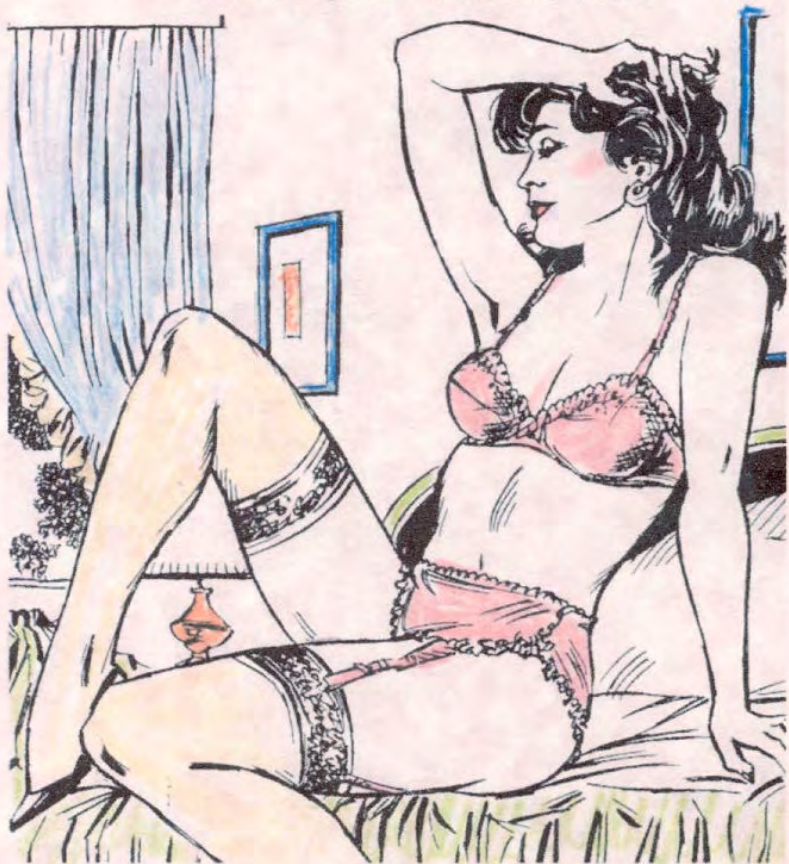


# TV FICTION CLASSICS

## "BORN TO BE A BRIDE"

Some guys will do anything for a buck...  
Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



VOLUME 46

Published By  
**SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING**  
P.O. BOX 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

# **TV FICTION CLASSICS**

**MAGAZINE**

**VOLUME 46**

## **BORN TO BE A BRIDE**

**by Kristi Love & Susan Henkin  
with a little help from Alice Trail**

**Illustrations by  
PUYAL**

**Sandy Thomas Advertising  
P.O. Box 2309  
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA**

© 1997 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING  
"BORN TO BE A BRIDE"

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**  
No part of this book may be  
reproduced in any form  
without the express prior written  
permission of the publisher.



**REWARD!!**

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION  
will pay for information leading to the  
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain  
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted  
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

**Contact Sandy Thomas for information.**  
**P.O. Box 2309**  
**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309**

**THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION.**  
Names, characters, places and incidents are  
either the product of the author's imagination  
or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to  
actual events or persons, living or dead is en-  
tirely coincidental.

**QUOTE BOARD**

**"Men's dreams and visions would be very dif-  
ferent if they were the one's bending over a  
wash tub."**

# BORN TO BE A BRIDE

by Kristi Love & Susan Henkin  
with a little help from Alice Trail

## Chapter 1.

The Queen Anne show bar has the distinction of hosting the longest running female impersonator show in Los Angeles. The show is in the front section, but the 'Rear Bar' is the favorite weekend watering hole for Los Angeles' best looking cross dressers.

I was an occasional Queen Anne patron who would 'sneak' to the Rear Bar when Mary, my wife, was on a business trip and my son was out of town. My feminine wardrobe was very limited, and I never did anything drastic like shave my legs. What would Mary say if she found me with naked legs?

After being laid off, I looked hard for a new job. Mary felt I should find a job with ease; unfortunately, the slumping economy didn't see things her way. She was a business woman who refused to believe that I required financial support from her to survive.

She believed desperation breeds creativity which would force me to become innovative in finding employment. She was deeply involved in building her own company and never allowed me to participate because she wanted full credit for her success.

In May, Mary announced she was going to Europe for six months to introduce her company to the international arena, and she refused to allow me to accompany her. I complained about the length of her trip, but she assured me that the extended trip was necessary to acquire the right contacts and to sell herself as a serious business woman.

She left in early June with parting words for me to find a job to supplement my meager unemployment check. This was necessary because she would be reinvesting all her capital back into the company and couldn't send money home other than for house payments. I hoped I could find work soon!

My son, Ted, was in the army, so I was left home alone. The only bright side of my miserable situation was that I was free to go to the Queen Anne on a regular basis. My limited budget was all that prevented me from being a regular patron.

I decided to go all out in re-introducing myself to Queen Anne night life. I would even shave my legs since the hair would grow back before either Mary or Ted returned home. With hairless legs, I could wear shimmering light textured nylons and a summer dress that barely reached my knees.

For my debut, I rummaged through Mary's clothes to find the perfect dress. She had a huge selection of clothes, but most didn't fit me because of my thick waist. Finally, I came across a dress at the back of her closet that dated to when she had let her figure expand. To my delight, the waist size was almost the same as mine, if I wore a waisteincher.

Saturday afternoon, I took a long, soothing, sweet smelling bath. I lingered and soaked up the fragrances. After my skin was thoroughly softened, I carefully shaved my legs. My hand quivered as the razor glided over each limb. It took half hour to finish, but to my surprise, I didn't nick myself.

The rest of the afternoon was spent applying false fingernails, getting my makeup just right, and dressing in Mary's clothes. I nearly fainted as the sheer nylons caressed my newly shaven legs. A shiver ran down my spine as the shiny green, knee length cocktail dress floated over my body. The dress was tight fitting around my waist, loose about my hips, and flared over my legs. The puffed sleeves hid my upper arms, and I was fortunate not to have large shoulders. I finished my preparations by fitting a blonde wig from my meager feminine wardrobe over my naturally brunette hair.

My heart was aflutter as I carefully backed the car from the garage. With no close neighbors, I didn't worry about spying eyes, but I was scared of being pulled over by a cop. My license would give me away, even if my looks didn't!

I arrived at 11 P.M., as the crowd was just starting to gather, and I was surprised at my reception. I was greeted by people I barely knew and hadn't seen in a long time, and lots of 'girls' complimented me on my 'new look'. I soaked up the praise as I was plied with drinks.

## Chapter 2.

His name was Bob Reynolds. He was tall, well built, and

**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN**

**24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

**Sandy Thomas**

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA





*The happy Lamb Family: Bill, Mary, & their son, Ted. NOT!  
Then there was Bob Reynolds.*

based upon the quality of his clothes, quite wealthy. I had briefly spoken with him months earlier, but my paranoia got the better of me, and I had ended the conversation rather quickly. Nobody knew much about him, and I'd never seen him talk with anyone other than myself. He usually stood in a corner, sipped his drink, and watched the 'girls'. On a few occasions, I caught him glancing my way, but even then he only smiled shyly.

Thus, I was somewhat surprised when he came over and offered to buy me a drink. I agreed since I was having a wonderful time, and I was anxious to find out if I was attractive enough to interest a man.

He said he was a divorcee, his marriage ended in bitter divorce where he lost all visiting rights to his young daughter, whom his former wife had taken to Australia where she remarried. He hadn't seen or heard from either of them in seven years. As one might expect, he was bitter at his ex-wife and he missed his daughter.

"If I'd met you anywhere other than at this bar," Bob flattered, "I'd never have guessed you were male. Have you been dressing long?"

"Thank you, but I'm not that kind of girl," I laughed.

"What kind of girl are you?"

"Not the kind that dates guys," I countered, a blush surfacing. "I'm happily married."

"Male or female?" he countered.

"What?" I was confused by his question. "I'm straight, and I'm married to a woman!"

"I understand," he laughed, "but does your wife know where her husband is tonight?"

He had me there! Somehow, I felt comfortable talking with him and started opening up. Before I knew it, I'd confessed that I was an occasional crossdresser, and my wife and son had no idea about my interest in woman's clothes.

"Doesn't your wife notice your shaved legs?" Bob asked while paying for another round of drinks. I could get use to someone buying me drinks since I could barely afford the door fee.

I confessed, "Mary just went on an extended business trip, and my son is in the army. For the first time, I'm free to express myself."

"I see," Bob said with a wry grin. "Is that a new dress for this special occasion?"

Touching Mary's dress, I allowed my desperate financial state to momentarily surface. "I only wish it were, but I'm afraid my current finances don't allow spending money on

women's clothes. I'm unemployed, and this is the only one of my wife's dresses I could fit into."

His eyes lit up at my confession. "That's very interesting. Even though you don't dress as a woman very often, you carry it off better than anyone I've seen in here."

"Thank you! Enough of me. How about you?" I asked.

I was surprised that he was so forthright and open about himself. He was wealthy from a large inheritance, but also ambitious, not letting his immediate wealth stifle his career. He worked for a very prestigious firm and was determined to become its CEO one day. "I've got an early morning meeting," Bob excused himself. "I hope to see you again next week. You have real potential."

I wondered what he meant by that parting remark?

Upon making my grand entrance the following week, I was immediately approached by Bob who took my hand and smiled. "I was beginning to think you weren't come this evening."

"Oh, you were looking?" I laughed.

He acknowledged the obvious, and we easily launched into a conversation starting where we had left off the previous week. He eventually got around to his work, "I was passed over for a promotion that rightfully belonged to me. It went to a less qualified guy because he has a wife and family."

I confessed I didn't understand. Bob took a stiff drink and admitted, "The family that owns the firm wants stable people in top management positions, and they equate marriage with stability."

"You don't have a girlfriend?" I asked. A good looking, wealthy guy like Bob should be swamped by women.

"Lisa? Hell, all I got from her after three years living together was a threatened palimony suit. It cost me a bundle to keep her out of court," Bob sighed, taking another drink.

"You've sworn off women?"

"No. . .no, I love women, especially those with big tits," he smiled.

"Then why do you come to the Queen Anne? You don't leave with any of the girls. I'm the only one you even talk with."

"I heard about this club and came to satisfy my curiosity. I returned to get to know you better," he confessed.

The short hairs at the nape of my neck suddenly stood on end. "You know I don't swing in that direction."

"Oh, don't worry. My interest is purely business."

"Business? What can I offer you? We barely know each other. Hell, you've only seen me in a dress!"

"No matter," he assured me. "I have a business deal to offer you. It's totally legitimate, and if you accept, you can make some money and dress as a woman occasionally as well."

My ears immediately perked up, and I felt a pleasant stirring in my panties. "Dress up? Earn money?" My heart skipped a beat, "Who do I have to kill?"

"I told you about losing a promotion at my company because I'm not married?"

"Yes, but What's that got to do with me?"

"I want you to impersonate my fiancée at an upcoming company function," Bob stammered.

"You're asking me to accompany you to one of your company events as your girlfriend?" I gasped.

"Fiancée! Girlfriend won't cut it," Bob corrected. "Look, let's cut to the chase. If you do this for me, I'll pay you a thousand dollars plus all expenses. What do you say?"

Ouch! He knew I was financially strapped, yet I had never thought of trying to impersonate a woman for real! If I got caught, I'd be laughed out of town. Still, the money was very tempting!

"No single guy has ever been promoted beyond junior executive at my firm, and being divorced is an even greater stigma. I have to change my image by showing I'm serious about marriage and family." Desperation layered every word.

I told him I would think about it. He gave me his phone number and asked me to call him within a couple of days with my answer.

Bob's offer was too ridiculous for serious consideration, but because of the money, I couldn't get it off my mind. I wasn't a transsexual, but my bills were piling up. I had to get some money somehow, but could I possibly pass as a real woman in public? I pondered the offer for two days before coming to the only possible decision.

I phoned him on Tuesday, "All right! I'll try your crazy scheme, but I'm to be paid half in advance and keep it whether we go to the function or not. Also, I need new clothes and time to practice. I could never pass in Mary's clothes, and if I fail, we'll both be ruined."

He readily agreed to both conditions. "You're right. We'll be among my friends and business associates. The last thing I need is for you to be recognized as a guy!"

"Why don't you use a real woman?" I asked. "Nobody could spot your 'fiancee' as a guy in a dress that way."

"I rejected that idea," he confessed. "A real woman is the obvious choice, but she would know of my deception and be able to blackmail me. On the other hand, exposing me would reveal your own identity. I don't think you want anyone to learn about your dressing in woman's clothes any more than I want my scheme known to my associates."

"You're right," I shuddered, "Mary would have a lamb if she knew I dressed in her clothes. Say, why did you offer this job to me? Lots of others at the club have more experience posing as women than me."

"Yeah, but none of them could pull it off as well as you in the light of day," he answered.

I blushed at his compliment. My slight stature has always been a constant source of embarrassment. I often wondered why Mary married me when she had many taller, more macho guys after her. I guess my submissive nature appealed to her aggressive side.

Bob said we would be going to a company picnic in two weeks. "I'll need at least that long to prepare," I explained. "There's a lot more to being a woman than wearing pretty clothes."

Before hanging up, he asked, "Since we are business partners, maybe I should know your real name and phone number."

"Uhh," I stammered, "Bill. . .Bill Lamb." I had never given anyone at the club my real name and a shiver ran down my spine at exposing myself like this. Before hanging up, I gave him my phone number as well.

I had to test whether I could pass as a woman during daylight. I didn't look like a truck driver in a dress, but if I couldn't pass as a woman, both Bob and I would be better off stopping this charade while we still had our reputations. Two days later, I invited him over for an 'inspection' of my 'day look'.

Instead of taking my normal shower, I filled the bathtub with hot water with lots of Mary's bath beads. While languishing in the bath, I ran my hands through my hair and decided it was too short. I would have to wear a wig, but the blonde I wore to the Queen Anne was too garish. Instead, I chose to wear Mary's auburn wig that was near to my natural hair color. Extending a leg out of the foamy water, I carefully drew Mary's pink razor over one leg and then the other. After drying off, I felt my face for stubble

and found little as Mother Nature had blessed me with a light, scant beard.

I couldn't see buying new clothes if I decided not to carry off the deception, so I scavenged clothes from Mary's closet. I slipped on a pair of Mary's white nylon panties and found them loose in the crotch and tight at the waist because my waist to hip ratio just wasn't what the panties were made for. After closing the front snaps of my bra and adjusted the shoulder straps, I stuffed two pairs of panties into each cup for shape. I cupped the twin projections in my hands while looking at my reflection in a mirror and whispered, "Not bad, not bad at all!"

I carefully kneaded nude pantyhose over my legs, and I actually shivered as my pink nylon slip caressed my body. Next came a pink blouse, a pleated, knee length navy skirt that barely fastened because of my 32" waist, and a pair of Mary's white skimmers.

Sitting at Mary's vanity, I coated my brows a medium brown to give them extra shape and used black mascara to make my lashes longer and fuller. Face powder, blush, and pink lipstick finished my makeup. I tucked my longish mane under a wig cap, and pulled on the tight fitting, shoulder length, dark brown wig. Looking in the mirror, I fluffed my flowing tresses into smooth feminine curls. Giving myself the 'once over', I decided I had done my best. My image was that of a tastefully dressed, androgynous or slightly masculine, woman.

"Well?" I asked upon opening the door for Bob.

His mouth hung open, "Bill?"

"Yes, who did you expect?" I asked, unsure how to read him.

"You look great! Except for your flat ass, you could easily pass as a woman. Why aren't you wearing earrings?"

"All Mary's earrings are for pierced ears, and my ass is flat because I'm a guy, for Christ's sake! Anyway, you won't notice it in the shorts I'm wearing to the picnic."

"You aren't wearing a dress? High heels would look better than flats," Bob's eyes shifted to my legs and shoes.

"How about a tight fitting, low cut top?" I asked sarcastically. "Listen to me, Bob! Women don't wear dresses and heels to picnics. If I did, everyone would be suspicious. If I go, I'm wearing white walking shorts with baggy pockets that will conceal my tight rear."

"Okay, okay! I surrender."

After that, we both agreed I passed my initial inspection and we should go onto the next hurdle. We decided to get

together later in the week when I had worked on my techniques.

I spent the rest of the week trying on clothes, working on my voice, walking in tight skirts and high heels, and reading fashion magazines. Two weeks is little enough time to become convincing as a woman amongst other women, but my advantage was my looks. I have a 'baby face', and the years were kind to me.

Saturday afternoon, Bob came by to check my progress. I made sure it was him before opening the door since I was fully dressed in Mary's clothes. "God, Bill, you look great! You're even more feminine than last week."

"I need the money, and I have a reputation to maintain," I explained. "I've worked hard at my image, and I want to go shopping to see how much progress I've made. Are you game?"

"Go out in public? Together?" Bob gasped.

"You're the one who asked me to impersonate your fiancée. If you're embarrassed to be seen with me among strangers, how will you feel at the picnic?" I flared. I couldn't believe he was having cold feet this late in the game.

"Embarrassed? I'm not embarrassed. You look great, and I'm not worried about being seen with you," Bob stammered.

"Then, What's the problem?"

"It just hit me that we were actually going through with this. All the possible drawbacks flashed through my head, but I'm all right now."

"Truthfully, do you want to call it off?" I had half of the money and would have welcomed an easy way out of this hair brained scheme, even if I didn't have a job.

"Oh no, everything is fine."

"Okay," I continued, "If we're going through with this, you have to grow accustomed to seeing me in woman's clothes just as I have to get use to wearing them in public. If we don't, someone at the party will see through our deception."

"You're right, of course. Let's get on with your public debut." Bob opened the door and invited me on my first excursion into broad daylight.

We drove to a remote shopping mall where I bought a blouse, shorts, several pairs of panties, bras, slips, pantyhose, and some clip-on earrings. To our relief, nobody questioned my charade. I wasn't beautiful, but neither were ninety percent of the women in the mall. Still, we were both

relieved when we finally left.

"Why didn't you get some falsies?" Bob asked. "They're more realistic than stuffing."

"This is a one time fling, and I'm trying to save you money," I nervously laughed while playfully pinching him on the cheek.

Bob swatted my hand away. "Don't do that."

"Oh Bob, I'm only kidding. Loosen up, I passed the test! Anyway, maybe I should go as your ex-wife rather than your fiancée," I suggested.

"WHAT? That Bitch? You want to go as Karen after what she did to me?" Bob fumed.

"Sure. You have a lot of things going against you besides not being married."

"Like what?"

"For one thing, you're divorced. Remember that guy who was passed over because he divorced his wife and married a younger woman? Just being married isn't good enough in your firm. That guy married a bimbo and didn't pass muster. Your divorce may continue to haunt you unless you remarry your ex-wife. If I go as Karen, it will appear as if the two of you are getting back together."

"Hmm, Karen and Barbie are in Australia. I could say you returned to give our marriage another try," Bob pondered as he warmed to the idea. "I could say Barbie was in a private boarding school. You know, it just might work!"

While I constantly worked on my presentation, Bob suggested electrolysis to remove the light stubble that spotted my face. I agreed since Bob was footing the bill. Besides, a lighter beard would help when I returned to the Queen Anne. That settled, I spent two hours every other day under the needle. I also went to a tanning salon because color looks nice with the white outfit I was wearing to the picnic.

Bob complimented me profusely when he picked me up for our adventure. I knew the blouse and shorts looked very nice on me, but I think Bob was more impressed because my bra and panties showed through the light material.

