Prankster

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

As a man, I find it hard to think of anything more inappropriate than appearing in drag. Of course, I am fully aware that some people enjoy dressing as women for sexual gratification. I know that some people might consider cross-dressing for a costume party as fun, or a lark. It is not my idea of a joke. Perhaps I am too old fashioned. I believe that men should be men, and that women should not be demeaned by men imitating them.

I believe that women are the most wonderful thing in the world. I work with men all the time in my job and I enjoy their company after work, but men are just people like me. Women are different and thank the Lord they are. A beautiful woman can light up a room like nothing else can. Her smile, her laugh, the toss of the curl, the glimpse of a breast, the shape of her leg. A woman with style, I mean. Not some dross off the street who is unconcerned with their appearance.

It pisses me to think that there are men out there who want to make fun of women by putting on some cheap parody of feminine traits. I find it appalling, but that’s just me.

There is another thing that I dislike intensely, and that is practical jokers. These are people who find joy in the pain or embarrassment of others. Usually I find it more cruel than funny. But it is the look of the face of the prankster that riles me: Victory tinged with amusement. It is more than annoying – it is infuriating.

I have seen that look too often on the face of Clyde Johnson. He always prided himself on being the office prankster. He had a particular liking for planting items of fetish clothing, sex toys and other things in people’s desks and saturating their PCs with perverted porn of some kind. He even did it to me, his immediate superior. There was not much I could do about it then. My own boss found it amusing, but that was before he was dismissed for incompetence and I was promoted into his position.

It struck me that Clyde was a combination of both of the dislikes I have mentioned, and I decided that an appropriate response to his behaviour should involve both. With other members of the office I arranged an elaborate counter-prank. For our traditional Halloween Dress-up Day we all told Clyde that the theme would be vice-versa.

A few days before the party Clyde was in my office (brown-nosing as was his habit) and I mentioned my dislike for the whole drag thing. I think I said that I would think badly of anybody who would make fun of women, and that a serious attempt was warranted.

“Don’t be concerned about how you might appear afterwards,” I told him. “Everybody in the office has been told of my views.”

“What will you be wearing?” he asked.

“Don’t worry,” I said. “Everybody will be appropriately dressed.” Everybody was, as if was any other day, except Clyde.

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| When he walked in, he knew that he had been pranked, but it seemed to everybody that we had been too. It seemed for a moment as if Clyde had not turned up at for work but had sent his twin sister instead. We were all amazed. Clyde, or Chloe as she insisted we call her, was beautiful.  She was wearing a simple white blouse and a grey skirt, and her legs were shaved smooth and looked great in heels, but it was her face and hair that were incredible. She had taken on what I had said about not being worried how things might look tomorrow, because her eyebrows had been shaped, and the makeup looked like a professional job. It seemed to me that her hair was not a wig. Clyde wore his hair a little long for the average guy, but Chloe had shoulder length hair in the same dark shade, but it seemed soft and glossy, and was curled at the tips.  I have to hand it to Clyde/Chloe, who immediately made the decision that the best way to deal with a prank that was going to have to last at least until 5:00pm, was to run with it. | Related image |

Clearly “she” had been working on a voice to go with the look. When she opened her mouth, a smooth husky yet definitely feminine voice fell off her red lips.

“Why Mr. Cording,” she said, with the vague hint an affected lisp. “You’re not flirting with me, are you?”

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| Image result for daniela vega before surgery | Was I? How can you flirt with a man, even if she appears to be a woman? What I did say was that I found Chloe’s presence in the office much better than I did the presence of that prick Clyde. I think I might have called it “refreshing”. And I was not alone. Chloe had a similar sense of mischief to her predecessor, but without the feeling of malice.  “You never know who might turn up tomorrow,” Chloe said to me. Now, that was flirting.  “I hope that it is you, Chloe.”  We all should have been surprised when it was her not him, but somehow I was not. |

“I wouldn’t want anyone to think that I fell for your prank,” she said to me. But we all knew that she had. Or, it certainly appeared that way.

If she was trying to prove that the joke was actually on us, I was not convinced. She moved into the role too easily, as if she had been practising all of her life. Who would have guessed?

And the next day she was back; and the next; and the next.

And it just so happened that on that day I had a problem. I had to attend a dinner for awards that we were sponsoring, and I needed an escort. I was not in a relationship, had no female family, and would not dream of asking my ex-wife.

“I could do it,” said Chloe cheerily in that voice of hers.

She looked particularly good that Friday. Everybody had noticed.

“No pranking,” I warned. I had little choice. She had the job, even with the risk that she might be un-masked as a man. If she did, then she would be an employee whom I barely knew, filling in.

