but for suggesting it she is owed this salute. | What kind of clothes are best for a newly wed girl to wear in ... |