The owner of the firm, Jack Nero, and his wife Winnie missed the picnic because of a family crisis. We were met instead by Mike Andrews, a senior vice president, who asked, "Who is this lovely woman, Bob?"

"This is Karen Reynolds," he announced as I nervously extended my hand.

"She has your last name," Mike laughed. "She wouldn't

have to change her name if you get married.”

“I’ve already done that bit,” Bob laughed nervously. “Karen is my ex-wife.”

“Divorce is bad, very bad. Husbands and wives should live together. It’s not natural to be unmarried!” Mike exclaimed with conviction, shaking his head from side to side. It was obvious why Bob was passed over for promotion.

“Greg, I want you to meet Bob’s ex-wife. They’re getting together again,” Mike shouted to one of his compatriots.

“Ahhh. . . we’re thinking about it,” Bob injected.

Mike ignored Bob’s attempt to gloss over the re-marriage possibility as the two vice presidents drifted off to other guests with neither questioning my gender.

Bob spent the afternoon schmoozing with his compatriots while I tried to stay away from everyone else. On the ride home, Bob enthused, “It went great! Nobody, I mean NOBODY, questioned your gender, and I spent quality time with upper management.”

Looking over my blouse and shorts scattered in disarray on the floor, I thumbed through the second half of my thousand dollars and thought, “Not bad for a half day’s work.”

### Chapter 3

My son Ted had joined the Army right out of high school. He had my physical attributes, being 5’6” tall and weighing 140 pounds, but he had Mary’s aggressiveness. Trying to prove his manhood despite his size, he had joined the special forces. He loved the rough military life, unfortunately, he was mustered out because of cutbacks. He arrived home two days after the picnic.

A week later, I received a phone call from Bob. “What? You’re kidding! My son is home. I can’t do that stuff any longer.”

“It’s only for more time,” Bob pleaded. “The president, Jack Nero, heard that my lovely ex-wife and I were getting back together. He made it clear he wants to meet Karen at a cocktail party!”

We talked for over an hour, and I reluctantly agreed when the price went up to \$1500. The party was two weeks away, so I had time for additional ‘woman’ practice. My problem was Ted. He wouldn’t understand me dressing in his mother’s clothes, and I couldn’t very well practice with him around! Thankfully, he got a job at a local store that sold audio and video equipment which kept him out of the house most of the day. Thus, I had time to practice while

he was at work.

I had lost an inch off my waist in preparation for the picnic and hadn't replaced it. I felt so smooth with my body hair gone, not that I had much to start with.

On the evening of the party, I placed a bra about my chest and fastened the back snaps with great difficulty. I had no idea how I would get it off. After adjusting my yellow nylon panties at my waist, I constricted my waist to a somewhat feminine shape with a corselette.

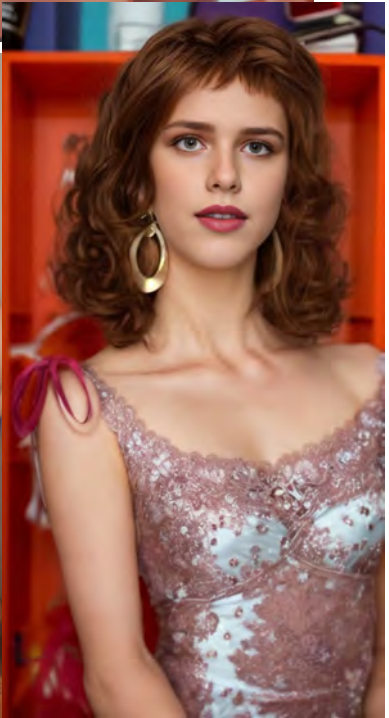
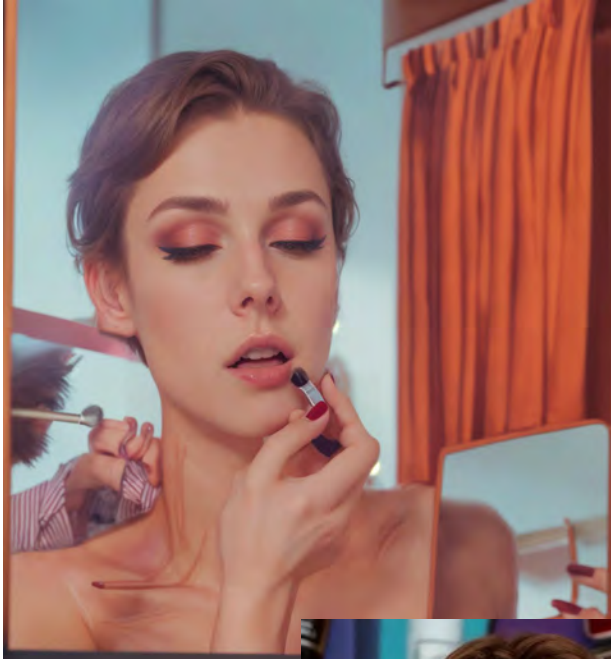
Sitting at the vanity, I consulted the makeup books I had bought in preparation for the picnic. I plucked a few stray hairs from each brow, and with a damp finger, I stroked color onto my lids, covering the top half and under each brow with a frost gray shadow. A soft sponge removed harsh break lines and smoothed the colors together. The base of my lashes was coated with black liner. Black mascara and an eyelash curler made my lashes appear long and thick. I slowly outlined my lips with a dark red lipstick pencil before filling in with the same color, matching them to my false nails.

Slipping breast forms into my bra cups, I kneaded my chest to push my flesh above the bra to create an illusion of breasts with a hint of cleavage. I slowly stepped into my long evening gown and pulled it to my bodice. After a struggle, I finally closed the back zipper. As I placed my wig on my head, I wondered why Bob wanted me to let my hair grow and get my ears pierced. Looking in my mirror, I resolved that this was the last time I'd dress as a woman for Bob, money or no money!

Sliding my nylon encased feet into shiny three inch pumps, I muttered, "I'd sure hate for Ted to see me like this!" Light twinkled from the sequins of my golden dress as it hugged my body to my waist before flaring over my hips and flowing to within inches of the floor, barely exposing my pumps.

With clutch purse in hand, I answered the door to an astonished Bob who stammered a greeting as I took his elbow. The party was very elegant, and I knew I made a good impression when Mr. Nero gallantly took my hand and gave it a kiss. "Winnie, I'd like you to meet Karen, Bob's fiancée and former wife," he introduced me to his wife.

Winnie scanned me from head to toe while saying, "Nice to meet you, Karen. Come, let me introduce you to the other girls." Smiling, she took me by the arm and led me towards a cluster of women. I thought she eyed me suspiciously, and



*You can ask me. . .it's not easy for a guy  
to look good as a woman.  
Just don't ask me why!*

I wondered if she suspected I was a man?

I quickly learned that these women were schemers like their husbands. Their conversation was polite and innocent on the surface, but each was searching for information to help advance her husband's career. They would have a field day if they suspected the charade Bob and I were playing. He would surely be fired on the spot, and Mary would probably divorce me to boot!

"I understand you have a daughter," one woman stated.

"Yes, Barbie is attending private school," I answered.

"Isn't that unusual for a young girl?" another asked.

"Fifteen year old girls relish their independence, but we miss her so. If Bob and I reconcile, we'll probably keep her with us after the Fall semester," I lied. Bob felt his promotion would be resolved by December, and I could disappear without having to produce a daughter.

Bob rescued me from these women by asking me to dance. I was flabbergasted at his request, yet anxious to leave these scheming women. "B. . . Bob, I've never danced with a guy. I don't know how."

"I suggest you start with me. I'm more understanding than the others giving you the eye," he smiled and pointed out two guys. I knew that stare, I'd used it myself. I quickly accepted Bob's invite even though I was deathly afraid of making a fool of myself.

"Just stand and sway to the music," Bob whispered in my ear as he led me to the dance floor. I felt strange as he gathered me in his arms, but I didn't have to do any fancy footwork.

Bob was overjoyed with the impression I made with Mr. and Mrs. Nero, and I actually enjoyed the evening. I did make one grievous error though. I accepted an invitation for a long weekend at the Nero's cabin with a few other couples.

Arriving home, I sneaked through the front door and silently tiptoed toward my bedroom. I almost made it when the hallway light suddenly came on to reveal Ted standing at his bedroom door. "DAD?" he shouted, seeing my dress. "Is that you?"

"Uh. . .uh," I muttered as I stood holding my slippers in my left hand and my wig in my right.

"WHAT'S GOING ON!?" he shouted, almost in shock at finding me dressed as a woman.

I was completely humiliated and turned white with shock. "Uhhh," I continued to stammer. "Let me change,



*"I'll die if I'm recognized as a man," I thought  
as I extended my hand to Mr. Nero.  
I wanted to run!*

and I'll explain everything." I quickly opened my bedroom door and slipped inside.

An hour later, I emerged from the bedroom dressed in my robe and pajamas. All traces of femininity were gone. He and I sat on the living room sofa as I explained my situation.

Ted couldn't believe his ears. "You...you went to a party with this Bob Reynolds and pretended to be his ex-wife! How could you? Are you some kind of pervert?"

"No! My involvement is strictly for money. Without a job, I need all the money I can get, and Bob needed a fiancée. We struck a deal. That's it!"

Ted wasn't buying it. "Good grief, Dad!" he shouted. "No self respecting man would be caught dead in a dress! There is something queer going on. I don't buy that money crap!"

"Son, it's the truth!"

He wouldn't accept my explanation. He had heard of perverts who wore women's clothes, but he never suspected his dad was one of them. He wouldn't believe me even when I showed him the money. In his mind, no real man would wear women's clothes at any price.

After talking and shouting for over an hour, Ted finally calmed down enough to say, "Well if it's over, I won't say anything to Mom. But if you do it again, I'll tell her the whole story!"

"Uh...well...I did agree to go with Bob one more time," I stammered, clearly on the defensive.

"WHAT? You've got to be kidding! If you go, Mom will hear of this perversity! This has to stop! What will my friends think if they learn my Dad wears dresses? I'm serious Dad, if you go on another date in a dress with this guy, I'll tell Mom!" Ted shouted as he stormed to his bedroom and slammed the door.

The next morning, Ted left before I got up. I told Bob the bloody details of my encounter with Ted and said, "I'll have to beg off the weekend trip. I've just retired as your ex-wife. I won't miss dressing before your associates, but the money was good."

"Let me talk with Ted, man to man," Bob suggested. "Maybe he'll listen to me." Was he insinuating that I wasn't a man because I occasionally wore dresses?

I chose to ignore his comment and said, "I doubt it. He's really phobic about the whole idea, as if catching me in a dress belittles his manhood."



*“Dad?” Ted gasped. I panicked at being exposed to my son while wearing woman’s clothes. “Oh, my! He will never believe I’m doing this as a job!”*

"Let me try. We have a little time before the trip. Maybe I can change his mind. I have a way with boys," Bob suggested.

"He's not exactly a boy. He's 20 years old and recently released from the military. The sudden release and his small stature make him defensive about his manhood. If I wear woman's clothes again, he'll tell Mary all about it."

"Hum. . . I definitely have to discuss this with him," Bob muttered under his breath. "Will he be home around six tonight?"

"Yes, but he'll just snub you."

"Expect me about seven, but don't tell him I'm coming. He might cut and run."

*Bob tells parts of the story not known to Bill.*

I rang the doorbell promptly at 7 PM. Bill answered it and introduced me to Ted. Ted stared at Bill with contempt. "We don't have anything to talk about," he spat at me and turned away.

"Oh, but we do," I contradicted. "I'm here to explain why your father occasionally wears women's clothes to help me. I think you should listen. I understand your reluctance to be open in front of your father. Why don't the two of us sit together and have a man to man talk?"

Reluctantly, Ted agreed and we retired to the family room. "First of all, this masquerade was my suggestion," I explained. "Your father was adamantly against it until I made it worth his while by offering him a substantial sum of money."

"Yeah. . . yeah," Ted grumbled.

"I'm in a real pickle at work. I occasionally need a feminine escort and your father meets the requirements exactly. You have to admit he makes a stunning woman. Your father is terribly upset about your threat to tell your mother. Tell me about yourself, your goals, your wants, your needs. Maybe we can work something out."

"Well okay," he mumbled. "I want a new stereo like the ones we sell at the store, but I can't afford one even with my employee discount. Beyond that, I've been working out to build up my body because I don't want to be a wimp like Dad. I work hard, but as you can see, progress is slow. I could really put on some muscles if I could only afford steroids like some of the guys take."

The little punk was trying to blackmail me! Well, I'll fix him! I had his number. From now on, we'd see who manipulated whom. Swallowing my anger, I smiled and said,

"I could help with both counts, but you would have to keep your mouth shut about my arrangement with your father."

"You'd buy me that stereo and the steroids?"

"Yes, on the condition that you not say anything about your dad dressing in women's clothes."

"You've got a deal!" he exclaimed, jumping up to shake my hand. "I guess dressing in women's clothes is harmless enough. I'll keep quiet for this one time. You have my word."

*Bill continues his story. . .*

The next evening, Ted was in his room listening to his new stereo at full blast when Bob arrived. When I called him down, he grabbed a bottle of pills from Bob and rushed back to his room.

"What was that?" I asked.

"He wanted some steroids to help build his body."

"You bought him steroids?"

"They're not steroids."

"A placebo?"

"Something like that."

Bob and I didn't talk again for almost a week. During that time, I kept a low profile at home. Ted's animosity gradually abated, and by the end of the week, he actually apologized for his rude behavior. I was flabbergasted by his sudden reversal in behavior.

When I told Bob my observations, he replied, "I'm sure he will be reasonable in the future. Since he's changed his attitude, are you practicing for our weekend at Jack's cabin?"

"Wh. . .why no!" I stammered.

"The offer remains open, and the price is still fifteen hundred dollars. Come on, I really need you."

"I. . .I don't know Bob,"

"Okay, okay! I'll make it three thousand dollars, but that's my last offer."

"Three thousand dollars? For one weekend?" I stammered.

"Yes, but you have to look good and pass the entire time, and it's only ten days away."

To ease my nerves, I practiced at Bob's house. Ted knew why I was gone so often, but he had his stereo and his workouts at the gym. Bob let me use his spare bedroom, so I took my small female wardrobe with some of Mary's things to his house. Bob even suggested I buy additional clothing

for the trip.

When I returned home after practice one night, Ted said he had quit his job. For the first time in days, he complained about my decadent impersonation. I gave him a few dollars from the advance from Bob, but I knew it wouldn't last. Mary called occasionally, but she always found a reason for not sending money home. The overstated reason was that Ted and I were men and should be capable of supporting ourselves.

Bob hosted a small dinner party two days before the cabin weekend, and I agreed to move into his house for a few days to give the appearance of a normal couple living together. During that time, he expected me dress as a woman full time, and at his suggestion, I went shopping for some needed essentials.

"You really bought a pile of clothes for a weekend trip," he commented on my return.

"You gave me a charge card. What do you expect a woman to do when given carte blanc to shop?"

"You spent \$100 for earrings! You could have had your ears pierced for free and worn Mary's earrings," he protested.

"Quit complaining! If I did that, I'd have permanent holes in my ears."

"What's wrong with that?"

"I won't need earrings, let alone pierced ears after this weekend," I stated, becoming a bit irritated by his attitude.

After he left my bedroom, I sat at the vanity to freshen my makeup. Halfway through my second brow, I stopped and stared at my long false nails. As I observed the light glistening from the orange-red color, I moaned, "I wish I didn't have to do this! Dressing as a woman all the time is a real pain in the ass!"

I removed my wig and fluffed out my growing hair. I hadn't had a haircut in over four months, and my hair had grown long enough so I didn't look ridiculous around the house without a wig. Removing the large door knocker earrings and the dainty gold watch I'd worn shopping, I mused, "Women are slaves to fashion!"

I saw an attractive woman staring back at me from the mirror and a cold shiver coursed down my spine. I cursed, "Damn! If Mary would send some money, I wouldn't be in this costume or this mess." I fluffed out my hair and sighed, "If I let my fingernails grow, I wouldn't have to attach these false nails."

I walked into the kitchen and found Bob sipping on a beer. "You look great!" he observed.

"It's about time you noticed!" I stated emphatically. "It takes a lot of time and work to look like a woman. My earlobes hurt like hell, but I don't want to hear another word about getting my ears pierced! Not only that, these false nails are a pain in the ass!"

"You wouldn't have to use them if you let your nails grow," Bob commented as he fixed us a drink.

"I wouldn't have to wear them if I didn't dress as a woman and impersonate your ex-wife either," I dryly commented.

"Neither would you have the money," he laughed.

"Ted gets most of the money," I moaned. "I don't see much of it."

"That leach! Is he still giving you problems about going on this trip?"

"Yes!" I answered emphatically. "Life is really hell around him, but it's unbearable when I don't have money to give him."

"Has he been taking the pills I gave him?"

"Yeah. In fact, he's been taking twice the recommended dosage."

"I'll get him another supply. Any results yet?"

"He seems to be getting slighter, not bulkier."

"That's to be expected with the pills I gave him. Don't worry, they won't do him any harm, but after a while, they should keep him off your back."

All I was expected to do at Bob's dinner party was carry on pleasant conversation and look 'pretty'. When the doorbell rang to announce the arrival of the guests, I heard Bob greet Jack and Winnie at the door.

"It's so nice to see you again, Karen," Winnie gave me a small hug.

I returned her embrace, but felt strange greeting a woman in this manner. I didn't know if I was uncomfortable with the overt show of intimacy, or because of the pressure of my falsies against my chest and the clasp the earrings on my lobes. "I love your outfit," I complimented her.

"I love yours too," she returned.

The other guests arrived, and after an hour of cocktails, we sat down to dinner. I arranged it so everyone sat with a man next to a woman, which seemed to work out quite well. Of course, I sat next to Bob with Jack on my other side.

Halfway through the meal, one of my nails suddenly

flipped onto the table. As subtly as possible, I retrieved it with my napkin. I felt sure most of the guests didn't noticed my missing nail.

After the meal, while rising with the other guests, I lost my balance on my thin high heels. Luckily, Bob caught me before I made a complete fool of myself. I would have sprawled all over the floor without his steadying hand. Hurrying to my room, I reattached my false nail and returned to our guests as if nothing was wrong, nothing other than an adrenaline attack. My heart was racing, but on the outside I remained calm.

Everything went well until just before the party ended. I was tired from shopping, and the little mistakes I'd made all evening were adding up. I was a little drunk too.

"Are you going to re-marry Bob?" Winnie asked.

I nearly spilled my drink. "Uh. . . I don't know," I replied, not knowing where to go with such a direct question.

"Why not?" she pressed.

"Don't get me wrong. Bob is a wonderful guy, but we didn't make it the first time," I explained. "You know what they say, 'Once bitten, twice shy'. Besides, I have to think of my daughter. I think we should give it more time before thinking of marriage again."

Bob overheard our conversation and started to panic. Winnie was fishing. What if my answer destroyed his chances for promotion? He had made great progress over the past few weeks. Was it all lost? Winnie asked when we would take the next step, and we both knew the promotion wouldn't be forthcoming just because Bob occasionally dated his ex-wife.

That night, both Bob and I tossed and turned in our beds, but for different reasons. He was concerned about insuring my continued cooperation, and I was looking for a way to end it. I realized that Bob's promotion was tied to my continued impersonation of Karen. If I stopped, the promotion was history!

*Bob again.*

The day after the dinner party, I checked my 'Under Control, Inc.' (U.C.I.) catalog. U.C.I. is a company that produces products that cause feminine changes in males. This was my source for the 'steroids' I purchased for Ted, and where I would get a few things for Bill, or Karen, as I liked to think of him.

*Back to Bill*

Bob found me busily dusting his family room while wearing a pink romper suit and white tennis shoes. He was impressed at how feminine I was becoming, and he now referred to me as 'Karen' at all times. "Your waist looks smaller," he observed.

