

The day started out like most other days. I got up, after hitting the snooze button more than several times, and got ready for work. Work was about a half hour away without traffic, so I had to give myself at least an hour to get there on time. Even so, I almost never was, but it was not a very strict office and a few minutes here and there did not seem like such an issue. Even though that day started out routinely, I will remember it always. The day my whole world changed in less than twenty-four hours.

I work for a small marketing firm called Wildermen & Sanders. Devon Wildermen and Emile Sanders were good people to work for. They both were at the top of their respective games and business was good. Sanders was much younger than Wildermen and knew the future of marketing was internet based. Wildermen, although stuck in his ways, had the know how to sell anything. So with the two of them working together the combination was unbeatable. A year ago, I was hired on as a clerk to run errands, assemble presentations and just help out around the office where ever I could. I was good at my job; I was always willing to help and never complained about the sometimes lengthy hours. Besides, I needed all the overtime I could get.

I might be getting a head of myself. These facts seem trivial at best and some do not even apply any more, but for the completeness of this narrative, I will dispense them. My name was William Scott and at the time of the incident, I was a 23 years old male. My height was five feet eight inches and I weighed one hundred and thirty pounds. I was very slim and slender. Working out was never something I enjoyed or felt any great desire to do, so my body was not muscular. My hair was a dark brown and extremely thick and cut short, but shaggy. My eyes were a hazel and sometimes changed depending on the lighting. Those are the basic facts about who I was five years ago, but like I said do not get hung up on them.

When I reached the office that day, about a half an hour late I was shocked to find an ambulance and a half a dozen police cars in the parking lot. The building looked fine, so I assumed there was not a fire. There was a bank on the first floor I thought maybe they had been robbed. Once inside I made my way up to the second floor, where our offices were, and three different detectives asked me who I was and why I was there. I told them and they let me pass.

I learned from our receptionist, Gale, that the bank had not been robbed. In fact Wildermen was found shot in his office by his secretary. He had been shot in the arm and was unconscious, but still alive when she found him. He was on his way to the hospital and had not yet regained conciseness. I walked back to my desk in a bit of a fog and mindlessly sat down and turned on my computer. I did not realize until I was sitting there for a good ten minutes that the computer had not come on. It had no power for some odd reason, so I got down below my desk and fished for the plug. After I plugged it back into the wall, I noticed a small piece of paper. I grabbed it confused about how paper had fallen all the way back there.

I sat back in my chair and examined the paper. It was small and folder over once. I unfolded it and shock filled every inch of my body. Scrawled on the paper in a hurried fashion were five words. They were, "Katlyn, help me. Music box." You might be thinking why in the world I would be shocked to find a note addressed to someone else under my desk. This is because I have not told you the whole truth about myself.

Ever since I was a small, seven or eight, I had a strange feeling in my gut like I was half full. Then it was small and mostly ignorable, but I would from time to time

explore things to fill it. The typical boy pastimes did not satisfy it. I had some athletic ability, but I was not a fan of using it. This dismayed my father, but my older brother was a star athlete so I suppose he got over it. I spent most of my time by myself playing in my imagination. I would have wild daydreams that took me to far off places and sometimes transform me into other beings.

I sadly do not remember the exact date or why I got the notion, but at some point while I was daydreaming in our laundry room. I came across a basket of my mother's lingerie. Upon inspecting it, I was amazed to feel how soft and clean it felt. Far different from the underwear I wore. My assumption is my curiosity took over and I had to feel what it was like to wear them. From that day on, I knew I was meant to be something I was not. I began to collect odd pieces of clothing and would wear them whenever I could.

This was not a sexual experiment by any means; in fact, I did not have sex for the first time until I was seventeen and did not masturbate until I was eighteen. This was a way for me to try to correct the void in my life. I would not know until later that I was meant to be a woman. I suppose I always knew, but these things are hard for a young boy to wrap his mind around. As I grew older, the desire to be a woman grew more and more. I would even buy my own clothes and would sneak out of the house for walks around my neighborhood.

In high school I would dress and go to the mall just to walk around and feel like a woman in the world. However I knew neither my parents nor any of my extended family would understand so I had to hide the real me. This meant I could not dress as much as I wanted too. A few months after getting the job at Wildermen and Sanders, I moved out of the house. I put off college for no real good reason and started to work fulltime. In my apartment, I was free to be myself as much as I wanted. Unless I was expecting company I spent every moment at home as my true self, Katlyn Nicole Roberts.

