

**J A M E S J C R A F T**

***MY BOSS,  
THE BIMBO***

**“If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man” by James J. Craft  
Illustrations by blackshirtboy  
A Tales of Transformation Story**



2010 eBook Edition

Design & cover © 2010.  
Story & Illustrations © 2010 James J. Craft  
Illustrations by blackshirtboy  
All rights reserved.

The body text is printed in New Caledonia.

No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part,  
or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form  
or by any means without written permission.

Printed in the United States of America.

[j6p@sixpacksite.com](mailto:j6p@sixpacksite.com)  
[www.sixpacksite.com](http://www.sixpacksite.com)

# IF I WERE A BETTING (WO)MAN

“You women have it so easy!” Lucas blurted out.

The young CEO had overheard a group of secretaries complaining about having to wax their legs every so often, and how the high heeled shoes that the company insisted that they wear were killing their feet. As was typical for Lucas, he felt the need to jump into the conversation without being invited.

“What was that, Mr. Johnson?” asked Irene, his new executive assistant, a taunting expression on her face.

Irene had only been with the firm a few years, but had quickly shown her potential and rose through the secretarial pool to become the youngest executive assistant to the youngest CEO in the company’s history.

Irene and Lucas were both highly competitive, and worked very well together. Their demeanor was far more casual than was normally allowed in such a top ranking position.

They were constantly challenging each other with bets and dares, each trying to up the ante on the other. The shareholders had already realized a sharp increase in the performance under Lucas’ guidance, but with Irene as his assistant, things had really taken off.

She had bet him a hundred bucks that he couldn’t get an instant productivity boost of ten percent. He did. Then she bet him double or nothing he couldn’t get another five-point boost...he did. Then she bet him double or nothing again he couldn’t get another five points....and he did.

It was this kind of back-and-forth banter and betting that make them such a great pair. Irene had, at one point, developed quite a crush on her boss, and made advances towards him to take their relationship ‘to the next level.’ Lucas, however, was far too focused on his career to have a relationship, and didn’t candy-coat this to Irene in any way. He hadn’t had a girlfriend since high school, and because of his driven nature... Had not yet ‘sealed the deal’ with a girl.

He felt that he was being very honest with Irene, but she was crushed. She took his rejection to heart, especially since he was a virgin. She knew that she was a pretty girl, with long lean legs and long brown hair (though it was usually up in a bun)and that the two of them would have made a good pair. Lucas was no slouch in the looks department either, though not in a particularly macho way. He had a slight build and soft features, and there was ‘something about him’ that she found particularly attractive – though she couldn’t put her finger on exactly what.

Not that it mattered now. Since he had flat out told her that he wasn't interested, she began to think of a way to either change his mind – or teach him a lesson. Either, by her account, would do.

Back at the office, the other women standing around Irene stood in shocked silence at the way she spoke to her boss. None of them would have ever *dared* speak to the CEO that way, but clearly, Irene wasn't afraid.

"You think that we've got it so easy?" she quizzed her superior.

Lucas stopped and chuckled. "Well, compared to what I have to go through in a day? Yes. All you have to worry about is what shoes to wear Ms. Davies" he taunted.

"Really?" she snorted, "is that what you think?"

Lucas' competitive energy was starting to seep out, "Yeah? Prove me wrong."

The other women gasped. Surely, Irene was going to be fired for insubordination.

"Well if it's so easy then why don't *you* wear shoes like mine Mr. Johnson?" Irene challenged, pointing down at her three inch pointy toed pumps.

Lucas chortled at the suggestion, "Well Ms. Davies," he began, "I don't wear shoes like yours because I'm a guy. Men wear shoes like these..." he lifted his pant leg and showed off his four-hundred dollar Italian leather shoes.

"So does that mean that you *can't* wear shoes like these or that you *won't* wear shoes like these?" Irene fired back.

The secretaries heads were turning from side to side listening intently to the two of them debating.