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| She looked spectacular. Her hair was straightened and fell full length down her back. She wore a long red chiffon dress that was suitably demure, drop earrings and she carried a clutch bag. She wore heels, but not so high as to be taller than me as her partner for the evening.  “You look fantastic,” I said to her.  “Thank you,” she said. I am not sure if it was the way she said that, or the way she looked finally having an effect on me, but I felt my penis stirring. Given who she really was I found that disturbing. I told myself that she was male, and I tried to picture an ugly penis and balls under that dress, but I could only envision a perfect pudenda and a warm inviting vagina. I found that even more disturbing.  I hoped that she could not see. She took my arm tenderly as we walked into the function, looking the perfect for a man of my newly improved status. People looked at her admiringly, and I basked in the refection of her light, with my penis still swollen. | This image may contain Clothing, Evening Dress, Gown, Apparel, Robe, Fashion, Human, and Person |

We sat together at the table near the podium. She took her seat slipping a hand under her perfect round bottom to arrange her dress. It was a movement that looked so natural. She introduced herself to others at the table.

“I’m Chloe. I am just the office girl. I am only here because of a joke played on me, but I am sure that we are going to have a wonderful evening.”

I stood to welcome people from the podium, although there was a professional MC for the awards. I just had to shake hands with the recipients and give some closing remarks, but it did mean that I needed to leave my table under the control of Chloe for extended periods. So I made the point of thanking “My recently appointed personal secretary, Chloe”.

“I have been promoted?” she said.

“That job is only for Chloe,” I said. “But if you behave yourself you will do yourself no harm.”

I would like to say that she heeded the warning, but there was too much of Clyde in her. She made bread rolls disappear, she knotted napkins, set fire to the flowers, and made our table generally the most raucous in the room. They all loved her. But I was annoyed.

In my closing remarks I apologized to all the guests for the rowdy behavior of my own table, to a loud cheer led by Chloe herself. She made herself very popular. She was looking up at me as I was ready to say good night, and she distracted me a little. I realized that the damn erection was back, and the podium barely hid it.

But the dinner was a success, so I offered to drop Chloe home.

“You are much further than me, so I’ll pay the cabby and I will get out here. This is where I live.”

But she got out with me. She stood there on the sidewalk outside my apartment in that dress and with the smile she had worn all night. I should have stopped the cab and shoved her inside. But I just looked at her. I am not a violent man, but I was going to grab her by arm and demand to know what she though she was doing. I did put my hand on her, but only to pull her against me and kiss her.

She put her arms around me and dragged me closer, disclosing for the first time in the evening that these were not the arms of a woman. But the lips were, and the tongue.

“Are we going inside?” she asked.

Were we? There seemed to be nothing that I could do to stop it happening. I opened the door and let her in. Past the living room. Straight down the hall.

Do you think that I could not see the way you were looking at me?” she said. “And if I misinterpreted the look, there was your dick pointing right at me most of the evening.”

How could I deny it? I unzipped her dress and it fell to the floor. She had underwear on. Black panties that betrayed no maleness beneath, and a black bustier with inserts. It seemed that removing that would break the spell, but she insisted that I do it.

And there, on Chloe’s chest, where two unmistakable breasts – small but perfectly formed.

“Surprise,” she said, cupping them underneath and jiggling them. The head of my penis strained against fabric. “They have been very hard to hide for the past few months. And this is getting hard to hide too!” Her hand was on my cock and my pants were on the floor.

“What can we do?” I said. You can’t …”.

She looked at me scoldingly. She said: “Yes I can. Girls like me know how. If you think that I am going to suck my own boss’s cock, that would be wrong. That could be workplace molestation. No, we are going to be doing this for my pleasure. Your’s will be incidental, so no question of impropriety.”

It was anal sex. Her anus, not mine, but the first time for me anyway. It was wonderful.

I woke up with her in the morning, and she never left. It can be difficult if you have your girlfriend working as your secretary, but we keep our relationship private, and at work we always behave professionally. I don’t think that anybody knows, but they will when the wedding invitations go out. Just as soon as Chloe recovers from the surgery.

I will have a good speech to give at the wedding: How my wife was pranked into dresses.

The End

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| Author’s Note:  This is a reworking of a draft story by Julie (Was Tiffany now Tina) titled “Halloween Surprise” from which I was invited to make my own story. My distillation of the plot is: Prankster is pranked into drag, and his boss falls for him.  I think Julie’s historical cap on the right, is pretty much the same story. In case you cannot read the text (purple on purple), it says:  “What do you mean there is no Halloween dress up as your opposite day? The girls from the office pool dressed me up to win the contest! I’m really an executive here! What do you mean I’m fired?! And don’t call me a pervert! I didn’t do this on my own, believe me. What?! You’ll only hire me back as a secretary???”  Typical Tiffany/Julie/Tina. Lots of ideas in just a few words.  I tried to find a subject close to that image, and in the end that was well known trans-actress Daniela Vega. |  |