"I'm wearing a girdle to make my pants fit better," I replied before asking what was in the package he was carrying.

In answer to my question, Bob withdrew a garment that looked like a flesh colored jock strap. "You won't have to wear a girdle to hide your privates if you wear this 'DIVERT'," Bob replied in an effort to entice me to wear the garment.

Noticing that the garment was packaged with a cream called 'Barely There', I queried, "Will this stuff shrink my privates until they are barely there?"

"Nah," Bob laughed. "It just desensitizes your privates to make the 'DIVERT' easier to get into. With the 'DIVERT' on, your privates appear to be barely there."

The next item was a set of breast pads called 'Budding Breasts' which had very realistic large brown feminine nipples. "These are lighter than the ones I'm presently using," I observed while fingering the pads. "What's the depression in the back for?"

"The literature says they're designed to pocket and protect your nipples," Bob read.

"Soprano Speak?" I asked, picking up a pink and yellow spray bottle.

"It temporarily shrinks your vocal cords to give your voice a higher, more feminine pitch," Bob read.

"Good, it's only temporary," I said, giving my vocal chords a short spray. I returned the bottle to its container and carried the items to my bedroom. I applied a generous amount of 'Barely There' to my vitals. Like it said on the label, it produced a soothing, tingling sensation. I struggled to pull the 'DIVERT' into place after pushing my privates between my legs. Despite the discomfort, it created an impressive flat front.

After slipping the breast pads into my bra, I re-adjusted the straps and immediately noticed that my chest looked more realistic. I liked these new breast pads.

I wondered how I was to trim my waist without a girdle until I found a flesh toned corset of ingenious design in the package. Slipping it around my waist and tugging both ends together, the Velcro straps molded my stomach and waist to 28". All my clothes fit perfectly now!

"I'm so glad you came," Winnie greeted Bob and I at the cabin as we gave each other a friendly peck on the cheek. "You and Karen have the Adam's bedroom. I'll take her to greet the others while you take the luggage up, Bob."

I forced myself to greet the other five wives with hugs and pecks on the cheeks. They were gossiping about one thing or another and I only offered vague comments whenever asked a direct question.

Bob seemed embarrassed as he led me to 'our' bedroom. "Karen, this was not my idea."

When he opened the bedroom door to reveal a solitary double bed, I quipped, "We've got a problem. I can't sleep with you."

"But where?" Bob stammered. "I can't ask for another room. We have to act like we're getting back together."

"That's your problem. I didn't agree to sleep in the same bed with you," I emphatically stated as I unpacked my clothing.

"Okay, okay. I'll sleep on the floor!"

After taking a shower, I rubbed my ears and moaned, "My earlobes really hurt!"

"You could get your ears pierced," Bob smiled. "Twice would be even nicer." I only glared at him.

Later that night, I felt Bob crawl into the bed and I demanded, "What are you doing?"

"Trying to get some sleep," he mumbled.

"Out!" I demanded, pushing him away. Grudgingly, he returned to the floor.

Neither of us got a good night's sleep. Bob because of the floor and me because of my wig and the foam pads in my sleeping bra. I complained about the wig and Bob offered, "Let your hair grow."

"I could return to being Bill Lamb too," I snapped. We glared at each other, but finally agreed to a truce.

"Karen, is something wrong with your voice? Have you a cold or something?" Winnie asked at the breakfast table.

I turned a slight shade of red under my light makeup. "It must be the cool morning air," I whispered. Excusing myself, I returned to our room to retrieve my bottle of Soprano Speak. After taking a heavy dose, my voice soon acquired a higher timbre.

The men decided to play golf while the wives shopped. I yearned to be with the guys, but I was doomed to shop with the women!

"Karen dear, I noticed that your ears aren't pierced,"

Winnie commented as we examined earrings at a small boutique.

"All of us have at least double pierced ears," another commented.

I felt conspicuous as they all looked my way. "Maybe another time," I smiled.

That evening, Bob moaned about sleeping on the floor again, "Karen, can't I please sleep in the bed with you? The floor is so hard and uncomfortable."

I relented and allowed him to share the bed. As promised, he was a perfect gentleman and kept on his side. After a restful sleep, I rubbed my head where the tight elastic wig band pressed and wished my hair was longer. I mentioned it to Bob as he left for another day with the guys.

After showering, I dusted my body with Shalimar and liberally coated my organ with 'Barely There' cream before donning the tight 'DIVERT'. A yellow tank top and white walking shorts covered my nylon panties, bra, and camisole as I slipped the hated wig onto my head and combed it out. My makeup consisted of brown eyeshadow, light mascara, pink blush, and lipstick.

During a breakfast of fresh fruit and toast with the women, Winnie asked, "How is Bob in bed?"

"Ahhh. . .okay," I stammered, not knowing how to answer. Winnie was perplexed by my evasive answer.

"This damn bra," I complained to Bob on the way home that evening. "My breast pads keep moving around on me!"

"Did anyone notice you having problems?" Bob asked in a worried tone.

"I don't think so. I tried to be very discrete."

"Maybe you'll get use to the straps before long," Bob stated.

"Why should I? This was my last time as Karen."

Bob got a wild look. "It can't be! My ex-wife can't just disappear after such a successful weekend. I'll keep your appearances to a minimum, but you've just got to continue until my promotion comes through. We've gone too far to stop now!"

I was about to tell him never again when he quickly changed the subject. Unfortunately, I was easily redirected.

When we got back to his house, I put my feminine clothes in the closet and slipped into my male garments for the first time in a week. Saying farewell to Bob, I drove home. In the interim, I agreed to continue my impersonation and he agreed to pay more money.

## Chapter 4

A couple of days later, Bob brought me another package from U.C.I., saying, "These will help with the problems you encountered last weekend."

I halfheartedly accepted the package. If I was to continue this charade, I needed all the help I could get. When Bob left, I opened the package and studied the various products inside. They included a hair conditioner that promised to accelerate hair growth, a depilatory to remove 'unsightly' body hair, and some kind of multiple vitamin.

I soon realized that the 'Hair Be-gone' was very effective at removing body hair on my chest, belly, arms, and legs. Furthermore, it didn't grow back! I was upset, but assumed I could use the other product called 'Luxurious Locks' to promote re-growth once I stopped dressing as a woman.

Another U.C.I. product called 'soft Skin Bath Beads' helped soothe the harshness from the hair removal. 'Luxurious Locks' also worked great as I saw an increased rate of hair growth in less than a week. Being paranoid about going bald, anything that promoted hair growth was on my 'best 10 list'.

I didn't realize at the time, but the 'vitamins' were Bob's solution to my 'slipping bra' problem. They were, in fact, extra strength female hormones designed to stimulate breast growth. He rationalized that my bra slipped because it was designed to hold real breasts, and if I developed breasts of my own, the problem would disappear. Once he secured his promotion, he planned to stop the 'vitamins', and I'd return to normal.

The cause being unknown to me, the 'vitamins' not only stimulated breast growth, they softened my skin and deposited a thin layer of fat under my skin to give me a smooth, rounded, feminine shape. They also reduced the mass and hardness of my muscles and decreased the size of my waist. U.C.I. offered a range of dosages, and Bob chose the full dose to achieve immediate results. He reasoned the dosage was temporary, so why not go for the gusto?

My hair was growing fast, and it hung over my forehead and down my neck. Some strands actually touched my shoulders. I had lost a lot of weight, and the combination of longer hair, softer skin, and weight loss made me look more than a little effeminate. I stopped going to the Queen Anne because the 'girls' would instantly recognize the changes in my body and know something fishy was going on.

One day about a month after the cabin weekend, Ted was particularly obnoxious. His attitude was so bad that I decided I would no longer impersonate Bob's ex-wife, and Ted would have to find another source of money.

I suggested that Bob inform the Nero's that he and Karen had given up on their reconciliation and she had gone to be with her daughter. I explained that Ted was a real pain. He was happy to take the money I made, but wouldn't let me forget how I earned it.

"Please reconsider," Bob pleaded. "Quitting now would be a disaster to my career. The Nero's know you, so I can't get a substitute. My only chance for a promotion is if they believe you and I will re-marry." I finally agreed to continue, but only if he would do something about Ted. Without hesitation, he promised to get Ted off my back.

Bob again.

The following day, I went to have a 'man to man' talk with Ted, but he wasn't in a listening mood. He told me outright that he thought what his dad and I were doing was perverted.

Nonetheless, I persisted, "There is nothing going on between your father and myself. This is, and has always been, a business arrangement, pure and simple. It has also been rather lucrative for you, from what I hear."

"What did dad tell you?" he asked.

"That you quit your job and you're having a good time on the money he earns. You must realize, if he stops, the money stops. If neither of you is working, you will soon be financially hurting. I hear you don't get much help from your mother."

"At least she's making her money the old fashioned way!"

"That's not doing you much good, but let's not argue. Tell you what. I'll keep the times your dad dresses as my fiancée to a minimum if you promise to stay off his back."

"What's in it for me?" he asked greedily.

"I'll sweeten the pot by supplying something you dearly want."

"What's that?"

"Fifty dollars a week pocket money and steroid shots. They're much more effective than the pills. I understand the pills were a disappointment, but the shots are guaranteed to work."

"Really? I can use the money, and I sure hope those shots work because the pills seem to be having the opposite

effect from what I expected. I'm getting thinner and. . .," he trailed off.

"Just don't expect results overnight. The shots are good, but it will take time to see real results. On the other hand, if you continue to harass your dad, the supply will dry up immediately."

"Okay! I'll do it!" Ted gleefully announced taking the first needle of instant manhood from my outstretched hand.

*Back to Bill,*

I no longer had an excuse to not impersonate Karen whenever Bob wished. He paid premium dollar for my services, and that deadened any spark of concern I may have retained. He planned for me to wear feminine clothes on most weekends because of new work responsibilities that required him to be more social. Karen had to be his date on those occasions to maintain an image of stability. The company wanted stable men, and I was Bob's show of stability.

If I was to impersonate Karen on a regular basis, I decided to make sure that I was not discovered. I started to exercise to women's aerobics tapes, and I dieted in an effort to bring my waist down to twenty four inches. With my continued electrolysis, I seldom had to shave because the re-growth was less with each passing week. I liked not shaving before getting into my Karen garb.

Changes in my skin and muscle tone were gradual and thus not of immediate concern, but I was definitely worried about my chest. Two small cones were forming beneath extremely sensitive nipples that had grown to the size of half dollars with dark brown caps on top.

Being naive, I assumed the changes were caused by irritation from wearing bras and breast pads so often. At any rate, my nipples and the lumps beneath were growing faster now that I was dressing as Karen more often. I suggested that we give it a rest, but Bob vetoed my idea stating that the upcoming holiday season was filled with parties and company functions we were expected to attend as a couple.

My enlarged nipples weren't the only thing bothering me, the rest of my body seemed to be changing as well. My rear and narrow hips took on feminine plumpness, and my entire body grew softer. My cotton briefs felt rough and uncomfortable, so I started wearing panties and a camisole even when I wore pants, which was becoming less often. When I became nervous, Bob gave me musical and instruc-

tional audio tapes to calm my nerves. After listening to them on a regular basis, I could do my makeup and make clothing selections easily. I also began to feel at ease wearing feminine clothes and makeup on a regular basis.

One morning, Bob called to say some of the wives were asking about me. "They haven't seen you for a couple of weeks, and they want you to join them on a shopping trip."

I declined, but Bob insisted, "If you don't go, they'll think you're a snob. Come on, be a sport! They'll pick you up at my house around noon since they think we live together." For some reason, I was having an extremely difficulty saying 'no' to Bob lately.

The next morning, I drove to Bob's house to prepare for my foray with the wives. I was really nervous, but glad to get out of my house. As I soaked in a bathtub filled with soothing bubble bath to soften my skin and listened to the music from one of the cassettes, I moaned, "Why do I continue with this charade? What if I get caught? Oh well, the money is good, the clothes are nice, and wearing makeup isn't all that bad."

Where did such thoughts come from? They only occurred when I listened to Bob's tapes. I cupped my 'breasts' in my hands and a warm glow flowed through my body. Reaching into the warm water, I stroked my manhood, but I became embarrassed and quickly stopped. Why was I embarrassed? I had fondled myself many times during to my teen years without giving it a second thought. I did notice that my manhood seemed smaller, I was sure I was better endowed! "I must be mistaken. I guess the 'DIVERT' makes everything appear smaller." I decided.

After drying off with a fluffy towel, I dusted my body with fragrant powder, coated my genitals with Barely There cream, and slipped into my concealing 'DIVERT'.

As I pulled a pair of silky white panties over my smooth legs and expanding hips, a shiver ran down my spine. Sliding my arms into the straps of a matching bra. I easily reached behind my back and fastened the tiny clasps. I inserted my 'Budding Breast' pads into each cup, and the soft foam inner layer felt nice against my nipples.

I rolled sheer nylons up my legs, pulled them taut, and ran my hands up my legs to remove wrinkles. I smiled at the image my sexy legs made in the mirror. I slipped my thinning arms into a fluffy white blouse with lots of ruffles and closed the faux pearl buttons trimmed in braided gold. I stepped into a light, airy, skirt that floated about my hips

and legs to end two inches above my knees.

As I sat at my vanity outlining my lips with a red lipstick pencil, I stopped and stared at myself. Running my fingers through my growing hair, I wondered how I would look with really long hair and how I would wear it. Quickly, I dismissed these strange thoughts and continued my preparations. I filled in my lips and used a tissue to blot off excess color, finishing by adding a tad of red blush to my cheekbones.

While fastening large pearl button earrings trimmed with gold to my ears, I wondered, "Why haven't I pierced my ears like Bob suggested?" Where did that thought come from? I fastened a dainty gold watch to my left wrist and slid several large bracelets to my right. With my tiny feminine rings, my 'look' was perfect! After slipping my nylon clad feet into a pair of black pumps with three inch heels, I grabbed a black purse and left the bedroom with a gentle sway to my hips.

I was picked up by one of the wives who greeted me, "That's a lovely outfit, Karen."

"Thank you," I replied. "Your earrings are gorgeous! Where did you get them?"

"Thank you," she responded with a blush. "I got them as a surprise present from my hubby last weekend."

We arrived at the Nero house, and Winnie pronounced our shopping trip officially started. At the mall, I casually looked at this and that, but didn't find anything I liked, so I suggested, "Let's go somewhere else."

"Why? We haven't looked at those racks yet," Winnie stated. "Karen, you shop like my husband."

Hearing her words, I got a sickly feeling in the pit of my stomach. Knowing I had to be careful, I wandered to another rack without making a comment, and the subject was soon forgotten. When we entered the lingerie section, one wife gushed, "I like Bali bras. They have such lovely lace trim."

"I prefer Maidenform," Winnie stated. "I need the support of under wiring. How about you, Karen?"

I was fingering the soft cups of a lovely bra when she asked my choice. I panicked because I knew very little about bras, certainly not enough to answer her question. "Uh. . .I like this type," I stammered thrusting out the sheer bra I was fingering.

"I would have thought you would wear a support bra," one wife giggled. "Those sheer styles are for young girls and



*Strange thoughts kept racing through my mind.  
“Why do I want pierced ears?  
Why do I want to let my hair grow long?”*

they don't hide your nipples."

The three women were staring at me, and I felt beads of sweat start at the edge of my wig. Glancing at the bra in my hands, I giggled, "Bob likes me to wear this style."

As the others looked to Winnie for approval, she grinned and gushed, "I suspected you came back to Bob because he's a good lover. Is he kinky by any chance?"

"No," I blushed, thinking quickly. "He just admires a woman's body and likes a bit of sensuality for excitement in the beginning. He's really very sweet and caring."

Winnie stared for a moment with a blank expression before gushing, "Ooooo! I sensed he was a good lover. Take my advice and wear whatever it takes to keep him excited!"

I sighed with relief as the others giggled like school girls. Luck was with me. I had said what Winnie wanted to hear, and that was bound to help Bob's career.

I went to the checkout counter to pay for it. "Aren't you going to try it on?" the sales lady asked.

I froze and looked at Winnie. Apprehension filled my body as I replied, "It's my usual brand and style."

"It's up to you," Winnie said with a smile. "Whatever it takes to keep your grip on Bob." I emitted a silent sigh of relief.

When she saw me paying with cash, she asked, "Don't you have a credit card?"

Panic returned! "I guess not. . . I left them in my other purse," I stammered, knowing I had to get a credit card before going shopping with these woman again.

I was constantly on my toes the rest of the day. There were a million ways to trip up, but I was lucky. Still, I nearly panicked every time I entered a changing booth. When I finally got home, I emitted long, long sigh of relief. I had survived one of the most grueling ordeals of my life!

The next day, I found a bookstore with books on fashion and women's clothes. The women were puzzled by my apparent ignorance of women's clothes, and I didn't want it to sprout into suspicion. I purchased one book, a dated book on lingerie, looking like a 20's lingerie fetish magazine. Thankfully, the clerk gave no indication she recognized me as a guy. She even directed me to the local college bookstore for a more updated selection. I found my other book there.

After changing into my male clothes at Bob's house, I returned home with my purchases. I still wore my panties and camisole, although my outward appearance was masculine.

Ted was home when I arrived, and he asked what I was carrying. I knew I couldn't hide the books from him, so I handed him the dated book on feminine lingerie without comment. I certainly didn't tell him I planned to learn more about women's clothes. He scanned the scantily clad women with interest and asked, "Say, can I borrow this? Some of these babes are really cute!" What else was I to do, but agree?

## Chapter 5

As time passed, I noticed dramatic changes in my appearance from when I started dressing as a woman for Bob. The changes made me self conscious, so I stopped going outside as Bill except when absolutely necessary. Yet, staying inside all the time bored me to tears. I looked forward to my outings with Bob, even if I did have to dress as a woman.

My hair grew long enough to be set in a feminine style, so I studied various styles I could use without actually having to go to a beauty shop. I would carefully brush my teased hair and wonder if I should get a professional cut.

Occasionally, while clipping large gold hoops to my ears, I would contemplate getting my ears pierced so I could wear Mary's earrings. Later in the week, I related to Bob my recent compulsion to have my ears pierced. He had asked me to go to dinner with him. I was so tired of staying home all the time, I agreed, even if it wasn't a company function.

"You ought to do it before the company dance," he encouraged.

"I'll think on it," I sighed.

"Twice would be better,"

"Twice?" I questioned.

"Two holes in each ear instead of one, silly" he laughed.

"Bob!" I giggled, touching his broad shoulder with my head. "Maybe I'll do it some day, but not yet."

We walked onto the dance floor like any other couple, and no one suspected that we were both guys. I clung to Bob's arm, and my pink dress swayed gently about my nylon covered knees.

When we returned home, Bob asked me to attend the company Halloween costume party with him. "I'm sorry, but I promised to take Ted to the game that night. I'm trying to patch up our frayed relationship with a father/son outing." I answered.

"Karen, I've made the plans!" Bob panicked. "It's the annual company party, and everyone will be there. I have



*"Bob likes me in sexy lingerie," I stammered, desperately trying to extract myself from their intense scrutiny.*

to go with Karen or my promotion is history!"

"Sorry, but I promised Ted, and I can't back out now," I adamantly refused.

After a long thoughtful pause, Bob pleaded, "Okay, I'll invite Ted to go with us. Come on, what do you say?"

"WHAT?" I cried. "This is to be a father/son event, and you're suggesting that Ted accompany us to the party with me dressed as Karen? Oh, no! You know he hates it when I dress."

"Would you reconsider if I got him to attend the party dressed as a girl?"

"Ted. . .dressed as a girl?" I gasped. "He would never do it! He thinks I'm a pervert for dressing as a woman for money. He would never dress in girl's clothes for free."