"No Ms Davies..." he returned, "I *can* wear shoes like those if I so choose... In fact, I can wear anything I want to... I simply *choose* to wear these."

Irene scoffed, "Pssssh! I'm not so sure Mr. Johnson... I don't think you'd last a day in these."

Lucas' eyes got wide, "A day?" he sneered, "I could do a week!"

Irene grinned. "Hundred bucks says you can't!"

"Huh!" Lucas grunted, "A hundred? That's it? Why not make it more interesting Irene... Let's bet... A hundred... Thousand?"

Irene just blinked. *Was he nuts?* She paused for a moment as she did the math in her head... Her ex-husband had paid her out a handsome settlement in her divorce... Plus there was the property her father left in Phoenix. She looked at Lucas and knew he was waiting for her to say that she couldn't afford it.

She wasn't going to give him the satisfaction. She thrust out her hand and shook Lucas' with a firm grip, "Deal!"

Looking surprised that she had agreed to the hefty price tag... Lucas regained his composure as he turned and walked back to his office. As he sat down at his desk, Lucas realized that he was going to need to get some practice in over the weekend so he didn't break his ankle. He couldn't believe that she had the balls to agree, and with his little gambling debt still outstanding from a few years ago... Coming up with a hundred grand would be painful if he lost – so he committed himself to winning.

He thought briefly that he might financially ruin his Executive Assistant, but putting her in her place would be well worth it. She really had it coming, he convinced himself.



Later that afternoon, Lucas set out to put his plan into action. He would have to start by finding a place to purchase the shoes he'd need to wear to beat Irene at her game. Luckily, his phone had a 'find-a-shoe-store' app, which initially hadn't seemed like a practical application for a phone to have, but after it led him to a local high-end fashion boutique downtown, his opinion was changed.

The store was massive, and stocked with the most expensive designer brands. Lucas went right to the counter and began to explain his situation to the attractive young lady standing there.

"I need to win this bet," he began, "in a *big* way."

"Bet, Sir?" the clerk looked confused.

"Yes," Lucas looked annoyed, as if not able to understand why she didn't already know what he needed, "I bet my secretary that I could wear women's shoes for a week... And I really need to win... So can you help me?" He leaned forward and handed the girl his platinum credit card.

The clerk smiled widely as she took the card from Lucas' hand, "I know *exactly* what you're looking for..."

Over the next hour, Lucas tried on what seemed like a hundred pairs of shoes in a variety of styles and colors before settling on what the young store employee called 'the perfect pair.' Four-hundred dollars later, he was on his way. A further forty-eight grueling hours of practice back at his condo was spent training himself to walk naturally in his new purchases over the weekend.

But Irene's facial expression – of sheer shock and surprise – made it all worthwhile the following Monday when he came into the office.

Dressed in his typical expensive designer suit, Lucas sashayed with a feminine gait that (after two solid days of practice) was very natural and fluid, in his black suede platform sandals with ankle straps and four-inched heels.



“My goodness, Mr. Johnson,” Irene bemused. Her original shock had subsided into a glowing pride at having made her boss not only wear high heeled shoes, but to go out of his way to wear very expensive... And very sexy ones.

Lucas spun around confidently to model his footwear for his executive assistant, “You like?” he chuckled.

“I love!” she exclaimed, “It’s just too bad that you wasted all that money for a bet you’re going to lose.”

“Ha!” he chortled, “There’s no *way* I’m losing anything Ms. Davies. I look forward to taking your money on Friday afternoon.”

And take it, he would. For once Lucas Johnson had set his mind to winning, nothing would stand in his way. Not the looks and stares, not the outright laughter from bystanders, not even the painful blisters he endured daily.

He would not, *could not*, lose.



Lucas easily endured the week of wearing those silly heeled shoes. But with a Board of Directors meeting on Friday he decided to bring his regular Italian loafers in a small bag. He reasoned that wearing his men’s shoes for an hour for the sake of the meeting was understandable... And he could get away with it, since he’d be seated at the table before Irene could see him.