I did not have any friends that knew the real me and this was quite lonely. So I began spending much of my time online stretching Katlyn's personality and letting myself grow as her. I posted some pictures of myself dressed and had many male admirers. I did not think I was overly beautiful, but they seemed to think so.

So, when I read my true name on that piece of paper from under my desk, I nearly fainted. How did this happen? I recognized the handwriting as Wildermen's. Had I chatted with him unknowingly at some point and sent him my picture or did he happen to stumble across my profile?

I was in a panic. Why did he need my help with a music box? I sat there for another half an hour staring at my computer screen suffocating the note in my hand. Until a secretary startled me back to the here and now. She said Wildermen was at the hospital and in stable condition, but he still had not woken up. I shook my head, understanding. She also set a FedEx package on my desk and said it was for me.

I thought it was strange I was getting a package; I rarely got mail at work, but especially a package. I opened the box and was surprised to see a small red music box along with a smaller envelope. I opened the envelope and found it had only a business card in it. The card had a name on it, Alex Trunk, and an address. There was no business name or a title. I Googled the name and got a few hits, but none had anything to do with Wildermen or a music box. I searched for the address and found it was a residence in a high-end part of the city.

After work, I drove to the address and found a massive mansion with huge rod iron gates. There was a sign on the gate that read, "Alex Trunk Home for Girls" and under that was another peculiar sign, "This is a male free campus".

I sat there on the street for a moment going over what to do, when a black limo pulled up to the gate. The driver's window rolled down and I could see an older man wearing a typical limo driver's outfit. He pressed a small button on a speaker box and began to talk. I could not hear the conversation, but it seemed it was not going well. The driver appeared to be pleading with the speaker box. After a few more seconds, he turned to his passenger and said something. With a defeated look on his face, he rolled up the window and got out of the car.

He moved quickly down the car to the rear door. He opened it and a pointy-toed black pump attached to the most perfect leg came from the door. Following it was not a disappointment. The woman wearing the pump was tall; probably at least six foot one. She wore a tight black skirt that came to her shins. Above that, she wore a white blouse under a black jacket. Her hair was pulled up in a tight bun. She was on a cell phone engrossed in the conversation. She nodded at the driver and began to walk toward the closed gates. They parted as she approached them just enough for her to slip through and then promptly closed. The driver snarled at the gate and slammed the door.

It appeared that the no male policy was strictly enforced. I tried to imagine, what went on in that gorgeous house. Again, my curiosity took over and I decided I had to find out. I quickly started my car and speed off to my apartment.

Unfortunately, work recently had been very overwhelming and most night when I finally did get home I fell asleep quickly from exhaustion. This meant Katlyn was being neglected. I had not shaved my body in maybe a month. I busted into my apartment and tossed my keys on the table. First things first, I started the shower and grabbed my razor and shaving cream. I quickly pumped some cream in my hands and ran it up and down my right leg. I placed my cream covered leg on the edge of the tub and placed the razor at the base of my ankle. Slowly and steady, I moved upward through the cream, the razor easily slid through it, removing the hairs effortlessly as it glided. After my legs were smooth and I applied a generous amount of lotion, I moved on to my chest, arms and butt.

I took a quick shower making sure to get any stray hairs. I towed off and went into my bedroom. I opened the top drawer of my dresser and took out a pair of blue cotton bikini style panties. I slid them over my damp legs and tucked my penis between my legs, trapping it with the panties. Then I put on a white lace bra along with my breast forms. They had been quite expensive, but were worth it. With the pressure from the bra against the skin on my chest I could get the illusion, when I needed it, of cleavage. I found a dark brown wool skirt in my closet and pulled it on. It came to my thighs and was not too tight, but not an 'A' line by any stretch. A navy blue sweater with small white strips was next. It fit quite snug and showed off my b cups exceptionally well. Then, a pair of navy high leather boots with a four-inch heel and tipped with a semi-rounded toe.

I returned to the bathroom with my makeup bag and began to apply it quickly. I did not want to get back out to the house too late. A light foundation, eyeliner and lipstick should be enough. Finally, I looked at my hair. I wished it was longer, and under most circumstances, I might have just styled it and went, but I was not sure what I would find in that house, so I went to find my shoulder length wig. It had a bit of a wave, and

adorable bangs. It was not an exact match to my natural hair, but close so it did not clash with my eyebrows. I tossed some money, my ID and my keys in my purse and left.

About an hour later, I found myself sitting in front of the house. I was clenching the steering wheel and realized to my dismay that I had forgotten to paint my nails. It was now or never. I took a deep breath, cleared my throat, and drove up to the gate. The music box and business card were sitting in the passenger seat.