"What if he does go? You could still bond, only it would be more of a mother/daughter affair," Bob laughed. "Think of the sweet revenge for all the grief he's caused you. Isn't that intriguing?"

"Uh. . .well. . .yes, the idea does have appeal, but it's silly," I sighed. "Ted would never agree."

"Will you go with me if he agrees?" Bob pressed.

"Sure, but don't hold your breath," I confidently replied.

*Bob again.*

The next day, I went to talk with Ted. He agreed to meet with me only when I assured him our chat would be worth his while. "What's so important, Mr. Reynolds?" he sarcastically asked after he and I were seated in his room.

"I've asked your father to attend a Halloween party and. . ."

"Dad is going decked out in frilly woman's clothes, right?" Ted interrupted.

"Actually, he turned me down, saying the two of you were going to a father/son outing. But he did agree to go if you came with us."

"You want me to attend your Halloween party while Dad is dressed as a woman?" he laughed. "Not a chance!"

"That's what I'm suggesting, but you would have to dress as a girl as well."

"WHAT? You want me to go to this party while dressed as a woman?" he yelled. "How in hell did you come up with that goofy idea. I'm not a pervert like some people I know!"

"That's not very nice," I scolded, "but let's stick to the subject. I'll pay you a thousand dollars if you go to the party dressed as a girl. How about it?"

"A thousand dollars to dress as a woman for one eve-

ning?" he gasped, dollar signs dancing in his eyes.

"To dress as a girl, not as a woman," I corrected. "I'll pay you another five hundred if you survive the entire evening without being recognized as a guy," I offered, setting the knife.

"Girl? . . . Woman? . . . What's the difference? For fifteen hundred dollars, I'd walk on hot coals!" Ted laughed.

"No need for that. All you have to do is dress as a girl for one evening and not be recognized as a guy."

"I don't know anything about girl's clothes or acting like a girl," he objected.

"Yes, but your father does. I'm sure he would teach you. It could be a bonding exercise right here in your own home."

"You. . . you mean have Dad teach me how to dress and act like a girl?"

"If you want the money, yes."

"Let me think about it," he hedged.

"Not too long. The party is in two weeks. It's not easy to pass as a girl, so you'll need all the time you can get," I stood up to leave.

"Only for the one night, right?"

"Yeah."

"The clothes? I don't own any woman's clothes."

"I'll buy party clothes for both you and your father."

"Oh, all right, I'll do it!" he agreed.

"Great! I'll get your costume as soon as Kar. . . Bill gives me your measurements. I suggest you use your father's lotions. You'll need smoother, softer skin if you want to survive the evening without being recognized as a guy."

*Bill again,*

I couldn't believe Ted had actually agreed to go to the party dressed as a girl! That meant I had to go too, although I really didn't want to. I was becoming queasy about the changes in my appearance. Ted was my excuse for taking a break, but now, I was committed to accompany Bob as Karen once again!

When Bob left, I started teaching Ted the little I knew about being a girl. I felt strange teaching my own son how to dress and act like a girl. He was not receptive to my instructions until I threatened to quit, then he immediately straightened out. Obviously money meant more to him than his image.

A week later, I drove 60 miles to pick up our costumes. I nearly fainted when I saw them, I was going as a flapper and Bob was a gangster. Despite my misgivings, I was his

flapper girl for the evening.

I gasped when Ted's costume was laid out for me; he would die when he saw it. I laughed at the thought of my macho son in that cute dress. I couldn't wait!

While carrying the costumes to the car, I saw a jewelry store and couldn't pass it by. I admired the selection in the earring display when I noticed a set of earrings that would go great with my Halloween dress. I was ready to buy them when I noticed they were for pierced ears. "Darn!" I swore. "Other than that, they're perfect!" I saw a sign that the shop gave free piercing with earring purchases and a strange hunger came over me.

I was dressed as a man, yet I shyly asked the salesgirl if she would pierce my ears if I bought the earrings. She gave me a strange look, but agreed to do it.

Ted was lying on the couch watching MTV when I got home. "What the hell did you do?" he sneered.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Long hair, and now this! You really are becoming a sissy pervert," he growled and returned to his TV.

"What are you talking about?" I asked, but he didn't answer.

As I hung the clothes in the closet, I glanced at the full length mirror. "OH. . .NO!" I gasped when I saw light reflect from the small gold balls in my ears. The balls were partially hidden by my hair, but were clearly visible. What had I done?

I didn't realize how feminine the keepers looked. I grasped one of the balls and searched for the clutch, but I stopped when I saw my long fingernails. They were not polished, but they were shaped in long, well manicured ovals. God, it was impossible to hide my blossoming femininity!

With a sigh of resignation, I brushed my hair back and returned to the living room. Ted was still watching TV and I reminded him there wasn't much time before the Halloween party.

He shrugged and muttered, "I changed my mind. I don't want to become a sissy wimp like you with pierced ears and long hair. When are you going to start wearing a bra and high heels all the time?"

I reacted by grasping my sweatshirt over my breasts, causing both nipples to tingle. Tears formed and I ran to my bedroom and cried my eyes out. Ted could be so cruel! I finally stopped, but I couldn't understand why I reacted so

pathetically to his mean spirited comment?

To calm my frayed nerves, I put on my stereo headset and listened to one of Bob's cassettes. The soft music drained away my worries, but I was shaken from my relaxed state when Ted entered my room and asked for money.

"What happened to the money I gave you yesterday?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

"Gone. I need some more!" he demanded.

"You've had your allowance for the week," I spat while returning to my music. How could he be so crass after the way he spoke to me? To my dismay, he continued to demand money, saying he was broke and his friends were waiting for him at the bar. "Get a job," I answered.

He sure had gall to demand money from me after his earlier comment. Adding to my anger, he was demanding money I earned doing the very thing that caused the ridicule. He finally left in a huff when I adamantly refused and returned to my music with a sense of satisfaction.

Half an hour later, Ted returned subdued, "I . . .uh . . .changed my mind. Will you show me how to walk in those heels?"

I secretly smiled. "First, you have to shave your legs," I insisted, exacting a modicum of revenge.

He stormed from my room stating that 'hell would freeze over' before he shaved his legs. I heard the front door slam as he left to join his friends.

The next morning, Ted was passed out on his bed. I noticed his wallet on the floor. Glancing inside, I found no money. He stumbled into the kitchen just after lunch and stared at me for a while before asking, "How much of my legs do I have to shave?"

"All the way to the bikini line," I grinned.

"Oh no!" he cried, but he left to perform the detested task. When he returned, I showed him how to slide knee length nylons up his smooth legs, then step into white, two inch pumps. His expression was worth all the verbal abuse he had dumped on me. Revenge was sweet!

I got an early start getting dressed for the party since I would spend considerable time helping Ted get dressed. He hadn't seen his costume, nor had he expressed an interest in doing so. Also, he had spent the minimum time necessary to learn how to comport himself as a girl.

I wrapped a long line, strapless bra about my chest after taking a soothing bath. My soft mounds rose above the molded "C" cups of the bra with help from the padding. After

performing some magic, I finally showed a little cleavage. In addition, my waist was compressed to twenty four inches, making my hips appear wider. I threaded my lace garters through the white waist band of my red satin bikini panties, attached them to my sheer nylons, and slipped into a mid-thigh length slip that matched my panties.

I inspected my face in Mary's vanity and examined the outline of my brows. I had tweezed them to get rid of scraggly hairs and they were thinner than I wanted, so I used a dark brown pencil to accent their thin arched shape. In an effort to look like a flapper, I used, red and pink eyeshadow, dark mascara, eyeliner, and glossy scarlet lipstick that matched my nails.

In case of a mishap, I decided to help Ted get ready before slipping into my dress. I found him sitting dejectedly on his bed. Knowing the answer, I asked, "You ready?"

A pained look crossed his face when he saw me looking like a woman in my slip, nylons, and makeup and he showed little enthusiasm for the task ahead. Even the money didn't make this medicine go down well. Obviously he hadn't seen his costume as he moaned, "Do I have to wear that makeup stuff too?"

"Not really," I replied, barely suppressing a giggle. "I think you should wear minimal makeup tonight." The twerp deserved everything that was about to happen to him!

"Okay, let's get it over with," he sighed.

"We'll start with your nails so they can dry while we finish your light makeup." He sulked while I filed his short nails and applied a pale pink polish. "Now, hold your hands to the side while we make those bushy eyebrows a bit neater."

"I don't want my hairs plucked!" he yelped.

"Be still or I may stick you in the eye with these tweezers," I cautioned. "Don't be a baby, everything will grow out again. Do you want to lose that five hundred dollar bonus because you have bushy eyebrows?" I asked, turning his greed against him.

"No, . . . I guess not."

That established, I returned to my task with a vengeance. He had shaved closely, so after tweezing his brows into virtual nonexistence, I attacked his face with makeup. His eyes were to be his most expressive symbols of femininity. After outlining them with dark eyeliner, I applied a heavy coat of black mascara to his lashes. A trace of blush and powder was followed by light pink lipstick that matched

his nails.

When I finished, I showed him how to put on pink nylon panties and a matching training bra. He was aghast at the dainty panties with rows of tiny white ruffles. No macho man would consider wearing such frilly garments. I smiled as he pulled them up his hairless legs. His whole body blushed pink to match his lingerie as he attached the last hook of his pink bra.

"WHAT?" he howled when he saw the pink satin slippers and short white ankle socks with frilly pink fringes. He visibly shook as he drew the dainty socks over his feet. He was surprised that the shiny pink slippers with one inch heels fit him perfectly.

He was docile as I sat him down and removed his wig from the box. After securing his hair with a wig cap, I carefully placed the wig over his head and fluffed it out until it hung about his head in a flurry of large Shirley Temple curls. I finished by tying a large pink bow to the back of his head.

I was afraid he was about to bolt, so I quickly retrieved his dress. "Ahhhgg. . .!" he moaned when he saw this epitome of preteen femininity. It was the type of frilly party dress every fastidious mother chooses for her twelve year old daughter for Easter. It was all pink except for a white fringe at the hem and around each sleeve.

Full, fluffy petticoats were necessary under such a prissy dress, so I helped him step into them before he fully came to his senses. After firmly attaching the petticoats to his waist, I carefully dropped the dress over his head. He shook his head as I zipped the back, firmly encasing him in his silken prison. Tears started as he looked down to see his skirt float about his waist like a cloud to end several inches above his knees.

"Dad. . .please! No money is worth this humiliation. Help me out of these clothes!" he gasped.

"Not on your life! I'm going to this party as Bob's wife because you agreed to this charade for money. As you can see, I'm almost dressed for the occasion and SO ARE YOU! We were supposed to have a father/son bonding, only now it's going to be a Mother/Daughter thing!"

I led my obnoxious son to the full sized mirror to see the finished product. "Oh NO! I can't go out in public looking like this!" he cried.

He was the image of a lovely preteen girl dressed in her frilly best for presentation to her mother's friends. The dress swished about his thighs, and his makeup made him



*Oh, my Gawd! I can't be seen dressed like this!"  
Ted cried. I had to admit, he was lovely,  
even if he was my son.*

appear to be the most innocent of young girls, the type of girl the costume was made for. He was lovely, even if he was my son!

I left him to commiserate while I finished dressing. Slipping into my silk lined, red sequined flapper dress, the soft material caressed my nylon encased skin. I carefully tied the spaghetti straps into tiny bows to cover the lace trim of my bra straps. I even went so far as to brush some brown eyeshadow between my breasts to make the cleavage appear deeper. This luxurious dress hugged my every curve to six inches above my knees where it ended in a flutter. The bedroom lights shimmered from the sequins as I walked across the room.

I slid my feet into shiny red, three inch pumps. The open toes showed my red toenails which matched my fingers and lips. My hair hung to just above my shoulders in a flapper flip. I slipped the silver posts of my new sparkling red rhinestone earrings into my lobes. This was the first time I'd worn pierced earrings in public. They felt strange, yet secure and comfortable, dangling from my ears.

When Bob arrived, I told him what happened with Ted. He let out a belly laugh and said, "Maybe that will teach the macho bastard to mind his own business!"

Bob placed a dazed Ted in the back seat, buckled him in, and told me to sit in the front with him. As I seated myself, I noticed Bob straighten Ted's skirt and place a pink clutch purse in his lap. Ted's face was so sweet, innocent and pretty as his head leaned against the back seat head rest.

After finishing with Ted, Bob gave me a close scrutiny, then took his place behind the wheel. He spent a lot of time looking at my enhanced cleavage.

"It's only an illusion," I laughed.

"Too bad," he muttered, giving me a broad smile.

The party was held in a very nice hotel 50 miles away. We were over half way there when Ted fully recovered from the shock of being dressed as a little girl in public. Still, he wore a scowl on his pretty face.

"I see you've finally regained your senses," Bob laughed while looking at Ted in the rear view mirror. "Karen said you went into shock when you saw how pretty you looked. I always thought there was a pretty girl lurking beneath that rough demeanor and boyish clothes."

"If I had my way, I'd back out of this ridiculous situation, money or not!" Ted boomed.

"It's a little late for that," Bob smiled. "By the way, your



*I see that father and son are ready for some 'mother/daughter' bonding," Bob observed when I answered the door to greet him.*

\$1000 is in that cute little purse on your lap. I'd guard it carefully because you never know when some nasty boy will try to take it away from you."

Ted opened his purse and retrieved the money. Looking for a place to hide it, he soon realized his present attire offered no such place. "How about taking care of this for me, Dad?" Ted asked, handing the money to me.

"It's your money!" Bob sternly answered while stopping me from accepting Ted's money. "You have to take care of it yourself. Also, the lovely lady sitting next me is not your Dad. She is Karen Reynolds, my future wife!"

"Wha. . .?" I gasped before realizing that Bob was only speaking of the charade.

"You will never collect the extra five hundred if we refer to you as Ted all evening," Bob continued. "Considering the way you look, I think Barbie is a more appropriate name. Don't you agree?"

"Nobody is calling me BARBIE!" Ted loudly protested.

"Okay, if you want to be referred to as Ted, that's what we'll call you! Just don't refer to my future wife as anything but Karen or Mrs. Reynolds. Also, don't complain when you don't get the extra money! Do you understand?"

My mouth fell open at Bob's decree. We hadn't discussed this. It was one thing for his friends and acquaintances to know me as Karen and another for my own son to refer to me in that manner. I was aghast, but I didn't protest.

Ted looked at Bob, then at me. He was about to protest, but when he realized Bob wouldn't relent, he slumped back in his seat and kept quiet.

A few minutes later, Bob asked, "Karen, will you retrieve that little bottle from the glove box and give it to Barbie?" I did as requested and found a bottle of Soprano Speak.

"What's this?" Ted asked.

"It's a potion to help you speak in a higher, sweeter voice. The results are temporary, so I suggest you gargle a couple of times before we get to the party. Your voice is entirely too deep for the sweet young thing you appear to be. If you don't, you are sure to be discovered the first time you open your mouth."

I stared in wonderment at the steps Bob was taking to embarrass my son. I wanted the little fart humiliated for the pain he'd caused me over the past months, but this?

Ted stared at the two of us for a full minute before taking the offered bottle. He took a mouthful and gargled twice before capping the bottle and offering it back.

"In a couple of minutes, you should test your voice to



*"I'm so humiliated! I wish I could run and hide,"  
Ted groaned as he stepped from Bob's car,  
noticing the leering look from the valet.*

make sure it sounds high and light," Bob advised. "I insist Karen use it whenever we go out. Have you noticed how lovely her voice is tonight?"

I emitted a gasp. He insisted! Why the very idea! I use the gargle to avoid discovery, not because he insists! Bob was becoming really possessive lately. I kept quiet since I didn't want to contradict Bob when Ted deserved the treatment he was getting.

Ted was deeply embarrassed to find his voice sound sweet and light to perfectly match his girlish appearance. A deep blush crossed his face as he realized he both looked and sounded like a lovely teenage girl dressed as a preteen girl for a Halloween party.

When we dropped the car off with the valet, a lustful look crossed the young valet's face when he saw my sweet, innocent looking son in his pretty dress. Ted saw the look too, and emitted a groan as he hurried to my side. He was definitely a fish out of water.

We entered the ballroom with Bob possessively holding my hand and Ted following close behind. I was embarrassed to have a man hold my hand in the presence of my son, but I didn't want to make a scene around all the people in attendance.

Jack and Winnie greeted us at the door, and Bob announced, "I'd like to meet my daughter, Barbie. She is visiting for a few days, but she will be going back to school tomorrow."

I let out a gasp! What was Bob up to? He had more on his mind than simply embarrassing Ted, but what?

"Why she's lovely, Bob!" Winnie exclaimed. "Why have you kept her hidden away? Aren't our local schools good enough?"

"Oh. . .she wanted to experience life in Europe. Maybe next semester we'll place her in a school closer to home," Bob smiled at Ted.

Hearing Bob's words, Ted's eyes popped wide open making them look even more innocent. His mouth fell open to reveal pearly white teeth framed by his shiny pink lips. Like me, he was too shocked to speak.

Despite a rocky start, the evening went without a hitch, and I actually enjoyed myself. Ted, on the other hand, was miserable.

"I suggest you smile more, Barbie," Bob advised about an hour into the evening. "People are wondering why such a pretty girl is so unhappy. You'll have a much better

chance of surviving the evening if you smile.”

Ted loosened up a bit, even smiling once or twice. Near midnight, he finally agreed to his first dance. I watched my son's dress sway hither and fro as he moved in time with the fast tune. I knew this was a source of eternal embarrassment to him.

As Ted swayed to the music, I quizzed Bob, “What is this about Ted being your daughter?”

“I needed a story to explain why he was with us, and that was the first thing to pop into my head,” Bob smiled. I couldn't tell if he was serious, but I harbored doubts as to the truth of his statement.

Ted returned to our table after two dances. I was amazed at how girlish his voice sounded when he thanked the boy. Soprano Speak never had such immediate results on my voice, but then, I'm older.

Bob and I danced a few times and Ted actually agreed to dance with some of the other boys that besieged him. By the end of the evening, both Ted and I were worn out from dancing.

On the way home, Bob handed Ted another \$500. “You did great tonight, kid. No one guessed you weren't what you appeared to be. That says a lot about genes. Nobody has ever questioned Karen either.”

Ted's eyes were wide and unbelieving. Tiny tears formed in the corners of his eyes as he lowered them to view the small girlish bulges that pushed out the front of his dress. He cupped the twin mounds in his hands when he thought nobody was looking.

As his pink nails touched his irrefutable signs of femininity, I thought, “Good! This makes up for all the dreadful things he has said to me.”

After Bob dropped us off, Ted ran into the house as fast as his feet would carry him. I lingered a while to thank Bob for an enjoyable evening and for helping me control my son. I was sure I wouldn't be hearing words like ‘pervert’ and ‘queer’ from his mouth for a while.

“If you are really grateful, you would reward me,” Bob smiled.

“Reward? What do you mean?” I asked.

“The reward a woman usually bestows on a guy when he shows her a good time, of course.”

“Huh? No you don't, Bob. I'm not going to bed with you!”

“Not sex! A kiss! After all I've done, don't you think I deserve a kiss?”

“Y. . .you want to kiss me? You're serious?” I gasped.

"Isn't that what a gentleman deserves?"

"B. . .but. . .we're both guys, remember?"

"You don't look like a guy. You look like my lovely date for the evening. Everyone at the party thinks we were once married and will be again."

"I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything, just do," he leaned over and kissed me lightly on my lips. I was too astounded to respond. I stood there as his soft, warm lips lingered on mine.