Moments before the meeting, he slipped out of the heels and into his loafers, and headed to the conference room. The Chairman of the Board, Mister Harold Coons, greeted him in the doorway.

“Lucas” the old man beamed, “How’s my young protégé doing today? The stock numbers are good and the reports I’ve seen all indicate we’re going to have a good fourth quarter.”

“Yes,” Lucas began, “and just wait until we finish the write-offs associated with the merger in Singapore. That will really...” He paused as he saw Irene walking towards them from the corner of his eye. “That will really...um...why don’t I show you in here.” He gestured for the Board Chair to enter the conference room and he quickly hustled in behind him.

“My, my,” Mr. Coons remarked. “This report must really be something. That’s why I like you so much Lucas, you’re always moving. You’re a go-getter, just like I was when I was your age...”

Lucas made it through the shareholders meeting – undetected by Irene – and was changing back into the heels, for what he figured was the last time, when Irene came into his office with an ‘I gotcha’ smile.

“Nice shoes, Luke,” she began, knowing how he hated it when she addressed him so informally. “You almost made it through the week,” she stopped before his desk and leaned forward tauntingly. “But *almost* isn’t really good enough now is it?”

Lucas was turning red. *How did she know?* he thought to himself. “What are you talking about?” Lucas said, playing dumb. He pulled up his pant-leg to show off his platform heels.

“Nice try buddy,” she scowled him, “You think I didn’t notice? You and Harold Coons are the exact same height – but in heels, you should have been towering over him when you two were standing in the doorway earlier. But you weren’t...now were you?”

Lucas looked dumbfounded.

“I saw you scurry into the board room when you saw me coming... And I saw how you kept your feet hidden every time I came around to serve you guys water and coffee during the meeting” She grinned at him wickedly, “So I guess...that means I win, now doesn’t it?”

“But...” Lucas whined, “I... You can’t expect me to wear these in front of the Board of Directors, Irene!” he cried.

“What I expect Luke,” she scowled, “is that you pay up before the end of the day.” She held up the pair of loafers that Lucas had foolishly left at the side of his desk.

*Dammit!* He cursed to himself. How had he allowed himself to lose? How was he going to come up with the hundred-grand that he owed her? How was this going to impact their boss-employee relationship?



Later that day, a very humble looking Lucas Johnson handed his secretary a check for one hundred thousand dollars. He had shuffled some bank accounts around, delayed some repayment terms on his outstanding debt, and had the bank draft the check.

Without saying a word, he handed it to her.

“I just can’t help but wonder if maybe you still don’t fully appreciate everything that us women do to look nice for you men,” Irene said.

Lucas laughed, “Oh come on... You just got me for a hundred large. But I almost did make it Irene, if it wasn’t for that meeting...” He paused. “Wearing heels really isn’t that hard.” He spun his legs out to the side of his desk to display his sexy heels to Irene, “in fact I kind of like them”

Now it was her turn to laugh, “You really haven’t got a clue, have you?”

Lucas’ face lit up, he knew he was about to be challenged again, though a little tiny voice in side of him was saying not to fall for it. It had been *very* hard to spend a week in high heels, and his pride might not be worth the challenge... But then again...

“I’ve got a list as long as your arm of difficult things that *us* girls do for *you* guys,” she retorted, “and I’d be happy to share it with you at *any* time.”

“Ha!” his foolish pride spoke before his sensibility had the time to stop it, “I can do anything on that list, sister!”

“*Anything?*”

“Any-thing” he proclaimed.

Irene smiled, she knew she had him in a place he couldn’t get out of, “Double or nothing, you can’t spend *another* week in those heels... *And* wear a women’s suit.”

Without even thinking his mouth opened and the following words came out, “That’s it?” he chuckled with plenty of bravado. “Done!”

“And that will have to include women’s underwear too Lucas” she smiled.