Suddenly it was over. The kiss lasted only a few seconds and was almost chaste. Before I knew what was happening, Bob was walking back to his car. I was flabbergasted as I stood and watched him drive away. I was aghast that I had kissed another man, yet somehow I liked it too. I still felt his lips on mine as I closed the front door. I touched my lips with my fingers. What was happening to me? I had just been kissed by a man and I'd found it somewhat pleasant.

I shuddered as I went upstairs. When I passed Ted's room, I noticed the lovely clothes tossed all about. The dress was in one corner, lingerie in another. I heard him taking a shower, doing everything in his power to remove all evidence of this evening. He wouldn't wear girl's clothes again, his pride was too bruised.

## Chapter 6

After the Halloween party, Ted was very reserved and made no snide remarks about my femininity. He was actually pleasant and helped do the dishes and housework. He never mentioned the party, and I didn't press him. As many as three days afterward, I noticed that his voice still hadn't returned to its normal tenor timbre as it retained some of the high lilt acquired by gargling with Soprano Speak.

Bob was out of town, so I laid back for the next week. My wimpy appearance stopped me from going outdoors, yet I continued using the products Bob supplied, including the Soprano Speak. My nipples and the puffiness beneath continued to expand, and the small pointed cones under each nipple grew larger. Strangely, instead of being concerned, I was intrigued with the idea of having my own breasts.

My hair continued to grow like wild fire and hung to my shoulders in thick, ragged strands. I sure wouldn't have to worry about going bald as long as I used that conditioner. My skin became translucent, giving me a 'peaches and cream' complexion. I assumed this was caused by the lotions and not having to shave. My rough male features

would surely return once I stopped using the hair removal cream and softening lotions.

A week later, Bob asked me to attend a concert with him. "It's not business related," he said. "Simply a night on the town to say 'Thanks' for helping me out these past months."

"I don't think so," I replied despondently.

"Why not?"

"M. . .my looks generate too many stares. If I went looking as I do now, everyone will think we're lovers. Our reputations don't need that kind of press."

"I was inviting Karen to go with me. It didn't occur to me that you would go as Bill. I almost forgot that he exists."

"Thanks!" I stammered, not knowing exactly how else to respond.

"Well? What do you say?"

What could I say? "Yes." I was tired of being cooped up. A nice evening at the symphony was exciting, even if I had to go as 'Karen Reynolds'.

I hadn't spent much time over the past week in women's clothes, so I needed practice. I wondered what Ted would think of my going with Bob again as his ex-wife, but suddenly, I realized that I really didn't care. Besides, Ted had become a recluse himself. He was embarrassed and humiliated by the clothes he wore to the Halloween party and that nobody recognized him as a guy. It was quite a blow to his macho attitudes of the past!

I retrieved some feminine clothes from Bob's house so I could dress at home. I didn't get any flak from Ted, but if I had, I would have reminded him of how he dressed at the Halloween party. With his degrading comments out of the way, I felt free to dress full time as a woman during the days preceding the symphony.

For my date, I slid a pair of lavender bikini panties trimmed in eyelash lace up my smooth bare legs. My small breasts swayed when I leaned forward to draw the panties over my hips. The movement felt strange. After removing a layer of padding from my bra, I hung it over my shoulders to encase my budding breasts. Yes, they were breasts, not bra irritations. I didn't know how I was developing breasts, but they were impossible to hide! Nylons are sexier than pantyhose, so I fastened a garter belt around my waist, threaded the garters beneath my panties and tautly fastened the ultra-sheer nylons.

As a full, green silk slip slid sensuously down my body with a gentle 'swish' and the lace hem swayed about my knees, I wondered if Mary felt a thrill like what I was feeling

when she dressed. Sitting at her vanity to work with my hair, I decided to not wear a wig. Besides, I really wanted to show my own hair. I'd been practicing for the past few days and had it in a reasonably feminine style. As I outlined my eyes, I observed my reflection and wondered, "Why am I doing this? I'm not being paid to go out as a woman tonight." I shook my head clear of those thoughts. I wanted to go to this concert. Nobody was making me do it!

I stared at the cosmetics on Mary's vanity and wondered why I felt so comfortable sitting there. I finished by outlining my lips with a dark pink lipstick pencil and brushing on a frosty pink gloss. Looking into the mirror, the reflection was that of a pretty woman with huge eyes. As I pushed my hair back to expose my earlobes, I had the deepest urge to get them pierced again. I stepped into a knee length, green knit dress that covered my sexy lingerie, followed by a double breasted, yellow jacket with padded shoulders. This was the perfect time to wear my new green satin pumps with four inch spikes.

I decided to wear Mary's large yellow button earrings with the gold trim, but I had problems inserting them into my ears. A final inspection in the large wall mirror reflected the image of an attractive woman.

When Bob rang the bell, I slid the thin strap of my yellow purse over my shoulder and went downstairs to meet my 'date'. He was speechless when I opened the door to let him in. My appearance pleased him a lot.

"You aren't wearing a wig and I love what you did with your hair," he complimented.

"My hair is long enough to style. . . sort of. Anyway, I'm tired of that damn wig," I stated as I tried to rationalize my actions.

"You manicured your own nails. They really look nice and they won't fall off," he said, remembering the fiasco at the cabin.

"False nails are such a pain, and they fall off at the most embarrassing times. I've decided to let my nails grow even longer." I was pleased that Bob noticed and approved of my efforts to look pretty.

The concert was lovely. I love Mozart, and the evening was filled with his best music. Every once in a while, I would glance at Bob and admire his handsome rugged looks while thinking we made an attractive couple. A tear came to my eyes at a particularly lovely passage, and Bob was there with a hankie to help with an embarrassing situation. He was really the gentleman.

On the way home, our conversation turned to Bob's work. "I'm on a short list with two other guys for the promotion," he said.

"That's wonderful, Bob," I gushed, squeezing his upper arm. I was pleased my efforts might bear fruit.

"There is one hitch," he admitted. "Winnie is very family oriented, and she has made it clear to Jack that the promotion must go to a married man."

"Oh. . ." I groaned. I may have accompanied Bob to the functions, but we definitely weren't married. "I'm sorry Bob. We gave it a good try though."

"Yeah, if we were married, I know I could beat those other two bozos," Bob moaned.

"I wish there was something I could do to help," I commiserated.

Bob's face brightened, "There is! We could get married." I laughed.

"I wasn't kidding, Karen!" Bob insisted when I quieted down.

"Get real! We can't get married. We're both guys, and I'm already married!"

"Of course we can't really get married," Bob soothed, "but we could go through the motions to convince Jack and Winnie that we are."

"Go through the motions? Bob, come down from the clouds. You can't fake something like a wedding. Besides, what would you tell them when this is over and I return to being Bill Lamb?"

"We could go to Las Vegas for a quick wedding and invite Jack and Winnie to join us. I can get the required paperwork without any problems," Bob explained. "Later, you can die in a tragic accident! Once I have the promotion, they won't take it from me, especially when I lose my lovely wife to drowning or something like that."

I couldn't help being impressed with Bob's ingenuity. He had really given this scheme a lot of thought, but get married to a man? The idea was so foreign I couldn't even conceive of it. "Bu. . .," I started to stammer.

"It'll be worth five thousand dollars to you," Bob interrupted.

"Five grand? God, Bob, you must really want that promotion!"

"You don't know how badly."

"I'll have to think about it. With Christmas coming, the money would be nice, but. . .," I stammered, trying to back out.

"Think on it, but I need your answer by Tuesday to have time to make the arrangements," Bob calmly stated.

When we arrived at my house, Bob escorted me to the door. As I started to go inside, a rush came over me. I wanted to thank him for a nice date. Without thinking, I leaned over and gave him a peck on his cheek, and whispered, "Thanks for the lovely evening."

"A peck on the cheek? I deserve more than that!," he insisted.

"Well," I stammered.

Suddenly, he put his arms around me, held me tightly, and kissed me softly on my lips. I stared wide eyed at him as his lips dwelled on mine. I was being kissed, really kissed, by a man, but instead of being repulsed, I actually felt a closeness. I closed my eyes and absorbed the feelings coursing through my body. I wanted the sensual contact to continue, but it was wrong. After a few seconds, I broke the contact and thanked him again for the wonderful evening. "You'll give my idea serious thought?" he asked.

"Yes, Bob. I'll let you know by Tuesday," I said, closing the door. I stepped out of my high heels. As I bent to pick them up, Mary's large earrings fell forward and pulled my earlobes. I moved my head from side to side and enjoyed the feminine sensation.

Passing Ted's room, I noticed him lying on his bed listening to the music Bob had given him. He looked over at me. "Lovely music," I greeted him in my alto voice.

"Yes. . .Yes, it is," he replied in a dreamy tone. It felt strange not being berated by Ted for the way I was dressed.

I finished my night time preparations by getting out my normal male pajamas. I was about to put them on when I decided to try something different. Rummaging through Mary's dresser, I found the sheer black chiffon, floor length nightgown I had given her for her birthday. "Someone might as well wear it," I thought as I held the totally feminine garment to my body.

I felt the strongest shiver course through my body as the silky garment floated over my body. Everywhere the gown touched was the source of wonderful pleasure. I observed the sheer material push out by my breasts, making my nipples look huge. I cupped each breast in my hands and the tingling was sensational.

On an impulse, I removed my shorts and dabbed a generous amount of 'Barely There' cream where it counted. Deciding to go all the way, I slipped into my tightest 'DIVERT' and covered it with a 'BUSHMASTER II' to give me

a completely feminine image. After stepping into the sheer bikini panties that went with the gown, I stood in front of the mirror with the nightgown at my waist, and observed the patch of hair in my sexy panties. I smiled at my transformed body.

I decided on two more things before retiring. I coated my lips with lipstick to match my fingernails and carefully slid gold keepers into my pierced ears to prevent the holes from healing. "Double pierced ears would look nice," I thought as I crawled into bed with soft music filling the room.

Bob called on Monday to tell me how important the wedding was to him, and how all our previous work would be for naught if we didn't make this one last move. Smoothly adding, "It's not like we are really getting married! It's only a game. After I get the promotion, you will disappear and become Bill Lamb forever!" I finally decided the money was too good to turn down.

A week later, Bob picked me up for our flight to Las Vegas where Jack and Winnie were to meet us. Ted didn't say anything as I prepared for the trip, but his looks denoted stern disapproval as I walked out in black three inch pumps, tight black skirt, and fluffy white blouse. He was recovering from his despondency and returning to previous ways.

Bob said the Nero's thought we I were living together, so separate hotel rooms were out of the question. I was surprised the room had only one bed, but Bob was a gentleman. We had a business arrangement. Besides, the bed was king size with plenty of room for both of us.

"I hope Winnie never finds out about this charade," I sighed. "It would ruin both of us!"

"We'll just have to make sure she doesn't," Bob replied firmly.

Since the symphony, I had become addicted to women's sleep wear, so I went to the bathroom and changed into my long pink nightgown and sleep bra with foam inserts.

Bob was already dressed in his pajamas when I came out. "Why the bra? Nobody will see."

I stammered, "I'm . . .ahhh. . .developing breasts."

"Breasts? How?"

"I don't know. They started growing about the time I started wearing woman's clothes for you. At first, I thought they were caused by irritation from my bra, but now I'm not so sure. All I know is they are bigger."

"Let me see." he insisted.

I bashfully lowered the lacy straps over my arms and lowered the gown to my waist. Unfastening my bra, I slowly lowered the cups to reveal the cones of flesh on my chest. They weren't tiny peaks pushing out my nipples like a month earlier, they had substantial mass and volume, protruded a couple of inches from my chest and were topped by large dark nipples the size of half dollars.

"Wow!" Bob exclaimed. "You really do have breasts, lovely ones too! Don't hide them from me. Say, wouldn't you be more comfortable sleeping without the bra?"

Amazed that Bob accepted my growing breasts so readily, I laid my bra aside, raised the soft gown over my twin projections, and replaced the straps over my shoulders. With a blush, I noticed Bob's manhood come to life when he saw me in the tented nightie with my dark nipples faintly visible through the thin material.

The next morning, I arose after Bob left to gamble. The wedding wasn't until the afternoon, and I wondered if I was getting in too deep with this phony marriage. It wasn't right, but the money was so good.

While taking a soothing bath, I raised a smooth leg from the bubbles and pointed my colorful toes upward and allowed tiny rafts of bubbles to slide down my leg. "I do have nice legs," I mused as light glistened off my curved calf and trim ankle.

I guided the soft sponge over my breasts and enjoyed the gentle touch. Stroking my breasts gently in the warm soapy water, the pleasant sensations increased, and my pointed cones and large nipples played peek-a-boo with the floating bubbles. I cupped the underside of each soft cone with my hands and pushed them together to form a deep smooth valley. I wondered how large breasts would feel. Strangely, I enjoyed the thought for a moment before coming to my senses and releasing my breasts back into the waiting water. "I don't want or need large breasts!" I gasped.

After drying and dusting myself with Shalimar talc, I emerged from the bathroom in a cloud of powder, positive my maleness had been much larger than the puny thing that now hung between my legs. The 'DIVERT' effectively hid my one sign of maleness, finishing with my 'BUSHMASTER II' gaff. As I adjusted a pair of white satin lace panties at my waist, I was sure my ass was fuller than a few months earlier. I knew my hips were wider, now measuring thirty five inches!

I had second thoughts about wearing the bustier in the Victoria's Secret box, but I sighed and slid the tiny satin

straps over my smooth arms and closed the tiny hooks up the front. The last hook was under a tiny butterfly to effectively enclose my breasts. Lastly, I inserted the Budding Breast forms to fill the unused volume of each cup.

My eyebrows had become more feminine each time I worked on them to the point that I now looked like a fairy when dressed in men's clothes. Yet, I continued to pluck them. Observing the tiny holes in my earlobes and my manicured nails, I burst into tears with the thought, "I'm becoming a woman, I really am!" After losing complete control for a minute, I returned to preparing for my 'wedding' as if nothing had happened. What a feminine reaction!

After curling my lashes, I coated them with black mascara, coated my lips with shiny red lipstick, and accented my cheeks with a splash of red. Threading lacy garters under my panties, I moaned, "How did I ever get myself into this?" I rolled barely white nylons over my smooth legs and removed the wrinkles with my hands, noticing how nicely my long red nails contrasted with my white legs.

"At least I'm not wearing a wedding dress!" I thought as I reached into the closet to retrieve my dusty pink coat dress with padded shoulders and small shawl collar. It had two rows of large, white, cloth covered buttons and a thin line of white at the hem for accent. My jewelry consisted of a large white necklace, white button earrings, and a small gold woman's watch. I looked every inch a pretty lady, if I do say so myself!

"You look fabulous!" Bob gushed upon returning just as I finished my hair.

An hour later, I stood next to Bob at the alter of a small wedding chapel with Jack and Winnie as witnesses to the ceremony. Only Bob and I knew the wedding was a fake. Even the justice of the peace thought it was real as he asked, "Do you Karen Lynne Reynolds take this man, Robert Allen Reynolds to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

I took a deep breath. It was too late to back out now. "I do," I whispered in a soft shaky voice.

"Do you, Robert Allen Reynolds, take this woman, Karen Lynne Reynolds, to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

"I do!" Bob stated in a forceful voice.

Bob took my left hand and slid a wide gold band over my ring finger to sit next to the large zircon engagement ring, my symbols of becoming a married woman, Bob's 'wife'. A shiver raced down my back.

While sliding the wide gold wedding band onto Bob's ring finger, I felt as though I was in a movie. My thin fingers

with long red nails slid the ring over Bob's strong, masculine finger. "I can't be marrying a man," I thought near panic.

Bob saw the anxiety in my eyes and gave my hand a squeeze. His smile calmed my fears, or I would have run from the chapel right then and there.

"You may kiss the bride," the justice announced.

My eyes popped wide open. Bob and I stared at each other, neither taking the first move. "Go on you two," Winnie laughed.

Slowly, Bob took me in his arms and leaned forward. I closed my eyes and waited. When I felt his lips press onto mine, I melted into his arms. His tongue tentatively touch my lips, and I started to open my mouth to accept it when we both suddenly came to our senses.

Neither of us were thrilled about spending any more time than necessary with this wedding charade. We wanted to catch the next plane home now that Jack and Winnie were convinced of our union. BUT, such was not to be the case.

Jack and Winnie had arranged for the best 'honeymoon suite' in town for us. We couldn't refuse without offending them, so after performing the expected hugs and kisses, Bob and I departed for our 'honeymoon night'.

"You've got to be kidding!" I gasped after walking into the luxurious honeymoon suite. The room was all in pink, and a huge heart shaped canopied bed dominated one entire section of the room.

I changed into a sleeveless white blouse and denim walking shorts. When I emerged from the bathroom, I found Bob submerged in the hot tub. He had an open bottle of champagne with two glasses sitting on the ledge.

"Come in, Karen," he invited.

"What are you wearing?" I asked, suspecting the obvious.

"Nothing and it feels great!" he laughed and took a sip of champagne.

"I haven't anything to wear," I hedged.

"You don't have to wear anything in a hot tub," he replied.

"I know, but I have to change into something!"

A few minutes later, I stepped into the hot tub wearing a pair of nylon panties and one of Bob's T-shirts to cover my radically changing body. I had piled my hair on top of my head and tied it with a large red ribbon, making my medium sized gold hoops clearly visible. "Mmmmm. . .this is nice," I moaned as the heat soaked into my body. I sat opposite Bob and fully immersed myself in the soothing water.

Bob gazed at me as I relaxed in the hot water. I should have been concerned with my soaked T-shirt. It was almost transparent as it clung to my two jutting breasts. We sat in the tub for almost half an hour talking about his job, the Nero's, and Ted. "I have an idea for bringing Ted around," Bob announced. "I'll give it a try when we get home."

I emerged from the tub with my T-shirt clinging tightly to my body. Bob watched intently as I ran to the bathroom with my bottom wiggling and swaying. I couldn't help it.

"Why don't we go to Boylesque tonight?" Bob suggested. I knew what the show was about, and after my ordeal over the past half year, I was anxious to go.

"I can't believe I bought these heels," I exclaimed extending a foot and turning it from side to side.

Bob watched me, admiring my trim ankle and sexy heel. "I think it was a good idea," he complimented. "You look fabulous in heels."

I blushed under my makeup as I placed a fine gold necklace around my neck. "Bob, would you help me?" I asked as I struggled with the small clasp.

"Sure Karen," Bob agreed, coming to my aid. I held my hair up while Bob worked with the clasp. He had problems holding the tiny clasp in his large masculine fingers, but he managed to complete the job. His task completed, he rubbed his fingers along the back of my neck, and a shiver ran up my spine. "Ummm. . .your skin is so soft and smooth," he whispered in my ear.

"Ah. . .we've got to go, Bob," I quickly moved to the side. He sure wasn't thinking of me as a guy at that moment!

The show was fabulous, and most of the 'girls' were gorgeous, even though they were, of course, guys. One particular girl had the largest, most perfect breasts I had ever seen, and I wondered how 'she' got them.

After the show, Bob and I stopped at the bar for a drink before retiring for the evening. To my surprise, the blonde with the large tits sat right next to me.

Bob just stared at her breasts. He was so obvious!

I started a conversation with this lovely creature, introducing myself, then Bob as my husband. Our conversation quickly turned to her obvious assets. She said there was a doctor in town that did a fabulous job. She said her breasts felt natural and had all the sensitivity of natural boobs. I absorbed everything she said, even taking down the address and phone number of the doctor. I didn't need the address, but I didn't want to appear rude.

"Wow! Her breasts are great!" Bob exclaimed after she

left.

"My breasts. . ." I started, becoming very defensive and covering my small breasts with my arms. "Maybe you want me to get my breasts enlarged like hers?" I got up in a huff and walked to the exit. I was angry and refused to listen to reason. All I wanted was to go home.

We laid on opposite sides of the King bed in silence as I was still very upset. All Bob could do was stare at that blonde's breasts. Ogle! Drool! Pant! would be better words. He had completely ignored me, his WIFE, for a set of boobs! On the other hand, they were quite nice, so rounded, full, and womanly. I fondled my own breasts through my silky top, causing a warm feeling to course throughout my body. By then, Bob was fast asleep. "Guys!" I softly moaned.

## Chapter 7

We returned home the next day. I was day dreaming and didn't notice the route until Bob pulled into his driveway. "Aren't you taking me home?" I asked.

"You are home, Karen," he smiled.

"I mean home. Like my real home."

"This is your real home, Karen."

"What's going on, Bob?"

"Now that we're married, this is your home. The Nero's wouldn't understand if they learned you weren't living with me."

"But," I sputtered. I was flabbergasted and at a loss for words.

"The holiday season is upon us. There will be lots of parties, and people will be dropping by at unexpected times. We're expected to attend parties and visit people. It's best if you live here until the New Year," Bob explained.

"But. . . Bob!" I choked. "What about Ted? My life? Mary?"

"What's so interesting about being Bill? You were afraid people would stare and whisper when you went outside. I told you, I have an idea on how to handle Ted. And Mary? What about her? She's been gone for five months and isn't expected back until the Spring!"

He was right of course, but to move in with him for two months? His suggestion caught me completely by surprise. "I. . . I don't know what to say," I choked, "I'd have to live as a woman all that time, wouldn't I?"

"Of course," Bob smiled, "I wouldn't want someone to surprise us while you were dressed as Bill. I'm afraid you

are Karen until the beginning of next year."

"This is still a business arrangement, isn't it?" I suspiciously quizzed him.

"Of course, Karen. What else could it be between two heterosexual men?" Bob returned with a puzzled look.

"I just wanted to check," I whispered. "But if I'll be staying here and dressing as a woman full time, it will cost you plenty!"

"How about five thousand a week?" he suggested.

"Five grand a week," I gasped. "Are you sure that promotion is worth it?"

"That, and a lot more," he adamantly replied. "I have money, but I don't have the prestige I desire."

In a daze, I watched Bob carry my luggage into his house. I didn't know how to stop this charade, but it was getting completely out of hand! I was on a fast train going to a place I had never been before. I wanted to get off, but I didn't know how to even slow the train, much less stop it!

I followed Bob into his, and apparently now, my house. He took my clothes to the spare bedroom. The only clothes I had at this house were female. This masquerade had suddenly taken a frightening turn. "What about Ted?" I repeated.

"I'll explain everything to him and come up with a way to funnel some extra spending cash his way. That should keep him happy and off our backs," Bob explained.

Bob's reason for wanting me to spend the holidays at his house as Karen made sense. If I weren't living here, I'd be spending most of my time here anyway. At five grand a week, I was committed to helping him get his promotion. We'd come so far, it seemed a waste not to see it through to the end. With a sigh of resignation, I followed him to my new bedroom. My feminine wardrobe was small, so I told Bob I needed to go home to get my remaining things and some of Mary's as well.

He agreed to get them when he talked with Ted and suggested I go shopping for additions to my wardrobe. As his full time 'wife', I was expected to dress nicely at parties and when we had guests.

*Bob again.*

While Karen settled into her new surroundings, I went to explain the situation to Ted. "Where's Dad?" Ted asked dejectedly when he answered the door.

"He's staying at my house for a while."

"Oh? As your 'wife', I presume?" the little wimp sneered.

"As a matter of fact, yes! I came over to tell you that he won't be returning until after the holidays because we'll be entertaining a lot."

"Yeah, well different strokes for different folks," Ted huffed. "Did he give you any money for me?"

"No, are you short of cash?"

"Yeah, are you sure Dad didn't give you money for me?"

"I'm sure. Anyway, what happened to the money I gave you two weeks ago?"

"Wine, women, and song!" Ted exclaimed. "Plus, I lost some in a poker game."

"How have the steroid shots worked out?" I asked, changing the subject.

"They're no better than the pills you got me. At 125 pounds, I'm down twenty pounds from my discharge weight!"

"Too bad. I thought they would really work. Anyway, I'm afraid your father hasn't much to give. Almost everything I pay him goes to expenses like insurance, car payments, and utilities on this place. Why don't you ask your mother for money?"

"I did, but she wouldn't send me any," he mumbled. "Even after I told her about Dad's deviant lifestyle, she wouldn't. Come on, let me have a few bucks."

"You told your mother about your father and me? When?"

"Right after Dad turned me down the last time. I told him I would, but he didn't believe me."

"You told your mother, and you expect me to pay you after the fact?" I couldn't believe the audacity of this kid.

"Uhhh, yeah," he mumbled. "What else can I live on? I'm broke!"

I was exasperated with this greedy, biased kid. All he wanted was money! Quickly formulating a plan in my mind, I decided to let him reap his just desserts. "I certainly won't give you any money after that stunt, but if you're looking for some easy money, I might be able to use your services," I mulled, feeding him the bait.

"You want to hire me?" he gasped. "For what? To be your maid?"

"That's an interesting idea, but no. I was thinking more along the lines of you being my daughter," I suggested with a straight face.

"Your daughter! You've got to be kidding! Not on your life. You won't get me into girl's clothes again!" he shouted with finality.

"It was just a thought. You were so cute at the Halloween party and you haven't had a haircut since you got out of the army. With your weight loss, I thought you might want to try it again for some real cash. But you're right, it's not for you."

"You're right there, buddy!" he stated emphatically. Then, as I got up to leave, he sputtered in a more cooperative tone, "H. . .how much 'real cash'?"

"Why? You're too much of a man to be interested in my proposition," I baited.

"Just wanted to know," Ted persisted.

"I was thinking of two thousand a week."

"Two. . .thousand dollars a week!" Ted gasped, "And all I have to do is dress up as a woman?" I had him!

"There's more to it than that," I explained. "First of all, you would dress as a girl, not a woman. I already have a wife, I need a daughter. Since everyone accepted you as such at the Halloween party, you're the only one who can fill the bill. Secondly, you would have to prepare for the role here at home. I can't have an obvious 'guy in girl's clothes' pretending to be my daughter. Thirdly, you must use the products and dress in the clothes I provide. Fourth, you would have to move into my place as my daughter, which means living as a girl full time. Last, I will pay your expenses, but you will receive the two thousand a week in a lump sum after you have successfully completed your mission."

"How long would this last?"

"Through the holidays at least, and possibly beyond if my promotion doesn't come through as quickly as I think it will."

"Can I think on it?" Ted asked, obviously tempted by the money.

"I'll only give you until tomorrow because time is short. If you accept, you'd have to start preparations immediately to be ready to move into my house during the Thanksgiving holidays. You have a lot to learn before then, what with all the people I'll be entertaining."

"I'll let you know tomorrow. Okay?"

"All right, but if you agree, I want a real commitment. I'm not interested in pursuing a useless cause. If you don't work hard at becoming a believable girl, I'll drop you like a hot iron and you'll get nothing!" I laid down the law.

*Back to Bill,*

I put my small selection of clothes and makeup away and

stared at the half filled drawers and closet. "At least my 'husband' didn't demand that I sleep in the same bed with him," I growled at my small collection of lingerie.

Bob insisted that I become fully assimilated as his 'wife'. I was expected to maintain the house, cook the meals, and look beautiful at all times.

The second day home from Las Vegas, he surprised me with several credit cards made out to 'Karen Lynne Reynolds'. I was flabbergasted. Where did they come from? What about my old credit cards that I left at home when we went to Vegas? How could I get them? What would I do with them anyway? Nobody would mistake me for Bill Lamb the way I looked and dressed. Anyway, I had my own credit cards again, only they were for Karen Reynolds! I was sinking into my role as Bob's wife as if in quicksand.

I reminded him about my pitiful collection of woman's clothes and again suggested that I return home to pick up more of Mary's clothes. "Go shopping and buy what you need, sweetheart," he suggested.

A cold shiver ran down my back. That was the first time he had used a term of endearment with me, and he expected me to go shopping as a woman as well! My mind raced back to my first experience shopping with the girls. "It would be cheaper if I went home for more of Mary's clothes," I meekly responded.

"Her clothes are too businesslike. I want you to wear more feminine clothes," Bob emphatically stated. "Besides her bras are too big for you."

I stared back at him. I wanted to stand up to him, but I couldn't. I didn't like his overbearing chauvinistic manner, but I couldn't find the strength to buck him. Anyway, he was right about Mary's bras.

"Here's a couple hundred dollars, and you have your own credit cards!" he stated. "Buy your own things! I don't want my wife wearing hand-me-downs!"

Feeling totally helpless, I retreated to my bedroom to prepare for my mandated shopping trip. After styling my hair, I applied blue eyeshadow and red lipstick that matched my nails, attached thin, medium sized gold hoops to my ears, and several fine gold chains around my neck. I dropped a red dress with padded shoulders and knee length skirt over my head, fastened a wide black belt about my waist, and slid my feet into red pumps with three inch heels. Before leaving, I took inventory of my meager feminine wardrobe and checked my credit cards. A cold shiver ran through me when I saw them made out to Karen Lynne

Reynolds and realized I was SHE!

With my purse draped over my shoulder, I ventured out into the world of shopping as a woman, ALONE! I was nervous at first, but thankfully, I wasn't with other wives, and the stores weren't busy. "First, examine everything before buying," I reminded myself as I fingered a silky blouse.

"May I help you?" a young sales girl asked.

"NO!" I blurted out, crushing the soft material in my hand.

"I'm sorry I startled you," she apologized.

"Oh, I'm sorry for my reaction," I blushed. "I . . . I'm a little jumpy today."

"Well relax, and when you find something you like, please call me," she smiled and moved to another customer. Her ploy worked because I left her store with three blouses and a skirt.

Looking at my reflection in the mirror of a woman's shoe store, I asked, "Do you have these with a higher heel?"

"I'm sure we do," the salesman answered, scurrying off to the stockroom. While he was gone, I sat on a chair, and with my skirt raised slightly above my knee, I delicately draped one leg over the other. I smiled when I saw my slowly bouncing leg in the mirror and thought, "I have lovely legs, trim ankles, and curvaceous calves. My muscles have developed long and smooth like a woman."

"Ma'am, the highest heels I've got are two and a half inches, but I could order higher ones if you wish," the salesman explained upon returning.

"That won't help. I need a pair to wear to a party tonight," I stated and left the salesman with the floor cluttered with shoe boxes.

Wandering into an earring store, I was drawn to the racks of earrings for pierced ears. Bob had brought over most of Mary's earrings, but I wanted more. I wanted my own earrings. I was mesmerized by all the sizes and styles and wanted to buy them all! My ears had been pierced for only a short time, and already I had become an earring fanatic. Since wearing keepers, my ears hadn't been without earrings except when I took a bath. At first, I was worried about this passion to wear earrings, but now, it seemed completely natural.

"May I help you?" the sales lady inquired.

"Do . . . Do you pierce ears here?" I asked, suddenly feeling naked with only single pierced ears.

"Yes, with a purchase," she replied, steering me towards

a high stool at the end of the counter.

Where did that come from? I didn't want my ears pierced again! "Oooh. . .all right," I heard myself saying, "Can I have another set of holes so I can wear diamond studs?"

I panicked as I took a seat on the stool as if I had no control over my actions. My knees shook, and my legs felt like rubber. I wondered what was going on! I didn't want more holes in my ears, and I didn't have any diamond studs! No matter, the smiling clerk did her duty, and I left the store with a pair of dangling pendants in my purse and gold keepers in my new holes.

*Bob again!*

The next day, I went by to see if Ted had made a decision. I was expecting a positive answer because his audio tapes were loaded with subliminal suggestions that he should portray my daughter. With that going for me, you can imagine my disappointment when he looked down and mumbled, "I. . .I can't do it. I can't dress as a girl again. I was sooo embarrassed."

"That's final?" I asked.

"Y. . .yes, but I need some money. I'll keep quiet about Dad if you'll float me a loan."

The nerve of that brat, trying to pressure me into giving him money. "Not on your life!" I spat. "I offered you a job, and you turned me down. That's the only way you'll get money from me!" With that I stormed out and slammed the door behind me.

Just as I started the car, Ted was near tears and knocking on my window saying, "All right! All right! I'll do it, but I need money to get something to eat."

"So you've decided to accept my offer! Good!" Opening my wallet, I said, "Here's ten dollars! If you aren't serious, it's the last you'll get from me! Do you understand?"

He had never seen me so demanding, so adamant, and I think that's why he meekly stammered, "Y. . .yes."

"Good! I'll bring you a package of clothes and products tomorrow, and you had better be here when I arrive!" I drove away leaving him quivering in self pity with the bill fluttering in the wind.

*Bill again,*

A few days later, Bob brought me a note from Winnie that read, "Your hair is lovely Karen, but a competent stylist could do wonders with it. Enclosed is the number of my operator. Give him a call. I bet a beauty operator would do

wonders.”

“Wonders?” I questioned, holding a strand of hair in my fingers.

“Oh, you know! Color, highlights, styling, perms,” Bob stated.

“Uh. . .all right. I could use a trim.”

The next afternoon, I walked into ‘Le Femme Beauty Parlor’ to get ‘the works’, whatever that meant. Winnie had called to tell me she told the operator to spare no expense because she was picking up the tab. I introduced myself as Karen Reynolds, and that brought an immediate response. I was escorted into a private booth and three women hovered about me like bees.

I sat confused as they discussed colors, styles, and treatments, completely overwhelmed by the confusion that surrounded me. I understood most of what they were saying, but since they didn’t consult with me, I listened in silence. Finally, I was asked to remove my dress, slip into a robe, and have a seat while they ‘performed their magic’ as one of the girls called it.

One girl started with my hair, while another worked on my hands and feet. The third girl examined my features, made suggestions, then started to work on my face. So many things happened at once, I couldn’t keep up with any of them. The girl working on my hair asked if I had a preference in color and style. I said I preferred my present color, but I would leave the style to her.

When she started trimming my hair, I wanted to tell her to give me a man’s haircut so I could get out of the pickle I was in. I knew that was impossible, I had gone too far to back down now. My hair was down to my shoulders, and I was sure my new feminine style would take advantage of its length. After fifteen or twenty minutes, she leaned my head over a basin, washed it, rubbed in a smelly solution, and combed it out. This was followed by other lotions which were followed by rolling my hair onto large curlers.

A large hair dryer was lowered over my head and turned on high. The warmth of the dryer felt warm and comfortable, and I dozed off. I must have snoozed half an hour or so while they worked on my face and nails. Being pampered felt so nice! I was brought back to reality by stinging in my eyebrows. I opened my eyes to see a girl leaning over my face with an electric wand. I asked what she was doing, and was told she was removing errant hairs.

I was at the beauty parlor for over four hours before I was declared ready to leave, and I hadn’t seen myself in a

mirror the entire time. I had been mud packed, tweezed, and pampered; my hair had been cut and styled; my nails had been manicured; and my arms and legs had been waxed!

I couldn't believe it was really me as I examined my face in a small hand mirror. The image looking back at me was beautiful! My hair was the same auburn color, but red highlights had been added to give it body and flair as it hung to my shoulders in large flowing waves that framed my face. My fingernails were long and perfectly shaped. The lotions had softened them so they appeared fragile and soft, never to be mistaken for a man's hands! My eyebrows! They were gone except for thin high arches that perfectly framed my face!

"I hope you like them, Mrs. Reynolds. We removed the stray hairs by electrolysis, so you won't have to worry about them again," the operator smiled.

"Oh," I sighed. They had given me permanent woman's eyebrows. What would I do when I returned to being Bill? My skin felt smooth, soft, and translucent like a woman's. At that time, I knew I could never again pass as a man, no matter how I dressed! I almost fainted.

I thanked the women in a quivering voice, unable to tell them they had gone way too far. They couldn't know they had marked me for life; that I was really a man! I smiled and pretended that I loved my new look. I acted as if this was exactly how I wanted to appear. In short, I acted like a woman leaving a beauty parlor!

In a daze, I placed my coat on my arm, gave the ladies a nice tip, and made my exit. I walked the mall not knowing where I was going or what I was doing. "Wh. . .What's happening to me?" I thought. "This has gone way too far!"

I passed a small jewelry store, and since earrings had become a fascination for me lately, I went inside. I must have examined at least a dozen pair before deciding on small diamond studs. Relatively speaking, they weren't expensive. On a whim, I paid with my credit card, made out to Mrs. Karen Reynolds! My credit card?

I looked at my reflection in a full length mirror and saw an attractive woman in a lovely red dress that swung seductively about her nylon covered legs that glistened in the lights. Her long scarlet nails matched her lips and accentuated her dress. There was no man, no Bill Lamb!

"I have become a woman! I'm no longer impersonating a woman," I softly whispered as my heart beat rapidly, and a flush came to my face. I had become Karen Reynolds! My body quaked, and my knees felt weak. The sales girl asked



*"I've become so much like a woman," I whispered  
as I examined myself in the full length mirror.  
"This isn't a charade any longer."*

if something was wrong, but I said I was all right and exited the store on shaky legs. The chill of the late Autumn breeze caressed my legs and cheeks as I walked to my car, Karen Lynne Reynolds' car, and drove to Bob and Karen Reynolds' home.

*Bob again,*

While Karen was at the beauty parlor, I delivered several packages to Ted, including groceries, the U.C.I. goodies needed for him to assume a girl's status, and some clothes to make him look the part. "You must use all these things and wear these clothes," I instructed the intimidated Ted. "You are to listen to the tapes, carefully watch the videos I brought, and practice what they teach. I'll be by each day to check up on you. If you aren't working hard at becoming a girl, I'll call off the deal, and you'll get nothing! Understand?"

"O. . .okay, Mr. Reynolds," he stammered. "I get the picture."

"The food I brought is low fat and low calorie, so don't forget to take the vitamins in the package. Take one each morning and evening, and they will do you a lot more good than those steroids you've been taking. They are full strength, so you may feel a little weird for a few days, but don't worry. Okay?"

"Okay, b. . .but these skirts and dresses are so short, and these undies are so silky!" he moaned as he looked through the clothes I brought.

"These are the type of clothes teenage girls wear," I explained. "You will have to become use to them quickly. You don't have much time."

"In a week, I'll bring you more girl's clothes. You will learn to dress yourself, apply makeup, and talk like a teenage girl," Bob instructed.

"Teenager? I thought I was impersonating a woman!" Ted panicked.

"No, you are to become my fifteen year old daughter."

"Fifteen? I can't do that, I'm twenty years old! I can't impersonate a teenage bimbo!" he shouted.

"You're wrong. You'll make a lovely teenage girl. Remember how you looked at the Halloween party?"

"But," Ted sputtered, not knowing how to respond.

"Since you'll be in the house all the time, I got you some CD's to listen to," I said as I handed him a stack of discs.

"U.C.I.?" he asked looking at the label. "I've never heard of that recording company."

"Don't worry, the quality is excellent. Since you'll be inactive, the music will help you sleep," I advised.

"Uh. . .okay," he agreed.

I had ordered the "Teenage Daughter #1" set from U.C.I., and in two weeks, he would be ready for the second set. "I've got to go. Get started immediately. I'll be by tomorrow, and I expect progress!" In response, Ted picked up a bottle of vitamins that read, 'U.C.I. - Full strength plus inhibitors', opened it, and swallowed one of the pills.

## Chapter 8

It's Karen now,

Bob was home when I returned from the beauty parlor. I was trembling as I entered the family room where he was reading. Removing my coat, I stood in the doorway with my dress fluttering about my knees. "Mmm hum," I coughed, scared as a cat. What would Bob think of my makeover?