His brain, now fully aware that it had inadvertently committed him to another torturous week in heels, and that it might cost him two-hundred-thousand dollars this time, decided to let foolish pride take over again. “Done, and done.”



The following Monday, Lucas stopped to take a deep breath before he got out of his car.

He had spent the weekend dressing and undressing in the many different outfits he had purchased Friday night. He had the help of his new friends at the fashion boutique where he had gotten his shoes the week before. Three hours and well over two thousand dollars later, he had an outfit for every day of the week – plus new shoes to match. Afterwards, he had spent several hours walking and sitting and maneuvering in each of them.

*Practice makes perfect*, he said to himself. Lucas was going to leave nothing to chance. He wasn’t just going to *win*, he was going to win *big*.

He opened his car door, took another big breath and headed for his office. Of course, along the way, he drew many an interested look. Most people looked

confused. Others looked impressed, others still gave an expression of downright disgust.

*Oh, well.* Lucas didn't care. He was in it to win it. Besides, he was the CEO. Who was going to question him?

Grinning confidently to himself, Lucas continued on his way. Upon entering his office, he soaked up the reactions as he strutted across the floor in his new



ramped wedge-heeled sandals. He knew everyone was whispering to each other, but it didn't matter to him, all that mattered was winning the bet.

Irene's reaction was predictably mixed. Both shock and pride were mixed on her face as Lucas approached her desk.

"Well?" he said leaning against her desk in a mockingly feminine pose. "Wad-daya think?" he said with a sultry feminine voice.

"My God, Lucas," Irene said worriedly, "I honestly never thought that you'd do it... But here you are."

Lucas smiled, relishing in her veiled admittance that he had won the bet, "Yep," he said nonchalantly, "like I said before... Is *that* the hardest thing you guys have to do?"

Irene narrowed her eyes, "This is only your first day Lucas... I don't think you'll be singing the same tune this Friday after doing this for a week."

"Ha!" Lucas blurted out, "Piece of cake."

"We'll see," she muttered. Then she began to smile, "I wonder what *he* thinks of your new outfit?" She motioned behind Lucas.

Lucas turned around to see the Chairman of the Board of Directors, standing behind him, looking very unhappy.

"What is the meaning of... *This?*" The old man pointed at Lucas' outfit.

"Mr. Coons," Lucas tried not to look rattled by the Chairman, "it's lovely to see you. How are the grandkids?"

Mr. Coons looked increasingly unimpressed, "I want an explanation, young man. Surely this isn't the kind of behavior that one expects to see in a Chief Executive Officer."

"Oh *this*, Sir?" he pointed at his loose fitting, beige colored ladies dress slacks, cut to accentuate his hips and ass, worn with a loose sleeved body hugging blouse that accentuated his cinched waist and midsection. A form fitting, well-tailored suit jacket, also in sandy beige, finished off his new look.

The unhappy Chairman nodded.

"It's part of a new exercise we're engaging in to improve the morale around the office," he lied, "It's really working quite well Sir. You should consider giving it a try."

The old man scoffed, "Hmph, back in my day we didn't need to have executives dressed in ladies shoes to make everyone feel all touchy-feely. I hope you know what you're doing..." With that, the board chair turned and walked away.

Lucas sighed and looked down, and then saw Irene in the corner of his eye. “Four-more-days to go,” she mouthed the words silently to him then gave him a mocking ‘thumbs-up.’

*I need to beat her.* He said to himself.



By the weeks’ end Lucas had kept up his end of the bargain by wearing different variations of his Monday pant-suit each day. Each day he had seemed to be more and more at ease in his ramped shoes and snug-fitting attire. By Friday, he was even *more* smug about how easy it was to be a girl in the office.

Irene was getting quite worried that he might actually *win*, and decided to enlist the help of one of her fellow coworkers to make sure that Lucas would lose the bet.

The young secretary, terrified of getting fired, walked directly into Lucas’ path, coffee cup in hand, and spilled the warm brown liquid all over the front of his snug fitting jacket and loose flowing pants, then apologized profusely.

Not wanting to be seen as an ogre, Lucas told the girl not to worry, then headed to his office. He always kept an pair of pants in his closet for this exact reason.

Later that day, Irene tried to hide her smile as she approached his desk. “Well, Lucas I have to admit... You *almost* pulled it off again”

Lucas looked up from his desk, “*Almost?*”

“Well, I see you’ve had to change into your backup suit, – but it’s clearly not designed for a lady, Luke. So I guess that means you lose.”

Lucas looked down at his feminine pink blouse and manly black dress pants, then back at his executive assistant with an angry glare. “Wait a goddamned minute!” Lucas yelled, “You mean to tell me that because some stupid air-brained secretary spilled her drink on me, I’m going to lose?” he was getting visibly angrier. “What did you expect? Did you think I’d just wear those dirty, wet clothes all day?”

“No,” Irene answered calmly, “but you *said* you could do anything that we girls do.” She paused and smiled, “and we girls would have packed an extra outfit just in case... And *you* failed to do that.”

Lucas’ jaw dropped. He contemplated firing her on the spot, but frankly, finding an extra two hundred thou would be easier than the wrongful dismissal suit that she would file afterwards.

“Fine!” he scowled, then left the office – *his* office.



A very cheerful Irene happily accepted her check later that afternoon. “You know, Luke,” she began, “I really think I should give you a chance to redeem yourself. I know that losing isn’t easy for you... *But* I just don’t know if you could spend another week dressed like that.”

Lucas’ face remained stoic, as if waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Irene continued, “Of course in order to win this time...you’d have to style your hair, accessorize *and* get a wax job too.”

Lucas’ eyes grew larger. Irene figured that she had finally bested him – until he opened his mouth and said, “What do you mean by accessorize?”

Irene tried to cover up her dropping jaw, “Um... Well... That means that you’d have to wear a necklace and bracelets...” she paused to judge his reaction. He didn’t have one, so she continued, “And earrings.”

He opened his mouth as if he was about to protest, but quickly knew that Irene wouldn’t let him live it down. He could wear earrings, the clip one kind.

“Clip on earrings, right?”

Irene’s face became super-serious. “Oh no, Lucas, not clip-ons. Real girls don’t wear clip-ons,” she knew that she was painting him into a corner. “You’ll have

to get them pierced like the rest of us do, and in fact, a girl your age would likely have a little jeweled nose stud too. So you'll have to get that done as well."

"A nose stud?"

Lucas' eyes were wide and his brow furrowed. He had a feeling that he was being taken for a ride, but what could he do? A bet was a bet, and he wasn't about to back down. If he needed a couple of piercings for a week to win, then he would do it. Besides, they would eventually grow back in, and no-one would be the wiser.

He smiled. "And if I win?"

Irene coughed in disbelief. Had he just agreed to have his hair styled, legs waxed and ears and nose pierced? She had him.

"If you win, I'll give you your money back," she regained her composure, "And if you loose? I want another hundred-grand."

She could tell that he was pondering her offer.

"Well? Should I call my salon and make the arrangements for later today?"

"Yes," Lucas nodded, trying to hide his nerves under a blanket of faux confidence. "Yes you should."



Later that afternoon, Irene knocked on Lucas' door. "You'll need to slip out early if you want to make our appointment," she said, "It was the only time slot I could get that was long enough for everything that we need to get done." Her tone of voice changed to a taunt, "But if you need to stay to work, I understand. We can call the whole thing off. You're a busy CEO... I get that."

Lucas stood up and grabbed his jacket, "Oh no. I'm going. You're not getting off that easy. I'll come back tomorrow and finish up what I need to finish up."

"On a Saturday, Mr. Johnson?" Irene said in disbelief, he had often bragged about never-ever working on weekends, but had often asked his secretarial staff to.