He looked up, then dropped his papers and gasped, "My God, Karen. You're beautiful!"

I lowered my eyes and blushed at his compliment. "Thank you, but I think they went a little overboard," I squeaked.

"I don't think so, and I love that new perfume!"

"I bought these new earrings," I whispered. "I hope you don't mind."

Taking me in his arms, Bob whispered in my ear, "No, not at all. A lovely woman like you should have diamonds in her ears." His warm breath sent chills down my spine.

After lunch, Bob asked, "Honey, you want to change for your driver's license test?"

"Drivers license? What do you mean?" I gasped.

"You need your own license, Karen!" he reasoned as he handed me a packet which contained a birth certificate made out to a Karen Lynne Mason and a marriage license showing I was married to Robert Allen Reynolds. "You can't continue driving with your old license. What if you need picture I.D., or God forbid, you get stopped by a cop?"

He was right, I couldn't drive with Bill Lamb's license the way I now looked.

"Wear something pretty. Something you won't mind seeing for the next three years," Bob smiled.

"T. . .three years?" I gasped.

"That's how long licenses are good for," he said as he headed out the door. "I'll pick you up in an hour."

Three years! What happened to the 'till my promotion'

time table? Obviously he was joking. This charade would be over in a month, two at the most. Still, 'next three years', kept racing through my mind as I stripped to my panties, bra, garter belt, nylons, and heels. Removing my bra, I observed my 'figure' with my budding breasts in the full length mirror.

Staring at the cosmetics covering my vanity, I picked up the brown shadow, but quickly put it back down. "Three years! I'll have 'Karen's' picture on my license for three whole years! Oh, not really! When Bob gets his promotion, I'll simply destroy this license and use Bill Lamb's license like in the past. When I think of Bill Lamb, why do I feel like I'm thinking of a stranger?"

I considered wearing a plain white blouse and gray slacks, but after fingering several silky camisoles and slips, I decided on Mary's floral dress because the color matched my nails and lipstick perfectly. After replacing my bra, I stepped into a white nylon half slip with a lace trim. I slid my arms into the sleeves of the dress and fastened the large cloth buttons over my right hip. The supple top draped over my breasts to reveal soft skin, but no cleavage, and the skirt fell to an inch above my nylon covered knees.

I slid my small hoops from my ears and replaced them with the more elaborate diamond pendants I had given Mary on our fifteenth wedding anniversary. She'd only worn them a couple of times, now they were mine!

I pushed back my hair to get a better view of my earlobes and the diamond jewelry that adorned them. A warm feeling raced down my spine as I watched the light twinkle from the diamonds. "Double pierced ears look nice," I thought as these permanent symbols of womanhood graced my ears. After a spritz of Passion perfume, I stepped back into my red pumps, grabbed my matching purse, and went to the living room to await Bob's return.

The woman in the DMV office looked over my papers, then at me. I was sure something was wrong. Could she tell I wasn't really a woman? Was it a felony to apply for a license under false pretenses? Would I go to jail as a man or a woman?

"Okay dear," the woman smiled, relieving my anxiety. "This is for your written exam." I took the paper to the designated area. "Remember, don't talk to anybody, Mrs. Reynolds." I was in a daze. She thought I was a woman, and she called me Mrs. Reynolds. I was sinking deeper and deeper.



*“Which dress should I wear for my drivers test?”  
I wondered. My feminine wardrobe  
was growing as were other things.*

I completed the test and returned it to her. After grading it, she said, "Take a seat until the driving instructor arrives for your road test."

"Road test? What road test?"

"You have to take a road test. You did bring a car, didn't you?"

"Uh. . .yes. . .my husband drove me here."

"Good. Of course, he can't accompany you on the test," she smiled.

My whole body was shaking. I wasn't prepared to take a driving test! I decided getting a license wasn't worth the chance of being discovered, but just as I started towards the exit and freedom, a middle aged man called out, "Mrs. Karen Reynolds?"

I meekly took him to the car and informed Bob that I had to take a driving test. He was caught by surprise as well, but he handed me the keys. Leaning over, he gave me a peck on the cheek and said, "Good luck, honey. I know you'll do well."

As I slid into the driver's seat, I smoothed the wrinkles from my skirt, but in my anxiety it twisted around to expose several inches of my nylon encased thigh. I grasped the hem and tried to tug it down, but all I succeeded in doing was flash more leg to the grisly old man. I had worn the wrong clothes for such a public test.

"Left turn signal," the tester instructed with a sly grin.

I followed instructions without anything happening. What was wrong?

"Turn the car on first," the tester suggested, exasperation written on his face.

"Oh!" I gasped doing as instructed. As the turn signal came on, the tester examined the dashboard for a few seconds before his eyes drop to my lap. Looking down, I nearly panicked. My skirt had separated to expose my left leg to mid-thigh. I quickly pulled the skirt back in place, but with only partial success.

Grabbing the steering wheel in a death grip, I thought, "I can't drive like this. My heels are too high!"

"Any problem, Mrs. Reynolds?" the tester asked, seeing the exasperated look on my face.

"N. . .no," I stuttered, looking at him as panic seized my mind. Instead of looking at my face, the old geezer was staring at my exposed thighs as the motion of moving my foot from the brake to the accelerator had caused my skirt to open again and expose my legs to the dark tops of my nylons! "Uh. . .no problem, sir," I squeaked as I tried to gain

control of my emotions.

At last, I slowly backed the car out of the parking space and drove out of the parking lot. I did as instructed and slowly the panic subsided, but the tester spent more time eyeing my legs than looking at the road. To my relief, by the time we returned to the parking lot, I was feeling rather calm.

"Nice legs. . . I mean driving. Give this to the woman at the counter," the dirty old man instructed as he took one last look at my thighs. I was so happy when he finally walked away.

My panic left me as did the tight knot in my stomach. Nobody, not even the tester, had suspected I was a man! With that happy thought, I stopped at a large mirror and checked my looks. I fluffed my hair and applied a new coat of shiny red lipstick before stepping before the camera. My white teeth were framed by my smiling red lips as the flash went off. Now I had all the proof needed to prove I was Mrs. Karen Reynolds. I was official!

*Bob again.*

When I stopped by the next day to check on Ted, I went through the ceiling! Lacking any sense of motivation, he appeared to have rummaged through the packages I had left, then ignored them. To top that, he was lounging on the sofa drinking a beer, and none of the items had been touched. I went through the ceiling. Gathering up the packages, I heatedly informed Ted the deal was off and so was the money!

Ted panicked. He needed my money more than ever. The easy touch with his father had dried up, and he was stone broke. He begged me to reconsider. Seeing his eagerness, I faked reluctance and agreed to give him another chance only if he helped me gather every stitch of male clothes in the house and take them to my car. This included the clothes he was wearing. With no masculine clothes available, he would have to select his outfits in varying degrees of femininity!

When I left, he was wearing a silky green negligee I had brought over the day before. He had a shocked expression on his face, and a single tear was trailing down his cheek. The only clothes in the house were his mother's and those I had brought over! All were feminine!

The following day, I actually found Ted watching a video on manicures. He was wearing tan girl's slacks and a white cotton blouse. His hair was in a high ponytail, and he wore

low heeled girl's slippers.

"I've already watched this video twice," he whispered in an elevated voice that established his use of the 'Teen Speak' I had provided. "I don't know why, but the more I watch these videos, the more interest I have in the subject matter." With a sigh, he began filing his nails into smooth ovals while I watched. To my amazement, he only made a couple of errors before successfully transforming his dull natural nails into a colorful pink.

"When the polish dries, you should do your toes as well to give you more practice," I advised before addressing a subject he had been dreading. "Have you tried on any of your dresses or skirts?"

"N. . .no, but I held some of them up to me," he stammered. "They're all so short!"

"Of course they're short!" I bellowed. "That's what teenage girl's wear! Look, until now, you have done the minimum to get by, and I'm tired of your stalling tactics. If you aren't in a dress and the appropriate undies and makeup tomorrow, this money tree is dead! Also, I want you to keep a diary, a list of every video you watch, every audio you listen to, and everything you do to make yourself into an attractive teenage girl!"

"I. . .I thought I was doing what you wanted," he sniffed. "I fixed my hair, and I did my nails like in the videos."

Thinking he was about to burst into tears, I softened my voice. "You are doing much better than yesterday, but you must work harder. You have so much to learn in a short time before I introduce you as my daughter."

The next day when I went by to check on Ted, I couldn't find him. After calling out and not receiving an answer, I decided to look around. When I finally found him, I knew why he hadn't heard me. He was lying on his bed with his earphones over his ears listening to one of his U.C.I. tapes. His eyes were open, but they had a far away mesmerized expression, and he was oblivious to my presence. As instructed, he was wearing a red cotton blouse and a straight, mid thigh length white skirt with the lacy hem of a nylon slip exposed. He was also wearing red lipstick, and he had changed his nail color to red from the day before.

Not wanting to interrupt his 'lesson', I took his diary from the bedside table and went downstairs to read it.

### THE DIARY

*I filed and polished my toenails like Bob said and took a bath to soothe my frayed nerves before putting on an awful*

*dress. While soaking in the deep warm water, I raised a leg from the bubbles and coated it with white foam. Then, I removed all the hair with a pink ladies razor and repeated the process with my other leg. I hated what I was doing, but I feared hunger even more. Or, was it Bob I feared? For some reason, I couldn't bring myself to stand up to him like I did to Dad.*

While toweling myself off, I jerked when the towel passed over my nipples. They have become very sensitive lately, and I wonder what it is like to have breasts. A shudder raced up my back at the thought. "Yuck!" I retched. "God! I'm glad I'm a guy and don't have to worry about that!"

I examined my face the mirror before trying the makeup items on my dresser. I ran my hand over my face, felt some stubble, and thought, "Maybe I should have some electrolysis like Bob suggested. I really don't like whiskers anyway." With that, I launched into my first attempt at applying makeup. In spite of the instructions on the videos, the results were a disaster. I tried three more times before giving up, and each time, I decided I looked like a clown. "I'll never get the hang of this!" I moaned as I listened to the soothing strains of Bob's music filling the room. With a sigh, I removed my makeup and tried three more times before it was acceptable.

I parted my hair down the middle and formed two high pigtailed and tied a pink ribbon at the ends. Feeling my earlobes, I had an urge to have them pierced. "Where in hell did that thought come from?" I wondered. For some reason, I was having the weirdest thoughts lately!

After examining my naked reflection, I opened the bottle of 'Barely There' cream and massaged a generous amount on my genitals. Bob insisted I use the cream, and I was afraid he would check to see that I had. Then, I carefully encased myself in the 'DIVERT'. It was a struggle, but I finally got it on. I stepped into a pair of soft nylon panties, and to my surprise, I displayed a flat front where a masculine bulge should be.

Next, I took a Bali demibra, size '32A' from the Victoria's Secret bag. I slowly lifted the lovely white creation and let this symbol of femininity dangle from my fingers while thinking, "I can't believe I'm doing this! I really can't!" I slid the thins straps over his arms, and a shiver of disgust raced down my back as the silky material caressed my arms. My chest was small, and with a few adjustments, I snapped the bra into place. I inserted the 'Budding Breast' forms and almost retched when I saw the shape of my once manly

chest! I then adjusted the cups to relieve the pressure on my sensitive nipples.

I swear, I came close to calling this whole thing off when I lowered a white nylon slip over my hairless body until the lace hem tickled my thighs. I experienced the smooth silkiness of this garment when I ran my hands over it to smooth out creases. I was disgusted with myself for dressing this way, yet I had to admit the slip was soft and cool.

"Shit, I forgot the pantyhose!" I thought as I remembered the videos. Correcting my mistake, I selected a pair of barely black pantyhose, sat on the bed, and rather awkwardly rolled them up my legs. Then standing, I carefully gathered the panty portion about my waist. I ran my hands up my legs to smooth out the wrinkles and noticed that the tight embrace of the stockings felt strange on my legs.

I slipped into a soft ivory poet's blouse and extended my arms through the billowy sleeves. They were just the right length, but the blouse was a bit large about my chest. I fastened the large white buttons up the front and fluffed the ruffles that concealed them. My hands shook as I carefully stepped into a straight, above the knee length black skirt, drew it over my hips, and fastened it on the left like I had seen in the videos. I was surprised to learn that I was forced to take daintier steps with this skirt since it severely limited my leg movement.

I stepped into a pair of black low heel slippers Bob provided and examined myself in a full length mirror. I was severely shocked to note that I was reasonably pretty. Only my amateurish makeup revealed my masculinity. "What has caused my smooth skin and recent weight loss?" I wondered as I shook my head in disgust. "I shouldn't fit in these clothes! How could I look believable as a teenage girl? I'm a man, for Christ's sake!"

*Karen again,*

A week before Thanksgiving, Bob announced we were invited to a charity fund raiser at his country club. Hearing his words, I nearly came out of my high heels. Mary and I worked for that charity, and many of the people knew us. She was better known than me because I was always a wallflower on those occasions. Mary played the outgoing business woman and dominated the scene wherever she went.

"I . . . I can't go there!" I insisted with a quivering voice. "Those people know me. Besides, this benefit has nothing to do with your job. Why risk exposure?"

"The guys at the club want to meet my wife. I've been talking you up, and they can't wait to meet the woman that 'reeled in' old Bob!" he laughed.

Exasperation filled my voice. "Get serious, Bob! Do you want this charade exposed to the whole world?"

"I am serious," he insisted. "I have a life outside the office. I can't ignore it, and you can't hide! Besides, if you were recognizable as Bill, you wouldn't be my wife."

Seeming to wear my emotions on my sleeve, I blushed, "B. . .but Bob, I don't know how to act in front of people who knew me as Bill. I'd be a bundle of nerves all evening!" I couldn't stand up to Bob when his mind was made up, and I knew the argument was lost.

"At first maybe, but you'll get into the spirit of the party once you realize everyone sees you as a beautiful woman, not the man you use to be."

"Use to be? I am still a man under these clothes!" I insisted, grasping my dress in my fingers for emphasis.

"I'll bet there isn't as much of Bill remaining as you think. You are more woman than you care to admit."

I blushed under my makeup. I hadn't admitted it, but I was fighting a battle for control of my mind, my emotions, and my body. Worst of all, Karen was winning!

### *Bob again.*

In the meantime, Ted was making remarkable progress at becoming a teenage girl. Because of the subliminal messages on the tapes and videos, he watched them diligently and practiced what they taught. With a short skirt or dress over his soft lingerie, he constantly practiced styling his hair and applying his makeup. Other lessons taught him to move, sit, and stand like a young girl, and continued use of "Teen Speak" made his voice soft and high. He also became much more docile and compliant, seldom lashing out at me like in the past.

### *Karen again,*

I was nervous the entire week, thinking of the times when Mary and I had been to this benefit at this same country club. I dwelled on Mary and why she wasn't here. "Damn!" I thought. "I wouldn't be in this fix if she spent more time with her family and less with that damn business!"

On Saturday, I went for my weekly beauty appointment to make sure nothing was left to chance. If I was to avoid

recognition, I had to look my best. I had additional red highlights added, a new hole pierced in each ear, and long, dark lashes embedded to my eyelids. I was beginning to feel comfortable around women in the intimate surroundings of the beauty parlor. My skin was soft and smooth, my weight was down to 125 pounds, and my voice was as high as any women there due to constant use of 'Soprano Speak'.

Staring at my reflection, I knew I looked like a woman, even without makeup. How would I ever get rid of the three holes in my ears when I returned to being Bill Lamb? My smooth breasts grew larger with each passing week, and I now needed only a couple of layers of Budding Breast forms to fill out a C-cup bra!

I had a lot to do before the party. Emitting a sigh, I took my dark brown eyebrow pencil and started on my face. I now felt comfortable applying makeup; in fact, I felt naked without it. Half an hour later, I finished by applying dark crimson lipstick.

I coated my shrunken organs with 'Barely There' cream and slipped into my tightest 'DIVERT', not wanting to leave anything to chance this evening. Removing my robe, I shivered when the cool air caressed my exposed nipples, but I enjoyed the feel of my white nylon panties as they slid over my smooth legs. When I leaned forward to position them, I felt my breasts sway outward and gently pull on my chest. Sucking in my stomach, I fastened my long line bustier to compress my waist to twenty two inches. Being obsessed with presenting a totally feminine figure, I gently slipped my fingers into the cups of my bustier and kneaded my soft pliable flesh into the built in pads. I wanted my appearance as far removed from Bill Lamb as possible. A small waist and large boobs would definitely help.

I had a difficult time bending to roll on my nylons because of the rigidity at my waist, but I persisted, and soon lovely nylons encased my smooth legs. The benefit was a costume ball and I decided to go as a serving wench. The clothes would fit loosely to hide my masculine flaws, while displaying my femininity.

To give my skirt extra fullness, I stepped into a billowy white half slip and adjusted it at my waist. My peasant blouse was a tight fitting garment with ruffles down the front and puffed capped shoulders. My skirt was a full, red, knee length number that flared whenever I turned quickly or twirled, and my red three inch pumps were a perfect match!

After attaching large gold wedding band hoops into my

ears, I ran my colorful nails through my hair to fluff it up. Soon, my face was surrounded by a mass of large bouncing auburn curls. Looking at myself in the mirror, I wasn't satisfied. I pulled the blouse down to expose my smooth shoulders and the top third of my breasts. My substantial cleavage made an undeniable statement that I was a woman.

A final look in the mirror sent a shiver racing down my spine. I looked nothing like a man, nor did I want to! What was happening to me? I was becoming more feminine each day, and now, I was presenting myself to my former charity compatriots as a married woman. I was losing control!

"You look lovely, wench!" Bob exclaimed while turning to exhibit his matador costume. "Are you ready to go?"

"Yes, my Lord," I replied with a nervous smile and a deep curtsy. I could feel his eyes glued to my cleavage as he led me to the car, opened the door for me, and closed it after I'd straightened my skirt. He was a perfect gentleman, and I gave him a sweet smile of thanks.

I was a nervous bundle all the way to the club, although Bob did everything possible to assure me that I wouldn't be recognized. He led me up the familiar steps, and I walked through the large double doors holding onto his arm with all my strength.

I immediately froze. Standing in front of us was Martha Van Patten, the nosiest person in the club and a friend of Mary. The blood drained from my face as I hung onto Bob. "I can't do this! I just can't," I whispered in his ear with panic. "I'll be the laughing stock of the city! I . . . I'll be . . .!"

Bob also knew Martha and he understood my fear. "It's too late to back out now, dear. Everyone knows we're here. Just be confident as my wife, and everyone will accept you as such. The only way anyone can recognize you is if you allow your fear to show," Bob assured me.

"Ah, this must be your new wife I've been hearing so much about!" Martha greeted us with a broad smile. She scanned me from head to toe, then returned to my face. Panic raced wildly through my body as she asked, "Have we met before? You look a little familiar."

"I . . . I don't think so," I barely squeaked. My mouth felt like cotton. "I've been in Australia for the past seven years. I've only been in town a few months."

"Well, Bob knows how to pick the loveliest women, and he sure got a beauty with you, my dear," Martha smiled.

I couldn't believe it, she actually believed my story! We had talked many times when I was Bill Lamb, but now, she

didn't recognize me. She fully accepted me as Karen Reynolds!

With that hurdle out of the way, we started to mingle. Bob led me to a couple I vaguely remembered from when I was Bill. "Doug, Anna, this is my wife, Karen. Karen, this is Doug and Anna Peters. Anna is head of the women's committees here at the club. In fact, she's in charge of this benefit."

I smiled and held out my hand for Doug, and he accepted it in a gentle grasp. Anna nodded her greeting, and they both smiled as if they were making my acquaintance for the first time.

"I told Bob we could use some extra help with the women's auxiliaries, and he thought that you might be interested," Anna smiled.

I glared at Bob, not understanding his thinking. This would get me more involved with the members of the country club, not less like I wanted. Volunteering also meant long term commitment, and if everything went according to plan, my masquerade would be over soon. I couldn't question Bob in front of Doug and Anna, so I sweetly smiled and said, "Yes. Helping out is a great way to meet others, and since my daughter is away at school, I have some free time."

Bob smiled at my response, but I knew I had to talk to him later.

As we mingled, I was flabbergasted that nobody questioned my gender. To them, I was what I appeared to be, 'Mrs. Karen Reynolds', Bob's wife! By the end of the evening, I'd been introduced to almost everyone that once knew me as Bill Lamb, and no one questioned my identity.

Bob beamed all the way home, pleased that I was so completely accepted as his wife. I sat silently at his side as he recounted the events of the evening that had cemented me in my role as Karen Reynolds even more solidly. Returning to my true gender was becoming more difficult at every turn. Would people recognize me as Karen Reynolds when I returned to being Bill Lamb?

I was about to question Bob about volunteering me to help with the women's committees when he announced, "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Ted is moving in with us after Thanksgiving!"

"WHAT!" I shouted. "I dress as a woman all the time now. He can't see me like this!"

"Now honey, Ted has seen you in a dress quite a few times," Bob soothed.

"Yeah, and every time it produced a scene! You aren't



*"My God, it's Martha VanPatten, the club gossip. Surely she will recognize me as Mary's husband?" I whispered in Bob's ear.*

serious about him moving in, are you?"

"Oh, I'm very serious. He doesn't have a job, and he is wasting away living by himself in that big house. Anyway, he knows you've been living as a woman, so I don't think he'll find your dress and mannerisms strange."

"I'm sorry he's destitute, but I don't have the money to help him. Besides, he's old enough to support himself. Why does he have to move in with us? He'll make my life miserable!"

"He's moving in with us, Karen!" Bob stated in a matter of fact tone.

"Where will he sleep? You have only one spare bedroom. . . I sleep there!"

"Well, let's move Ted into your bedroom."

"And. . . me? Where will I sleep?"

"How about YOU moving into the master bedroom. . . where a wife belongs," he firmly announced.

"Oh no!" I objected with a quaking voice. "This is a business arrangement! I didn't agree to anything else."

He smiled. "It will continue to be business. I have a king size bed. There's plenty of room for the two of us. Besides, when we host holiday parties, you don't want people wondering why we sleep in separate bedrooms, do you?"

"No but. . . this is ridiculous! If Ted sees us sleeping together. . . he'll think. . .?"

"He won't think any differently of you," Bob assured me. "Besides, he's different than when you last saw him. Even Mary knows about you masquerading as my wife."

"Mary knows about this masquerade?" I shivered. "What did she say?"

"She was obviously upset, but not enough to return home. I guess her work is more important to her than the anything on the home front."

Tears flowed from my eyes. These revelations were more than I could handle. My worst fears had been fulfilled! Mary knew about my masquerade! Who else knew? Worse than that, I was being moved into Bob's bedroom and Ted was moving in with us! My life was out of control, and my world was falling in on me! "I should have known something like this would happen from the beginning!" I lamented.

Bob pulled over and stopped. Taking my head, he gently pulled it to his shoulder. Without thinking, I complied, still crying profusely. "Everything will be okay," he cooed, dabbing my wet eyes with a handkerchief. "I won't let anything happen to you, trust me"

"I don't know What's happening. Tonight I was accepted

as Karen, as if Bill never existed. Now, I learn that Mary knows I've been dressing as a woman and Ted will see how much I've changed. I'm trapped like Alice in Wonderland!" I sobbed.

When we got home, Bob led me to my bedroom and helped me to bed. I felt so weak, helpless, and lost! I slept the entire night and most of the next day to the point that I was weak and barely able to walk when I got up. Bob was sympathetic, but he didn't back off about Ted moving in or my moving into his bedroom. As far as he was concerned, that was a "fate accompli".

*Bob again,*

While Karen slept, I checked on Ted and delivered a few things for his use. "Good morning, Barbie," I greeted him, pleased that he was wearing a dress and makeup and had his hair fluffed about his head in a somewhat feminine style.

"Don't call me that!" he insisted with a blush.

"I have decided to call you Barbie for the remainder of our deal. For one thing, you have to get use to the name, for another, you no longer look much like Ted. Also, you sound like a Barbie now."

"I've been using the Teen Speak twice a day like you said, but isn't changing my voice a bit drastic?"

"You'll be meeting a lot of people as my daughter. To pass, you must sound like a girl as well as look like one. What would my friends think if my pretty daughter had a tenor voice?"

"You're right," he sighed. "It's just that I've looked at so many videos and read so many teen magazines, I'm starting to think like a teenage girl."

"Keep it up! It's imperative that you project the proper image."

"I don't know about projecting, but I catch myself looking at rock stars on MTV with interest," he moaned. "This sure isn't what I left the Army for!"

"You're making a pile of money, so quit complaining. You'll move into my house after Thanksgiving. In the meantime, I expect you to keep your hair and makeup immaculate and to continue wearing dresses and skirts appropriate to your new age."

*Karen again,*

We had Thanksgiving dinner at home alone, and to Bob's surprise, I cooked the entire dinner. I couldn't boil water a few months ago, but I'd spent lots of time reading and

watching videos on the subject lately. I sure hoped it turned out okay!

Dinner was just about ready when the phone rang. I was in the kitchen and took the call, "Hello, the Reynolds residence."

"Hello, this is Mary Lamb. Is Bill Lamb there?"

She must not have expected someone sounding like a woman to answer the phone. "Ahhh. . .this is Bill," I answered, using the deepest voice I could muster.

There was a long silence, then she asked, "Is that you, Bill? Your voice sounds so. . .so. . .high!"

"Well. . .I've been spending some time at Bob's house," I stammered.

"Still doing that awful charade?"

"Charade?" I stammered while adjusting my skirt.

"Yes!" she insisted in a harsh tone. "Ted told me you were wearing dresses and pretending to be Bob's wife."

"Hey, I've got to earn enough money to live on," I defended myself.

"Don't give me that! You're a man. Get a real job, a manly job. Not dressing up in women's clothes and living with some guy as a wife!"

"Okay Mary. You're right," I said softly, not knowing how to respond. "When will you be home?"

"In the spring. I have some very important negotiations coming up. I'll be tied up with them until around April."

"Maybe we can talk then," I stalled, not telling her that I was standing in 3" heels, wearing a long flowing floral gown, my hair piled on top my head, and three pairs of earrings in my pierced ears. She wouldn't understand.

"Before I go, let me talk to Bob!" she ordered as if I was a servant. "By the way, why are you still using that high voice?"

"OK. . .here's Bob," I said, handing him the phone.

"Hello Mary," he answered. "How are you?" I was surprised that they were on a first name basis because, to my knowledge, they had never met.

Picking up the extension, I heard Mary say, "Never mind how I am. I'm cold! What are you and my husband up to and why have you got him impersonating a woman? Ted told me all about it, so don't deny it."

"It's just an innocent attempt to advance up the corporate ladder. You should understand that. Don't worry, Bill is being well paid."

"Well, it's not right, and I want him to stop immediately, you hear?"

"Sure, Mary. When you get back in town, do come over," Bob honey tongued her.

I didn't understand the rest of their conversation. It was about some deal Bob was helping her with and she was to sign some papers for him. Apparently they came to an equitable agreement because Bob was all smiles when he hung up the phone.

"I wouldn't worry about her, dear," Bob assured me, putting his arm around my waist. "You won't be impersonating anybody by the time she returns to town."

"I sure hope not. She sounded really mad!"

"If she were as concerned as she sounded, she would be here, not in some God forsaken foreign country, so don't give her another thought. You have important things to worry about, like carving that turkey!" Bob leaned over and gave me a peck on the cheek.

He had acted 'intimate' since the benefit, giving me pecks on the cheek, hugs, or other intimacies. He even started calling me names like 'dear' and 'honey' on a regular basis. I found myself returning these gestures in kind without giving them much thought. They seemed so natural!

With his reassurance, we ate our dinner, but I still worried about Mary's call the rest of the day. What did she have in mind when she got back in town? Why didn't she return immediately?

That night was my last in the spare bedroom because Ted was moving in the next day. I was sad that last night in my bed. I had grown accustomed to sleeping in this bed, and now I had to give it up to my obnoxious son who probably will make my life a living hell with his acid tongue.

I laid in bed in my long, flowing, silky nightgown and reached between my legs. I was scared and lonely, and I wanted solace. I didn't find it there because nothing happened when I stroked my shrunken privates. I even felt guilty doing it. My hands wandered to my breasts, and as I gently stroked them, I experienced an instant arousal. I shivered as my fingers stroked my nipples and my hands kneaded my breasts. My sexual feelings had migrated from between my legs to my breasts. Fondling my breasts felt natural, like the proper thing to do, and I loved the sensations coursing through my body. I moaned as my nipples expanded to three times their normal size. The feeling was wonderful. If only I weren't alone!

Bob again.

Before leaving the house the next morning, I reminded Karen to move her things into the master bedroom because Ted was moving in that evening. Instead of going directly to work, I stopped by to see Ted, and I surprised him by saying, "You're moving to my house today, but first, you have an appointment at the beauty parlor."

"Beauty parlor?" he panicked, "I can't go to a beauty parlor!"

"Why not?"

"Everyone will know what I am!"

"Which is?"

"A gu. . . er," Ted trailed off.

"Who are you?" I insisted.

"I'm. . . er, I am. . . oh, Barbie Anne Reynolds," he whispered in his now soft voice. He wanted to answer differently, but because of the U.C.I. tapes, he had become slightly afraid of me, and he knew I would not like it.

"What's wrong with a girl going to a beauty parlor?" I persisted.

"They may see that I'm. . ."

"They will see my lovely daughter. There isn't anything else to see, is there?"

Bowing his head, he meekly gave in. "No, Bob."

"Good! Be ready by 1 PM. Furthermore, from now on, you are to refer to me as Dad or Daddy. Do you understand?"

"What?" he shouted. "I won't!"

"Yes you will, Barbie. You are my daughter and I expect you to refer to me with respect!

A deep blush came over Ted's face and traveled down his body. He was embarrassed and angry, but he had to comply. I controlled everything until this charade was over. Bowing his head, he nodded agreement.

"What did you say, Barbie?"

"Yes,"

"Yes, what?"

"Yes. . . Daddy," Ted stammered, shaking with anger and fear at his loss of control.

"That's better. Don't forget one o'clock. Be ready!" I said, leaving the house.

When I returned at one o'clock, I found Ted sitting on the sofa in a short skirt that made his legs look long and attractive. His legs were crossed at the ankle, and his knees were pressed primly together. "You look lovely, Barbie," I complimented, causing him to blush. "Your hair and

makeup look better than I've seen them. In fact, you're so pretty, I'd like to stay around and look at my beautiful daughter. Of course, we can't because your appointment is in half an hour, and you may need a few minutes to collect your nerves before putting yourself into the hands of the beauty operators. I guess we had better go."

The way Ted was shaking, I don't think he would have gone into the beauty parlor except for my hand at his back. He was shaking, and I could sense that he felt extremely vulnerable.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Reynolds," a middle aged woman greeted us. "Why, this must be Barbie!" Before I could answer, she rattled on, "I'm Mrs. Taylor, and I'll take care of you. Your father has explained everything you want done, and it's all paid for. Just relax and put yourself in my hands. Aren't you the loveliest girl, Barbie? Your Dad said you are fifteen and haven't been to a beauty parlor many times. He said you just emerged from a Tomboy phase, but your interests have recently changed. Don't worry, we're here to help you look stunning for that special young man who caused your change of interest! Just so relax and follow me." I watched Ted's short skirt play merrily about his long smooth legs as he followed Mrs. Taylor toward the back of the shop.

While Ted was getting 'the works', I returned to the Lamb house to pack all his things to move them to my place. I noticed his diary on the night table and looked to see if there were any recent entries. To my surprise, he had added a paragraph that very morning! It read:

*"When Bob. . .uh. . .Daddy left, it took all my energy not to rip my dress to shreds and call this whole crazy thing off! I think I would have except I'm already into this charade for several thousand dollars, and I wouldn't get a nickel if I quit. Besides, Bob. . .DADDY has removed every stitch of male clothing from the house. If I tear up this dress, I would just have to wear another. I can't leave here without wearing a dress, so I had better get ready. Daddy will be angry if I'm late for my beauty appointment."*

I returned to the beauty parlor at the appointed time to pick up Ted. When I entered this feminine enclave, I saw a cute blonde sitting in the lounge, and it took a second look to assure myself that this lovely creature was the once obnoxious Ted!

Ted's hair had been styled into a mass of smooth curls

that fell down the back and sides of his head, while evenly cut bangs covered his forehead. His ears were exposed to display his recently double pierced ears. Two gold keepers were mounted in each ear, and I wondered what Ted had thought when he realized the women were about to pierce his ears. He must have wanted to shout and scream, but he obviously didn't refuse the procedure because it had been done. Also, his face was exquisitely made up, and his brows were thin arches, expertly filled in with brown pencil. "Hello Barbie," I greeted him.

"Huh. . .Bo. . .uh. . .Daddy! Look what they did to me!" his voice trembled. "Look what they did to me!"

I could see clearly that his eyes had been accented with brown eyeshadow that covered the bottom of his upper lids. His lashes had been curled and coated with luscious black mascara, blush highlighted his cheeks, and his lips were covered with deep pink lipstick that exactly matched his highly glossed fingernails! "Why, you look absolutely lovely," I gushed.

"They made me a golden blonde, pierced my ears, and removed my eyebrows! What will happen to me now?"

"I thought you knew! You're to be my lovely daughter."

"Bo. . .uh. . .Daddy, I didn't sign up for this!" he exclaimed, giving his hair and clothes a sweep with his hand.

"You did sign up for this," I contradicted. "You agreed to be my daughter through the holidays, and my daughter you'll be!"

"But. . ." he sputtered.

"No buts! They really did a wonderful job," I observed as we strolled toward the car. "I'll be proud to introduce you as my daughter."

"I feel sick. Can we go home?" he asked as his eyes filled with tears.

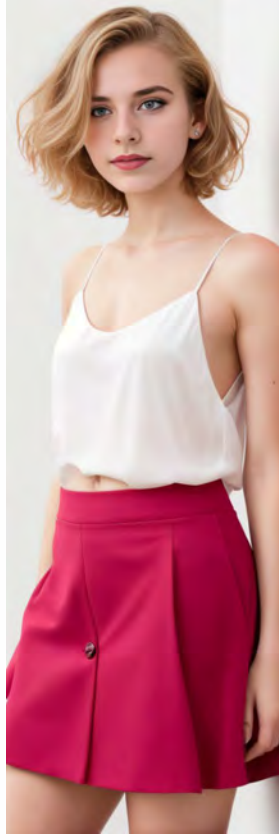
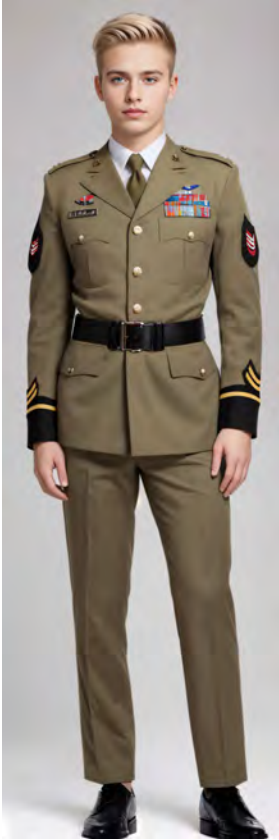
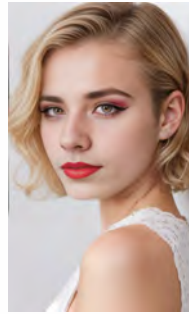
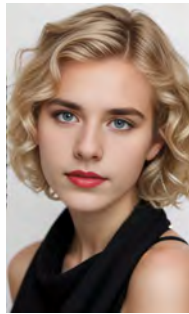
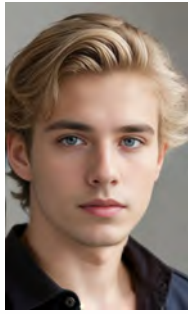
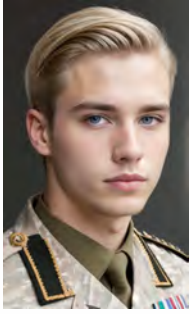
"Of course, pumpkin. Now don't cry or you'll ruin your makeup."

"Don't call me pumpkin!" he growled as he made a supreme effort to keep his short skirt in the respectable range as he got into the car.

"I know you've had a distressing morning," I soothed. "Let the seat back, put this tape in my Walkman, and relax while I drive. It's the latest Top Ten cassette from MTV, and I bought it especially for you."

That part was true, but the tape had been 'doctored' by U.C.I.

Ted glared at me through his made up eyes, but he reluctantly accepted my offer. Listening to the soft music



*Bob had observed Ted's transition from young man to teenage girl, yet even he was in awe of how feminine he looked as he entered the beauty parlor to start this new phase.*

with its subliminal backdrop, he was asleep before I had driven a block.

Unconsciously, he moved his knees together and adjusted his skirt high on his smooth nylon covered thighs. At times, a deep frown appeared on his face and his hands would clench into fists. Then, as he gradually accepted the insistent message that bombarded his brain, he would relax, and a slight smile would cross his bright red lips.

Despite himself, the Ted beside me was nothing like the macho homophobe discharged from the army a few months ago. That Ted would not have put on a dress for any reason. But enough money can change a person's mind, especially when combined with the proper hormones and subliminal tapes. Now he looked like the girl next door and he was finding it difficult to disobey my directives.

I drove him to his house to pick up the clothes I'd packed earlier. While there, I told him to change clothes before we went to my house.

"Why, Bo. . .Daddy?" he asked.

"You've been sitting in that dress most of the day, Barbie. I want you to arrive at your new home wearing fresh, clean clothes to go with your fresh, new look. I laid out a nice dress for you to wear along with fresh lingerie and shoes," I answered

An hour later, a lovely Ted descended the stairs from his bedroom wearing a short pink dress that reached mid-thigh. He wore a petite lavender jacket to cut the chill of the descending night air. His shoes had been changed to pink open toed slippers to display his newly coated toenails.

"Bo. . .Daddy, don't you think this outfit is a little bit. . .prissy?" Ted swept his free hand across his dress.

"Not at all, honey. I want my new daughter to look as girlish as possible when she moves into her new home," I smiled at the lovely vision descending toward me.

Ted carried the clothes he had worn earlier. I had loaded his other clothes into my car while he was changing. "Let's go, pumpkin," I said. "It's time you started living as my daughter."

Ted cringed at my announcement, but he docilely carried his remaining garments to my car while I locked the house. I had secured the house earlier in the day since nobody would be living there for some time.

Ted forlornly looked back at his house, the place he had lived in for so many years, as I drove away. He looked like he was afraid he would never see it again. Then I turned the corner and it was out of sight.



*"Look what they did to me, Bo. . .Daddy,"  
Ted cried as we walked to my car.*

Finally Ted turned to me and whined, "I . . .I haven't anything to wear at your place."

"All your girl's clothes are in the car. If you need anything else, you can go shopping."

**TO BE FINISHED IN BORN TO  
BE A DAUGHTER TVC # 47**

**If you liked this story, write to:**

**SANDY THOMAS**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA**

*Ask about our special products!*

*Let me know which stories you like the most!*

*SANDY THOMAS ADV.,*

*P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA*

*PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!*

**NAME:.....**

**ADDRESS.....**

**CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....**

*I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!*

*EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.*