"Well Irene, it's like I always say," he headed for his office door, "a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do."

With that, the two of them took Irene's compact car to the salon across the downtown. It wasn't particularly busy that afternoon, which allowed Lucas to be somewhat pampered by the staff.

They frosted his short-ish hair with light, light blonde and trimmed and styled it into a spikey, sassy do, something that a young secretary would sport, then they waxed his legs, arms, chest, bikini line and eyebrows. Lucas wasn't sure why he had to endure the pain of the last treatment, but was told that it was part of the total package that *all* women got.

Lastly, his ears were double pierced and filled with silver studs, and a tiny silver stud placed in his newly pierced right nostril.

His weekend would be spent learning to care for his hair and piercings, so that when he came to work that next day in one of his five ladies' pant-suits, his hair and everything else was looking its feminine best.



Lucas entered the office to be immediately ogled by the secretaries who had gathered to see his new hairstyle and cute piercings. They whispered and gossiped for days, but by the time that Friday had rolled around again, the novelty of Lucas' look had worn off with most of them.

Some however, like Courtney, were still enthralled by the idea of the company's CEO being feminized willingly as he was being. She a young attractive secretary that Lucas had hired recently – more for her looks than anything else, though she was *mildly* competent.

“Bet you can't do another week in full makeup” she said as Lucas passed her and Irene by later Friday afternoon.

“Huh?” Lucas glared at her. “What did you say Ms. Frobisher?”

Courtney's face turned bright red, as she realized that she might have overstepped a boundary or two.

“Oh, just relax Lucas,” Irene scolded him, “she's just a little anxious to see you up the ante again. No harm done.”

“Listen,” he began, “I've been playing along with this little game for three weeks now, but I'm certain that the end is drawing near. You aren't going to con me into playing along with you any longer. A deal is a deal, Ms. Davies, and our deal is done. I believe you owe me....”

Irene chuckled, “*I owe you?*”

Lucas chortled, “Well...yes. I mean... Look at me. I got my body waxed, my ears pierced and my hair done... And I've been wearing these ridiculous bracelets all week.”

“Well I guess you’re right Lucas. It was fun while it lasted – and you certainly rose to the occasion. I’ve never seen a man so anxious to prove us women wrong.” She removed her purse and began searching for money, “Just one question Luke...” she said without looking up from her purse, “Where’s the stud in your nose?”

Lucas’ hand rose up to touch the piercing in his nostril... The currently *vacant* piercing. He gasped as he realized that he’d forgotten to wear it that day – in fact, he had forgotten to wear it for the last *two* days.

“Just how much makeup are we talking about?”

Irene turned to Courtney as if to say, *see, I told you so.*



The following Monday, Lucas Johnson headed into the office as he had done a thousand times before. However, this time his hair was styled in a feminine do and he was wearing a brand new feminine outfit. He also had new silver hoop earrings dangled from each lobe, something that Lucas was still learning to get used to. Even though he was wearing them every day, they still felt a little alien to him. About as alien as the taste of his new red lipstick felt, or as much as the weight of mascara on his eyelashes or powder gray eye shadow felt. They all served as a constant reminder to him that he was ‘going for broke’ on this little competition that Irene and he were having.

Maybe he should bet her to grow a beard.

It had taken much longer to apply his own makeup that morning than the woman at the salon had taken. He had spent the enter weekend practicing, applying foundation, blush, lip color and then layers of eye-makeup to his face. His newly lengthened and red-polished nails made it all-the-more difficult – but he wasn’t going to complain.

He *had* to win, especially now, after going *this* far. He would never be able to effectively manage his secretarial staff if he didn’t prove the point that he could handle whatever they could, in whatever way.

And so he did just that.

“Wow!” Irene grinned, “Look at *you.*”

Lucas blushed under his makeup, feeling slightly demeaned.

“Don’t look down honey,” she continued, “you look terrific. You should be proud.”